

Daddy! Mommy Is Pregnant Again

Chapter 389 The Sister of a Murderer

Violet saw it and smiled as she shoved the tissue directly into the boy's hand, "Take it."

"Thanks, Miss." The boy said another thank you.

At that moment, her two children suddenly came running this way, "Mommy."

Violet caught them, "What are you running so fast for?"

"We miss you." Arya hugged Violet's thigh and rubbed against it clingingly.

Violet she stroked her hair, "You are so sweet."

Arya gave a smile.

Calvin looked to the little boy on the side, "Mommy, why is he here?"

"You know him?" Violet asked.

Calvin nodded and was just about to reply, but the little boy seemed embarrassed and lowered his head, "Miss, I gotta go."

"Wait a minute." Violet pulled his arm, "Your mom and dad aren't coming to pick you up?"

She'd wanted to ask just now, it was strange when this child was beaten and no one came out to help, and there were no parents.

The little boy's eyes grew red and he burst into tears, "My dad had died, my mother is sick and can't come and pick me up, so I has to go back by myself."

Hearing that, Violet felt sad.

Since becoming a mother, she had found herself unable to see poor child.

"Where do you family live? I will send you back." Violet said in a soft voice.

The little boy was flattered and wide-eyed, shook his head and waved his hand, "No need, Miss, I"

"Aren't you afraid that those bad kids will come looking for you later?" Violet interrupted him.

The little boy felt into silence at once.

Violet took his hand, "Let's go."

After saying that, she led them towards the car.

Violet drove, Arya sat in the passenger seat, and Calvin and the little boy sat in the back seat.

The little boy gave Violet the address.

Violet asked, "By the way, what's your name?"

"His name is Jason Chambers." Calvin answered for the little boy.

"Jason Chambers?" Violet let out a laugh, "A cute name."

Jason seemed embarrassed, and his little face went flushed.

Soon, they reached Jason's house.

Violet stopped the car.

After Jason got off the car, he waved at Violet, "Thank you, Miss."

"You're welcome, and make sure you tell your mommy about today so she can call the teacher, ok? Otherwise those kids will still bully you." Violet admonished.

The little boy's eyelids dropped grimly, but he quickly nodded, "I know."

"Then we'll go first, bye." Violet got into the car and drove away.

Jason stood in place and waved at the car until it was out of sight, and then he bounced into the somewhat outdated residential building and seemed to be in a good mood.

In the car, Calvin said suddenly, "It's useless, Mommy."

"What's useless?" Violet gave him a puzzled look in the rearview mirror.

Calvin waved his short legs, "Jason has been bullied for a long time, and it's not like he hasn't told the teacher, but the teacher can't control those guys at all, and those guys will bully him again."

"What?" Violet wrinkled her brow.

Then it seemed that in this case, the only way to go was to him transfer to another school.

Otherwise Jason would always be bullied.

"Yeah, those guys who bullied Jason were Jason's neighbors, and they witnessed Jason's sister being taken away by the police, so they spread the words that Jason's sister was a murderer, so all the kindergarten kids and parents know about it." Calvin nodded his little head and added.

Violet was enlightened, "No wonder those parents didn't go up to help when they saw Jason being bullied."

"Jason has been alone in the kindergarten, and no one is friends with him." Calvin spread his hands.

Violet pondered, "Did Jason's sister really killed someone?"

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"I don't know, I heard that it was a crime of intentional homicide, but Jason has been saying that his sister was wrongly accused and she didn't do anything like that. She just took the blame for someone else, but we don't know the truth." Calvin said as he held his cheeks.

Violet didn't speak anymore.

After all, it was other's business.

It didn't take long for them to reach home.

Violet took the two children inside, only to see a suitcase sitting in the living room.

Bella was standing right by the suitcase on the phone, and Violet didn't know what the person on the other end of the phone, only to see her nod her head, "Yes, I know, I'll have someone send it over."

After saying that, she hung up the phone and then she saw Violet and the two children.

