

Daddy! Mommy Is Pregnant Again

Chapter 441 Making Her Miscarry

Violet blushed, and seeing the two children's expectant eyes, she couldn't say the words of refusal, but nodded, "Okay, come over this weekend."

"Hooray." Arya raised her little hand happily.

Calvin also laughed.

Even Stanley gave a smile.

The family of four talked for a while before ending the call.

"Violet, are you ready yet? There's still half an hour before the preliminary round starts." Linda knocked on the door and came from outside.

Violet put down her phone, "Yes."

"Okay then, hurry up, I'll go get a car." Linda then walked away.

Violet nodded and hurried back to her room to change her clothes and put on makeup.

Half an hour later, the two arrived at the competition avenue.

It was the first day of the competition and the preliminary rounds.

The preliminary rounds were interesting. The preliminary rounds of previous international competitions were elimination rounds, just like the regular competition system, first a group of the weakest players had to be eliminated, and the rest, in turn, had a second, third and fourth round of elimination, until the winner was eliminated.

But this year the rules had changed, and instead of elimination rounds, the preliminary rounds were grouped.

It meant that the strength of each player would be tested first, and the players would be grouped according to their strength, then from the second round onwards, there would be a group elimination competition, and after the group was eliminated to only two players left, another competition rule would be used.

As for what the competition rule would be, it hadn't been announced yet.

"Violet, are you nervous?" Before the competition started, Linda stood behind Violet and whispered.

Violet shook her head, "No."

There was nothing to be nervous about.

"What about you, are you nervous?" Violet looked at her.

Linda's eyes sparkled and she shook her head excitedly, "No, I am happy to be on the same stage as so many supermodel seniors."

"Well, that's good." Violet nodded.

She was afraid that Linda would be nervous for her first international event, and once she was nervous, she would be prone to making mistakes and would deduct her points.

Luckily, Linda didn't let her down.

"Well, isn't this Violet? You have been discharged?" As she was thinking, Luna's shady voice suddenly came.

Linda rolled her eyes, "Damn, why is she here again?"

Violet felt Luna like she didn't have a brain, every time she came to embarrass them, but in the end she made herself a fool, but she insisted to come.

Like a masochist.

Not knowing what the two were thinking, Luna walked up to the two and stopped in front of them, then looked at Violet with a mocking gaze, "I heard that you were in the hospital because of a miscarriage? What, did you really have a miscarriage?"

Violet's face sank, "Apologize."

"What?" Luna pretended not to hear it.

Violet stared at her with icy eyes, "I said, apologize!"

Luna was intimidated by the chill in her eyes, her body stiffened, then she thought of something, her

eyes flashed and she smiled, "Fine, fine, I apologize, I'm sorry, I shouldn't have said you had a miscarriage, is that okay?"

"What kind of apology is that?" Linda glared at Luna in exasperation.

Luna replied in defiance, "What, it's you guys who made me apologize, I apologized, but you're unsatisfied. What the hell do you want?"

"We did, but see your attitude." Linda said with anger.

Luna bristled disdainfully, "Anyway, I'm done apologizing, I don't care if you guys accept it or not."

She rolled her eyes and turned to leave.

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Linda was furious and wanted to go after her.

Violet pulled her back, "Forget it, we are in a competition, don't make a scene."

"But I am angry. She said you miscarried, it really pissed me off." Linda stamped her foot.

Violet's eyes narrowed dangerously, "Don't worry, I'll take note of it, and when I have chance, I will take revenge."

Linda's eyes lit up, "How do you want to take revenge?"

Violet was silent, but smiled.

Luna returned to Pennie, "Miss Hamilton, I have pissed Violet off as you required."

Pennie hooked her lips in satisfaction, "Good."

"But, why do you ask me to anger her with her miscarriage?" Luna looked at her suspiciously.

Pennie's eyes were grim, "It's simple, didn't you see what happened yesterday? Violet was so angry that she had adnominal pain for something, and my aim is to make her continue to have adnominal pain again, if once doesn't work, do it twice, I want her to really miscarry."

