

Daddy! Mommy Is Pregnant Again

Chapter 209 Psychological Illness

"Yes, Violet, now the scolding for you on the Internet is becoming more and more intense. We can see your scandals on any website. If this continues, I am afraid that your home will be found out by those extreme netizens who hate you." Jessie also looked at Violet worriedly and didn't have the time to feel sad.

Violet took Violet's hand and patted it, "It's okay. I will solve it tomorrow."

"Do you have a way?" George asked.

Violet nodded slightly, "Yes."

"What way?" Jessie was curious.

Violet smiled mysteriously, "You guys will know tomorrow morning."

Seeing that Violet refused to say, Jessie glanced at George and didn't ask anymore.

It was noon soon.

Violet let them stay here for lunch before going back to the hospital.

Jessie and George had no objections, and agreed.

After that, Jessie and Violet went to the kitchen to cook, while George stayed in the living room alone.

Looking at the bunch of bright red roses on the coffee table in front of him, George only felt extremely dazzling. After a touch of coldness in his eyes, he couldn't help but stretch out his hand towards the roses.

Thud!

Violet and Jessie heard the breaking noise from the living room in the kitchen, and stopped washing the vegetables.

"What sound?" Jessie asked when she looked at the kitchen door.

Violet shook her head, "I don't know. It seems that something is broken."

"Go out and have a look."

With that said, Jessie wiped her wet hands on her apron twice before walking out of the kitchen.

Violet followed closely and went out together.

As soon as they went out, they saw George lying on the ground. Around him, several water glasses were all broken.

Of course, the most miserable thing was that the bouquet of roses Stanley gave to Violet was pressed by George at the moment. The flowers were all flattened, and the petals were scattered everywhere.

This bunch of flowers had been destroyed.

"George, are you okay?" Jessie's face changed as she watched George fall to the ground, and then she hurriedly ran to help him up.

Violet also went to help.

They two helped him back to the sofa.

After George sat down, he looked at Violet with ashamed, "Violet, I'm sorry. I caused you trouble. I broke your water glass and flowers."

Violet looked at the broken flowers on the ground. It was fake that she didn't feel upset. After all, it was given to her by Stanley.

But even so, she couldn't blame him. She could only force a smile and wave her hand in reply, "Never mind. It's just some water glasses and flowers. It's lucky that you're okay. But what happened to you? Why did you fall to the ground?"

Jessie, who was picking up broken glass, also stopped and looked at George. She wanted to know the answer.

George smiled bitterly and said, "I wanted to go to the bathroom, but I couldn't use strength when I walked. When I fell down, my arm accidentally swept the flowers and the water glass off."

"It turned out to be like this." Violet suddenly lifted her chin, then turned to look at Jessie who had swept away the broken glass, "Jessie, help George to the bathroom. I will take these out and throw them

away."

"Okay." Jessie nodded and went to support George's arm.

Although George frowned at her touch, he did not refuse. He walked towards the bathroom with her support.

After walking a few steps, he suddenly stopped, turned his head and watched Violet go out holding the broken flower. Then he smiled.

Seeing it, Jessie was stunned, and suddenly realized something.

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After Violet went out, Jessie looked at the man next to her in disbelief, "George, did you deliberately destroy Violet's flowers?"

George's eyes flickered. He was pretending not to understand what she said, and looked at her indifferently, "I don't know what you are talking about!"

"You know!" Jessie tightened the hand of his arm, "George, you did it deliberately, right? You are jealous that Violet accepted Mr. Murphy's flowers. That's why you did it. Violet doesn't know what the real you are. But I grew up with you. I know that you could do these things."

"So what?" George lifted his shoulders and pulled out his arm. "So are you going to tell Violet that it's me who deliberately ruined her flowers and I'm actually a psychopath? ?"

"I didn't mean that. Can you not think of me that way?" Jessie looked at him with tearful eyes. Her face was full of sadness.

"Don't think about you that way?" There was obvious disgust and hatred in George's eyes, "You are such a person who likes to speak out secrets, aren't you? If it weren't for you, my parents would not have been killed by your parents!"

Jessie closed her eyes in pain, tears running down, "George, how many times do you want me to tell you before you believe it? The death of your parents had nothing to do with my parents, nor was it that I said out your secrets. I don't know why those people knew the whereabouts of your parents. My parents were not accomplices. They were there trying to save your parents."

"Enough!" George interrupted her grimly, "I don't want to hear your sophistry. You don't deserve to mention my parents!"

Jessie was frightened by his fierce eyes. Her face turned pale, and she couldn't say anything.

Violet returned after throwing flowers and broken glass. What she saw was the scene of George's hatred of Jessie. She was shocked and asked, "What's the matter with you guys? Quarreling?"

Hearing her voice, George immediately suppressed all his hatred and returned to his usual gentle appearance.

Jessie did the same. She lowered her head to wipe away her tears, and grinned, "No, it was just a dispute with George."

"Really?" Violet looked at George.

The appearance of the two of them just now was not like a simple dispute.

Epecially the hatred in George's eyes for Jessie made her feel terrified.

"Of course." George glanced at Jessie and responded with a smile, indicating that it was indeed the case.

Violet could tell that neither of them told the truth, but she couldn't ask anymore.

After all, between these two people, it was too complicated.

"Well, since you said so, I won't ask. I'll go back to the kitchen first." Violet pointed towards the kitchen.

"Okay." Jessie replied.

George also nodded.

After the lunch, the two went back to the hospital. Violet continued to return to the study to draw design drawings.

After she finished painting and binding, it was already time for kindergarten to end in the afternoon.

Just as Violet was about to dress up in disguise, and went to the kindergarten to pick Arya back, the mobile phone in her pocket suddenly rang.

While looking for clothes in the closet, she took out her mobile phone. Seeing that it was Stanley's call, she answered without hesitation, "Mr. Murphy."

"I'm calling to tell you that I'll pick up Arya in a while." Stanley sat in the car, tapping lightly with one hand on his knee, holding the phone in the other. He said softly to the phone.

Violet had already heard the car. She paused when she rummaged through her clothes, "Mr. Murphy, are you already on the way to the kindergarten?"

"Yeah." Stanley raised his chin lightly.

Violet closed the closet door, "Well, thank you, Mr. Murphy."

"Never mind." Stanley replied, and then hung up the phone.

At exactly this time, Fraser had already parked the car and turned to remind him, "Mr. Murphy, kindergarten is here."

"Got it." Stanley put the phone back in his pocket, opened the door and got out of the car, walked towards the kindergarten, and found Arya's class in a familiar way.

But before he entered, he heard Arya's cry at the door, "You guys are talking nonsense. I have Dad."

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Chapter 210 Arya Is Bullied

Stanley's push of the door suddenly stopped. He narrowed his eyes.

Fraser, who came later, didn't know what was going on. Seeing Stanley standing still at the door, he was very curious, "Mr. Murphy, didn't you pick up Arya? Why don't you go in?"

Stanley did not answer, but raised his hand and made a quiet motion.

Fraser nodded and shut up. Then he heard Arya's cry from inside the door and the voice of another child, "We're not talking nonsense. You just don't have Dad. Auntie said those children who have no Dad are all bastards. You are just bastards."

The child's voice was so immature and cute, but what he said was so vicious, which made people shudder.

Fraser couldn't help shivering. His face became solemn, "Mr. Murphy, Arya has been bullied."

"I know." Stanley clenched his fists in his trouser pocket tightly. His voice was so cold.

He liked the little girl very much. Now, seeing the little girl being bullied, he was full of anger.

"I am not a bastard. You are the bastard. I have Dad. My Dad came over to join in the parent meeting for me two days ago. I have Dad!" Being said to be bastard, Arya collapsed and cried.

The little fat guys in front of her laughed loudly when they saw her crying like this.

"That's not your Dad. Auntie said, the one who joined in the parent meeting is the president of the Murphy Group. He has no children, so you are not his child. Your Mom is a bad woman who specializes in seduce others men. You are the little badass born to a bad woman!"

"Oh, little badass, little badass!"

Several little fat guys clapped their hands.

"You're the little badass!" Arya's face was flushed with anger. She was about to fight them with her two small fists.

Stanley kicked the door in at this time. With thud, the door panel was kicked against the wall and shook a few times.

Several children were frightened.

Especially Arya was so scared that she hiccupped. But after seeing that the person who came in was Stanley, she curled her mouth and ran towards him quickly, "Dad..."

Stanley put away the gloom on his face, squatted down and hugged her, wiped her tears with his thumb, and replied softly, "It's okay. Dad is here."

Hearing the word "Dad", the grievances in Arya's heart erupted. She put her arms around his neck and started crying again.

She was crying and hiccupping, but she couldn't stop, which made Stanley feel sorry.

He patted Arya on the back to coax her, and then coldly ordered Fraser, "Go to call their teacher over!"

"Yes!" Fraser nodded, and immediately left.

After he left, Stanley hugged Arya and walked to the little fat guys.

A few fat guys were originally frightened by his kicking the door. Now facing his gloomy face and the cold aura around him, they backed away in fright. Two of them even cried in fright and yelled that they wanted their Mom.

Stanley felt headache by these little fat guys' crying. He pursed his lips and yelled, "Shut up!"

The little fat guys shut their mouths immediately, not daring to cry.

At this time, Arya's cries became quieter. Stanley put her down again and took her hand instead, "Arya, tell Dad, who took the lead in bullying you just now?"

"It's him!" Arya pointed at the fattest one of the few fat guys, and said angrily, "Dad, he bullied me, saying that I don't have Dad and I'm a bastard."

Stanley immediately looked at the little fat guy, and his aura also attacked the little fat guy, "Say, why did you bully my daughter!"

The little fat guy was so frightened that the flesh on his face was trembling. Finally, he couldn't bear the fear, and cried, "I didn't want to. It was an aunt who asked us to do this. She said that as long as we said that Arya was a bastard in school, she would buy us a lot of delicious food..."

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"Aunt?" Stanley's eyes burst into cold light. He clenched his fists.

He originally thought that this was just a simple bullying between children. After all, not all children could get along.

But he never expected that this was a carefully planned conspiracy.

"What does that aunt look like and where did she tell you these words?" Stanley stared down at the little fat guy.

The little fat guy didn't dare to hide, and obediently said everything, "Outside the school. She stopped us this morning and told us. We don't know what she looks like. She wore a hat. We didn't see her face clearly. "

Stanley didn't have many surprises for the little fat guy's answer, as he had already expected it.

At this time, Fraser brought the teacher over.

On the way here, the teacher had heard everything from Fraser, so she walked up to Stanley and bowed to Stanley apologetically, "Mr. Murphy, I'm really sorry. I don't know these kids..."

"Enough." Stanley took Arya's hand and interrupted her with a cold face, "I don't want to hear you say more about this. You should contact their parents right now. It's their parents' fault that they don't teach their children well. I will not get even with these children. I will look for their parents."

"Okay." The teacher knew that this matter angered the man in front of her. The man in front of her would not give up if he didn't see the parents of a few children, so she nodded and contacted the parents of these fat guys.

Soon, the parents of these fat guys heard that it was the president of the Murphy Group who wanted to see them, so they didn't dare to delay, and hurried over.

