

Daddy! Mommy Is Pregnant Again

Chapter 99 Not Phoebe

Violet smiled embarrassedly, "I'm sorry, Mr. Murphy. I didn't tell you."

Stanley shook his head and looked at her appreciatively, "You did a good job. If there are no your preparations, today's big show would have been ruined!"

"Yes." Violet pursed her red lips with emotion.

She was also very grateful for what she did at the time.

Phoebe also understood.

No wonder the model's clothes on the catwalk were intact.

It turned out that the truth was so!

Violet smiled, "Director Hunt, are you surprised?"

Phoebe snorted disdainfully, "Yeah, I am really surprised. But what is the use of what you have said so much? I haven't done it!"

"Really?" Stanley stared at her.

Phoebe's eyes flickered, and then nodded, "I swear. I really didn't break those clothes."

"Then what do you explain this person?" Stanley patted his hands twice. Then a bodyguard brought a man in.

Seeing that man, Phoebe panicked and quickly calmed down.

"It seems that you know him." Stanley pursed his thin lips.

Phoebe took a deep breath, "Yes, I know him."

Violet raised her eyebrows.

So soon!

"Who is he?" Stanley pushed the man to Phoebe.

Before Phoebe could speak, Violet stared at the man and suddenly clapped her hands, "Ah, I remember you. You were the staff member who told me that Phoebe was looking for me yesterday!"

"It's me. I'm sorry. I'm fascinated by money. It was this Miss Hunt who said that as long as I gave the key to her and then put the photos in front of the cameras of the dressing room, she would give me half a million, so I..." The man lowered his head ashamed.

Violet looked confused, "Photos? What photos?"

"It's the photos of the corridors leading to the dressing room." Stanley pursed his thin lips lightly and said.

Violet frowned and then understood, "Got it! Phoebe took unmanned photos of the dressing room and various corridors in advance, and then put the photos in front of the surveillance camera, then what the surveillance captured will be forever unmanned rooms and corridors."

"Yes." Stanley nodded.

Violet bit her lip, "No wonder I always feel that there is a problem with the monitoring. It turns out that the problem is here!"

Phoebe's trick was really shrewd and could almost deceive everyone.

Violet looked at Phoebe angrily.

Phoebe glared back, and then hurriedly looked at Stanley, "Stanley, I admit I bribed this person. I had the idea of ruining the clothes at first, because I hate her. Without her, I'm still the eldest daughter of the Hunt family and your fiancée. So I have always felt insecure. I want to drive her away, but..."

"But what?" Stanley's face was extremely gloomy.

Violet also looked at Phoebe in surprise.

She never expected that Phoebe would say her hatred so bluntly.

"But I dare to swear, I really didn't break the clothes!" Phoebe raised three fingers.

The staff member also spoke at this time, "What Miss Hunt said is true. She asked me to deal with the monitoring and then go to the dressing room to help her watch outside. But when we got to the dressing room, the clothes had been torn!"

"What?" Violet exclaimed in disbelief.

Stanley was also a little surprised, frowning tightly.

Phoebe clenched her fists. Her face was full of anger, "The person who really torn the clothes must be trying to frame me, just like the last time Violet was beaten by the policeman in the police station. It is clear that the policeman was not bribed by me. Yes, but you are all doubting me."

Although she was happy to see others ruin the clothes, she couldn't accept that she was being blamed by others.

"You said it was not you who bribed the policeman last time?" Violet was really confused now.

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She thought it was Phoebe who did it.

But it was not her.

"Nonsense, of course it wasn't me. If I bribed that policeman, do you think you would come out intact?"
Phoebe scorned Violet.

Violet's heart sank. The look in her eyes was unpredictable, "If it's not you, who is it?"

"Who knows if you have any other enemies besides me." Phoebe snorted.

Stanley touched his chin, eyes drooping. No one knew what he was thinking.

After a while, he put his hands down and looked at Phoebe indifferently, "Although it's not you, I can't let you go easily. Fraser!"

Stanley shouted.

Fraser stood up.

Stanley pointed to Phoebe, "Take her back to the Hunt family and tell Eason to keep an eye on her. Otherwise, I will come to him."

"Yes." Fraser nodded, and then walked towards Phoebe.

Phoebe quickly stepped back, "Stanley, I said it wasn't me. Why would you punish me?"

"Because you wanted to do it." Violet said.

Stanley nodded, "You should be thankful that you didn't do it. Otherwise, you would ruin the reputation of the Murphy Group today!"

Phoebe flinched, "Don't... don't bluff me!"

"Puff!" Hearing this, Violet couldn't help but laughed, "Director Hunt, do you think Murphy is joking with you? Today's big show, the guests invited are all current managers of international brands. More than that, whether the critics or catwalk models are all well-known internationally, including the media."

"Violet is right." Fraser continued, "We have invited so many big brands just to make the clothing company famous in the world. If Violet had not prepared the clothes in advance, not only would today's big show make the Murphy Group become a joke, but also the guests would resist the Murphy Group because they would feel that the Murphy Group was teasing them!"

"Now do you understand?" Stanley looked down at Phoebe condescendingly.

"I..." Phoebe opened her mouth but she couldn't say anything. Then she was obediently taken away by Fraser.

As for the staff member, he was sent to the police station by the bodyguard.

Soon, only Stanley and Violet were left in the lounge.

Stanley looked at the time and said to Violet, "I will drive you back."

"Yeah." Violet agreed.

The two walked to the parking lot one after another.

On the way, Violet watched Stanley several times, and finally couldn't help but said, "Murphy, I'm sorry. Although it was not Phoebe, she is right. I may have other enemies. I... "

"Maybe it's not necessarily your enemies." Stanley interrupted her.

Violet blinked, "Mr. Murphy, you..."

"It is possible that the real culprit of this incident was directed at me and the Murphy Group." Stanley squinted back.

As the person in charge of the Murphy Group, whether in business or privately, there were many people who hated him. There were many people who wanted to pull him down. Ivan was one of them.

Maybe this thing was done by Ivan?

Thinking about it, Stanley clenched his fists in his trouser pocket, "I will definitely investigate this matter and give you an explanation."

"Okay." Violet nodded.

An hour later, they arrived at the apartment.

Stanley parked the car downstairs, "Go back and rest for a few hours first. Don't be late for the celebration dinner at night."

"Okay." Violet waved to him.

Stanley rolled down the window, restarted the car and left.

Violet watched his car go away until she couldn't see it. Then she turned around and entered the

apartment building.____

Daddy! Mommy Is Pregnant Again

Chapter 100 Poach

When Violet came back at the apartment, Jessie took the two children to the door to greet her.

"Violet, you are back."

"Mommy, hug!" The two children opened their hands towards Violet together.

Violet squatted down and hugged them, "Are you obedient at home?"

"Yes." The two children nodded together.

Violet rubbed their hair, "Good boy! Good girl! Go back to the room and play. Mommy and Jessie have something to say."

"Okay." The two children went back to the children's room hands in hands.

Only Violet and Jessie were left at the door.

Violet changed her shoes and walked into the living room with Jessie.

Jessie poured a glass of water for her, and couldn't wait to ask, "How is it? Has Phoebe been punished?"

Violet shook her head, "It's not her."

"Huh? Not her?" Jessie exclaimed, "Who is it?"

"I don't know. So I want to ask you it's possible that it is our enemies abroad?" Violet asked after taking a sip of water.

Jessie pondered for a few seconds before denying, "It should be impossible. I haven't heard that they have come back."

"Really?" Violet sighed lightly and said nothing.

She didn't have many enemies, except for Phoebe and Talia, but also a few foreign classmates. Because the teacher chose her as his apprentice, they hated her. So there were many conflicts between them.