If it weren't for the competition organizers, who had installed cameras in every place to protect the contestants, she wouldn't have used such a retarded method, but would have just taken a direct and decisive shot to get rid of the child in Violet's belly.

But it would have to be done in order not to be caught by some hidden camera, in short, she would never let Violet give birth to Stanley's child. Those two children were already so big that there was nothing she could do, but this one, she had to get rid of it.

Luna sucked in a breath of cold air and looked at Pennie scornfully, "Miss Hamilton, do you have a grudge with Violet?"

She even tried to knock off the baby in Violet's belly.

Although she disliked Violet, and wanted Violet to miscarry, she never thought of a way to make her

miscarry. At most, she would gloat to see Violet miscarry, after all, between her and Violet, there was not much hatred, only jealousy.

But Pennie

"Yes, I have a grudge against her, an unbreakable grudge." Pennie looked at Luna and said, "As long as you work well for me, I will make you an international supermodel."

Luna swallowed with some fear.

She knew the woman in front of her was dangerous, but the words international supermodel gave her too much temptation to refuse.

So, Luna nodded subconsciously, seeming to think of something, and responded with determination, "Okay."

Pennie smiled with satisfaction.

Soon, the competition officially began.

There were a total of ninety-six costume designers participating in the international competition, and it was a spectacular sight to see so many designers sitting together.

Violet was sitting in the second row in the middle and was waiting for the host to announce the title of the competition.

Suddenly, she felt a gaze fall on her, she straightened her back, subconsciously turned her head and only to see Pennie, who was sitting two rows back.

"It's her?" Violet narrowed her eyes.

Pennie didn't panic when she saw that Violet found her, but smiled at her and waved her hand as a greeting.

When could only gave a smile.

Pennie was different than usual.

Normally, Pennie basically tied a high ponytail, revealing her bare forehead and slender neck.

Instead, she now scattered her hair down and had had it curled.

In addition to that, she wore a pair of glasses and looked very elegant.

Although she was surprised by Pennie's change, Violet didn't care too much, for women's change in styling was originally a common thing.

So after Violet greeted, she turned her head back.

Pennie looked at the back of her head, with the corner of her mouth raised, and pushed her glasses, which glowed with an imperceptible blue light. _____Daddy! Mommy Is Pregnant Again

Chapter 442 Competition Begins

The competition had officially begun.

The host came on stage and announced the title of the competition, which was simple: to design a dress for their model partner.

Type of dress was up to the designers, but it had to bring out the model's temperament as well as their strengths.

Instead of just using the model as a hanger, as usual, regardless of whether the clothes match the model or not, they had to treat the model as a guest and design clothes for the model.

Linda's temperament, which Violet knew too well, she was lively.

Linda was a model, so naturally she had a good shape.

So to design a dress for Linda was easy for her.

With that thought, Violet smiled at Linda, then looked down and began to draw.

Pennie frowned slightly, and a sense of crisis surged in her heart, as she found that Violet drew so quickly.

She then tapped the studs in her ears.

Soon, a husky female voice came out of the studs.

The female voice was so low in volume that only Pennie could hear it, "Wait, I'll draw it for you right now."

When Pennie heard this, her tightly furrowed brow stretched out, the crisis in her heart was lifted, and looking at Violet, there was only provocation left in her eyes.

About an hour later, Violet finished drawing her design, which was a halter dress with a short front and trailing back.

This dress brought out both the feminisms of Linda and the cute side of her personality.

Linda's long legs would only be shown off by the trailing tail of her dress.

After that, it was a simple matter of making the dress out.

Because of time issues, the dresses could not be made into ready-made garments, but simply pieced together until they were similar to the design and ready for the models to wear, and then a runway show was held before the judges announced the results.

Violet got up and walked towards the fabric section, ready to choose fabric to make her dress.

Just at this time, Pennie came over and stood next to Violet, choosing fabrics while striking up a conversation, "Miss Hunt, are you confident that you'll be assigned to Group A?"

The so-called Group A was, of course, the group with the best performance and the most talent.

There were dozens of designers in the room, and of course they all wanted to be in Group A. But it was not easy to get in.

After all, being able to participate in the international competition proved that everyone was talented, so it was still unknown whether they would end up in the Group A or not.