After they came here, they learned that their children listened to the woman who they didn't know, and went to bully Mr. Murphy's daughter. They all picked up their children angrily, and started spanking.

Seeing those little fat boys being beaten by their parents and crying, Arya finally laughed.

Seeing her smiling, Stanley's anger faded a lot. Therefore, facing the apologizing of these parents, he did not make things difficult for them. He only asked them to transfer their children to other kindergartens, and then he let them go.

This matter came to an end like this.

Stanley led Arya to the outside of the kindergarten.

After getting in the car, Stanley looked at Fraser in the driver's seat, and said in a deep voice, "Go to check whether this matter is related to Eason!"

Arya was bullied. It happened on the same day that Violet was attacked by the Internet. Maybe Eason did it.

Eason wanted to do both, threatening Violet from both sides, let Violet compromise.

"Got it." Fraser started the car as he answered.

On the way back to the apartment, Arya kept her small head down. She didn't say a word, looking so sullen.

Stanley took the initiative to speak to her, but she just shook her head and nodded without saying a word.

Stanley knew that the words of those little fat guys had caused great harm to Arya.

Children were inherently fragile and sensitive. They would take many jokes seriously, let alone such vicious words.

They were all silent on the way. Then they arrived at the apartment.

Stanley took Arya's little hand and pressed the doorbell of Violet's apartment.

Violet guessed it should be Stanley who came back with Arya. With joy, she quickly put down the TV remote control in her hand and pulled Calvin to open the door together.

As soon as the door was opened, Arya let go of Stanley's hand, rushed towards Violet, hugged Violet's leg, and asked with sobs, "Mommy, why does everyone have Dad? But Arya and brother don't have!" __

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Chapter 211 Wanting Dad

Hearing this, Violet's smile froze suddenly.

Calvin also lowered his eyelids sadly.

Violet first looked down at the crying daughter, and then at Stanley, who looked obviously complicated outside the door, and asked, "Mr. Murphy, did something happen to Arya?"

Stanley nodded slightly. He did not hide from her, and told what had happened in the kindergarten.

After Violet listened, she was trembling with anger.

She squatted down, hugged Arya and Calvin tightly in her arms, and said with guilt and distress, "Baby, don't take these words to heart. You are not bastards. You also have Dad."

"Then where is our Dad? Why did he abandon us!" Arya looked up with her tearful face and asked.

Stanley also looked at Violet, wanting to know the answer.

Even Calvin stared at Violet.

Although Mommy said that their biological father would have a new family in the future, and he also promised Mommy that he would not recognize his father, but he never gave up the idea of wanting to know who their father was and where he was.

Because he wanted to figure out why Dad abandoned Mommy!

Facing the expectant gaze of her children, Violet opened her mouth, not knowing how to answer, so she touched Arya's head, "Mommy doesn't know either."

She was lying!

Stanley squinted his eyes, and immediately saw that she was not telling the truth.

Arya cried again, held Violet's collar tightly with her two small hands, buried her head in Violet's arms

and cried very loudly, "I want Dad...I want Dad!"

Listening to her daughter's sad crying, Violet's heart seemed to be grabbed by someone, and it was so painful.

At this moment, Calvin clenched his fists hand and looked at Violet calmly, "Mommy, do you know why Arya wants Dad so much?"

Violet was about to answer.

Calvin said first, "Because this is not the first time for Arya to hear other children say that we don't have Dad."

"What?" Violet's face changed drastically, and her eyes widened.

Stanley was shocked, and he pursed his lips.

Calvin lightly patted Arya on the back, "When we were abroad, other children were picked up by their parents. We didn't. Other children would show off where their Dad took them to play. We still didn't. The kids said we don't have Dad."

Violet shivered and almost fainted.

Stanley walked behind her and stretched out his hand to help her, so that she didn't fall down.

"Why do you never tell your Mommy?" Stanley looked at Calvin and asked.

Violet wanted to know the reason. She took Calvin's hand, "Yes, Calvin, why didn't you tell me?"

Calvin lowered his head, "Because Mommy has already raised us up. She's tired. We don't want to make Mommy feel sad for us anymore."

Hearing that, Violet didn't feel happy for the thoughtfulness of the two children, but felt deeply ashamed.

It turned out that when she didn't know, her two children had been bullied like this, but they didn't tell her.

If it wasn't that what those children said was more serious than that of those foreign children and Arya couldn't help but asked her for Dad, maybe Violet still wouldn't know that the two children were bullied like this.

Thinking of this, Violet blamed herself, touched the heads of the two children, and apologized constantly, "I'm sorry, sweeties. I'm sorry..."

Listening to her apology, the two children couldn't stand it anymore. They cried.

Calvin cried very loudly.

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Although he was very sensible and very precocious, he was still a child less than five years old after all. When he was wronged, he would naturally cry.

Looking at the three of them holding each other, Stanley felt a little sad. He wanted to hold them into his arms and comforted them.

But reason stopped him, telling him that he couldn't, at least not now.

After a long time, the two children gradually stopped crying and fell asleep in Violet's arms.

Violet wanted to take the two children back to the room, but she couldn't hold the two children at the same time by herself.

Just as she was thinking about whether to wake one up, Stanley suddenly bent down and took Calvin from her arms, "I can hold one."

Violet was stunned for a moment, then smiled gratefully, "Thank you, Mr. Murphy."

"Lead the way." Stanley lifted his chin.

Violet gave a hmm, and walked to the children's room with Arya in her arms.

When they arrived in the room, they put the two children on the bed one by one, and gently covered the quilt from them.

After doing this, Violet winked at Stanley and told him that he could go out.

Stanley nodded lightly and followed her out of the room.

After going out, Stanley looked at Violet who was sitting on the sofa and rubbing her temple tiredly, "Why did you not tell them who their biological father is?"

Violet stopped. It took several seconds before she lowered her eyelids and replied, "Because I don't want to Calvin and Arya feel difficult to decide."

"What do you mean?" Stanley frowned.

Violet glanced at him with complicated eyes, "Their biological father has a beloved woman around him. He will have a new family sooner or later, and will give birth to his own children, and then my children will become illegitimate children. This is not a good thing for Calvin and Arya!"

Stanley said, "You are right!"

Don't think that children didn't understand anything. Even if they didn't understand, the strange eyes of the people around them would make them understand that they were different from others.

Whether it was high society or ordinary civilians, illegitimate children were always criticized and undesirable.

"What's more, I have asked their father before. He said that if he knew he had two children outside, he would take the children away." Speaking of this, Violet clenched her fists.

Stanley raised his eyebrows, feeling that these words were familiar.

She seemed to have asked him this before, and then he answered like this.

So she asked him at the time, just to see if the man's answer was the same?

Violet bit her lower lip, "I can't let him take my children away. If he takes them away, let's not talk about the embarrassing status of my two children in his home, but also his future wife will not accept them. Even if she accepts them, I'm not sure that she will treat my children kindly."

Stanley nodded.

There was indeed no woman who could accept her future husband with illegitimate children.

"That's why I didn't tell Calvin and Arya who their father was, nor did I tell their father that he still has a pair of children." Violet rubbed her cheeks and took a deep breath.

Stanley looked at her with crossing his arms on his chest, "But you can't hide it forever. They will know."

Violet lowered her head, covering the look in her eyes, "I know. But I hide it now!"

"You can still hide from their father for a while, but you can't hide from Calvin and Arya anymore. Those words today have caused great harm to Arya. In the future, she will ask you for Dad even more. What should you do?"

Stanley squinted at Violet, "Father is also an indispensable existence for children."

Violet covered her face, feeling helpless, "I don't know." ____

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Chapter 212 You Will Get Retribution Sooner or Later

What happened today was something Violet had never thought about. In the past, the two children were

very happy and never clamored to have Dad. So she always felt that they didn't need a father. She could accompany them and saw them grow up healthily.

But now she suddenly understood that she was completely wrong in thinking this way. The children must grow up without the company of their mother, and they could not lack of the company of their father. Even in many cases, the father's teaching to the children was different from that of the mother.

Seeing Violet's painful look, Stanley's eyes flashed. He sat up straightly.

"Although I don't know why you separated from your children's father and chose to give birth to the children alone, you said that the children's father already has another lover by his side, indicating that it is impossible for you two to be together. So have you thought about finding a Dad for the two children?"

"Find a Dad?" Violet looked startled.

She really hadn't thought about this.

"Yes." Stanley nodded, "The two children are still young. You can do this when they need the company of the parents."

Violet smiled bitterly and shook her head, "It's not so easy. Who will be willing to marry a woman with two children?"

Stanley clenched his fists in his trouser pocket, "A lot. As long as you are willing, I..."

However, before he finished speaking, he was interrupted by the ringing of the phone.

He frowned and stared at Violet's pocket somewhat annoyedly. He pursed his thin lips.

Violet didn't realize that something was wrong with his look. She lowered her head and took out her mobile phone from her pocket to look at it. When she saw that it was Eason's call, her face sank suddenly.

"Have you figured it out?" After Violet answered the phone, Eason asked calmly while drinking coffee.

Violet squeezed the phone, and sneered back, "I don't agree!"

Eason's old face turned gloomy. He heavily placed the coffee cup on the coffee table in front of him, "You still don't agree? Haven't you seen those scolding you on the Internet?"

"I saw it."

"But you're still like this? Do you really want them to scold you like this?" Eason patted the table.

Stanley stared at Violet's cell phone.

Seeing that he wanted to hear and thinking of that he was also involved in this matter, Violet simply took the phone from her ear and turned on the loudspeaker. Then she replied, "Mr. Hunt, you don't pretend that you did this for me good. It looks too hypocrisy. After all, isn't it because of you that I was scolded like this?"

"You..." Eason was refuted by her, but soon he adjusted himself, and snorted coldly, "You forced me. If

you agree to me, will I need to do this to you?"

"I don't agree. So you have to deal with me. What about Mr. Murphy? Mr. Murphy forced you?" Violet glanced at the man opposite, and said coldly to the phone.

The man narrowed his eyes, but he still didn't say a word.

On the other end of the phone, Eason frowned, "What did the matter have to do with Stanley?"

"What did the matter have to do with Mr. Murphy? Your reason for discrediting me is that I shamelessly seduce Mr. Murphy, causing Mr. Murphy and Phoebe to break the marriage contract, but have you ever thought whether Mr. Murphy would be willing to be used by you to discredit me?" Violet smiled mockingly.

Hearing this, Eason was shocked, and the flesh on his old face trembled. He was speechless.

He really hadn't thought about it.

He just wanted to use the simplest and most effective rumors to discredit Violet. He didn't even think about whether Stanley would be unhappy if he was involved.

Violet didn't hear Eason's answer for a long time. She knew that she was right. Looking at Stanley who was opposite, she said, "You really didn't think about it. If I ask Mr. Murphy for help, will Mr. Murphy help me??"

"I will!" Stanley opened his thin lips lightly, spit out the words without hesitation.

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He's Using This Secret Trick To Make Millions

Hearing Stanley's voice, Eason immediately stood up from the sofa, "Violet, Stanley is with you?"

"Yeah, didn't you say that I seduce him? Isn't it normal for him to be with me?" Violet leaned back on the sofa.