"Mr. Murphy, you're back." Bella said with a smile as she put the phone back in her apron pocket.

Violet nodded, her eyes fell on the suitcase, "Bella, is that Miss Ellis' suitcase?"

Was Ivy moving out?

Thinking of this possibility, Violet lifted up with a touch of joy.

However, she saw the complicated look on Bella's face.

“No,” Bella shook her head, “It's Mr. Murphy's.”

Violet's face changed, Bella's words were like a pot of cold water thrown on her, which made her couldn't help but shiver. It took her a long time to find her voice, “Stanley's?”

Bella nodded her head.

Violet's lips moved as if she wanted to say something, but in the end, she said nothing.

Arya didn't understand what a suitcase meant, but Calvin did.

He squeezed his little fist, “Bella, is Uncle Murphy moving out?”

Bella was first surprised by his address, and then she said, “Mr. Murphy said that the Murphy Group has been busy lately, and he can't manage to come back, so he will live in the apartment near the company.”

“Well, I don't think he's busy, but he doesn't want to live with us.” Violet bit her lip and her eyes reddened.

Bella's mouth opened but she didn't say anything.

She had watched the events of the past two days, though she didn't know what had happened.

But it was clear to her that Mr. Murphy was running away from Mrs. Murphy.

“Mommy” Calvin looked at Violet worriedly.

Violet looked up and took a breath, reluctantly pulling the corner of her mouth, “I am fine, you go upstairs first, I will call Daddy.”

“Ok.” Knowing that mommy wanted to talk with Uncle Murphy, Calvin took Ayra upstairs.

Even Bella walked away.

But when she left, she took Stanley's suitcase with her.

Violet made a call to Stanley, and when she held the phone, her hands were shaking, not knowing if she was angry or what.

But at this moment, she must feel sad.

The phone went through, but Stanley didn't pick up.

Violet didn't know if he didn't answer on purpose, or if he didn't see it.

Normally, she would call later, but this time, she didn't wait.

She kept calling.

After calling six or seven times in a row, Stanley finally picked it up.

However, Violet was not happy.

The fact that she called so many times before he answered obviously showed that he didn't miss those previous calls, but purposely didn't answer them.

“What is it?” Stanley asked over the phone, in a stony cold voice.

Violet's body was trembling, “Stanley, at first you were cold to me, then you moved out of the room, and now you want to move out of the villa, you don't even want to answer my calls, what do you want? Since I did something wrong, tell me, why do you treat me like this?”

She was really angry at the moment and yelled out the aggression in her heart.

Stanley's heart stung slightly as he listened to her sobs.

But remembering his parents' death, he forced those feelings down and spoke coldly, “Is that what you called me about?”

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Chapter 390 Won't Get a Divorce

Violet was exasperated by his words, with tears flooded her eyes, "Stanley, don't you understand, what I want is your honesty, honesty! I don't know what I did wrong to make you treat me like this, if you think I can't be forgiven, you can talk to me or divorce me. There's no need to be cold to me, do you know that"

She sobbed, "Do you know that it hurts me when you treat me like this? I'd rather you divorce me than be cold to me."

"I won't get a divorce." Hearing the word divorce, Stanley's pupils shrank, and his voice was hoarse as he spat out his words.

However, these words did not comfort Violet, who took a breath, "If so, are you going to continue like this?"

Stanley's eyelids dropped and he felt silence.

Violet closed her eyes, "I know, bye then."

When she finished, she hung up the phone, went upstairs and locked herself in her room, not even coming down for dinner.

Bella was so worried that she went up and knocked on the door, and Violet did not even open the door and said she was fine.

But Bella heard her sobbing, Bella did not believe that she was fine, but there was nothing she could do. She shook her head and went downstairs with a sign.

In the following two days, Violet was spiritless and for several times, she had handed the wrong design drawings.

If Jessie hadn't found it and intercepted in time, the consequences would have been unthinkable.