Violet tilted her head slightly and smiled at Pennie, "I don't know, let's wait for the judges to decide."

Pennie's gaze flickered, "I think you can be in Group A, because your talent for design is rare."

"I'm only slightly talented, not as excellent as you said." Feeling the hostile gazes around her, Violet laughed lightly.

Pennie's eyes went cold, but her face still maintained a smile, "Miss Hunt, you are modest."

"I'm not being modest, I'm telling the truth. Well, Miss Hamilton, there's no fabric I want here, I'll go over there. "

After saying that, Violet walked towards the other side.

Linda came to her side, "Violet, I heard it. Pennie is sinister, deliberately boasting about your talent in front of so many designers and saying that you can enter Group A. Isn't that just making enemies for you?"

There were so many designers who wanted to enter Group A, and if Pennie said that Violet could enter, so there would be one less spot in Group A.

Those designers would be hostile to Violet, and might even stitch her up in the future.

Violet looked at Linda's exasperated look with a smile, "Well, I'm not angry, so you don't be angry. I know what she's up to."

"But I just feel unhappy. You have not offended her, why on earth is she targeting you?" Linda asked.

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Violet shook her head, "I don't know, maybe it's the animosity between the contestants, after all, all of designers are rivals to each other, and if she suppresses one down, her chances of going further will be higher."

"But I don't think it's that simple." Linda murmured, "Violet, when you walked away from her just now, she looked at your back like she wanted to eat you. I'm getting chills down my back just thinking about it now."

"Really?" Violet wrinkled her brow.

Linda nodded, "Yes, I'm definitely not wrong, she looked at you with hostility like you have killed her parents, otherwise why she looked at you like that."

Violet pursed her red lips and didn't speak anymore.

It was then that she realized that Pennie actually had such animosity towards her.

What the hell was that about?

As she was thinking, Linda suddenly handed her a batch of fabric, "Violet, is this what you want? The sign says it is silk, and you wrote it in your notebook."

Thoughts interrupted, Violet looked at the white fabric that looked like it was glowing and nodded with a smile, "That's right, thank you, Linda."

"It is ok." Linda waved her hand.

Violet went to the next shelf and chose other fabric, and then went back to start cutting the fabric and making the dress.

At one point, the entire large room was buzzing with the sounds of various sewing machines and fabric ripping.

Violet concentrated on making the skirt. She chose the simplest three-dimensional cut, soon, a skirt silhouette gradually took shape.

Three hours later, the dress was completely finished.

The other designers, one by one, had finished their work, and only a small number of them continued their work.

Violet looked around and found that Pennie was still working on her dress.

Pennie also chose a three-dimensional cut. Holding a needle and thread, she focused on her work, with a few drops of sweat on her forehead.

With this look on her face, Violet was suspicious.

How could this happen? How could a designer of some renown have such poor cutting and sewing skills?

Violet could see that the dress Pennie designed was beautiful and almost on par with her design, it was her sewing skill was so bad.

Did Pennie only specialize in designing on paper and didn't learn much about cutting and sewing?

If that was the case, how would she make the clothes for her clients? Was she only in charge of design and then have the tailor make it?

If this were true, Pennie would never be able to become a top designer in the world, because there was no a top designer that separated design from clothes making.

Another half hour passed and all the designers had finished their work.

Then it was time for the model to walk in those dresses.

Linda and others models were already waiting in the backstage.

Violet went over with her dress and did Linda's makeup and hair herself.

Other designers did the same.

The dresses were designed and made on site, and a dresser could not design makeup to match the dress in a short amount of time.

So only the designers knew best what makeup the models should use with their dresses.

Violet makeup was applied quickly, because the dress she designed was mainly white, and did not need a delicate makeup, so she only needed to focus on the eyes.

After putting on makeup and fixing hair for Linda, Violet unfolded her dress and handed it to Linda.

When Linda saw it, her mouth opened wide and her eyes filled with amazement, "It's beautiful!"

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Chapter 443 The Funny Catwalk Show

Violet smiled and shoved the dress into her arms. "Okay, go and change it. The show is about to start in 15 minutes."