Eason was already panicking now.

Stanley was with Violet now, which meant that Stanley had heard the content of this call.

Suddenly, Eason became anxious. He squeezed the dragon head on the cane and quickly apologized, "Stanley, I didn't deliberately pull you in. It's really..."

"Mr. Hunt really opened my eyes." Stanley knew what Eason was going to say. But he didn't want to listen, so he sneered and interrupted Eason, "Mr. Hunt, for Talia and Phoebe, you actually ruined another daughter! It really shocked me!"

Violet nodded.

With this Dad, she also felt that God would really make jokes with her.

Hearing a young man commented him like this, Eason was so embarrassed. His old face was blushing. He wanted to find a hole to hide himself in.

But there was no hole here. He didn't dare to hang up the phone directly. He could only bite the bullet and said with a smile, "Stanley, I don't want to. I can't just watch my wife and daughter go to the jail. So I have no choice but to do it."

"You have no choice? Then you can step on your own daughter to achieve your goal. This is the case now, and it was the same seven years ago." Stanley sneered.

There was a touch of fright in Eason's eyes. His heart beat quickly, and he subconsciously replied, "What... what seven years ago? I don't understand what you are talking about."

"Yes, Mr. Murphy, what seven years ago?" Violet frowned and looked at the opposite man curiously.

The man looked back at her, and finally turned his gaze on the phone on the coffee table. His voice was cold, "Seven years ago, he asked Phoebe to replace you and continue the marriage contract with me, then he secretly spread rumors that you eloped with other men."

"What?" Violet clenched her fists and stood up, grabbed the phone, and shouted emotionally, "Eason, it turns out that you ruined my reputation seven years ago. You are really hateful. How can I have such a biological father like you!"

Eason opened his mouth several times, but did not answer. Deep fear surged in his heart.

Stanley even knew about this. Did he also know about it was Violet that night five years ago?

If Stanley knew it, what should the Hunt family do?

Violet didn't know what Eason was thinking. Seeing that he didn't speak, she thought he felt guilty. She closed her eyes sadly, "Eason, I remember all of what you did to me. You will get retribution sooner or later!"

After speaking, Violet hung up the phone, threw the phone on the sofa, and lowered her head in a depressed mood.

Stanley took a piece of tissue and handed it over, "Are you okay?"

Violet took the tissue and nodded. She wiped her red eyes at random, "I'm fine. I'm just thinking, why I didn't know Eason's true face seven years ago!"

"It's not too late to know it." Stanley replied.

Violet said, "You are right."

Stanley poured another glass of water for her, "Drink some water."

"Thank you." Violet dropped the tissue, took a sip of water, and calmed down a lot.

Then, she put down the water glass and asked, "By the way, Mr. Murphy, before Eason's call, what were you going to say

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Chapter 213 Press Conference

Stanley's eyes flashed slightly, "Nothing."

He was already prepared at the time and wanted to take the opportunity to tell her that he could be the father of two children.

But after being interrupted by Eason, he couldn't say it out anymore.

Hearing what Stanley said, Violet didn't doubt that. It might be an unimportant matter.

After rubbing her temples, she picked up the phone again and called Jessie.

"Violet." Jessie's voice came over.

Violet narrowed her eyes and said with a serious face, "Jessie, contact the major media in J City. I will hold a press conference at nine o'clock tomorrow morning!"

Things on the Internet had reached this point. She could no longer remain silent and let them scold.

Originally, she was still thinking about showing mercy to Eason at the press conference. After all, he was her biological father, but now she felt that it was unnecessary. Seven years ago, he slandered her for Phoebe. Why did she show mercy to such a father?

"Okay, I'll get in touch right away." Jessie understood Violet, knowing that Violet was about to fight back, so she happily responded.

After finished speaking, Violet slowly put away the phone and looked at the man opposite, "Mr. Murphy, bother you tomorrow morning."

"Don't worry." Stanley stood up, "It's getting late. I have to leave now."

"Okay." Violet walked him to the door.

But when the door was about to close, Stanley stood outside and stopped her suddenly, "You can actually consider what I said that you could find a father for two children."

Violet felt sad. She lowered her eyes to cover the bitterness in her eyes.

She knew that he proposed this way for the good of the two children, but she was very uncomfortable.

After all, there was no woman who liked to listen to the man she loved to urge herself to find other men. This clearly reminded her to fall in love with other people earlier and stopped bothering him.

Thinking of this, Violet pulled a long face. Her attitude was not good and her tone was even colder. She replied, "Okay, I'll consider it."

When she finished speaking, she closed the door directly.

Stanley outside the door knew that she was angry, but he didn't know what she was angry about. He was about to knock on the door and asked her to open the door. Fraser suddenly came out of the elevator. Seeing Stanley, his eyes brightened, and he walked quickly over, "Mr. Murphy."

"What's up?" Stanley glanced at Fraser expressionlessly.

Fraser passed the black invitation letter in his hand, "It's from Designer Jesse and Designer Dillan."

Stanley took the invitation and looked at it, "Exhibition?"

"Yes, Jesse and Dillan have jointly created a theme for jewelry and clothes. They are currently

undergoing international exhibitions. They have already exhibited in several countries. The next stop is our country and the city of the exhibition is J City."

Jesse was one of the top designers in the jewelry design circle, and Dillan was also one of the top designers in the fashion design circle.

How shocking the jewelry and clothes designed by these two people together were.

Violet, who had been watching outside, heard the news brought by Fraser and hurriedly covered her mouth with excitement.

OMG, Dillan was coming to J City to exhibit!

Violet's eyes widened and she jumped a few times in excitement.

The sound she made when she was jumping was recorded by the camera.

The two men outside heard the sound and stopped talking.

Fraser looked around in confusion, "What was the sound just now?"

Stanley looked up at the flashing red light in the camera above the door. Then he smiled, "Nothing. Except me, who else did they two invite?"

He closed the invitation letter and asked.

Fraser shook his head, "I don't know for the time being. Should I go to ask?"

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Stanley nodded slightly and agreed.

If he found out that Violet was not invited, he could find a way to get her an invitation letter.

Because he remembered that when he asked Fraser to check her information, the words Dillan were written on her idol column.

"Let's go." Stanley threw the invitation letter to Fraser again, turned around, opened the door of the apartment opposite and went in.

Fraser followed Stanley closely and went in together.

After the opposite door was closed, Violet turned the camera off and went back to the living room.

The next morning, she left the two children in the apartment and told them not to run around, and then walked out with a little disguised. Then she prepared to go to the studio to hold today's press conference.

But as soon as she walked out of the apartment building, she felt several eyes falling on her.

Violet frowned and looked around. Finally, she saw a few sneaky figures squatting behind the bush not far away.

The few figures saw her standing still and looking at them again. They seemed to know that she had found them, so they no longer hid. They simply stood up and walked towards her holding the microphones and cameras.

"Hello Miss Hunt, we are entertainment reporters. Can we interview you?" A female reporter handed the microphone to Violet's mouth. But before Violet agreed, she asked directly, "Did you really get involved into the matter between Mr. Murphy and Phoebe like what Mr. Hunt said?"

After the female reporter finished asking questions, other reporters also asked questions one after another.

"Miss Hunt, you were jealous that Phoebe had a marriage contract with Mr. Murphy, so you thought about exposing Phoebe in the competition and ruined Phoebe?"

"Miss Hunt, do you think that you can get Mr. Murphy if you do this?"

Listening to these sharp questions, Violet's face was gloomy.

While pressing down the brim of her hat to block her face, she asked in a cold voice, "Who told you that I live here?"

"It doesn't matter who told us. The important thing is, Miss Hunt, can you answer these questions?" The female reporter pushed Violet even more and passed the microphone forward. If possible, she wanted to put the microphone directly into Violet's mouth.

Violet took a step back, her face gloomy to the extreme, "I'm sorry. I won't answer these questions for the time being."

"Don't answer? You feel guilty?" said the female reporter.

Violet was so angry that she laughed out.

Not answering meant that she was guilty. Where did the logic come from?

"Please get out of here!" Violet clenched her fists and yelled.

The reporters pretended not to hear, and blocked her in front of her and refused to let her go. They insisted on letting her answer and kept squeezing forward.

Violet was pushed again and again, and soon she was pushed to the corner.

She took a deep breath and closed her eyes, knowing that these reporters would not give up unless they got something from her. After pursing her red lips, she was about to call the security guard with her mobile phone.

The female reporter suddenly took a step forward, "Miss Hunt..."

Violet was taken aback by her, staggering and falling backward.

Just when Violet was about to fall to the ground, a figure suddenly appeared behind her.

The man stretched out a big slender hand, grabbed her arm, and pulled her into his arms to avoid her falling.

"Are you okay?" Stanley lowered his head, looking tightly at the woman who was scared in his arms and whose face was still a little pale.

The woman nodded, "I'm okay. Thank you, Mr. Murphy."

"Well." Stanley let go of her.

Violet quickly moved a step to the side and distanced herself from him.

Although Stanley was a little dissatisfied with her deliberate alienation, he didn't say anything. After rubbing his fingers which held her soft arm just now, he glanced at the group of reporters in front of him coldly.

Daddy! Mommy Is Pregnant Again

Chapter 214 The Reporters Block Her

These reporters were still surprised by his suddenly showing up. But now facing his sharp eyes, they were all a little scared.

"Who pushed her just now?" Stanley pointed to Violet and looked at the group of people in front of him.

The group looked at each other, "We didn't push Miss Hunt."

"Really?" Stanley looked at Violet.

Violet was sorting out the messy clothes. Hearing his question, she nodded, "Yeah, they didn't push me. I was scared by the female reporter just now."

Female reporter?

Stanley narrowed his eyes. His eyes were immediately fixed on the face of the only woman among the reporters.

The female reporter stiffened and lowered her head subconsciously, not daring to look at him.

Stanley pursed his thin lips and asked in a deep voice, "Which media are you from?"

This group of reporters refused to say.

Stanley let out a cold voice, "Fraser!"

"Yes!" Fraser replied behind him, and stepped forward to check the work cards hanging on the chests of the reporters, and noted the companies behind them one by one in his mind.

"Fraser." At this moment, Violet suddenly shouted.

Fraser turned his head, "Violet, what's the matter?"

Stanley also looked at her.

Violet adjusted the bag chain on her shoulder, "Please help me ask them who leaked my address to them!"

The price of this apartment was second only to the villa, so the owner's level of confidentiality was very good. If no one told them, it would be impossible for them to know that she lived here.

Fraser glanced at Stanley. Seeing Stanley nodded, he immediately responded, "Okay."

Then he asked these reporters.

These reporters dared to be arrogant in front of Violet, but they did not dare to be arrogant if front of Stanley. So facing Fraser's asking, they said everything.

"It's a woman!"

"Woman?" Violet's face sank.

Stanley also raised his eyebrows, "What kind of woman?"

Only Fraser had a look of surprise in his eyes, and then lowered his head thoughtfully.

"We don't know. She called us and told us that Miss Hunt lives here, and hung up the phone after speaking. When we call back, the number was already canceled." The reporter replied.