But since they didn't come back and it wasn't Phoebe, besides, Talia didn't have that ability, it seemed to be Stanley's enemies.

Thinking of this, Violet pinched the bridge of her nose with a headache. This feeling of being involved in other people's grievances was really uncomfortable.

In the evening, after Violet left the two children to Jessie, she changed into a little evening dress and went to the hotel to attend the celebration banquet of 'Born of Fire'.

In addition to the employees of the Murphy Group, there were also commentators and models who came to this celebration banquet, so it was extremely grand.

Violet, as the chief designer of 'Born of Fire', attracted much attention when she came. Many brands took the initiative to make friends with her.

In just ten minutes, the business cards in her hand were already thick.

"Violet." Fraser suddenly came behind Violet.

Violet put the business card in her handbag, and then looked back at him, "Fraser."

"Mr. Murphy let you over." Fraser pointed to the front.

Violet looked over and then she saw Stanley holding a microphone standing under the stage, talking to a waiter. Then she nodded, "I see! I'm coming right away."

She walked towards Stanley.

When she reached Stanley, she yelled softly, "Mr. Murphy."

Stanley stopped talking with the waiter, looking sideways, "How long have you been here?"

"It's been a while. What can I do for you, Mr. Murphy?" Violet asked.

Stanley didn't answer. After adjusting the volume of the microphone, he said to her, "A matter of awards."

After speaking, he took the microphone and walked to the stage.

With his appearance, the entire banquet hall became quiet. Everyone turned their eyes to him.

After Stanley cleared throat twice, he said slightly, "Welcome to the celebration banquet tonight. Everyone knows that today's show was very successful. Everyone is the hero. Since everyone is the hero, there will be no less rewards. Now the person I read out comes up to receive the reward. The first one, Violet!"

The audience suddenly burst into applause.

Violet walked to the stage with smile and stood beside Stanley.

Stanley picked up a check and gave it to her.

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Violet took the check with both hands. When she saw it, she was surprised, "Mr. Murphy, will it be too much?"

She knew that after the big show, she would have a lot of rewards.

But she didn't expect it to be five million!

Stanley lightly explained, "Not much. The success of this big show means that the clothing company is

about to become a new brand under the Murphy Group. It can be said that you have created a billion, even tens of billions for the Murphy Group. So it's just a little."

Hearing what he said, Violet was relieved. She accepted the cheque with joy, "Thank you, Mr. Murphy."

Stanley couldn't help being amused by her look now. After a smile flashed across his eyes, he read the name of the next person to receive the award.

Violet didn't stay on the stage. She turned and got off the stage. Facing the congratulations from everyone, she smiled and responded to the same joy.

But when there were too many people congratulating her, she became a little impatient to deal with it. She made up an excuse and walked to the rest area.

But when she walked to the rest area, she was stopped by someone, "Violet, congratulations. After today, you are a well-known designer!"

Hearing this sound, Violet's back stiffened. She suddenly turned her head to look. Then she saw Ivan.

"Director Murphy, why are you here?" Violet asked suspiciously as her eyes fell on Ivan.

Ivan pushed his glasses, "Today is a celebration banquet. I am also a senior executive of the Murphy Group anyhow. So I attended the event."

A disgust flashed into Violet's eyes, but it was fleeting. She put down the wine glass in her hand, "Director Murphy, enjoy yourself. I won't bother you."

With that, she was going to other places to rest.

In short, she just didn't want to stay with Ivan.

But Ivan suddenly grabbed her arms and smiled evilly, "You have to leave as soon as I came? Are you so afraid of me?"

Violet pulled out her arm in disgust, "Director Murphy, please don't do anything to me. Your behavior has caused me a lot of trouble. Next time, I will directly sue you for harassment!"

"Huh!" Ivan whistled arrogantly, "I haven't seen you in a few days, but your temper is a lot worse than before."

Violet patted the non-existent dust on her arm, and made no secret of the disgust on her face, "It depends on the person whether my temper is good or bad."

"Yeah." Ivan touched his chin and nodded, "You have a good temper to everyone, but you are so bad to me. This shows that I am special in your heart, right?"

He pointed to her heart.

Violet frowned, "You think too much. You can't get into my heart at all."

Ivan felt funny. After smiling, he took off his glasses and wiped them, "Oh? Really? Then I want to see if I can walk into your heart."

"You can try." Violet said with a cold face.

Ivan stared at her with eagle-like eyes. After watching for a while, he smiled and retracted his gaze, "I will definitely try. But it's not now. Violet, I heard that you are not a formal employee of the Murphy Group, right?"

Violet nodded, "Yes, so what?"

This was no secret.

She naturally didn't intend to hide it.

Ivan leaned close to her, "Would you like to work for me?"

"Huh?" Violet took a step back, "Director Murphy, what do you mean by that?"

"I am going to set up a clothing company by myself. I want you to come over and work for me. As long as you come, the position of design director is yours."

He was poaching her!

Violet tucked her hair, "Sorry, Director Murphy, I have no plans to change jobs."

"Why? Are you willing to be a little designer here in the Murphy Group?" Ivan narrowed his eyes, a little displeased with her rejection.

Violet's lips moved. Stanley's voice sounded from behind as soon as she was about to speak, "Of course she will not be just a small designer. With her abilities, the design director will not be her ending."

"Mr. Murphy!" Violet turned to look at him happily.

Chapter 101 Lily's Return

It was a good thing for her that he came.

In this way, she would not have to face a dangerous person like Ivan alone.

Looking at the joy on Violet's face, Stanley nodded slightly. A soft look flashed across his eyes, but when facing Murphy Ivan, the soft look disappeared again, "If you are looking for a designer, go to other places. Don't even think about my men!"

The words of "my men" caused Violet's heart to jump suddenly. She looked at his stern profile.

Although she was very clear, his words had no other meaning. It was simply meant that she was his employee.

But her heart still couldn't help but throb.

"But I just like Violet. What should I do if I don't want to find others?" Ivan spread his hands, pretending to be very annoyed.

Stanley's aura became cold. His thin lips pressed into a straight line, "Are you going to his side?"

He looked at Violet.

Violet recovered and shook her head, "Of course not. I have just rejected Director Murphy. I will not work for someone who wants to hurt me. I am not so stupid to jump into the trap."

Hearing this, Stanley was instantly satisfied. He smiled, and the aura all over his body became soft.

Ivan looked at Violet bitterly, "Violet, you make me so sad."

Violet knew he was pretending, so she turned her head and didn't intend to talk with him.

Stanley took a step forward, blocking Violet, "Haven't you heard it? She won't go."

"Whatever. I won't give up." Ivan looked at Stanley without flinching.

Just when the two men was conflicting, Violet's cell phone rang suddenly.

The two men looked at her at the same time, she smiled embarrassedly, took out her mobile phone, "Sorry, I have to answer the call."

With that, she walked towards the balcony.

Only Stanley and Ivan were left in the same place.

Stanley squinted his eyes and asked coldly, "What is the purpose of inviting her to your company?"

"What purpose can I have? Today's show, let me see her talent. Is it not a normal thing to poach outstanding talents to my company?" Ivan shrugged.

Stanley sneered, "If you haven't done anything like that to her, I would believe some of your words."

Ivan's glasses reflected light, "Didn't I fail in that matter?"

"You should be thankful that you didn't succeed, otherwise you won't be able to stand here soundly now!" Stanley glanced over Ivan coldly.

Ivan laughed lowly, "Stanley, don't you think you are too caring about her?"

"What do you mean?" Stanley's eyes condensed.

Ivan spread his hands, "Nothing. She's back."

He signaled Stanley to look back.