Linda hurriedly nodded and went to the dressing room with her dress in her arms.

As the designers were urging, other models entered the dressing room to change their clothes one by one.

The appearance of the models was determined by lot. Linda was the fortieth, which was ranked in the middle. This order was not too bad.

Violet was satisfied with it, as long as it was not among the last 20 ones.

Considering that there were dozens of models coming out before Linda, the judges would see too many beautiful clothes. If there are no dark horses in the last 20 ones, the judges would easily have aesthetic fatigue.

Hence, it was easy to have some little problems when it came to scoring the clothes.

Hence, Pennie, whose model would be the 84th to come out, looked gloomy.

"Don't be nervous." Seeing that Linda was lifting the hem and looking at the entrance of the catwalk, Violet knew that she was excited and still couldn't help but remind her.

Linda nodded repeatedly. "Don't worry, I'm not nervous. I'm just so excited. I've never walked the runway on an international stage."

As she said, she clenched her fists and raised them at the collarbone, feeling thrilled.

"That's good." Seeing her behave like this, Violet didn't worry anymore.

Violet then patted her on the shoulder again. "You're going to be great. I'll be back to the audience seat beside the runway."

As a designer, she naturally had to look at each designer's work and learn about their strengths.

Not only her, but other designers also planned this way, so few designers stayed backstage.

"Go ahead." Linda waved her hand, motioning that she didn't need to worry about her.

Upon seeing this, Violet smiled and walked away.

Seeing Violet leaving, Pennie rolled her eyes and also left.

Violet returned to the audience seat. Not long after she sat down, the show began.

The appearance of the first model immediately attracted the attention of all designers.

Violet was a bit amazed, then opened the notebook on her lap and began to record the design details of the dress on the model.

She knew who designed this dress. It was the work of Catherine, the student of Frances.

Violet and Catherine had met once before, but at that time, she used the identity of Mina.

She also met Catherine in the bathroom the day before yesterday, but it seemed that Catherine did not recognize her.

"Miss Hunt, are you taking notes?" Just as Violet was taking notes seriously, a voice suddenly sounded.

Violet frowned in annoyance, but still looked up.

She saw that Pennie was walking over with a smile and then sat down beside her.

Violet said, "Yeah. Knowing your opponents is good for the following competition."

"Well, Miss Hunt is quite serious." Pennie ran her fingers through her hair, revealing a black stud.

The stud flashed under the dim light. Violet noticed it and said casually, "Miss Hamilton, your stud is so special. It's obviously matte, but it can reflect light."

Pennie's expression changed a bit when she heard this, and then she swiftly put her hair down and covered the stud. She forced a smile and said, "It's not completely matte with obsidian inside."

"Oh." Violet lifted her chin. Although she felt it was a bit unnecessary to get a matte finish on the outside of the obsidian, she didn't think much about it.

After all, there were various strange things in this world.

Seeing Violet stop exploring her stud, Pennie let out a sigh of relief without her noticing. She gradually calmed down after her heart raced fast just now.

It was so close. She almost found out.

Pennie thought that she had to change her hair-lifting habit from now on.

As the models came out one by one, it was Linda's turn soon.

It was the first time for Linda to appear on such a big stage, but she was not nervous at all. She was

smiling on the runway, walking at a brisk pace.

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When she reached the fixed point at the end of the runway, she winked at Violet, then turned around, flicked the long hem of her dress, and walked back.

Her pace was still so brisk. As she was walking, the light hem flew high and swayed in the air, which looked beautiful. Soon, the media might forget Linda but they would always remember this beautiful model with such a unique style.

Violet had been watching Linda's performance, so she naturally understood how great Linda was just now.

She believed that after today, some people working in the fashion industry would remember Linda.

"Miss Hunt, your model is really good," Pennie said to Violet with a smile. But she was not happy at all. She could only feel extremely jealous.

Violet could feel that she didn't mean it, so she raised her eyebrows slightly. "I'm flatter, Miss Hamilton. Your model is also pretty good."

Pennie froze for a moment and sneered in her heart.

She knew that Violet was being sarcastic.

"Miss Hunt, you're kidding. My model is far worse than yours," Pennie replied hypocritically.