Violet looked up at the man next to her, "Mr. Murphy, is it possible the woman who let other children bully Arya yesterday?"

"Maybe!" Stanley squinted, then looked at Fraser.

Fraser shook his head, "Mr. Murphy, I have already checked. All of Eason's accounts have no transfer records. I have also checked his recent call records and travel records. So the woman should not be Eason's side, but she secretly helped Eason."

"What did you mean?" Violet clenched her fists and stared at him closely.

Fraser pushed the glasses and replied, "Eason spread rumors about you and Mr. Murphy at the press conference. But other than that, he didn't do anything. It's that woman who bribed those paid Internet trolls."

"Are you so sure?" Stanley stared at him.

Fraser nodded, "I asked those paid Internet trolls. They all said that it was a woman who gave them a sum of money to ask them to do this, but they don't know who that woman is. Because that woman also contacted them by phone. When they called back, the number was immediately canceled."

"She could contact so many paid Internet trolls and media in such a short time, and then disappeared without leaving a trace. It seems that the power behind that woman is very powerful." Violet clenched her fists and said coldly.

She had become more and more certain that this woman should be the one who bullied Arya, and it might be the one who burned down her warehouse.

She didn't know what hatred or resentment she had with that woman. That woman actually did these things to her, but it didn't matter. She would find it out one day. When she found the woman out, she would also send her to prison, just like Vera.

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He's Using This Secret Trick To Make Millions

"Um... Mr. Murphy, Miss Hunt, we have said everything that we knew. Can we go now?" The reporters on the side looked at Stanley, then at Violet, and asked cautiously.

Stanley raised his chin, "Fraser, check their cameras."

"Yes!" Fraser nodded and stepped forward to check with their cameras.

Seeing a lot of photos of Violet were taken inside, he snorted. Under the gaze of these reporters, he removed the memory card from the camera, "Okay, it belongs to me now!"

Those reporters forced a smile.

"Get out!" Stanley yelled at them coldly.

They nodded repeatedly and were about to leave.

Violet suddenly stopped them, "Wait a minute."

Stanley also looked at her, wondering what she was going to do.

The reporters stopped, saying sadly, "Is there anything else?"

They regretted it now. If they knew it would be like this, they shouldn't have listened to that woman and ran to block Violet. Not only did they get nothing, but instead offended Stanley.

However, they indeed got some news. Stanley and Violet came out of the same building. It seemed that what was said on the Internet was true. The relationship between them was really unusual. Perhaps it was Violet who seduced Stanley. They must find an opportunity to secretly release the news.

Violet took a step down and stood on the steps beside Stanley.

She nodded and smiled at Stanley first, then looked at several reporters condescendingly, "Nothing serious. I just want to say, for the questions you just asked, if you want answers, go to Yunding Building. I will hold the press conference there to clarify everything on the Internet."

Clarify?

Several reporters looked at each other, and all saw surprise in each other's eyes.

She actually said to clarify! Was there any hidden story about the news on the Internet?

Thinking about this, the reporters got excited and nodded quickly, "Well, well, we will definitely go."

After speaking, they left quickly.

After they left, Stanley put his hand in his pocket and looked at Fraser, "After the press conference is

over, let the media fire the reporters just now."

"Got it." Fraser nodded.

Hearing the talk between the two, Violet did not stop it.

Those reporters blocked her at the door without any professional ethics. They deserved to be fired.

Rubbing her eyebrows, Violet turned and looked at the man next to her, "Mr. Murphy, it's getting late. I have to go to the studio first."

"Okay." Stanley nodded lightly.

Violet bowed slightly to him, walked to her car, and drove away.

After her car went away, Stanley and Fraser also left here and went to the Murphy Group.

More than half an hour later, Violet arrived at Yunding Building.

Violet parked the car, walked into the building, and took the elevator to the studio.

At this time, the studio was overcrowded and was full of reporters dispatched by major media.

The reporters were making a noise. Jessie was standing in front of them to maintain order.

But the reporters didn't listen, and kept asking her questions about the matter on the Internet.

Jessie was so annoyed by those questions that she almost lost her temper.

At this moment, Violet slammed open the door of the studio and walked in. Glancing at the group of reporters in the studio with gloomy eyes, she said in a loud voice, "My friend said to keep you quiet. Can't you hear it? Daddy! Mommy Is Pregnant Again

Chapter 215 Recording

Perhaps the aura around Violet was too strong, so the reporters in the studio became quiet in an instant.

But Violet didn't just let them go. She closed the door of the studio, and said, "If anyone doesn't follow the command and makes a noise, he will be disqualified for the interview. I will also let the security come up and get him out!"

"We won't. Don't worry, Miss Hunt. We won't make a noise anymore." The reporters didn't expect that she was so domineering, so they immediately said with a sly smile.

Violet's cold face eased a little. She walked to Jessie.

Jessie took Violet's hand and whispered in excitement, "Violet, you were so cool just now!"

Violet replied with a smile while putting the bag away, "For these stubborn reporters, we must show them our attitude. First of all, in terms of momentum, we must overwhelm them. Otherwise, they won't listen to us at all."

"Awesome! I learned it!" Jessie nodded, touching her chin.

"Have all the invited media arrived?" Violet picked up a microphone from the side to adjust.

Jessie said, "It's all here. The cameras I arranged are already in place, and the live broadcast rooms of several live broadcast platforms have also opened, attracting a lot of viewers by the title."

"Let me see." Violet tilted her head.

Jessie took a laptop and put it in front of her.

However, as soon as Violet entered the scene, she was bombarded by bullet comments from the viewers in the live broadcast room, all of which were vicious curses.

Jessie was furious, but Violet just smiled and didn't take it to heart. She calmly turned off these bullet comments and checked the number of viewers.

The total number of viewers who came in from these live broadcast rooms was no more than 5 million people, which was not bad.

"Okay." Violet waved her hand, indicating that Jessie could take the laptop away.

Jessie took the laptop and sat aside, ready to lead the comment at any time.

Violet picked up the microphone. Firstly she glanced at the media in the audience, then put the microphone to her mouth to clear the voice. She said, "Good morning, everyone, welcome to my press conference. Today, I want to express my opinions about those rumors on the Internet."

Hearing this, the reporters in the audience were excited just like wolves. Each of them moved the microphones forward, and took pictures faster.

If it were an ordinary person, facing so many flashing lights and so many eyes, he would have been nervous to say nothing. But Violet still stood on the stage confidently, without even blinking her eyes a few times, looking so calm.

Seeing this, Stanley, who paid attention to the live broadcast of the conference, smiled faintly. There was a faint appreciation in his eyes.

Even Fraser, who was standing behind Stanley, couldn't help but pushed his glasses and praised, "Mr. Murphy, Violet is not flustered at all."

"If this little scene can still make her flustered, her future achievements will be limited to this." Stanley put down the hand supporting his head and asked quietly, "Is the media here coming over??"

"Yeah, they are all waiting in the lounge." Fraser nodded and replied.

Stanley lifted his chin slightly, "Okay, arrange them in the large conference room first. When Violet is over, we can start."

"Okay." Fraser replied, and immediately went out to arrange.

Stanley adjusted his sitting posture and continued to watch the live broadcast.

In the live broadcast room, Violet picked up a remote control and turned on the big screen behind her, "Everyone, the president of the Hunt Group, Mr. Hunt, released the news, saying that I seduce Mr. Murphy and broke the marriage contract between the Hunt family and the Murphy family the day before yesterday. Besides, he also said it was because I was jealousy of Phoebe, then I exposed her in the competition. Today, I want to make a clarification. These are all false and slanders!"

After Violet finished speaking, everyone present was shocked.

A reporter asked, "Miss Hunt, do you have any evidence to prove that these are all slanders?"

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"Of course!" Violet nodded, then glanced at Jessie in the lower right corner.

Jessie nodded and tapped twice on the laptop. Then the big screen behind Violet changed again.

She took the laser pointer, pointed to the big screen and said, "Look here, everyone, this is my resume. I graduated from Royal College of Design. Mr. Merced is my teacher. Ms. Daphne is my teacher's teacher. Phoebe copied her work and also copied my design in the finals. What's wrong with me to expose her!"

Some reporters nodded and agreed with her.

But some reporters disagreed and asked, "She copied your design. You should expose her, but this does not mean that you have no other intentions. Everyone in the competition knows that there are some grudges between you and Phoebe. So is it because of Mr. Murphy?"

"No!" Violet looked at the reporter who was asking, and said, "I have grudges with Phoebe, which has nothing to do with Mr. Murphy. But we are the enemy from the moment we were born!"

"Miss Hunt, what do you mean?" The reporters were so curious, and some even stood up.

They feel that there seemed to be a big secret in it.

Hearing what Violet said, Eason, who was also watching this press conference, tightened the mouse suddenly. His old face trembled, "Asshole, what does she want to do?"

Would she want to tell everyone those things in the past?

Thinking of this, Eason quickly threw away the mouse, picked up the phone and called Violet.

Just as Violet was about to answer the reporter's questions, the cell phone in her bag rang.

Jessie got up, helped Violet take out the phone and looked at it. Seeing the caller ID, she frowned, "Violet, it's Eason."

"Hang up." Violet shook her head directly.

She probably knew why Eason was calling.

She didn't want to argue with him again!

Eason, who was watching the live broadcast, heard what Violet said, and was so angry that he threw his mobile phone out. He slapped the table angrily, "Asshole!"

Violet didn't know what Eason looked like at the moment. She didn't want to know, either. She put the microphone to her mouth again and smiled faintly at the reporters, "Well, everyone must be curious why Phoebe and I have been enemies since birth."

The reporters nodded. Even the viewers in the live broadcast room were quiet at the moment, no longer cursing so fiercely.

Violet took the phone that Jessie handed over, unlocked it, and said, "The answer is in the two call recordings I will play next. Listen carefully! Because it not only proves that I did not seduce Mr. Murphy, but also you guys can figure out why Mr. Hunt slandered me."

After speaking, she played the recordings directly.

The two recordings were the two phone calls that Eason made to her yesterday.

When Jessie told her that Eason held a press conference to slander her and Stanley, she was on guard against Eason. So when Eason called her yesterday, she started recording the call, just for this moment.

Soon, the recordings were over.

Eason sank back into the chair. His old face turned pale, and there were only some words in his mind.

He was screwed up!

The viewers in the live broadcast room, as well as the reporters at the scene, were also shocked and speechless. Daddy! Mommy Is Pregnant Again

Chapter 216 Phoebe Was an Illegitimate Daughter

"Oh my god, it turns out that what Miss Hunt said is true." After a while, a reporter finally came back to his senses, looked at Violet who didn't change her face, and exclaimed.

The others came to their senses one after another and nodded, "Yes, I didn't expect all of this to actually be Mr. Hunt's slanders."

The recording said very clearly that Phoebe and her stepmother were arrested. In order to save the wife and daughter, Mr. Hunt asked Miss Hunt to withdraw the lawsuits and to give false evidence. Miss Hunt was unwilling, so Mr. Hunt spread these rumors, using public opinions to suppress Miss Hunt. So shameless!

For a time, all viewers changed their attitudes, from scolding Violet to scolding Eason's family.