Stanley turned his head and saw Violet come back with a mobile phone in her hand and a smile on her face. Obviously, there was something happy.

"Mr. Murphy, I may have to leave first." Violet stopped in front of Stanley, apologizing.

Stanley looked at her, "What's the matter?"

"Well, I'm going to the airport to pick up a very important person." Violet looked at her watch and said.

"Who is it?" Stanley asked subconsciously.

Very important?

Was it the biological father of two children?

Thinking about it, Stanley felt a little uncomfortable.

Violet didn't know what he was thinking. As soon as she was about to answer, Ivan smiled and said, "Violet, don't worry about Mr. Murphy. Bye."

"Okay, then I'll go first." Violet gave a hmm, then smiled apologetically to Stanley, and left quickly, carrying her handbag.

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All the way to the airport was smooth.

Violet saw a beautiful woman sitting in the waiting hall. She waved her arms and shouted, "Mom, here!"

When the beautiful woman heard Violet's voice, she pulled down her sunglasses and looked over. Seeing Violet, her eyes lit up. Then she hurriedly pulled up the suitcase and got up from the waiting hall, "Sweetie, miss you!"

"Mom, I miss you too." Violet opened her arms.

The mother and daughter gave a hug.

After the separation, Lily looked at Violet up and down. Her eyes were filled with love, "You're thinner and have dark circles under your eyes. Haven't you rested recently?"

Violet took the suitcase and said, "I have been preparing for a big show in the last few days, so I have less time to rest, but I have two days off from tomorrow on, so I can have a good sleep."

"That's good." Lily nodded.

The mother and daughter walked out of the airport, stopped a taxi outside and returned to the apartment. The two children were very happy to see their Grandma. They kept pestering Grandma to play with them until it was almost ten o'clock before they were coaxed to sleep by Violet.

"I'm old! My waist hurts after playing with them for a while!" Lily sat down on the sofa, rubbing her waist and smiling bitterly.

Violet made a cup of honey water and put it on the coffee table in front of Lily, then walked behind her and massaged her shoulders, "What are you talking about? You are still young! Everyone say that I and you are like sisters when we stand together!"

Lily was coaxed by Violet to cover her lips and laughed, "You're so sweet."

Violet leaned down and put her chin on Lily's shoulder, "Mom, what I said is the truth."

"Well, well!" Lily patted Violet on the shoulder.

Violet suddenly thought of something and stood up straightly, "By the way, didn't I say I wanted to give you a gift before? Wait a minute. I'll get it to you."

With that said, Violet ran back to the room in a hurry and took out a file bag.

Lily looked at the file bag in Violet's hand and then asked, "What's in it?"

"You'll know after reading it." Violet handed Lily the bag of documents.

Facing Violet's urging eyes, Lily took the file bag and opened it. After reading it, she stood up immediately, "Baby, is this true?"

"Of course, it's true!" Violet nodded.

Lily slapped the table happily, "Okay, that's great. Eason, Eason, you cheated on me back then. Unexpectedly, now, the woman you love also cuckolded you. You deserved it. Baby, you didn't tell Eason about this, did you?"

"No." Violet replied, picking up a grape into her mouth.

Lily sat back again and said, "So great. Let's conceal this matter to the end. Let Eason be cuckolded for a lifetime. Then tell him when he is about to die, so that he can feel my collapse back then!"

"Okay." Violet hugged Lily, soothing her injured heart.

At this moment, the doorbell rang suddenly.

Violet let go of Lily. Seeing that Lily's eyes were red, she quickly passed a tissue to Lily to wipe the tears. Then, she got up and went to open the door.

The door was opened. Fraser stood outside and waved to Violet, "Violet, did I bother you?"

"No." Violet shook her head, and then asked suspiciously, "Fraser, is there anything wrong?"

"Here is the thing. I accompanied Mr. Murphy to pick up an important item, but it happened that the cabinet couldn't be opened, so I wanted to ask if you have a phone number for the property." Fraser pushed his glasses and looked calmly. Looking in the living room behind her, he seemed to be looking for something.

Violet didn't notice his strangeness. She just smiled and nodded, "Yes, wait a minute. I'll get your business card."

With that, she turned and went back to the living room.

"Baby, who is it?" Lily glanced at the door.

Violet squatted in front of the coffee table, looking for a business card while answering, "It's my boss. Mom, go to sleep. You have jet lag."

"Okay." Lily dropped grapes and clapped her hands. Then she got up and walked to the bathroom.

Violet found the business card and came back to the door, then she handed it to Fraser.

After Fraser thanked her, he did not rush away, but pretended to ask curiously, "You have a guest?"

Chapter 102 The Death of Jordan Murphy

"Yeah, it's my mother." Violet smiled.

Fraser breathed a sigh of relief, "That's good!"

"Huh?" Violet looked at him unclearly, "Fraser, why are you so happy?"

"Am I?" Fraser pretended that nothing happened, "Well, Violet, I'll go back first, bye!"

After speaking, he turned around with the business card and entered the apartment opposite.

After closing the door, Fraser sighed slightly, looked at the business card in his hand, and smiled helplessly.

Ever since Violet left the celebration banquet, Mr. Murphy pulled a long face. Don't think he didn't know that Mr. Murphy was curious about the person that Violet picked up. Otherwise, why would he come here?

So for Mr. Murphy, Fraser had to knock on Violet's door. If Mr. Murphy knew that the person Violet picked up wasn't a man, but her mother, he should be in a good mood, right?

Thinking about it, Fraser squeezed the business card and walked to the study.

"Mr. Murphy." Fraser shouted at the door.

Stanley sat on the chair and looked up at him, "What did you do?"

"Didn't you say that the cabinet can't be opened? I went to Violet's house to ask for the property's business card." Fraser handed the business card to Stanley.

Stanley didn't answer. His eyelids drooped. No one knew what he was thinking.

Fraser cleared his throat slightly, "Mr. Murphy, Violet's mother looks so young."

"What?" Stanley's back straightened slightly.

There was a smile in Fraser's eyes behind the glasses, and then he said, "Violet's mother!"

"The person in her family is her mother?" Stanley rubbed his pen. The cold aura all over his body was obviously diminishing.

Fraser nodded, "Yes."

Stanley pursed his thin lips, "Why did you tell me that?"

"Nothing, just want to share with you what I saw." Fraser said with a smile.

For what? To make you happy!

"Okay, put down the business card. Did you have any clues?" Stanley dropped the pen, put his fingers on

the desk, and asked in a deep voice.

After putting down the business card, Fraser became serious, "No, but it is certain that it was not Ivan."

Stanley tapped his finger on the desktop, "Since it is not him, then investigate the other companies who have hatred against the Murphy Group!"

"Yes!" Fraser replied.

Stanley stood up, "Let's go back to the villa."

"Mr. Murphy, won't you live here tonight?" Fraser raised his eyebrows and asked.

Stanley's eyes flashed slightly, and he gave a hmm.

He had already decided, so Fraser didn't say anything anymore. Then they walked out of the study and to the door of the apartment.

As soon as the door was opened, the door on the opposite side was also opened. Lily came out from the inside carrying a garbage bag. When she saw Stanley, she couldn't help but stunned, "Are...are you that kid from the Murphy family?"

She pointed to Stanley with some uncertainty.

Stanley raised his eyebrows, "Hello, Ma'am!"

Fraser snickered behind him.

This was the first time he heard someone called Mr. Murphy "that kid".

Then Fraser suddenly felt that something was wrong. He felt chilly. Then he looked up. After seeing Stanley's cold eyes, he shivered and quickly stopped laughing.

Then Stanley looked away.

Lily saw this scene.

She couldn't help covering her lips, "By the way, are you Stanley, right?"

Stanley nodded, "Yes."