Violet lowered her head, pressed her lips, and tried to hold back her smile. "Ahem... You're too humble, Miss Hamilton. Your model must be great. Otherwise, how could you take her to such a big international stage? So I believe she must be better than others in some way."

"Haha..." Pennie tried to force a smile, feeling speechless.

Better?

If she said that Luna was better than others when she was being petty and only bullying her own people, Pennie truly couldn't refute it.

Soon, dozens of models finished their shows. Finally, Pennie's model, Luna, came out.

Luna was wearing a black deep V-neck dress, and the color suited her perfectly, which showed her tall and slender figure.

But Luna strongly diminished the dress.

She seemed to be a bit nervous and was stiff when she walked on the runway. Her expression looked timid, which made the judges under the stage frown. Other designers also covered their mouths, sniggering.

When Pennie heard the ridicule, she flushed.

She didn't dare to get angry with those designers who were sniggering, so she could only get angry at Luna on the stage.

She squinted her eyes, staring at Luna fiercely. It seemed that she was going to deal with Luna after she finished the show.

Of course, Violet was definitely sure that Pennie would really do that.

Finally, Luna finished the show.

Violet faked a cough with her fist and couldn't conceal her delight. "Miss Hamilton, your model is really unique. This show is amazing."

Pennie didn't speak. She barely forced a smile.

Violet didn't intend to let it go, so she continued. "Miss Hamilton, I actually have a question I wanted to ask you for a long time. Why did you choose Luna as your partner? Is it really because you think she's beautiful?"

Violet looked at her.

Pennie avoided eye contact with her. "Actually, Luna helped me once before, so this can be considered as returning the favor."

"Oh, it turned out to be like this." Violet lifted her chin with understanding. "Miss Hamilton, you really know how to be grateful. You actually dared to repay her kindness in this way. Don't you afraid that you will lose the game after you return the favor?"

Pennie lowered her head. "No, I will teach her well. I believe she won't be like this in the next round."

"Oh, I wish you good luck then, Miss Hamilton," Violet smiled and said nothing else.

Pennie grasped her hands tightly together, and it took a while before she got rid of the idea of killing Luna.

She now really regretted finding Luna as her partner.

In fact, she didn't find Luna because Luna helped her before. Instead, Pennie chose her because she happened to learn that Luna had a grudge against Violet.

She thought that if she got Luna here, she could make Violet feel uncomfortable. And it would be best to affect Violet's performance.

Unexpectedly, she didn't affect Violet in the end but trapped herself instead.

She was furious. _Daddy! Mommy Is Pregnant Again

Chapter 444 Ivy Commits Suicide

Pennie's face was gloomy.

Violet found it funny when looking at her.

Finally, Pennie got up. " Miss Hunt, I'm going to the bathroom."

"Okay." Violet nodded and looked at her back, smiling.

Did she really go to the bathroom?

Maybe only Pennie knew that she was going to the bathroom or going to deal with Luna.

Shaking her head, Violet collected her thoughts and continued to watch the show without thinking too much.

Half an hour later, the show was over. All the models stood on the runway, making the last pose before the final curtain.

Although Linda was not at the forefront of the runway, she was standing in the middle.

The dress on her body and the charm she showed herself would not lose attention because of where she stood.

The judges walked around the models with notebooks to score them.

After they walked around, the judges gathered together and began to discuss how to group the designers.

The designers looked particularly nervous under the stage.

Violet was also getting tense. She was eager to know which group she would be put into.

Time ticked by, and finally, the judges finished their discussions and gave the results to the host.

After the host took over the result, he began to announce the list, starting from Group F and to Group A.

Violet didn't hear her name from Group F to Group B, so she smiled with relief.

She already figured that she was in Group A.

Sure enough, when the host announced the people who were in Group A, he read Violet's name.

Violet clasped her hands together excitedly.

"Congratulations, Miss Hunt." Pennie, who was next to her, said abruptly to congratulate her.

But Violet could still sense the sourness in her tone and smiled blandly, "Thank you, and congratulations to you, Miss Hamilton."

Pennie froze.

Congratulations?

She was assigned to Group B.