Seeing that Violet was like a walking corpse, Jessie was heartbroken and angry. She couldn't help it anymore and pushed open her office door to enter, "Violet, look at your work efficiency in the past two days!"

Jessie threw a pile of design drawings on Violet's desk, "What should be revised is not revised, what should be drawn is not drawn, what should be bound is not bound, and you don't even care the documents handed over by the factory for your signature. Your work is a mess. This is not you."

"....." Violet looked at the design on the desk and lowered her head, knowing that she was in the wrong, and didn't say anything.

Jessie's attitude softened, "Violet, look at what you've become now, you used to be so refined, now you're oozing negative energy. And you're not even dressed that well, it's just a man, why torture yourself like this!"

Violet covered her face, "Jessie, you don't understand"

"What don't I understand? It's not like I haven't suffered hurt from love. I love George, and I have been there, but I won't torture myself, at least I've always been tough." Jessie interrupted her in a cold voice.

Violet's lips moved, wanting to say something, but in the end nothing came out.

Jessie was right, even when she was sad, she was never so disheveled.

But Violet failed to do so.

“Okay, Violet, hurry up and adjust your mind.” Jessie came forward, hugged Violet, softly comforted, “How bright you used to be, but now you, make me can't even look at you. I know you love Mr. Murphy and Mr. Murphy made you sad, but you can't toss yourself, if you want to toss, you should toss Mr. Murphy.”

“Toss Stanley?” Violet looked up.

Jessie nodded heavily, “That's right, he makes you sad, so you have to torment him, right? It's not worth it to torment yourself, nor is it smart to do so, and there are plenty of men out there. If Mr. Murphy keeps going on like this, you can divorce him and find another man to replace him.”

Violet was amused by her, “You think it's that simple.”

“How is it not simple? You and Stanley cannot go back to your previous relationship, just why don't you just break up? Or you should be in pain longer, break up with him for the sake of yourself and for the kids.”

“The kids” Violet's eyes flashed.

Jessie nodded, “Yeah, we can't let the two children live under the shadow of you and Mr. Murphy's discord all the time, it's not good for their growth. Besides, when you and Mr. Murphy weren't married, the two children didn't have a father, but they were happy.”

That was true.

And Jessie was right, if she and Stanley had been unable to make up and had made the family

atmosphere so stiff, it would indeed have a great impact on the two children.

For the sake of her two children, she should change it.

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But to separate from Stanley

Violet couldn't help but hold her hand down in the place of her heart, feeling reluctant.

Honestly, she couldn't really do it.

Seeming to see what Violet was thinking, Jessie patted her shoulder, "By the way, aren't you going to do another paternity test for Mr. Murphy and the two children?"

Violet nodded, "That's what I was planning to do, but he wasn't at the villa and I couldn't get his genetic samples."

"It's fine, take your time." Jessie shrugged his shoulders, then added, "Wait until you get the genetic samples from Mr. Murphy, hurry up and do it, if the final result shows that he is the father, you can talk to Mr. Murphy, if not, you can separate from him, and"

"What?" Violet looked at her.

Jessie smiled, "I know you married Mr. Murphy not just because you love him, but more importantly

because Mr. Murphy is the father of two children and he has the responsibility to raise them, but if he is not the father, can you still take it so for granted that Mr. Murphy is raising two children?"

Violet's face changed slightly, then she shook her head, "Of course not."

She chose to marry Stanley for these two reasons indeed.

But if he was really not the father, she couldn't get Stanley to raise the children for her.

"So yeah, think about it, I'll run over to the factory first." After saying that, Jessie walked out.

Violet lowered her eyes and really started to think about the future she would have with Stanley.

Jessie left the company and did not visit the factory as she had said.

Instead, she drove to the Murphy Group.

With Violet in this state now, she really couldn't let it be and wanted to teach Stanley a lesson.

Jessie came to Murphy Group, and walked directly towards the president's exclusive elevator.