"Then can I call you Stanley?" Lily asked gently.

Stanley raised his chin slightly, "Of course."

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"Okay." Lily patted her hand. Then she thought of something and introduced herself, "Stanley, you should not know me. I am..."

"I know you. Violet's mother! You're also the goddaughter that grandfather recognized when he was alive." Stanley said.

Lily nodded with smile, "Yes, you know it all! Did you know that your grandfather and I made a marriage contract for you and Violet?"

"I know! But I'm sorry. It's impossible for me to be with her." Stanley said indifferently with his eyes down.

Fraser felt a little sorry for Stanley, "Mr. Murphy, you are not wrong at all in this marriage contract. It is clearly Violet who is wrong. Why do you apologize?"

"Okay, shut up!" Stanley frowned.

Fraser closed his mouth and said nothing.

As Lily listened to the conversation between the two, the smile on her face faded a lot, "Stanley, do you not like the marriage contract made by me and your grandfather at all?"

Otherwise, why did Fraser say it was her daughter's fault?

Stanley pursed his thin lips and did not answer.

From the beginning, he really didn't like being forced to get engaged.

But he didn't refute it. Because in his opinion, marrying everyone was the same.

Seeing Stanley not speaking, Lily's eyes dimmed. Her face was full of apologetic smile, "I'm sorry, Stanley. Your grandfather and I didn't think about so much back then. Actually, I didn't plan to decide this for you and Violet at first. But your grandfather said that as long as you make a marriage appointment, he can leave with peace of mind. So I..."

"Ma'am, do you know how my grandfather died?" Stanley suddenly interrupted her loudly. His always calm face was a little impatient now.

"Mom, who are you talking to?" Violet's voice came from behind Lily.

Immediately afterwards, she stepped on her slippers and walked over. Seeing Stanley, her eyes widened unexpectedly, "Mr. Murphy!"

Stanley ignored her and locked his eyes tightly on Lily.

Violet didn't know what happened, and looked at Lily.

Lily was silent for a few seconds before sighing suddenly, "I do know."

"Please tell me!" Stanley clenched his fists.

Grandpa's death had always entangled in his mind.

The family doctor said that Grandpa was very healthy and he could live for more than ten years at least.

But Grandpa passed away suddenly one day seven years ago. There was absolutely a problem in it. So in the past seven years, he had never stopped investigating, but he had found nothing.

"Your grandfather committed suicide!" Lily looked up at Stanley, and told the truth about the death of Jordan.

Violet covered her mouth in surprise.

Fraser's eyes widened in shock.

Only Stanley gritted his teeth, unwilling to believe this fact, "It's impossible!"

How could Grandpa commit suicide?

What reason caused him to commit suicide?

"It's true. Your grandfather told me this personally." Lily's face was very serious.

Stanley's thin lips moved. His voice was a little hoarse, "Then tell me, why did he commit suicide?"

"I don't know the specific reason, but the day before your grandfather passed away, I met with him. He said that if he lived one more day, he would be overwhelmed with regret and guilt in his heart. Now he made the marriage contract for you, then he could go to make amends to your parents." Lily patted Stanley on the shoulder.

Violet bit her lip and guessed boldly, "So, does the death of Mr. Murphy's parents have something to do with Mr. Murphy's Grandpa?"

She looked at Stanley.

Stanley's eyelids drooped. He didn't say anything. A gloomy aura exuded all over his body.

Lily shook her head, "I don't know about this. But it should be, otherwise he wouldn't say such words."

"Mr. Murphy..." Violet called Stanley with some worry.

Stanley took a deep breath. After suppressing the emotion in his mind, he bowed slightly to Lily, "Thank you for telling me this. I will visit you again another day. Bye!"

After speaking, he took Fraser away.

Violet kept watching him enter the elevator, then retracted and closed the door. When she turned around, she met Lily's deep eyes. Lily asked, "Violet, tell me, did you fall in love with Stanley?" _____

Chapter 103 Both Fell

"Ah?" Violet was stunned for a moment. Then, she looked away with a guilty conscience, "Mom, what are you talking about? How is it possible!"

"You can lie to others, but you can't lie to me. I saw it just now. The look in your eyes when you see Stanley is very different." Lily turned around Violet's face.

Violet opened her mouth, trying to say something, but in the end, she said nothing.

Lily sighed, "Right?"

"Mom..." Violet pulled her sleeves.

Lily looked at the daughter in front of her, feeling so sorry, "It was all my fault. If I hadn't given up looking for Stanley because of the obstacles of Sam, maybe you and Stanley would have been married long ago. Then you wouldn't have children with other people. Stanley wouldn't be snatched by Talia's daughter."

"Mom, don't say that!" Violet smiled and put her head on Lily's shoulder, "Everything is over."

"Yeah, everything is over. Just as Stanley said, you and he are impossible. So Violet, you should give him up quickly and stop loving him. Now you have children and he has a fiancée. If you continue loving him, it would only hurt yourself, understand?" Lily reminded seriously.

Violet's eyelids drooped, covering the sadness in her eyes. Then she answered in extremely low voice, "I understand."

In fact, she knew from the beginning that it was impossible for her and Stanley to be with each other. So she kept her feelings silently so that no one would find out.

But now her mother directly said that it was impossible for them, she still felt a little sad.

"Well." Lily patted Violet on the back.

Violet's head rubbed against Lily's shoulder, "Mom, it's late. Let's go to bed. I haven't slept with you for a long time."

"Okay, Mommy will hold you to sleep tonight." Lily smiled.

The next day, after Violet drove the two children to the kindergarten, she came to the hospital with a bag and looked for George.

George was seeing a patient. When he saw her coming, he made a look at her.

Violet gave him an OK pose, walked lightly to the chair to sit down, and waited for him to finish.

After about ten minutes, the patient went out. George got up and went to the water dispenser. He took a glass of water with a disposable paper cup and came to Violet. Then he gave her the water cup, "Why are you here?"

"My mother asked me to give you something."

As she said, Violet put down the water cup, picked up the bag beside her and handed it to him, "This is a gift my mother brought back from abroad, and some medical books that your mentor asked my mother to bring you."

"Great, thank your mother for me." George smiled and took the bag, and then asked, "By the way, when did she come back?"

"Last night." Violet took a sip of water and replied.

George took out the medical books in the bag and put them on the desk, "Is Steven alone abroad?"

"Yes, but my mother will leave in a few days." Violet waved her hand and said.

George nodded. Just when he was about to say something, a nurse ran in anxiously, "Dr. Joe, a brain tumor patient was transferred from the other hospital just now. Dr. Baxter asked you to go over and take care of it."

George frowned.

Violet stood up, "George, I won't bother you now."

"Okay, eat out in the evening. I'll treat you guys." George took the white coat on the shelf and put it on.

Violet gave a hmm.

Then, George followed the nurse out.

Violet didn't stay here. She closed the door of George's office, and was about to leave.

As she walked out of the doctor's office building and passed the garden, a gentle female voice suddenly stopped her, "Is it Miss Hunt?"

Violet stopped and turned to look.

Seeing Ivy wearing the hospital gown and a wig and sitting in a wheelchair smiling at her, Violet couldn't help but be surprised for two seconds, "Miss Ellis."

She really didn't expect to meet Ivy here.

"It really is Miss Hunt. I thought I was wrong." Ivy controlled the wheelchair and came to Violet.

Violet smiled at her, "Why did Miss Ellis come out alone? Is no one taking care of you?"

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"Yes, it's just that he went back to help me get my coat." Ivy glanced at the hospital building and immediately asked, "Miss Hunt came to see Dr. Joe?"

"Well, yes." Violet nodded.