Was Violet congratulating her or trying to mock her?

Pennie clenched her fists, feeling furious. But she still wore a smile on her face, "Thank you, Miss Hunt, but this time I didn't perform well, so I was assigned to Group B. I can't compete with you in the same group. What a pity."

Violet lifted her hair and said, "Miss Hamilton, don't be so pessimistic. In each round of the competition, people who get the last two spots in each group will be eliminated, and the top two can enter a higher group. Miss Hamilton, you still have a chance to get into Group A. "

There were a total of six groups, ranging from A to F. In each round, the last two people of each group would be eliminated, so each group would have two empty spots.

In other words, the top two of Group B could enter Group A, and the top two of Group C could enter Group B, and so on. Eventually, the groups would be gradually reduced. This was the current competition rule.

Hence, Pennie was truly likely to get into Group A.

Pennie lowered her head and chuckled, "Then I would like to thank Miss Hunt for your good words."

"I'm not being perfunctory. Miss Hamilton, you do have the ability. You have great designs. You're just not really good at tailoring. If you use better design to make up for it, it is not impossible for you to get a higher score," Violet said while staring at her.

A shadow of disquiet flickered over Pennie's face. "You're right."

"Okay, Miss Hamilton. I won't bother you now. I'll go to eat something first." Violet saw Linda coming over and then said goodbye to Pennie.

Pennie nodded. "Okay."

Violet was gone.

Pennie stared at her, feeling a bit worried.

Violet mentioned her tailoring just now. Did she discover anything?

That was impossible. She changed her style. It was impossible for Violet to doubt that.

After all, it was too unbelievable. Normal people wouldn't even think about that.

Maybe she was overthinking. Violet was simply surprised by her clumsy tailoring skills.

Violet and Linda gathered together.

Linda raised a stack of business cards in her hand, looking exhilarated. "Look, Violet, many fashion people and designers gave their cards to me."

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"I know. You gave a good show on the runway, so it caught their attention. They admire you because of your unique style. I believe that after the international competition is over, you will stay abroad and start your career, and directly become a supermodel. You don't need to start as an ordinary model back home." Violet patted her on the shoulder, feeling happy for her.

Linda's eyes were misty with excitement. "That's great. Thank you, Violet. If it weren't for you to give me

this opportunity, I..."

"The person you should be most grateful to is my husband, your boss. If he hadn't recommended you to me, I wouldn't have thought of you at all," Violet said with a smile.

Linda nodded repeatedly. "Yeah, yeah. You are right. Next time you talk to Mr. Murphy, please help me to say thank you to him."

"I can do it now." As she said, Violet took out her cell phone and dialed Stanley's number.

It was in the afternoon at home. When Stanley came out of the conference room after a meeting, his cell phone rang.

When he saw the caller ID, his tiredness suddenly disappeared. He answered the phone with a gentle expression, "Honey."

Hearing him call her honey, Violet blushed. "Am I interrupting your work?"

"No." Stanley raised his hand to fend off the document Fraser handed over.

Violet nodded. "That's good."

"The competition is over?" Stanley pushed open the door of the office and went in.

Fraser followed behind bitterly.

Violet said yes. "It's over. I get into Group A."

Stanley knew the rules of the competition, so naturally, he was also aware of what it meant when Violet got into Group A. A trace of appreciation flashed in his eyes. "That's great. Congratulations."

"Thank you," Violet responded with a smile, "Oh, and Linda wants me to help her say thank you. Her career can directly take off this time."

"I just offered her a chance. Her career can take off because of her own ability," Stanley said blandly.

Violet glanced at Linda who was so touched, smiling wryly. "You're right."

Stanley's thin lips moved. As he was about to reply, a cell phone suddenly rang.

He glanced at Fraser.

Fraser smiled embarrassedly and quickly took out the phone. His face became serious when he saw the phone number.

"Mr. Murphy, the security guard staying with Miss Ellis called. I will answer the call first." Fraser pointed to his phone and said.

Stanley lifted his chin slightly and agreed.

Fraser turned and walked away.

Violet heard the movement and asked, "What's the matter?"

"Nothing. It's Fraser's phone," Stanley replied simply.