Suddenly, the official website of the Hunt Group, the Facebook of Eason, and the Facebook of Phoebe and Talia all flooded with various curses. Soon it became the search hot.

Because Eason really angered these netizens. They didn't know the truth of the matter before, and believed Eason, so they scolded Violet.

But now the recordings given by Violet confirmed that all this was fake. It was Eason's conspiracy. The most important thing was that Eason took advantage of them, so how could these netizens not be angry?

The consequence of being angry was that Eason was beaten back and was scolded very badly, much worse than when they scolded Violet.

Jessie also specially carried the laptop to Violet, "Look, how miserable he is being scolded now!"

Violet took a look, "He asked for all this!"

"Yes!" Jessie smiled.

They didn't lower their voice. So the viewers in the live broadcast room heard it.

But they didn't feel that what Violet said was wrong. After all, Eason really asked for all this.

"Asshole, asshole!" Listening to Violet's words and watching the curses in the bullet comments, Eason's old face flushed with anger and his whole body was trembling.

The butler on the side was afraid that Eason would faint, so he quickly fed Eason the medicine, and then he was a little better now.

"Everyone, do you believe that I am innocent now?" Violet took the microphone and looked at the reporters in the audience with a smile.

The reporters nodded with a smile, "I believe it. We will apologize to Miss Hunt."

As they said, they really began to apologize. Even the screen in the live broadcast room was full of the words "I'm sorry". On the major social networking sites, those paid Internet trolls were rushing to delete the articles at this moment.

But they deleted it too late. Before they deleted, Jessie had saved all the screenshots of the content they

published.

"Violet is really awesome. With two recordings, she solved the problem." Fraser looked at Violet in the live broadcast room and said with appreciation.

Stanley took a sip of coffee, "Because Eason is stupid."

"Yes, he himself left evidence." Fraser pushed his glasses and sneered.

Stanley put the coffee down and said nothing.

At the press conference, the reporters finished apologizing and began to ask questions, "Miss Hunt, at first you said that in addition to the evidence to prove your innocence in the recording, there was also the reason for your grudges with Phoebe, but I did not hear it after listening. Until I suddenly remembered that you called Mr. Hunt as father in the recording, are you sisters with Phoebe?"

"Yes, we are sisters, but we are half-sisters of the same father. She is an illegitimate daughter, which means that I am real Miss Hunt in the Hunt family!" Violet looked at the reporter who asked the question and replied loudly.

Everyone was shocked.

Everyone knew there was only one daughter in the Hunt family, but now another one had suddenly showed up.

Besides, this one also claimed that she was the real Miss Hunt.

"How... how dare she!" Eason glared at the live broadcast room, panting and his chest rising and falling violently.

"Mr. Hunt, calm down!" The butler was shocked when he saw that Eason was like to faint at any time, and quickly helped him.

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But in the end, it was still a step too late. Eason didn't catch his breath and fainted.

In the office of Mr. Murphy of the Murphy Group, Fraser took a deep breath, "It seems that Eason really angers Violet this time. She is going to tell everyone those dirty things in the Hunt family."

Stanley sneered and snorted, "Eason asked for it."

Fraser raised his eyebrows. How could he feel these words so familiar?

It seemed that Violet just said this to Jessie in the live broadcast room.

So Mr. Murphy was using Violet's comments on Eason directly to answer him?

Fraser was speechless.

He also stopped talking to Stanley, and turned his attention back to the live broadcast.

"Miss Hunt, you said Phoebe is an illegitimate daughter?" The reporter swallowed his saliva and asked in

surprise.

Violet nodded, "Yes, everyone knows that seven years ago, after Eason divorced his ex-wife, he married Talia now, and then Miss Hunt also changed her name to Phoebe."

Everyone nodded.

Of course they remember, because there was a press conference.

"But you guys don't know that Phoebe was called this name since she was a child. The reason why Eason said that Miss Hunt changed her name to Phoebe is that he doesn't want others to know that Phoebe is an illegitimate daughter. Talia is not Phoebe's stepmother, either. They are biological mothers and daughters!"

"How is it possible!" Someone didn't believe it.

But most people still believed it.

"Why not? Although everyone says that Phoebe is at odds with Talia, in fact Talia protects Phoebe so well. This time, Talia was arrested for Phoebe! So they must be biological mother and daughter. Otherwise, why does Talia protect her stepdaughter like this? Would you do this for your stepdaughter?"

"I definitely won't!"

"Yeah!"

Hearing the discussion, Violet smiled. She held the microphone and said, "Talia and Phoebe are biological mother and daughter. My mother is Ms. Lily Smith. Twenty-five years ago, Eason had an affair with Talia before my mother had me. So that Phoebe was one year older than me. But Eason kept keeping this from us."

Speaking of this, she took a deep breath, seeming to suppress her emotions, and tightened the microphone before continuing to speak, "Until seven years ago, Eason brought Phoebe and Talia back to the Hunt family, and forcibly divorced my mother. Besides, he drove my mother and my brother out of the Hunt family, and even say that I changed my name to Phoebe! It's so ridiculous!"

After speaking, she lowered her head and covered her face, as if crying.

Jessie took out a piece of tissue and handed it to her, softly comforting, "Violet, don't be sad. He is not worthy to be your father."

"Yeah, I didn't expect Mr. Hunt to be such a person." A reporter said with irritation.

"Yes, everyone says that Mr. Hunt loves his daughter very much. It turns out that it is the illegitimate daughter."

"Then Miss Hunt is so miserable. She is also Mr. Hunt's daughter, but Mr. Hunt treats her so badly. I really don't know what he is thinking about."

Listening to these comments on Eason, Violet smiled.

She didn't know whether Eason was watching the live broadcast or not. If he was watching it, he would definitely be pissed off to death.

He had always cared about his reputation. Now she told everyone his dirty secrets. She wanted to see what else he could do!

"Jessie, inform Mr. Murphy and tell him that he can start." Violet pretended to wipe the corner of her tear-free eyes, raised her head, and said to Jessie. Daddy! Mommy Is Pregnant Again

Chapter 217 Prosecute

"Okay." Jessie nodded, took out her cell phone and a business card. Then she called Fraser.

When Jessie was calling, Violet suddenly took out a list from her bag and held it up in the air, looking at the reporters in the audience, "Everyone, that's basically what I want to say at the press conference today. Only the last thing is left. I will prosecute the paid Internet trolls and netizens on this list in my hand."

"Prosecute?" The reporters in the audience and the viewers in the live broadcast room were stunned.

Violet pursed her red lips, "Yes, these paid Internet trolls as well as these netizens deliberately made false comments on the Internet to discredit me. Their comments have been supported and liked by many netizens, which has affected me. If I don't sue them, I'm sorry for myself. I can't let them scold me just like that!"

"But Miss Hunt, there are so many people. Do you think you've gone a little too far?" Some reporters felt that she had made a fuss too much.

Wasn't it just being scolding by the Internet?

This revenge was too heavy!

"Have I gone too far?" Violet sneered, "I don't think so. When they scold me, why don't you say that they have gone too far?"

"I..." The reporter suddenly was speechless.

Violet didn't even look at him, and withdrew her gaze, "Everyone must be responsible for what they do. When they scolded me so happily on the Internet, they should have thought about that they would have this ending. I'm not afraid of them at all. I have time to make a lawsuit with them!"

Violet's words made the reporters present and the viewers in the live broadcast room deeply aware that she was not easy to provoke.

"Well, I'm finished." Violet waved her hands, "Next, Mr. Murphy will also hold a press conference. Everyone knows that Eason has discredited me and Mr. Murphy, so Mr. Murphy will also come forward to clarify. If you guys are interested, you can go to have a look."

As soon as she finished speaking, most reporter ran out.

The others left behind. Not only did they not rush, but also showed a meaningful smile. Obviously, they had colleagues who had already gone.

"Violet, I've contacted him." Jessie put down the phone and said after finishing the call, "Fraser said that they have already started."

"I see." Violet said softly, walked to her laptop and tapped a few times, and then the live broadcast of Stanley's press conference jumped on the big screen.

Stanley sat at the main seat of the conference room, looking at the camera with a cold face, and said solemnly, "Since Miss Hunt has explained it clearly, then I will not repeat it. Starting today, I will completely resist the Hunt Group, as my revenge against Eason."

No one thought that his approach was wrong. If it were them, they would do the same.

After all, who was willing to be slandered like this for no reason?

But some people still asked, "Mr. Murphy, although there is no such relationship between you and Miss Hunt, what is the real reason for you and Phoebe to cancel the marriage contract?"

Stanley adjusted the microphone in front of him, "I've told you guys the reason when I broke the marriage contract, because she is vicious. She has framed Miss Hunt many times before. I've told her many times, but she just turned a deaf ear to me, which made me unacceptable. Other than that, she is indiscreet about her private life."

Phoebe was indiscreet about her private life?

These words were simply infinite reverie. The look in everyone's eyes when they looked at Stanley became even more strange.

Even Violet was astonished.

He actually told others that Phoebe cuckolded him. Wasn't he afraid of being gossiped?

Stanley didn't know what Violet was worried about for him. Even if he knew it, he wouldn't care about those things.

Phoebe was the one who was ashamed anyway, not him.

Even if others wanted to gossip about him, they dare not speak in front of him.

"Okay, today's press conference ends here. That's it!" After speaking, Stanley put away the microphone, stood up with his hands in his trouser pockets, and walked out of the conference room.

Fraser did not follow, but stayed here, arranging everyone to leave.

All the people who watched the live broadcast were stunned. It was the first time they saw such a concise conference.

Violet was also a little surprised by such a short press conference, but soon she came to her sense.

Being so resolute really fitted Stanley's character.

Violet smiled and shook her head, then turned off the big screen behind her, and arranged for other reporters to leave.

Soon, only her and Jessie were left in the studio.

Jessie looked up from the laptop, "Violet, great. The comments on the Internet that scold you are basically deleted."

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A Pakistani Man Has Accidentally Found A Way Of Earning More

"It's normal. After I clarify, some netizens who feel ashamed will take the initiative to delete, and others who don't want to delete will naturally delete them when they hear that I am preparing to sue those guys. After some time, there will no one daring to scold me." Violet took a sip of water, and said with a smile.

She said so much at the press conference that she was so thirsty.

Suddenly, her cell phone next to her laptop rang.

Jessie took a look, "It's from the police station."

"Give it to me." Violet stretched out her hand.

Jessie handed her the phone.

She took it and put it to her ear, "Hello, this is Violet."

"Hello, Miss Hunt, the verdict on Talia has come out. She was detained for ten days for intentional assault. In addition, as for Phoebe, the court has decided to open the court in three days. I hope you will be there on time." The police officer said.

Violet nodded, "Okay, I get it."

Then, she put down the phone and told Jessie about the content of the call.

After hearing it, Jessie curled her lips, "It's only ten days? So light!"

"Well, are you going back to the hospital?" Violet looked at Jessie and asked.

Jessie closed the laptop, "Yes."

"Then you drop by to the court and hand in this list. After Talia's trial, they can just go on to check those paid Internet trolls and netizens." Violet handed Jessie the list.

"Okay, bye!" Jessie took the list, carried her own bag and left.