"May I know what is the relationship between Miss Hunt and Dr. Joe?" Ivy blinked and looked at Violet curiously.

Violet tucked her hair, "Friends."

"Well, I thought Miss Hunt was Dr. Joe's girlfriend. I think you two are a good match." Ivy pouted regretfully.

Violet smiled a little embarrassedly, "How is it possible? Miss Ellis, don't say that."

"I'm serious, but... Forget it, can Miss Hunt help me to sit down there? This wheelchair is not very comfortable to sit on." Ivy pointed to the sun lounger behind Violet.

Violet took a look, nodded, and then stepped forward to help Ivy from the wheelchair.

But just when Violet was about to help Ivy onto the chair, Ivy suddenly fell towards Violet, almost weighing herself on her.

Violet lost balance and fell to the ground.

Ivy also fell on her. Violet felt that her internal organs were displaced.

The most serious thing was that her arm was rubbed directly against the ground. A large piece of skin was torn. The pain made her face pale and cold sweat came out of her forehead.

"Ivy!" At this moment, a male voice filled with nervousness sounded.

Immediately afterwards, the tall figure walked over quickly, lifted Ivy from Violet, and looked at her with concern, "Is it all right?"

"I'm fine." Ivy shook her head, then went to see Violet on the ground.

Stanley also looked over. When he saw Violet's face clearly, he couldn't help but startled, "Why are you here?"

Violet stood up from the ground, enduring the pain. Then she smiled at him, "Mr. Murphy."

She was also a little surprised.

He turned out to be the one who helped Ivy get the coat!

"What were you doing just now?" Stanley pursed his lips and looked at Violet, a touch of questioning in his voice.

Violet's smile froze on her face. She lowered her eyelids and replied, "Just now, Miss Ellis said that she wanted to sit on the sun lounger, so I helped her to sit on it, but she fell."

Was he blaming her for making Ivy fall?

"Is that so?" Stanley turned his gaze to Ivy.

"Yes." Ivy nodded, and then apologized embarrassedly, "I'm sorry, Miss Hunt, I just suddenly lost strength and caused you to fall."

"Never mind." Violet forced a smile.

Stanley's tight face eased, "Okay, time is almost up. I will take you back to the ward first."

"No, I haven't gone to the front to see the flowers." Ivy pointed to the front flowerbed and didn't want to leave.

"Next time!" Stanley pushed her back into the wheelchair and pushed her away.

Seeing the back of the two of them going away, Violet couldn't help narrowing her eyes.

Violet didn't know if she thought too much. When she helped Ivy get up from the wheelchair, it was so smoothly. When she was about to help Ivy sit on the sun lounger, she suddenly became unstable and fell on top of her?

Did Ivy do it on purpose?

Violet retracted her gaze and then glanced at the place where she had just fallen and thought thoughtfully for a few seconds. Finally, she only treated it as an accident, and left the hospital, covering her scratched arm.

In the afternoon, Violet wore a pair of black glasses and loose pajamas. She was sitting cross-legged on the sofa and drawing the design draft when the doorbell rang.

She put the design notebook and pencil on the coffee table, then got up to open the door.

The door was opened. Looking at her in sloppy dress which was different from her usual looks, Stanley raised his eyebrows, "You usually dress like this when you are at home?" _____

Chapter 104 Applying Medicine

"Huh?" Violet didn't react a little. She lowered her head and glanced at herself, then blushed immediately, "Well... wait a minute. I'll change my clothes!"

After speaking, she slammed the door shut. The door panel almost hit Stanley's nose.

Stanley took a step back and couldn't help but chuckled as he watched the decoration hanging on the door panel still swaying slightly.

This was the first time he saw Violet who was so reckless.

After a few minutes, the door was reopened.

Violet returned to the same exquisite and fashionable dress as before. She made a gesture of inviting Stanley, "Mr. Murphy, please come in!"

Stanley nodded and walked in.

Violet poured a glass of water for him, "Mr. Murphy, what brings you here?"

"Take off your clothes!" Stanley put the bag in his hand on the coffee table and said.

Violet almost choked on her own saliva and looked at him incredulously, "Mr. Murphy, what are you talking about?"

Take off her clothes?

Stanley realized that his words were a little misunderstood. He put his fist on his mouth and cleared his throat, "I came here to apply medicine for you. Didn't you fall?"

After pushing Ivy to the ward, he went to the place where they fell and found a pool of blood stains there.

Since Ivy was not injured, it was self-evident that the blood stains belonged to.

"It turned out to be like this!" Violet held back her shocked smile, and then touched her injured arm, "It's not serious. No need, Mr. Murphy."

"Not serious?" Stanley narrowed his eyes. Suddenly, he pulled her wrist. In her exclamation, he directly raised her sleeve.

Looking at the long bloodstain on her fair arm, Stanley's face became gloomy. His lips pressed into a straight line, "It's not serious? Are you not afraid of having scars on it?"

"I..." Violet suddenly had nothing to say.

As a person who loved beauty, how could she not be afraid of having scars on her arm? Once the scars were left on her arm, she couldn't wear the clothes she liked.

But why was he so angry?

Violet looked at Stanley unclearly.

Stanley let go of her wrist, and said, "Sit down."

"Oh." Violet sat down on the sofa obediently.

Stanley took the bag on the coffee table and sat next to her, then opened the bag and took out the contents one by one. It was sterilized iodine, anti-inflammatory drugs, and cotton swab bandages.

After Stanley placed these things in the order in which they were used, he looked up at Violet, "Roll up the sleeves by yourself."

"Got it." Violet nodded and rolled up her sleeve.

Stanley opened the iodine and began to disinfect her with medicine.

His movements were very gentle, as if he was afraid of hurting her. He almost didn't use much force.

Violet looked at his serious side face. A hint of sweetness could not help but rise in her heart. Her eyes were blurred, and even the indoor atmosphere became warm at this time.

But the warm atmosphere was soon broken by the sound of the door opening. Lily came in with so many bags. She saw Violet and Stanley sitting on the sofa head-to-head. The smile on her face suddenly froze, "What are you guys doing?"

"Mom, you're back." Violet raised her head and greeted Lily.

Lily gave a blank expression.

Seeing that Lily was a little unhappy, Violet realized something, and quickly said, "Mom, Mr. Murphy is helping me apply medicine."

"Apply medicine?" Lily's face tightened. She walked over quickly, "What's wrong with you, baby?"

"Nothing serious. I fell when I went out." Violet said nonchalantly.

Stanley picked up the bandage, wrapped it around her arm a few times and then tied a knot, "It's done."

"Thank you, Mr. Murphy." Violet put down her sleeves.

Lily's face eased a lot. She smiled at Stanley, "Stanley, thank you."

"Never mind." Stanley threw the used cotton swabs into the trash can, then stood up, "Ma'am, can I talk to you for a sec?"

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"What?" Lily looked at him suspiciously.

Stanley pursed his lips and replied, "In the few months before my grandfather passed away, he was very close to you. I want to know some things between you and my grandfather."

After learning that his parents' deaths were related to his grandfather yesterday, he discovered that he never knew his grandfather.

Maybe from Violet's mother, he could know some secrets about Grandpa.

"This..." Lily frowned somewhat embarrassedly.

Violet pulled her sleeves, "Mom!"

Lily glared at Violet, then lowered her voice, "You just care about him!"

Violet stuck out her tongue mischievously.

Lily rubbed Violet's nose, and then said to Stanley, "Okay, come to the study with me."

With that, Lily walked towards the study.

Stanley did not immediately follow, but thanked Violet.

He knew that if it were not for her, her mother would not agree so simply.

After about half an hour, Stanley and Lily both walked out of the study.

Stanley's face was tense, "Ma'am, I have to leave first."