Violet nodded with understanding. "Oh."

She then returned to her topic and talked about the funny things in the competition.

Meanwhile, she mentioned a lot of professional terms about design.

Although Stanley didn't understand them well, he didn't interrupt her. He listened carefully as an attentive audience.

At this moment, Fraser came back after the call. His face looked gloomy. "Mr. Murphy."

"What's the matter?" Stanley raised his eyebrows.

Fraser took a deep breath. "Miss Ellis committed suicide."

As soon as he said this, the room fell silent instantly.

Stanley's face was dark, and it took a long time before he asked in a deep voice, "What did you say?"

"Miss Ellis slit her wrist and committed suicide," Fraser repeated.

Stanley stood up abruptly. "Suicide?"

"Yes." Fraser nodded. "Half an hour ago, the security guard went to pick up Miss Ellis's tableware on time. After he entered the room, he found that there was no one in the room. He then started looking for Miss Ellis, and finally found her silting her wrist in the bathroom."

Stanley clasped the phone and didn't speak, looking extremely grim.

Violet felt it and heard what he had just said. She frowned. "Stanley, what happened? Who committed suicide?"

"Ivy," Stanley replied.

Violet's eyes widened. "What? She committed suicide?"

"Um."

Violet was nonplussed. It took her several seconds to come to her senses. "Is she... all right now?"

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Chapter 445 A Ruse

She originally wanted to ask if Ivy was still alive.

But she thought it was rude, so she changed it and asked if Ivy was fine.

Stanley also wanted to know the answer, so he looked at Fraser.

Fraser replied, "Miss Ellis is safe now. The security guard found her in time. When he found her, she just slit her wrist for a short while."

Hearing that, Stanley's expression improved a lot.

...

Although he truly disliked Ivy now, he didn't want her to die.

Violet also heard Fraser's answer and let out a sigh of relief. "I'm glad she's fine."

She didn't care about Ivy. She was merely worried that if Ivy was dead, Stanley would have to be responsible for her death.

After all, he was the one who set Ivy under house arrest.

"I'll go see her first. Let's talk at night," Stanley rubbed his brow and said to the phone.

Violet agreed. "Okay, go ahead."

After he ended the call, Stanley put down his phone, striding towards the office door.

Fraser followed.

Soon, they arrived at the villa of the Ellis family.

Stanley got out of the car when a security guard came over, who was the one who found Ivy tried to commit suicide.

"Where is she?" Stanley asked coldly as he walked into the villa.

The security guard followed him and replied respectfully, "Miss Ellis took the medicine and might be asleep now."

Stanley nodded slightly and then asked, "What was she like when you found out that she tried to commit suicide?"

"It's terrifying." The security guard shivered. A trace of fear appeared in his eyes. "When I entered the bathroom, I saw blood all over the floor. Miss Ellis was lying on the edge of the bathtub full of water. And the water in the bathtub is stained red."

Stanley's face was dark. "I see. You can go back and guard."

"Yes." The security guard responded and stood still downstairs.

Stanley and Fraser went upstairs.

When they got upstairs, Fraser opened the door for him.

The light in the room was on. As soon as Stanley entered the room, he saw Ivy on the bed.

Ivy didn't fall asleep as the security said, but leaned against the head of the bed with a pale face. She was staring at the door with her dull eyes.

Seeing Stanley coming in, something flashed in Ivy's eyes but soon disappeared. Her voice was hoarse with a hint of mockery. "You came to see me."

Stanley didn't speak. He went straight to the bed, lowered his head slightly, and looked at her bandaged wrist, "Why do you try to kill yourself?"

Ivy raised her wrist which was slit and said mockingly, "Why? Don't you understand? I don't have the motivation to live anymore."

"Oh?" Stanley squinted. "You don't want to live anymore?"

"Yeah." Ivy put her hand down. "In my whole life, the only person I love is you. You are my hope and motivation to stay alive, but now you dislike me and will no longer care about me like you used to. So why do I have to live?"

Stanley pressed his lips. "So that's what you're thinking. You rely on others to live. Don't you think about relying on yourself? Except for love, nothing else matters in your life?"