The receptionist first froze, and then came to stop her, "Miss, you can't go in, that's the president's exclusive elevator. If you want to go up, please go to the elevator over there."

Jessie stopped in her tracks, "Can that elevator go up to the top floor?"

The receptionist, stunned by her question, subconsciously shook her head, "No."

"I'm going to the top floor, so naturally I'm going to take the exclusive elevator."

Saying that, Jessie was about to press the button.

The receptionist stopped her, grabbing her arm and barely squeezing out a smile, "Miss, the top floor is the chairman and president's office, you can't go there."

"I came here to find your president, why can't I go? Let go!" Jessie vigorously shook off the receptionist's hand.

But the receptionist held on tight.

Jessie was angry and was about to say something, but the president's exclusive elevator suddenly opened, Ivy and Fraser came out.

Both of them were startled when they saw Jessie who was getting into an argument with the receptionist.

"Miss Robinson, why are you here?" Ivy asked.

Jessie looked at her and frowned, "None of your business, and why are you here?"

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Chapter 391 The Bold Jessie

Ivy smiled, "I came here to work, I've fully recovered and I was bored at home, so I came over to find Stanley and work first to kill the time."

“Work?” Jessie scowled at her, “No offence, but what can you do?”

“Stanley's secretary.” Ivy replied with a smile.

Jessie rolled her eyes, “Secretary, is that the kind of secretary who has something to do but just spends time with the president?”

These words managed to make the smile on Ivy's face disappear and her expression turned serious, “Miss Robinson, please watch your mouth.”

“What, am I right about that? I think you are here to approach to Mr. Murphy, everyone knows about your fancy on him.” Jessie pressed her lips.

Ivy seemed to be angry and squeezed her palms tightly, “Miss Robinson, I have a boyfriend, which is Henry, so what you're saying now is completely false and I can sue you for slander.”

“Go ahead, and make everything clear. You have a boyfriend, but you still live in Mr. Murphy's house and even came to his company

“Enough.” Ivy bellowed, her body trembling, “Miss Robinson, you're going too far. I know you don't like me, but please show some respect.”

“Hmph, you know that, so why should I respect you?” Jessie rolled her eyes again.

Ivy bit her lower lip, and her eyes grew red.

Fraser was watching the show from the side, but see what Ivy was to cry, he coughed and stood forward to stop them, "Well, don't argue. Miss Robinson, what are you here for?"

He changed the subject.

Remembering her purpose here, Jessie stopped arguing with Ivy. Her face slightly became friendlier as she answered, "I'm here to find Mr. Murphy."

Fraser raised his eyebrow.

Ivy narrowed her eyes, "What for?"

"None of your business. You know I don't like you, why do you ask me?" Jessie sneered.

Ivy was awkward.

Fraser hurried to say, "Miss Ellis, you go first, the driver is waiting for you outside and you can come to work tomorrow."

Ivy knew he was helping her, so she smiled and said thank you before she walked away.

However, when she passed by Jessie, she paused, took slightly sideways and gave Jessie a cold look.

She took note of today's humiliation.

One day, she would get her revenge.

After Ivy left, Fraser looked at Jessie, "I'll make a call to Mr. Murphy, please wait, Miss Robinson."

"Ok." Jessie nodded her head.

Fraser took out his phone and made a call.

Soon, Stanley's low, cold voice came, "What is it?"

"Mr. Murphy, Miss Robinson wants to see you." Fraser replied as he glanced at Jessie.

Stanley wrinkled his brow slightly, "Jessie?"

"Yes."

"What did she want with me?"

"She didn't say, do you want to see her?"

Stanley pursed his lips for a few seconds and finally came to a decision, "Let her come up."

"Okay." Fraser hung up, "Mr. Murphy agrees to see you, come with me."

After saying that, he entered the elevator, followed by Jessie.

Soon, they arrived at the president's office.

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Jessie pushed the door in passing by Fraser.

Fraser tried to stop her, but he failed. And finally he rushed in with her to keep her from causing any trouble.