"Okay." Lily nodded.

Stanley glanced at Violet again, and then left.

Violet closed the door, "Mom, what did you tell him?"

Lily sat on the sofa, picked up the remote control and turned on the TV, "Just told him about his Grandpa's past."

"Then why is Mr. Murphy not so happy?" Violet pointed out the direction Stanley was leaving in a puzzled way.

Lily changed the channel indifferently, "How do I know that? But why are you asking so much?"

"I'm curious." Violet looked away unnaturally.

Lily looked at her, "Are you curious or worried about him?"

"Mom!" Violet called her with a long tone.

Lily's face remained unchanged, "You can't fool me around even if you act like a spoiled child. How did I tell you yesterday? I let you restrain your feelings. But today, you actually invited him home and asked him to help you apply medicine. Are you afraid of loving him not deep enough?"

"It's not me. He came by himself." Violet went over and picked up the design notebook and pencil, "Okay Mom, I have to pick up the children later."

"Wait a minute!" Lily stopped her.

Violet paused with her hand on the doorknob of the bedroom, and looked back at Lily, "What's the matter?"

"Speaking of children, I suddenly found that Calvin looks too much like Stanley!" Lily touched her chin in thought.

Violet's back stiffened, "What's weird about this? There are so many that look like each other in this world."

"But I have never seen such similar persons." Lily squinted and stared at her back, "Baby, tell me honestly, is Stanley the father of two children?"

"How is it possible? I didn't know Mr. Murphy before. How could he be the children's father? Mom, don't guess. It doesn't matter who the children's father is. The important thing is that they are my children and your grandchildren, right?" Violet persuaded with blinking eyes.

Lily sighed, "Yes, all right. I won't ask. I will pick up the children with you."

"Okay." Violet nodded. At the same time, she heaved a sigh of relief where Lily couldn't see it.

In the evening, Violet took Lily and her two children to a French restaurant.

George saw them, raised his hand and waved, "Ma'am, Violet, here!"

After Violet smiled back, she and Lily walked over with children.

"Sorry, George, have you waited a long time?" Violet said embarrassedly.

Chapter 105 Be in Danger in the Restroom

"No, I just arrived here." George got up and pulled the chair for Lily, "Ma'am, please sit down."

Lily happily covered her lips and smiled, "Thank you so much."

"It's my pleasure." George pushed his glasses, and then pulled chairs for Violet and the two children, and finally for himself.

After finishing this, George handed the menu to Lily, "See what you want to eat."

"Okay." Lily took the menu and got together with the two children to read the name of the dish.

George brought a small plate of pastries to Violet, "Your favorite dessert."

"Thank you." Violet took it with a smile.

George took a sip of the water in front of him, "I heard Ivy say you fell with her today. Are you okay?"

"I'm okay. It's just that my arm hurt a bit. Mr. Murphy has already applied some medicine." Violet replied, putting a piece of dessert into her mouth.

George's eyes became cold, "Mr. Murphy?"

"Yeah." Violet nodded.

George covered his mouth with a cup, "Why did he apply medicine to you?"

"I don't know. He came to me by himself." Violet shrugged.

George rubbed the glass and didn't speak anymore. The coldness in his eyes made people feel chill.

At this time, Lily and the two children finished ordering the dishes and handed over the menu, "Well, see what you want to eat."

"George!" Violet directly gave the menu to George.

George held back anger, regained a gentle smile on his face, and nodded, "Okay."

After ordering, the waiter took the menu to the kitchen.

Violet finished her dessert, took a napkin and wiped her mouth, then stood up, "I'll go to the restroom."

After speaking, she asked other waiters about the location of the bathroom, and then left the seat.

After peeing, Violet came out of the cubicle and walked to the sink, ready to put on makeup.

When she lowered her head to look for lipstick in her bag, a cubicle behind her suddenly opened. A man in a hoodie came out from it, stepped behind her, and pressed the back of her head down.

Violet was shocked by the sudden change. The bag placed on the wash basin was swept to the ground by her arm. All the stuff inside were out.

"Who are you! Let me go! Help!" Violet yelled in fear while struggling.

Not only did the man not let go of her, but he increased the strength of his hands, pushed her head into the sink, and then freed up a hand to unscrew the faucet.

The icy water poured down from the top of her head. Violet shivered so coldly, and then water ran down her cheeks into the nasal cavity, choking her coughing again and again.

When there was half of the water in the sink, the man pushed Violet's head into the water.

"Don't hate me! I also acted according to orders. Who let you not to be a good woman and go to snatch someone else's man?" The man finally spoke, but his voice was obviously lowered deliberately, just because he didn't want Violet to hear his original sound.

Although Violet heard his words, she didn't have time to think about who ordered him.

At this moment, her small face was flushed. The feeling of suffocation made her feel uncomfortable. Both arms began to scratch and wave in the air.

"Ummm..." Violet's face was completely immersed in the water, and there was a steady stream of water flowing down her head. She couldn't open her mouth. She could only make a gurgling sound, and she could only use her throat to beg for mercy, hoping for this man let her go.

But the man remained unmoved and kept pressing her head, not even giving her a chance to breathe. Obviously, he wanted to drown her.

Realizing this, Violet felt desperate. As time passed, she struggled less and less, and her consciousness became more and more blurred.

Just when she thought she was going to die, two female voices suddenly came from outside the restroom, "You really need me to accompany you to go to the restroom?"

"I can't walk anymore."

"Okay, I'll wait for you at the door. Hurry up."

"Okay, okay."

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After they finished speaking, a crisp sound of high heels came from the restroom door.

After the man cursed "damn it", he let go of Violet and rushed out quickly.

The two women were taken aback, "What happened? How come there are men in the women's restroom?"

"Go in and take a look?"

Soon, two sexy women came in from the outside. Seeing Violet whose head was buried in the sink, they were shocked again. Then they hurried forward to help Violet up, "Are you okay?"

Violet was completely weak at this moment. She could only lean on one of the women, panting for breath, unable to open her eyes, "Help...help me call the police..."

"Okay, okay, well, I'll call the police." Another woman nodded quickly and took out her mobile phone to call the police.

"Thank you..." Violet thanked her very gratefully.

If they hadn't come over suddenly, she might have really died here.

"You're welcome. Let me help you go outside," said the woman who was supporting Violet.

Violet gave a hmm and agreed.

There was a waiting chair outside the restroom. As soon as the woman put Violet on the chair, Violet's cell phone rang.

The woman who had just called the police handed Violet's bag over.

Violet thanked again and took out the phone from her bag, "Mom..."

Hearing the weakness in Violet's voice, Lily became nervous, "What's wrong with you, baby?"

"Mom, someone is going to kill me." Violet squeezed the phone tightly and said in a crying and scared voice.

Lily stood up abruptly, "What?"

"Mom, I'm outside the restroom."

"Okay, I'll come right now!"

Hanging up the phone, Violet hugged her knees and started crying.

The two women saw her crying like this, and they didn't know how to comfort her. After all, they hadn't experienced this kind of thing. Violet couldn't get well just by a few words of comfort.

Within a few minutes, Lily and George came over with the two children and the manager.

When the two children saw Violet so embarrassed, they were both scared and cried.

"Mommy, are you okay?" Arya took Violet's hand, crying out of breath.

Calvin clenched his fists and asked angrily, "Mommy, who was going to kill you?"

"I don't know." Violet shook her head and said palely.

George stepped forward, took off his coat and put it on Violet, "Ma'am, pull Calvin and Arya away. I have to check Violet."

"Well, well." Lily immediately took the two children away.

Although George was a brain doctor, he knew some ordinary diagnosis.