Ivy drooped her eyelids. "No, in my life, love is so important that I can't get rid of it at all. So Stanley, don't persuade me. Let me die. In this way, I will never get in the way of you and Miss Hunt anymore."

Stanley's face was gloomy. "Are you threatening me?"

"I'm not threatening you. I mean it. I can't live without you."

Speaking of this, Ivy gazed at him with misty eyes, "So Stanley, if you want me to live, can you treat me like you used to? I know I'm wrong. I don't wish to be with you anymore. Can you just let me continue to be your friend?"

"Do you think it's possible?" Stanley stared at her indifferently. "You've said this to me before you dated Henry, so I have been letting my guard down. But what did you do? Why should I believe you? How can I forgive someone who drugged me and tricked me?"

Ivy's face turned paler, and then she smiled bitterly, "You're right. I'm being ridiculous. I'm sorry, Stanley. I let you down."

After saying that, she lowered her head and used her hand to pull the bandage on the wrist of another hand.

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She pulled so hard that blood soon oozed from the bandage.

When Stanley saw it, he felt tense. "What are you doing?"

"What do you care about what I do? I said I can't live without you, so I'm going to die now!" Ivy replied without looking up.

Stanley looked irritated. "You said you didn't threaten me. Besides, do you think that if you do this, I will compromise?"

Ivy paused.

But soon, she continued to pull the bandage.

Seeing that the bandage was about to fall off her wrist completely, Stanley waved his hand.

Fraser, who had been silent, stepped forward and knocked out Ivy with a knifehand strike.

Before Ivy closed her eyes, her eyes were filled with disbelief.

Fraser placed Ivy who fainted on the bed, then tied back the bandage she had taken off.

After he finished, Fraser turned to stand behind Stanley's back. "Mr. Murphy, I think Miss Ellis is just playing tricks."

"I know." Stanley nodded slightly.

Of course, he could see that she didn't want to die at all. If she truly wanted to die, she could think about many ways to do it before he arrived, such as cutting the wrist again, jumping off the building, hitting the wall, and so on.

...

After all, the security guard wouldn't go into the room to check on her all the time, so she had plenty of opportunities, but she didn't do that. It proved that she was indeed waiting for him to come and show him a trick.

Although he wouldn't fall into her tricks, he couldn't simply sit back and watch her risk her life.

"Mr. Murphy, what should we do next? If Miss Ellis keeps doing this, I'm afraid she will commit suicide again to threaten you in the future." Fraser scratched his hair and said in annoyance.

After Stanley was silent for a moment, he narrowed his eyes and said, "Get two maids here and ask them to stay in the room to watch her all the time, so that she can't find a chance to kill herself. Also, move out all the furniture in the room and replace them with inflatable ones. Any sharp tools are not allowed to be seen in this room. And half-seal the windows and balcony."

When Fraser heard this, he gave a thumbs-up. "Mr. Murphy, this is a great idea."

Stanley snorted, turned around, and walked towards the door.

Fraser didn't follow, but took out his cell phone and called to arrange this matter.

It didn't take long before Ivy woke up. What she saw was a room that was changed greatly and two expressionless maids guarding the bed.

Ivy was smart, so she naturally realized what happened. Stanley did these to prevent her from committing suicide.

She was so enraged that she pounded on the bed, but she didn't know what to do.

Time flew quickly. The weekend was coming.

Stanley took two children to the country where Violet was having a competition.

When the two kids got out of the car, they hurried to the venue.

Stanley walked behind the two kids, looking at them gently.

"Dad, hurry up." Arya ran a few steps. When she saw that Stanley didn't catch up, she stopped and called him.

Stanley gazed at his daughter, feeling that his heart melted. He then quickened his pace. "I'm coming."

The father and children came to the entrance of the venue.

Stanley handed over the tickets to the security guards, so the guards let them in.

The three of them entered the venue.

The two kids were holding hands, glancing around.

"Clavin, where is Mommy?" Arya asked.

Calvin shook his head. "I don't know."

Arya let go of his hand, ran to Stanley, and pulled his sleeve. "Daddy, call Mommy and tell her, we're here. I miss Mommy so much."

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