Violet didn't stay in the studio too long. After informing the designers that they could come to work, she left.

After all, the two children were still in the apartment. She would be worried about them if she didn't go back.

At this moment, the door of the studio was knocked suddenly. A security guard in uniform came in, "Miss Hunt, there is your express mail."

"Express mail?" Violet paused when she tidied up the desk, and looked up, "Who sent it?"

"It's foreign language. I don't know." The security guard touched his nose embarrassedly and said.

Violet smiled and walked over, "Give it to me."

The security guard handed her the express mail with both hands.

It was a big envelope and quite thick. No one knew what was inside.

"Thank you." Violet smiled and thanked the security guard.

The security waved his hand and said goodbye.

Violet walked in, turning the envelope over to check the sender's information.

Then her eyes widened immediately. She covered her mouth in disbelief.

OMG! What did she see? It was Dillan's name!

This express mail was sent by Dillan!

Violet clenched her fists excitedly and jumped on the spot twice. She couldn't stop being happy.

If it weren't that she was in the studio, she would really like to shout a few times to express her excitement.

After a while, Violet calmed down a little bit. She patted her chest, breathed out slightly, and opened the envelope.

An exquisite black invitation letter fell out of it and fell to the ground.

Violet quickly bent over to pick it up, patted the dust on it, opened it cautiously, and exclaimed, "Isn't this the invitation letter to the exhibition that Mr. Murphy received last night?"

Chapter 218 Recriminate

"Great! I didn't expect me to have it too!" Violet excitedly held the invitation letter into her arms.

Ever since she learned from Stanley yesterday that Dillan was coming to J City to hold an exhibition, she had been regretful not to see Dillan.

Unexpectedly, Dillan actually took the initiative to invite her!

Thinking of this, Violet happily kissed the invitation letter twice, then carefully put the invitation letter in her bag and left the studio.

In the afternoon, Violet was sitting on the sofa and watching TV with the two children. The phone suddenly rang.

She stopped the laughter and took her phone out from her pocket. When she saw the name on the screen, her face went cold.

"Calvin, Arya, you guys go back to the room first." Violet stared at the phone screen and asked the two children to leave first.

Eason must call to questions her for today's press conference.

She couldn't promise that she wouldn't quarrel with him, so it was better to let the two children leave.

Seeing the caller ID on Violet's phone, Calvin knew that Mommy would not let them listen to the call, so he nodded and pulled Arya back to the room.

Violet watched the door of the children's room close before answering the phone, "Mr. Hunt, what's the matter?"

"Asshole!" Eason roared at once, but because of the weakness in his voice, the roar didn't have any momentum at all.

Violet picked up the remote control, turned off the TV, and answered unhurriedly, "Mr. Hunt, I'm an asshole, then what are you? Asshole too?"

"You..." Eason was speechless by her talking back. It took a long time for him to breathe in a hurry. He suppressed the anger, and sternly asked, "Why did you tell everyone the true identity of Phoebe at the press conference?"

"I was forced by you!" Violet touched her nails, and said lightly.

Well, her nails were a bit longer.

She could polish them tomorrow.

"Be forced by me?" Eason choked with his own saliva.

Because he thought this sentence was very familiar. Wasn't it the answer he gave her when she asked him why he spread rumors about her and Stanley on the Internet yesterday?

She actually used his words to talk back him!

"Yes, you used the power of public opinions to force me to withdraw the lawsuit about Talia and help Phoebe give a false testimony. I was forced by you to have no choice but to do this." Violet shrugged and said.

Eason was so speechless. The muscles on his old face twitched. He roared, "You have no choice but to do this? Do you know what impact you would bring to the Hunt family and the Hunt Group? The share price of the Hunt Group is declining!"

Violet took the phone away from her ear a little, "Mr. Hunt, what you said is a bit funny. You caused the decline in the share price of the Hunt Group. If you didn't cheat back then, there wouldn't be today's result. Besides, I can't wait to see the share price of the Hunt Group decline to its lowest point, and then you declare bankruptcy!"

The Hunt Group was founded by Eason and Lily, and even Lily spent more efforts.

But seven years ago, Eason deceived Lily to sign the equity transfer letter and let Lily go out without carrying anything. From that moment, Violet had no affection for the Hunt Group.

"You..." Eason squeezed the cane tightly and wanted to say something.

Violet yawned and was impatient, "Mr. Hunt, it's getting late. That's it. I'm going to sleep, goodbye!"

After speaking, she hung up the phone and left the phone aside.

"Hello? Hello?" Eason was still shouting on the phone.

"Don't shout. She's already hung up." Behind him, Phoebe's chilly voice sounded.

Eason put the phone down and found that the phone really hung up. He turned around angrily, "That bastard. Does she still treat me as her father?"

Hearing this, Phoebe snorted, "Dad, if you are treated like this by your own father, you will treat him respectfully? Don't bother to ask!"

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Eason was speechless, feeling a little awkward. Then he said nothing.

Suddenly, the door of the interrogation room was opened. Talia, wearing a prison uniform, was brought in by a police officer.

In just two days, Talia lost a lot of weight. Her face was sallow. Her cheekbones were convex, and she looked even more mean.

She looked at Phoebe, who had also lost a lot of weight, and then at Eason, who was tired. Then she cried, "Honey, save me, I don't want to stay here anymore. It's all bad, I can't eat well. I can't sleep well. Someone bullies me!"

Listening to Talia's cry, Phoebe lowered her head. A deep disgust flashed in her eyes.

Eason was also troubled by her crying, feeling headache, "Enough, don't cry. Your verdict has come out. How can I save you? Just hold on. Endure it for ten days."

"Ten days..." Talia was desperate. Even her eyes dimmed. But when she saw Phoebe, she cheered up again, "What about Phoebe? You can't save me, then you must save Phoebe. Try to reduce her sentence for a few years."

"It's useless. Violet still didn't agree to give a false testimony." Phoebe raised her head. She narrowed her eyes, "But it doesn't matter. Since she refuses to give the false testimony, we can let her not go to court."

Hearing this, Eason and Talia looked at each other, then looked at her, "Phoebe, what do you want to do?"

Phoebe ignored Talia and waved at Eason, "Dad, we are like this..."

After listening to her method, Eason first flashed a touch of surprise in his eyes, then he became firm and nodded, "Got it! I will make arrangements."

After speaking, he left the police station.

The next day, after eating breakfast, Violet picked up Arya's schoolbag and prepared to drive her to kindergarten.

However, Arya suddenly ran back to the room and locked the door.

Violet patted the door, "Arya, what are you doing? Open the door."

"No. If I open the door, Mommy will drive me to kindergarten." Behind the door, Arya, who was sitting on the ground with her back to the door panel, shook her head and responded.

Violet was stunned.

Arya locked herself in the room because she didn't want to go to kindergarten?

Violet lowered her eyes and thought for a moment. Then she probably figured out why Arya didn't want to go to kindergarten.

It seemed that what happened the day before yesterday really caused Arya a great deal of harm, and she didn't let it go yet.

Sighing, Violet said, "But how can you learn knowledge from the teacher if you don't go to school? The other children are learning. Do you want to be left behind by the other children?"

Arya inside the door stiffened when she heard this, but soon she shouted again, "No matter what, I will not go to the kindergarten. If I go there, they will bully me, saying that I don't have Dad and saying that I'm a bastard..."

While talking, the little girl burst into tears and refused to open the door no matter what Violet said.

Violet didn't know what to do.

At this time, Calvin's voice came from behind, "So how about letting Uncle Murphy drive you here so that they won't talk about you?"

"Huh?" Violet looked back subconsciously. Seeing Stanley being pulled over by Calvin, she raised her eyebrows, "Mr. Murphy, you..."

"I was pulled by Calvin." Stanley lifted his chin towards Calvin.

He was planning to go to the company. But before he left, Calvin rang the doorbell.

Then Bella opened the door. Calvin directly rushed into his room, pulled him over, and said that he wanted him to do a favor.

"Naughty!" Violet suddenly patted Calvin on the head, "Isn't Uncle Murphy busy? You let him drive Arya to school?" _____

Daddy! Mommy Is Pregnant Again

Chapter 219 Don't Go to School

When Stanley was brought by Calvin, he already knew the cause and effect, so he said lightly, "It's okay. It just happens that I have to go out, so I can drive Arya there."

"But..."

Violet wanted to say something. Suddenly, the door in front of her was opened. Arya came out from the inside and hugged Stanley's leg, "Mommy, I want Uncle Murphy to drive me!"

Calvin smiled triumphantly, "Look, my method really worked. Arya came out as soon as she heard Uncle Murphy."

Violet squinted at Calvin, then he closed his mouth immediately.

Violet looked at Stanley again and bowed to him apologetically, "Mr. Murphy, I'm really sorry. I have troubled you again and again."

"No worries." Stanley touched Arya's head and replied in a mild voice.

"Dad, hug!" Arya opened her hands and looked at Stanley.

Violet almost choked on her own saliva. She patted the little girl on the back and corrected, "It's Uncle Murphy."

"No." Arya held Stanley's neck, "Uncle Murphy is my Dad. Anyway, Mommy, you won't tell me and brother who our Dad is. Then Uncle Murphy is my Dad."

"You..." Violet was so speechless. Her face was flushed with anger.

Stanley smiled faintly, "It's okay. I'm very happy to be their Dad."

When Calvin heard the words, his smart eyes blinked, as if he was thinking about something.

The next moment, Calvin pulled the corner of Violet's clothes, "Mommy, I want to go to kindergarten with Arya. I haven't gone there for a long time."

"Well." Violet nodded and agreed.

If he went to school with Arya, she wouldn't feel lonely at school.

"Okay." Calvin clapped his little hands.

Stanley pulled him, held Arya with one hand and said to Violet, "Then we have to leave first."

"Okay." Violet gave a hmm, and walked them to the elevator.

The elevator arrived very quickly. After saying goodbye to Violet, the two children followed Stanley into the elevator.

The elevator door was closed. Calvin put his small hands on his hips and looked up at Stanley, "Uncle Murphy, you just said that you are very happy to be our Dad, aren't you?"

Stanley put Arya down and looked at him, "Yes."

"Sure enough! What Godfather said is true." Calvin nodded.

The Godfather in his mouth was George. Stanley knew it. He narrowed his eyes a little displeased, "What did he say is true?"

"I heard Godfather call someone in the hospital a few days ago and mentioned Uncle Murphy and Mommy. Godfather said that Uncle Murphy likes Mommy."

"I heard it too." Unwilling to be left behind, Arya quickly said with her small hand raising up.

Calvin looked at Stanley with a grin, "I didn't believe it at first until you said it just now. Then I was sure that Godfather was right. If you don't like Mommy, why are you happy to be our Dad? Although I'm young, I know there is an idiom called 'love me love my dog'. You like Mommy, so you like us."

A slight surprise flashed in Stanley's eyes.

He had always known that this kid was a genius, but he didn't expect that the kid actually knew the feelings between men and women so well.

Stanley felt proud of Calvin. He squatted down and looked at Calvin.

At this moment, he no longer regarded Calvin as a child, but as a partner who could have equal conversations.

"Yes, I like your Mommy and want to be your Dad. Do you guys agree?" Stanley asked.