"Stanley!" Jessie came to Stanley's desk in a rage and slapped her hands on the desk with a thud.

The coffee on the desk shook with it, almost spilled out.

This scene almost scared Fraser to death.

This woman was crazy to do this to his president.

Wasn't she afraid the president threw her out?

Stanley was originally signing papers. Seeing what Jessie did, he frowned tightly and looked at her coldly, "Do you know what you're doing?"

Jessie was scared in her heart when faced with his indifference, but for the sake of Violet, after taking a deep breath, she pushed that fear back into her heart.

“Of course I know, and I'm not afraid of what you'll do to me later. I came here to get justice for Violet. Why are you treating Violet like this? Since you married her, even if she did something wrong, you can talk to her, why are you being cold to her?” Jessie questioned loudly.

Stanley narrowed his eyes, gazing at her, but he was silent.

Jessie swallowed, and added, “Violet has lost her weight and she can't focus on work. She can't even watch her way, if I didn't pull her back in time, she would have been hit by a car yesterday!”

Hearing that Violet had almost been in a car accident, Stanley's pupils shrank slightly, and a quick flash of worry passed through his eyes.

Jessie caught it and was surprised, “Mr. Murphy, you're worrying about Violet, it means you still love her. Since you still love her, you should tell her what happened, what she did wrong, you can let her correct it, don't be cold to her!”

“She can't correct it!” Stanley spat out in a stony cold tone.

His parents were dead.

No matter what Violet did, he couldn't get his parents back to life!

Jessie didn't know what was going through Stanley's mind, and was dissatisfied with his words, “How come she can't correct it? As long as it's not a great crime, everything can be corrected, and it's impossible for Violet to commit a great crime, she wouldn't even dare to kill a chicken!”

“That's enough, if you came to give me a lecture, you can get out now!” Stanley pointed at the door with an icy face.

Jessie opened her eyes wide and she wanted to say something else.

Once again, Stanley gave the eviction order, “Get out!”

Jessie bit her lip, “Fine, you are being unreasonable, but before I go, I have to give you a lesson, for you treated Violet badly these days!”

Saying that, she took a deep breath, reached out her hand towards Stanley and pulled off a few strands of his hair before Stanley could react.

Stanley grunted out of pain, frowning.

Fraser was scared, seeing that Stanley's terrible face, he was worried that Stanley would slaughter Jessie, so before Stanley could open his mouth and get angry, he grabbed Jessie's arm and pulled her out.

“What were you doing? How dare you pull Mr. Murphy's hair?” Outside the president's office, Fraser let go of Jessie's arm and scolded her loudly.

Honestly, Jessie was a bit scared afterwards.

Still, seeing the hair in her hand, she felt it worth it.

“Hmph, he treated Violet badly.” Jessie grunted.

Fraser sighed, “Mr. Murphy did not want to do that, but it is complicated.”

“Do you know exactly how Violet pissed off Mr. Murphy?” Jessie's eyes lit up and immediately she fixed her eyes at Fraser.

Fraser nodded, “Correctly, it wasn't Mrs. Murphy who did anything wrong, but her mother.”

Even if it wasn't Mrs. Murphy who hit and killed Mr. Murphy's parents, she was in that car.

Now the president had been pretty tolerant by not retaliating against his wife.

“Her mother?” Jessie frowned, “But her mother is dead, what could she have done?”

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Chapter 392 Related to Lily

Fraser sighed, “It's not good for me to tell you about it, so you'd better not ask, go.”

He pushed Jessie towards the elevator.

Jessie still wanted to ask something else, but the next second, she was already shut into the elevator.

Having no choice, Jessie stomped her foot in anger, “Bastard, piquing my curiosity but not telling me.”

Although she was not happy, now she had already entered the elevator and it was not appropriate to go back. She planned to go back to ask Violet to see if Violet knew what her mother did before she died and offended Mr. Murphy.

But she did not come in vain

Jessie looked down at the few hairs on her hand with a smile.