After the examination, he let out a sigh of relief. Before Lily and the two children asked, he said directly, "Nothing serious. It's just a short period of hypoxia, and she was greatly frightened. She'll be fine after a period of rest. "

"That's good. That's good." Lily patted her chest relievedly, and then asked, "Baby, tell me, what happened?"

Violet closed her coat tightly, looked at the restroom door with dull eyes, and told them what happened.

After listening, Lily wiped her tears directly, "Damn it! Who the hell wanted to kill my daughter!"

"Ma'am, calm down." George supported Lily while looking at Violet, "Violet, did you see that person's face?"

"No, he has always been behind me. I can't see him at all." Violet shook her head. When she mentioned the man, her voice was obviously trembling.

George looked at the two women who had rescued Violet again, "How about you guys?"_Chapter 106
The Suspect

"No, he rushed out with a swish. Besides, he was wearing a hat." The two women replied.

George nodded, "It seems that the murderer has hidden his face specially."

At this time, the restaurant manager hurried over with a few police officers.

"Which of you called the police!" A senior police officer asked.

The woman who called the police raised her hand, "It's me."

"Tell me, what happened?" The senior police officer opened the notebook in his hand, preparing to make a record.

The woman who called the police glanced at Violet. Seeing Violet nodded at her, she told the story.

Lily even directly took the police officer's hand, "Sir, please be sure to catch the murderer!"

"Please." The two children also said.

George didn't speak. His eyelids drooped. No one knew what he was thinking.

"Don't worry. This is our duty. We will definitely do it." After pacifying Lily and the two children, the senior police officer pulled his hand back and began to ask Violet.

After the question, the senior police officer frowned tightly, "So troublesome!"

"What's wrong?" the restaurant manager asked hurriedly.

The restaurant under his jurisdiction happened such things. How could he not be in a hurry?

"According to this young lady, the murderer was specially disguised. Besides, this is a restroom. There is no surveillance, let alone the murderer's face, even the body height of the murderer is not known. It is not easy to catch." The senior police officer sighed.

"There is surveillance in the corridor." The restaurant manager pointed to his head and said.

George raised his eyebrows, "Really? That's great. The surveillance in the corridor will definitely capture the scene of murderer escaping. How about going to the monitoring room?"

"Okay." The senior police officer nodded.

Lily helped Violet up from the chair. A group of more than a dozen people walked towards the monitoring room.

As George said, the surveillance did capture the scene of the murderer coming out of the women's restroom. But unfortunately, the identity of the murderer was still not confirmed.

So the senior police officer had no choice but to go back to the police station to make a transcript, and then started the investigation.

"Aye!" Violet sneezed several times before leaving the restaurant.

Lily turned to the restaurant manager and asked, "Do you have a hair dryer? How about letting my daughter dry her hair first? Otherwise, she will catch a cold."

"Yes, we have." The restaurant manager nodded repeatedly.

Lily left the two children to George and asked him to take care of them, while she took Violet and followed the manager to dry the hair.

"Hey, isn't that Violet?" Behind a window in the private room on the second floor of the restaurant, a baby-faced man was surprised when he saw Violet.

Afterwards, he took out his cell phone and dialed out the phone number, "Hey, Stanley, guess who I saw."

"Boring!" Stanley stared at the computer in front of him, and replied coldly.

Henry laughed twice, "I saw Violet."

Stanley paused when he tapped the keyboard, "Violet?"

"Yes."

"Where did you see her?" Stanley put the phone to his ear.

Henry tapped on the window and replied, "Emgrand Restaurant, but she doesn't look well."

"What's the matter?" Stanley asked in a deep voice and tightened the hand which held the mobile phone.

Henry looked at Violet below, "I don't know the specifics. She seems to have been frightened. Her face is very pale and her hair is wet. She wears a men's jacket. The important is that there are two police officers following her. Stanley..."

Before Henry finished speaking, he suddenly found that there was no sound on the other side of the phone. He took the phone to the front and looked at it. Stanley actually hung up the phone.

It seemed that Stanley was ready to rush here after hearing Violet's situation.

Downstairs, Violet got the hair dryer. With Lily's help, she dried her hair. Then, she followed the two police officers into the police car and left the restaurant.

It was already ten o'clock in the evening when she finished the record and came out from the police station.

Violet and others walked in the night. The atmosphere was very down.

"Violet, is your mood better?" George asked softly while looking at Violet who bowed her head and said nothing.

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Violet gave a hmm and forced a smile, "It's better."

"Mommy..." The two children looked at her. The worry in their eyes was so obvious.

Violet squatted down and touched the heads of the two children, "Don't worry. Mommy is all right."

"Mommy, I'm scared." Arya threw herself directly into Violet's arms, "I almost lost Mommy."

"Yes, who is so vicious and wants Mommy's life!" Calvin said with clenching his small fist, his face full of anger.

Lily pursed her lips, "According to the police station, it should be the people around us. Otherwise, it would be impossible to know Violet's whereabouts so clearly, and lurk in the restroom."

"Yes, I think it's the people around me too." Violet nodded.

There was a complicated look in George's eyes, "Violet, who do you think of?"

Violet moved her lips. Just when she was about to speak, a car horn came from not far away.

Immediately afterwards, two high beams came on, shining on Violet and other, making them a little bit unable to open their eyes.

"Who is it?" Lily put her hand in front of her eyes.

"It's Uncle Murphy." The two children blinked. Seeing the tall figure walking against the light, both of them jumped up happily.

"Uncle Murphy." The two children ran towards Stanley.

Seeing the two children's enthusiastic attitude towards Stanley, George's eyes behind the glasses narrowed, but soon they returned to nature.

Stanley squatted down and picked up Arya. The other hand held Calvin's hand and they walked to Violet. Then he looked Violet up and down, "Are you okay?"

Violet said, "How do you know that something happened to me?"

"Henry told me. He was also in the restaurant." Stanley replied.

Violet suddenly lifted her chin, "It turned out to be like this."

"Has the murderer been caught?" Stanley put Arya down and asked again.

"No, but I feel that this murderer is just someone who takes money to do things. The real murderer is still hiding in the dark." Lily sighed.

Violet's eyes fixed on Stanley.

When Lily saw it, she was a little puzzled, "Violet, what are you staring at Stanley like this?"

Violet's eyes flickered, "Nothing."

She looked away.

Stanley caught something wrong. His eyes darkened, but he didn't ask what she was thinking. He proposed, "Ma'am, it's late. I will drive you guys back first."

"Okay." Lily nodded, "Thank you."

"Ma'am, then I won't go with you." George said with a smile.

Lily wanted to ask him the reason. Then he said, "There will be an operation tomorrow morning. I want to go back to rest early."

"Okay, be careful." Lily nodded and agreed.

Violet and the two children waved their hands and said goodbye to him.

Only Stanley didn't move, pretending that he didn't see it.

George didn't care about it. He still said goodbye to Stanley, and then drove away.

"Then let's go back." Lily looked back after George's car disappeared.

Stanley nodded slightly and had no objection.

On the way back to the apartment, Lily looked at Stanley who was driving, and tentatively asked, "Stanley, why did you come to us all of a sudden?"

"The Murphy Group has shares in Emgrand Restaurant. Such things happened to you guys! As one of the bosses, I have to do something." Stanley lowered his eyelids and said lightly.

Lily was a little disappointed. She thought he was worried about Violet.

She seemed to be thinking too much. It was only Violet loved him.

"Mr. Murphy, can I ask you a question?" Violet suddenly said after coaxing the two children to sleep. _____

Chapter 107 Elevator Accident

Stanley glanced at her in the rearview mirror, "Of course."

"Mr. Murphy, could it be that Phoebe wants to kill me?" Violet clenched her fists and asked.