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Calvin hadn't answered yet, but Arya happily clapped her hands and said, "Agree!"

"Don't speak!" Calvin glanced at her, then pulled her behind him, looked at Stanley, and asked instead, "If I disagree, will Uncle Murphy give up?"

Stanley shook his head, "No."

"But you still ask us?" Calvin rolled his eyes at Stanley, then said again, "But Uncle Murphy, what good is it for us after you become our Dad?"

"I will treat you as my own children and do my duty to you as a Dad. Is that enough?" Stanley raised his

eyelids lightly.

Arya didn't understand. She blinked and then asked what she wanted to know, "Will you take us to and from school?"

"Of course!" Stanley nodded.

Arya smiled, "Will you take us to fun places? When my brother and I are bullied, will you come to protect us in time?"

"Yes!" Stanley touched her head and answered without hesitation.

Arya rushed into his arms, "Brother, I want Uncle Murphy to be our Dad."

Calvin shrugged, "I have no opinions but he has to get Mommy's agreement. Only Mommy accepts Uncle Murphy, and then Uncle Murphy can become our Dad. Otherwise, he can only be our Godfather."

"After I go back from school, I'll tell Mommy and ask Mommy to agree." Arya said happily.

"Naive!" Calvin pouted, "Do you think Mommy will listen to you?"

Arya felt what Calvin said made senses. The light in her eyes disappeared, "Then brother, what should we do?"

"Don't worry. As long as you and brother often mention me in front of your Mommy, your Mommy will agree." Stanley looked at her.

Arya's eyes lit up again. She nodded, "Okay, I'll always mention Dad in front of Mommy!"

To prove that she was serious, she patted her chest.

Stanley was amused by her cute look, and couldn't help kissing her forehead.

Although Calvin did not speak, he had to admit that he was also moved. His idea of wanting Dad was no lighter than that of Arya. Uncle Murphy was in line with the standards of being his Dad.

It might be a good choice to let Uncle Murphy be their father. As for Mommy said that Uncle Murphy liked someone else, and he would marry that person in the future, Calvin thought they were all fakes. Both Godfather and Uncle Murphy admitted that Uncle Murphy liked Mommy, but Mommy still thought that Uncle Murphy liked others, so it must be someone who had misled Mommy.

The elevator arrived.

Stanley took the two children out and drove to the kindergarten.

It was already two hours later after driving them to the kindergarten and then rushing to the Murphy Group.

Fraser handed a document to Stanley, "Mr. Murphy, these are the major industrial chains that the Hunt Group is still operating."

Stanley flipped it, closed it and returned it to Fraser, "Good job. Suppress it according to the original plan. Within three days, I want to see the Hunt Group delisting."

"Got it!" Fraser replied. Then he thought of something and said, "Half an hour ago, Violet sent the final design drawing of the bidding project over. Aadam has already sent it to your mailbox."

"Okay. I'll see it right away." Stanley said. Then he pushed open the door of the office, walked to the desk, sat down and turned on the computer.

Seeing the colorful and dazzling designs in the mailbox, he lifted his chin in satisfaction and sent his review results to Aadam.

Aadam notified Violet again.

Violet was relieved when she learned that her design had passed. She smiled, and then she was about to make the clothes.

Time passed quickly. Three days passed in a blink of an eye. Phoebe's trial was going to begin.

Daddy! Mommy Is Pregnant Again

Chapter 220 Preventing Her from Going to the Court

Early in the morning, Violet was eating breakfast when suddenly a phone call came.

She put down her chopsticks and took out her mobile phone. Seeing that it was President of the Branch who called, she quickly answered.

"Violet, are the documents ready? When will you come to the court in the afternoon?" President of the Branch asked on the phone.

Violet glanced at the file bag on the coffee table and replied with a smile, "It's ready. I'll drive over at 1 o'clock in the afternoon."

"Well, give me a call when you arrive. I'll send someone to pick you up. Let's meet first. Several designers who have been copied by Phoebe have also come here. They want to find you to get some information." President of the Branch said.

Violet said, "I see."

After hanging up the phone, Violet put down the phone.

Stanley, who was on the opposite side, picked up buns to Arya and Calvin, and then asked, "Whose call?"

"President of the Branch." After Violet briefly said the content of the phone, she picked up her chopsticks again to get the food.

Suddenly, a pair of chopsticks stretched out, and then she saw that there was a bun on her plate.

"Thank you." Violet was taken aback, then smiled at Stanley and thanked him.

Since the day before yesterday, the two children had called him over for breakfast on time every day. She couldn't stop them.

Because it was him who drove the two children to school for these three days.

"Never mind." Stanley didn't know what Violet was thinking. He took the chopsticks back indifferently.

Violet nodded, took a bite the bun, and ate slowly.

Seeing this, Stanley's face eased a lot, and then he also picked up one bun for himself.

After breakfast, Violet helped two children get the small schoolbags. Then she pushed the two children to Stanley, "Mr. Murphy, bother you again today."

"No worries, then we're leaving." Stanley took the two children out the house.

Violet went out with them to see them off.

When they came in front of the elevator, Stanley suddenly thought of something, and stopped to look at her slightly, "Today is the day when Phoebe's plagiarism case is in session. Eason will definitely go in and listen. You have to be careful with him. I am worried that after the trial result comes out, he will vent his anger on you like Talia before."

Listening to his serious reminder, Violet felt warmed. She lightly tucked her hair back and said, "Don't worry, Mr. Murphy. I will be careful."

Seeing that she listened to his words, Stanley gave a hmm. Then he didn't say anything. He withdrew his gaze and pulled the two children into the elevator one by one.

After they left, Violet turned back to the apartment and was busy with her own affairs.

Until 12 o'clock at noon, she put down the cutting tools in her hand, went to the kitchen and cooked a bowl of noodles for herself casually, then changed her clothes and went out to the court.

"Huh?" But when Violet had just walked out of the apartment building some distance with her bag, she suddenly felt that someone was looking at herself. Their eyes were full of malice.

Violet subconsciously stopped and looked at the direction which these gazes came from. Then she saw a few men sitting on the edge of the flowerbed not far in front of her, who were very sloppy in clothes and hairstyles.

The men seemed to notice that Violet had spotted them. After looking at each other, they dropped their cigarette butts and stood up, and then walked towards Violet.

Violet realized the danger. She stepped back two steps, then turned around and ran.

Those men didn't expect her to run suddenly. They were all stunned. After reacting, they chased after her, "Go! Don't let her run away!"

Violet heard them running behind her, knowing that they were chasing herself. She didn't dare to look back, so she could only speed up and run forward.

As she ran in horror, she shouted for help, "Help! Someone is chasing me. Help!"

Some pedestrians passing by heard Violet's call for help, then they curiously stopped and looked over.

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But when they saw the ferocious men behind her, their compassion disappeared. They lowered their head and left quickly, pretending that they hadn't heard or seen anything, so as not to cause trouble.

Violet saw that the pedestrians turned a blind eye one by one, and were unwilling to help her.

Although she understood them, she still felt sad.

Having no way, Violet could only continue to shout for help, and tremblingly put her hands into her bag, trying to get her mobile phone to call the police.

It was just when she just took out the phone to unlock it, and before she could press the police call, she was forced to stop.

Because there was no way in front of her. It was a partition wall. The wall was very high and long. She couldn't go around it or turn over it, so she could only stop.

She was desperate!

"Why didn't you run?" The men chased up, looked at the wall in front of Violet, and then at Violet's tight and trembling back. They all laughed, "Keep running! Can't you run quite well?"

Listening to the sarcasm of laughter behind her, Violet slowly turned around with a pale face, hid the phone behind her back, clicked into the call log based on her memory, and then randomly clicked a number on the screen to dial out.

She didn't know who she called, so she could only silently pray that the other party would answer and call the police for her.

She couldn't call the police on her own. She couldn't see the buttons, and she would probably press the wrong number, thus wasting time and missing the opportunity to call the police, so she had to do this.

In the conference room of the Murphy Group, Stanley was having a meeting. Fraser came in from outside with his mobile phone, walked to him, leaned slightly, and said in a low voice, "Mr. Murphy, Violet is calling."

"What's the matter?" Stanley stopped the meeting, then turned to ask.

Fraser shook his head, "I don't know. I didn't answer it."

"Give it to me." Stanley stretched out his hand.

Fraser handed him the phone.

After getting the phone, he said to the people in the conference room that the meeting was suspended and then walked out of the conference room.

Outside the conference room, Stanley put the phone to his ear, "Hey, what's up?"

Violet's voice came through the phone, but it was not answering him, but asking someone, "Who sent you here? What do you want to do?"

Hearing the trembling and fear in her voice, Stanley realized that something happened to her. The hand holding the phone suddenly tightened. His face was full of gloom.

He knew that she was calling for help. He resisted the monstrous anger and worry and did not speak, but listened quietly.

As long as he heard her current location, he could rush to rescue her accurately.

Violet didn't know if anyone answered her phone. She looked at the men in front of her warily.

Those men couldn't see the movement behind her. They smiled in front of her, "What do we want to do? Of course we are here to prevent you from going to court."

"Prevent me from going to court?" Violet's eyes widened, "Eason sent you guys here?"

Hearing the name of Eason, they were a little shocked. Then they quickly reacted, "Oh, you guessed it. Now that you guessed it, we won't hide it from you. We are indeed sent by him. He doesn't want you to appear in court. Come with us."

With that, a few men stepped forward and were going to catch Violet.

Violet was panicked. She subconsciously raised her hand to resist.

When she raised her hand, the men saw her mobile phone.

"Damn it! This woman is calling for help. Hurry up. Grab her phone!" one of the men roared anxiously.

Stanley on the other end of the phone knew that they had already found that Violet was calling. His heart sank. He asked in a deep voice, "Violet, tell me, where are you now?" _____Daddy! Mommy Is Pregnant Again

Chapter 221 Arrest

Hearing Stanley's voice, Violet seemed to see the hope.

But just when she was about to speak to him, a man snatched her mobile phone. Then, under her shocked gaze, he slammed her mobile phone to the ground.

"No!" Violet shouted loudly, going to pick up the phone.

But the person who threw the phone directly trampled on it.

With thud, the phone smashed into pieces and it couldn't be used anymore.

At the same time, the man slapped Violet, and said viciously, "Bitch! Dare to call to inform people. I think you don't want to live anymore!"

"Ah!" Violet let out a painful cry and was knocked to the ground. Half of her face swelled up quickly. Her mind was buzzing and completely blank. She was stunned.

The men took the opportunity to cover her nose and mouth, grabbed her hands and feet, and took her away.

On the other hand, Stanley walked toward technical department with a gloomy face. He was so fast that Fraser behind him could hardly keep up.

"Mr. Murphy, what happened?" Fraser asked after chasing after breathlessly.

Stanley clenched his fists tightly. The blue veins on the back of his hands were popping out. He resisted his inner worry, and replied in a cold voice, "Something happened to Violet."

Violet's call was suddenly interrupted. Before that, he heard her yelling no. It could be seen that she must have suffered something bad at the time.

As for what it was, he didn't dare to think about it. The only thing he could do now was to find her position immediately and to rescue her.