She had come here to help Violet teach Stanley a lesson.

But later on, she remembered that Violet needed to do a paternity test and didn't have any hair yet, so she had the guts to pull a few of Stanley's hair down.

Now Stanley must hate her and she did not want to show up in front of him for the time being.

Otherwise, he would be angry

At this thought, Jessie shivered, took out tissue from her bag and carefully wrapped the hair into it.

Jessie got out of the elevator and walked towards the door. As she was walking, she took out her phone and made a call to Violet, "Violet, good news."

"What good news?" Violet was sitting on her desk, revising the designs handed in by the designers. When she heard that, she couldn't help but put on a smile.

"I got Mr. Murphy's hair for you." Jessie said.

Violet was so shocked that the pencil in her hand fell on the desk, "How did you get it?"

"I well, I didn't go to the factory, but came to the Murphy Group. I planned to give Mr. Murphy a lesson for he treated you badly, and I got some hair." Jessie said, rubbing her nose.

The corners of Violet's mouth twitched. She was touched but speechless, "Aren't you afraid that he'll retaliate against you?"

"He can't kill me." Jessie shrugged her shoulders.

Violet shook her head, "So where are you now?"

"I'm already out of the Murphy Group, so I'll go right back to the office and give you the hair, plus, I have something to tell you."

"Ok, be safe on the way." Violet nodded her head.

Jessie got in her car and drove away.

Until after her car was gradually out of sight, a figure walked out from behind the flower bed in front of the Murphy Group, her eyes looking at the direction she was going.

If she had heard correctly, Jessie had gotten hold of Stanley's hair and would give it to Violet.

Could it be that Violet was going to do a paternity test on Stanley and those two kids?

Thinking of that, Ivy violently grabbed a flower in the flower bed, and the flower was directly ruined by her.

“No, I must destroy Stanley's hair, and I absolutely cannot let Violet do the test.” Ivy murmured in a low voice, her voice cold and frightening.

She had left, but remembering that she had dropped something, she came back to get it.

She didn't expect to see Jessie coming out from inside. She did not want to confront with Jessie, so she hid herself and unexpectedly she heard Jessie's words over the phone.

Luckily, she heard it, otherwise everything would be over, if Stanley knew that he was the father, he might forgive Violet because of those two children.

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It was so hard for her to get him to break with Violet, so she must not let Violet succeed.

With that thought, Ivy took a breath and turned to leave.

Jessie returned to the office and handed the hair to Violet.

Violet spread the tissue and looked at the five black hairs inside, smiling slightly, “Thank you, Jessie.”

“Never mind.” Jessie waved her hand.

Violet put the hair away, "By the way, what do you want to tell me?"

"Well, I met Ivy in the Murphy Group, and she's going to start working at the Murphy Group from tomorrow as the secretary of Mr. Murphy." Jessie said, fixing her gaze at Violet's expression.

Violet's expression stiffened, then she lowered her head to keep the look in her eyes from being seen, "Is that so?"

"Violet, pay attention, I can tell that Ivy still wants to be with Mr. Murphy, even if she's with Dr. Baxter now, it doesn't mean she won't hook up with Mr. Murphy." Jessie reminded.

Violet twisted the corner of her mouth, "I know."

"Good." Jessie nodded, "Also, I asked about the reason for Mr. Murphy's sudden change in his attitude towards you."

"What?" Violet opened her eyes wide and grabbed Jessie's hand, "Do you get the answer?"

"Calm down." Jessie was overwhelmed by Violet's reaction, patted her hand, gesturing for her to calm down.

Violet let go of her hand realizing that she was indeed excited, "Sorry, I want to know it so badly."

These days, she was tormented by Stanley's cold violence and was going crazy. She had been always wondering why he treated her that way.

But he did not tell her, so she was constantly annoyed.

"I understand." Jessie smiled, and then she got serious, "Actually, I didn't really get the answer, because Mr. Murphy didn't tell me anything, but Fraser revealed clues to me. Initially we all thought it was you who did something wrong to anger Mr. Murphy, but it wasn't actually you, it was your mother."

"My mother?"

"Yes, Fraser said so, your mother is dead, so Mr. Murphy took out his frustration on you." Jessie said.

Violet was confused, "But my mother didn't do anything to offend Stanley. My mother met Stanley for months ago and she went abroad after that, and I'm sure that my mother definitely didn't do anything to anger him."

If she really angered him, why didn't Stanley get angry back then but blamed her now?

Jessie scratched her hair, "I also think it's strange, but is it possible that your mother did something before to offend Mr. Murphy's family, and Mr. Murphy found it out recently?"

Hearing that, Violet was silent before she shook her head, "Impossible, my mother is very kind, except for Talia, her daughter and my father, she held no feud with anyone. As for Stanley's family, Stanley did not get along well with Ivan's family and his parents died early, only his grandpa died seven years ago"

"Wait a minute, Violet, your mother was the goddaughter of his grandfather, right? And Mr. Murphy was bought up by his Grandpa, so in Mr. Murphy's heart, his Grandpa was the closest person to him, so"

"Are you saying that my mother did something to his Grandpa, and now Stanley found it out now, so he became cold to me?" Violet's pupils dilated.

Jessie nodded, "Other than that, I don't think there's any other reason."

Violet buried her head in her hands, her voice dull, "But I don't know everything that happened between my mother and his Grandpa. I knew my mother was his goddaughter four months ago."

Jessie put her hand on Violet's shoulder, "Why don't you ask Steven? Steven used to be in poor health and often stayed at home, it was your mother who took care of him, and he may know the truth."

Violet's eyes flashed, "You're right, I'll call Steven right now."

With that, she pulled out her phone.

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Chapter 393 Eighteen Years Ago

It was nighttime abroad at this time, and Violet didn't know if Steven had felt asleep, so she was mentally prepared for Steven not answering the phone.

But Steven had not slept and he answered the phone, "Sis?"

"Steven, did I wake you up?" Violet asked in a soft voice.

After her mother died, Steven was her only family besides her two children.

"No, I just came back from the exhibition at the art museum, is there something wrong?" Steven asked, accompanied by a couple of coughs.

Violet heard it and instantly tensed up, "Are you sick, Steven?"

"I got a cold, but I am fine, don't worry." Steven smiled with a somewhat pale face.

How could Violet not be worried?

But there was nothing she could do. Steven was abroad and she couldn't go and take care of him.

"Did you see a doctor?" Violet asked with concern.

Steven nodded, "Yes, I am taking medicine, but I am better today. I think I will be well tomorrow."

"Good." Violet raised the corner of her mouth.

Steven asked, "Sister, what do you call me for?"

"Well, I just want to know something. When Mom used to take care of you at home, did she often go to Jordan?" asked Violet.

Steven tilted his head in confusion, "Are you talking about Stanley's grandfather?"

"Yes." Violet nodded.

Steven nodded, "Yes, she often went to Jordan, I heard from Mom that she was his goddaughter."

"Then when mom went to Jordan, was there anything wrong with her?" Violet continued.

Steven frowned slightly, "What do you mean?"

Violet didn't know what to say and was silent.

Seeing that, Jessie grabbed her phone, "Steven, it's me."

"Jessie." Steven greeted with a smile.

"Good boy!" Jessie responded with satisfaction, she then said, "Well, your brother-in-law has gone crazy these past few days and has been coldly violent towards your sister, and as for the reason, it's because your mother might have done something to offend his family, so your brother-in-law is now taking his anger out on your sister."

"What?" The smile on Steven's face froze, "He did that? Is my sister okay?"

"She is sad, but after I comforted her, she is already better, so we are now trying to figure out what your mother had done so that we can solve the conflict between your sister and brother-in-law, otherwise your sister and brother-in-law will have to divorce." Jessie said.

Steven frowned, "I don't know what mom did to offend his family."