Soon, he arrived at technical department.

Stanley pushed the door in and threw the phone in front of an employee, "Immediately track the place where the phone signal disappeared!"

"Yes!" Then the employee immediately started tracking.

In the meantime, Stanley turned around and looked at Fraser, "You immediately contact President of the Branch and tell him something happened to Violet. She can't rush to the court on time, so that he can discuss with the court to postpone the hearing. In addition... .."

Stanley narrowed his eyes. His voice was even colder, without emotion, "Send someone to catch Eason!"

Since Eason sent someone to catch Violet, he would never let Eason go.

"Got it. I'll go right away." Fraser nodded solemnly and immediately left.

As soon as Fraser left, the staff found out what Stanley wanted to know. He pointed to the computer screen and said, "Mr. Murphy, this is where the phone signal disappeared."

Stanley looked down and saw that it was an apartment. He gritted his teeth, "Continue to trace. Show me all the monitoring around this apartment."

"Yes, sir." The staff nodded and began to tap on the keyboard again.

After about ten minutes, all the surveillance videos were on the screen.

Stanley saw Violet go out of the apartment building and then she was chased by a few men. After chasing to the wall between this apartment and another apartment, she was taken away by those men.

"Mr. Murphy, according to the direction and section of the van, they should be out of town."

"Can you keep track of the car?" Stanley put his hand on the back of the staff member's chair and clenched it tightly.

The staff nodded, "Yes, but we have to go through the satellite. The satellite can fully lock the track of the van, but I don't have the permission. Once the satellite is invaded, it will be discovered by the government." The staff said.

Stanley also knew what the consequences would be after being discovered by the government, but he couldn't care about it much anymore. He was now very worried about Violet's safety and he just wanted to find her quickly.

At the same time, he regretted that after Vera was arrested, he withdrew the bodyguards beside Violet. If he had not withdrawn those bodyguards, Violet might not have suffered all this now.

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6 Uncommon Tips For Building A Healthy Relationship

Thinking of this, Stanley took back the phone and said with a serious look, "Invade the satellite. I will get the permission. Then send me the driving route of that van at any time."

"Okay." When the staff heard Stanley say this, he naturally had no worries and started to operate.

Stanley turned around and walked out. While walking, he made a phone call, "Colin, it's me. I hope you can do me a favor..."

Stanley told the person on the other end of the phone what he wanted to do.

The people on the other end seemed to agree. After Stanley thanked the person, he put down the phone and opened the car door to sit in.

When he was wearing the seat belt, his mobile phone turned on. Then there was a road map on the screen. On the map, there was a small red dot flashing forward.

Stanley knew that the little red dot was the van that took Violet away.

Stanley didn't hesitate to start the car. He chased it according to the road map. After chasing two roads, there were also a few special police cars behind his car. He asked Colin to arrange for them to save Violet.

At this time, a man in the van's passenger seat suddenly put down his cell phone with a gloomy face. He said to the man who was driving, "Buddy, the situation has changed. Just now, the person told us that someone has come to rescue this woman and has chased us. Besides, he brought a few cars of special police!"

"What? Special police?" The others in the back seats who watched Violet were shocked when they heard this.

Only Violet's eyes radiated a strong ray, and she groaned twice.

It was Stanley. It must be him!

The man driving the car was so furious at the moment. He patted the steering wheel angrily, "Damn it! Isn't this woman just a costume designer? She actually gets special police to chase us. We were cheated."

"What should we do now?"

The man who was driving hesitated for a few seconds, then asked instead, "Where are they?"

The man in the passenger seat immediately sent a message and asked. Then, he panicked, "They have already left the city, and now they are only a dozen kilometers away from us!"

A dozen kilometers?

Violet's heartbeat speeded up, and the light of hope in her eyes became more and more prosperous.

She knew that she was going to be saved!

Violet was no longer so panicked and afraid, but the few people in the van began to panic, "How can they be so fast?"

The man who was driving could not help but squeezed the steering wheel, "They are modified special police cars. We are just shabby little van. How can we drive faster than them? It seems we are going to be screwed up this time!"

Hearing this, the entire van fell into silence.

They were not desperadoes. They were just gangsters. Although they had committed crimes and had been in jail, they had never committed murder and kidnapping. This was the first time. Because they could get a lot of money. Besides, they just needed to sell the woman to the villager. So they took the order.

Unexpectedly, this woman had such a powerful background. It skipped the police and asked the special police to chase them. If they knew this would happen, they would not take the order no matter what.

The van drove another distance. After exiting a tunnel, the people in the van suddenly heard the alarm.

The man in the passenger seat looked in the rearview mirror and then he saw the faintly exposed corner of the special police car at the end of the road behind. His face changed drastically and turned pale, "They have caught up!"

Violet also saw it. Not only did she see the special police cars, but also saw Stanley's Bentley. Tears of excitement shed in her eyes.

He actually came personally. __Daddy! Mommy Is Pregnant Again

Chapter 222 Found Her

"Stop yelling. I saw it!" the man driving the car roared.

The man in the passenger seat was trembling, "What on earth should we do now? Just stop and surrender. Give this woman back to them. Maybe we can still be alive."

"Yes." The people in the back seats also thought that this method was the best. They all nodded and persuaded.

The man driving the car said with a grim face, "Naive! Do you think it is possible? They came with special police. Obviously, they wanted to tell us that they wouldn't let us go easily. Even if we surrender, we won't end up much better."

"But... "

"Well, no but." The man who was driving snarled. His eyes were determined.

"Anyway, we have reached this point. Let's just take this woman to die together. Then we won't get our family burdened, and that person might give our family a sum of money when he sees that we kill this woman."

As soon as he finished speaking, the van suddenly became quiet. Those men looked at each other, and they all seemed to be moved a little.

Violet saw it. The joy of being rescued in her heart dissipated, replaced by fear.

She shook her head violently and screamed, wanting these people to dispel the idea.

But these people obviously didn't understand what she meant. They took a deep breath and the expression on their faces became firm.

"Okay, it is better to die in our own hands than to be caught and shot by the people behind."

"Good buddy!" The driving man nodded in relief, then narrowed his eyes. In Violet's horrified eyes, he turned the steering wheel and drove the car towards the roadside barrier.

This road was built on the mountainside with a cliff below. Once the car fell, none of the people inside would survive.

The special police and Stanley who were chasing them saw through the intention of the van and were shocked.

"No, the culprits in the van are taking hostages to commit suicide. Stop them quickly and ensure the safety of the hostages!" The special police captain eagerly shouted into the headset.

After receiving his order, the other special police officers responded quickly and speeded up, trying to stop the van.

Stanley did the same. He stepped on the accelerator and rushed over, trying to use his car to block the van to prevent the van from committing suicide.

However, he was still a step late. The van had broken the roadside barrier, and the entire front of the car was not protected by roadside barrier, and rushed down the cliff.

At this moment, they were all stunned. No one thought that the people in the van were so determined and cruel. They would rather commit suicide than be caught by them.

"No!" Stanley's face changed. His eyes were red and he roared. He wanted to rush down, but he was stopped by the special police captain behind him, "Mr. Murphy, calm down!"

Stanley ignored him, unfastened the seat belt with trembling hands, got out of the car, ran to the place where the van rushed down and looked down.

The vast clouds covered everything under the mountainside. There was no way to see the shadow of the van. No one knew the current situation of the van. No one knew where it fell, and what happened to the people in the van.

But such a high cliff, it was conceivable that people who were in it would not have any good results.

For a moment, Stanley's mind was blank. He seemed to be exhausted. He shivered, and he felt a little dizzy.

If it hadn't been for a special policeman nearby who noticed him in time and pulled him, he might have fallen off.

"Mr. Murphy, are you okay?" The special policeman asked with concern.

Stanley didn't answer him. He just clenched his fists, and stared at the special police captain, "What are you doing there? Notify the helicopter! Go down the mountain to save people!"

"I've already notified. Mr. Murphy, calm down." The special police captain replied with his hand on the headset, and then pointed at a few people, "You guys, first glide down the mountain from here. Search for the location of the van, and send the position to the helicopter later!"

"Yes!" Those special police officers responded.

Stanley squinted, "I'll go too!"

"This..." The captain hesitated.

After all, the man in front of him was not ordinary. If something happened to Stanley, they couldn't afford the consequence.

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Stanley also knew the captain's concerns. He took a deep breath, and tried to calm his inner emotions, "My love is in the van. I can't just wait here."

Whether Violet was alive or dead, he must find her.

Hearing that, the captain said nothing more and agreed, and then someone gave Stanley a set of equipment.

Stanley just slid down the mountain with a few special police officers.

At the foot of the mountain, several people separated and started searching.

Stanley also searched a place by himself, but after searching, there was nothing.

He started to be anxious. His face was gloomy. He punched a tree next to him.

At this moment, the walkie-talkie in his pocket suddenly rang. The captain's voice came from inside, "Mr. Murphy, we found Miss Hunt."

"Where?" Stanley quickly picked up the walkie-talkie, held it to his mouth, and asked eagerly.

"In a resident's house."

"Why is she in a resident's home?" Stanley frowned, but didn't think much about it for the time being. Then he asked again, "How is she now?"

Knowing what he wanted to ask, the captain smiled and replied, "Don't worry, Mr. Murphy. Miss Hunt is still alive. I will let the team members tell you the specifics later. You can go to the resident's home now. I will send you the location."

After speaking, Stanley's mobile phone received a location.

He suppressed the huge surprise, and checked that the position. It was not too far away from him. After turning off the walkie-talkie, he hurried over.

About ten minutes later, Stanley came to the destination. It was a small self-built bungalow. There were two special policemen guarded outside the door.

Two special policemen saw him and walked towards him, "Mr. Murphy..."

"Where is she?" Stanley asked, clenching his fists.

One of the special police officers made a gesture of inviting, "Please follow me."

Stanley followed and came to a room on the second floor of the bungalow.

The special policeman opened the door. Then Stanley clearly saw everything inside the door.

Violet was sitting on the bed, wearing a gray floral dress, holding a bowl in her hand, and lowering her head, taking sips and sips of the dark soup in the bowl.

It was her! It was really her!

Stanley's tense heart relaxed completely. Looking at her, he yelled softly, "Violet!"

Hearing his voice, Violet froze for a moment, then looked up at him. Her small mouth pouted. Her eyes were red, and her voice was aggrieved, "Mr. Murphy..."

Stanley couldn't help it anymore. He walked to the bed, and hugged Violet into his arms.

Violet was so suddenly hugged by him that she couldn't help but to be shocked for a while.

But soon, Stanley let go of her again, holding her face and looking carefully, as if to see if she was injured.

He found that her face was a little pale and her cheeks were a little red and swollen, but there were no other scars. He breathed a sigh of relief, then raised her chin and kissed her lips.

Violet was dumbfounded. She was staring at him. After a long time, she reacted. She was blushing and pushing him away, wanting him to let go of her.

Stanley also really let go of her.

She shrank quickly to the corner, covered her lips and looked at him in surprise, "Mr. Murphy, just now..."

"Sorry, I'm late." Stanley interrupted her, "It's so great that you're fine!" _____

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