"Think about it, your mother used to take care of you and you spent the most time with her, so maybe you knew it, but you just overlooked it." Jessie added.

They could only start with Steven to get to know the truth.

After all, Stanley and Fraser refused to say anything.

“Okay, I'll think about it.” Steven's face was serious as he responded.

For his sister's sake, he was going to have to reminisce.

While Steven was searching his memory, Jessie returned the phone to Violet.

Violet sighed, “Perhaps, Steven really doesn't know.”

“Anyway, let's wait and see, or, Violet, buy some sleeping pills and try to feed them to Mr. Murphy, or get Mr. Murphy drunk, and then ask him the question. What do you think?” Jessie looked at her.

Violet was amused, and when she was to say that Jessie got so many crooked ideas, Steven's voice suddenly rang out on the phone, “Sister, I remember something!”

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Violet and Jessie looked at each other.

They did not expect they would be some news.

Jessie was smug, “See, I told you to wait and see.”

Violet gave her a blank look, then put the phone to her ear, "Steven, did mom really do something to offend the Murphy family?"

"I'm not sure what mom actually did, it was nine years ago, it was" Steven patted his forehead, "It seems to be the ninth of October, mom suddenly came back drunk and crying. She kept saying sorry and that she should pass by earlier."

"Pass by earlier?" Violet was filled with confusion.

What did that mean?

Steven scratched his hair, "That day mom happened to return from visiting Jordan, I wonder if something happened between mom and Jordan."

Violet didn't answer, pursing her red lips, pondering.

Jessie nudged her, "What's wrong?"

"October 9th, why do I feel like this date seems familiar." Violet's eyebrows were furrowed tightly.

Steven added, "Sis, I suddenly remembered that since I was three, every year on this day, mom went out and then came back in a bad mood, but since mom didn't break down like she did nine years ago, so I didn't think there was anything wrong with it."

Now that he thought about it, the 9th of October could have been something significant.

"Wait a minute, since Steven was three years old, your Mother was in a bad mood on October 9th, but Steven said that your Mother might have had a conflict with Jordan nine years ago, these two events seem to be related in some way, both on October 9th"

The latter words had not been spoken out, but Violet understood her.

Violet narrowed her eyes, "Maybe mom didn't have a conflict with Jordan nine years ago, but when Steven was three years old, on the ninth of October that year, something might have happened that we didn't know about, and that incident involved the Murphy family."

"In that case, it's really possible." Jessie's eyes widened.

Violet rubbed her brow, "So now all we need to know is what happened on the ninth of October when Steven was three years old, and after figuring this out, the problem between me and Stanley might be solved."

Jessie and Steven nodded their heads.

Jessie thought for a moment, "Let's do this, I'll look online to see if there are any clues, for a big and powerful family like the Murphy family, if something big happened, there might be news online or something."

"That's a good idea, thank you, Jessie." Violet patted her on the shoulder.

"Never mind." Jessie smiled and sat down in front of the computer.

Violet talked with Steven, asking about Steven's life abroad.

In a few minutes, Jessie got some news.

"Violet, I got it." Jessie's expression seemed to be heavy.

Violet's heart thumped as she hung up the phone and walked over, "What's up?"

"See for yourself." Jessie showed her the notebook.

Violet looked down and opened her mouth wide, "It's the day when Stanley's parents died!"

"Yes, when Steven was three years old, it was eighteen years ago, so I looked up the ninth of October eighteen years ago, and that was the day when Mr. Murphy's parents died, and on top of that, the ninth of October, it was the day when Jordan died." Jessie looked up at her.

Only Jordan died a few years ago on October 9th.

Violet bit her lip, only feeling that it was too outrageous, "How is that possible? How could my mother be related to the death of Stanley's parents?"

She couldn't figure it out, and she didn't think it was possible.

Jessie pulled her hand seeing that she was emotional, "Violet, calm down."

"How am I supposed to be calm?" Violet covered her face sadly. __

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