Squeak!

Stanley stepped on the accelerator abruptly and stopped the car.

Several people in the car leaned forward uncontrollably, and were finally pulled back by the seat belt.

But the two children were awakened by this move.

"Mommy, what's the matter?" Arya asked in a daze, rubbing her eyes.

Calvin sat up and looked around, "Has something happened?"

"Nothing, go to sleep." Violet touched the heads of the two children, pushed the two children back on her laps, and lightly patted the backs of the two children.

Arya was not awake at first, and soon fell asleep again.

But Calvin was lying on Violet's lap obediently with his big eyes open, and refused to sleep.

Violet didn't force him to sleep.

"Stanley, why did you stop suddenly?" Lily said in a frightened voice.

"Sorry." Stanley pursed his thin lips, then turned to look at Violet in the back seat, "Why do you think it is Phoebe?"

"Because the murderer said something in my ear at the time, saying that I snatched someone else's man. From my return until now, because of work, only Mr. Murphy always talks with me. Besides, Phoebe also said it several times that I want to snatch her position." Violet looked into his deep eyes and said.

Lily also turned her head and patted Violet, "What? The murderer actually said this to you? Why didn't you tell those police officers at the police station just now?"

Violet did not answer, still looking at Stanley.

Calvin also stared at Stanley. The admiration for Stanley in his eyes faded a lot.

It turned out that Mommy was almost killed because of Uncle Murphy?

Stanley caught the change in Calvin's eyes. Somehow, he felt as if his heart was grabbed by someone. He even felt that he lost something important. He clenched the steering wheel and said solemnly, "I know! I will find it out!" "

"It's not enough to find it out!" Lily became serious, "Stanley, if it is really Phoebe, I hope you will break the marriage contract with her and send her to jail immediately."

"I will." Stanley lowered his eyelids to cover the emotions in his eyes.

He would do the same even if she didn't remind him.

The Murphy Group did not need the Mrs. Murphy who committed murder.

Seeing that Stanley was not temporizing her, Lily was satisfied and eased her face, "That's good. Stanley, go."

Stanley gave a faint hmm, took another look at Violet, and restarted the car.

When they arrived at the apartment, Stanley walked them to the door and left.

Calvin pulled Arya, who was already awake, into the children's room.

Lily came out of the kitchen with a plate of washed fruit, "Baby, leave Stanley's company as soon as possible."

Violet was ironing George's coat. Hearing this, she paused slightly, "What's the matter?"

"You still ask? Today's thing almost scared me to death. You are so close to Stanley. There may be any danger in the future."

Listening to the worry in her mother's words, Violet felt warmed. The expression on her face softened, "I know. Don't worry. I will write about resignation in a few days."

She had only worked in the Murphy Group for one month.

Now that the show was over, it was almost time for her to leave.

Depressing the faint reluctance in her mind, Violet put the iron aside, "Well, Mom. I'll take a bath first."

"Go to bed early." Lily nodded.

Violet responded and took her pajamas to the bathroom.

That night, Violet hadn't slept well for almost the whole night. When she closed her eyes, the scene she almost suffocated and died popped into her mind, so that when she woke up the next morning, two big dark circles were under her eyes, which scared Lily.

"Baby, what's the matter with you?" Lily touched Violet's face.

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Violet shook her head, "I'm okay, Mom. There's no rice at home. I'll go out to buy some breakfast."

"Okay, be careful on the road." Lily exhorted.

Violet smiled, took the wallet and went out to the elevator.

When she got to the elevator, she pressed the button to open the door.

The elevator came up quickly. Just as Violet was about to go in, Lily suddenly ran up, "Wait a minute."

"What's the matter?" Violet took back one foot into the elevator and turned to look at her.

Lily took a note and handed it to Violet, "Help me buy some of these things by the way."

"Let me see." Violet took a look at the note and nodded, "Okay, then I'm leaving."

After speaking, she was about to get into the elevator again.

But just as she stepped into the elevator with one foot, the elevator shook violently.

"Violet!" Lily was so shocked. Then she subconsciously took Violet's hand and pulled her back.

When Violet was pulled to the corridor, the elevator box suddenly fell down uncontrollably, but the elevator door did not close.

Violet and Lily watched the elevator box fell to the first floor at an extremely fast speed with a loud bang.

The loud noise also made Violet and Lily tremble. Their faces turned pale.

"Mom..." Violet hugged Lily tightly, her voice trembling.

Lily was not much better than her at the moment. But she still pated Violet's back to comfort her, "It's okay, baby, it's okay."

Violet stared blankly at the elevator door that was still unclosed, and the iron chain connected to the elevator box. Her hands and feet were cold, "Mom, this is definitely not an accident!"

If it wasn't her mother who suddenly came out to stop her and asked her to buy other things, she might have been crushed into pieces now.

"I know! This is not an accident. Someone wants to kill you!" Lily said with red eyes and gritted teeth.

The elevator was fine last night. Why did it break down early this morning? It was so completely broken, which was obviously impossible.

"Call the police!" Lily released Violet and quickly took out her mobile phone to call the police.

Soon, people from the police station came. It was still those people last night.

"The appraisal result has come out. The elevator was indeed broken by someone." The people from

Identification Department came over and said to Violet and Lily.

Violet was sitting on the sofa, holding a cup of hot water in her hand.

But even with the hot water, there was no way to warm her cold palms at this moment.

She couldn't calm down when she thought that she was almost dead just now.

Lily stood behind Violet and put her hand on Violet's shoulder, "Sure enough! Who is so vicious that he wants to kill my daughter twice in a row!"

Several police officers looked at each other. In the end, the person from Identification Department took the lead to speak, "Miss Hunt should have suspicion, right?"

"How do you say?" Lily frowned.

The person in Identification Department looked at Violet, "Just now we found some words on the top of the elevator box..."

He seemed a little hard to say.

Finally, he directly showed Violet the photos he had taken, "Miss Hunt, please see for yourself."

Violet put down the water glass and took the photo. Then she saw the words, "Bitch! Dare to snatch my man? Go to the hell!" Suddenly, she squeezed the photo into a ball.

Lily also saw it. When she was about to lose her temper, Violet put down the photo, "Mom, give me your phone."

"Okay." Lily reluctantly suppressed the anger and gave Violet the phone.

Violet took a deep breath and dialed Phoebe's phone number.

Phoebe's voice soon came over, "Hey, what a rare guest? You actually called me?"

Chapter 108 Indifferent Calvin

"Is it you?" Violet squeezed the phone and asked.

Phoebe was confused, "What are you talking about?"

"Is it you who ordered the one to kill me last night and today?" Violet stood up.

Phoebe froze for a while, then laughed, "Haha... There are finally other people who hate you guts and want your life."

"What do you mean? It's not you?" Violet narrowed her eyes.

Phoebe curled her lips, "Nonsense, of course it's not me. I really want you to die, but everyone knows that we have grudges. Once you have an accident, everyone will doubt me first. I'm not so stupid to kill you now. You should think for yourself whether you have offended other people."

After speaking, she hung up the phone.

Violet dropped the phone. Lily looked down at her, "Baby, it's really not her?"

Violet rubbed her temples, "I don't know! The main purpose of my call is to test her. If it's really her, I should be able to feel something wrong, but I didn't feel it just now."

"That's not her, who would it be?" Lily patted the sofa angrily.

Violet looked down and said nothing.

Indeed, whether it was the words that the murderer said last night or the words on the elevator box just now, they all point to Phoebe. After all, Phoebe was Stanley's fiancée and had grudges with her. Phoebe often said that Violet wanted to snatch Stanley away, so it was normal for Phoebe to kill her.

But the conversation with Phoebe just now gave Violet another kind of speculation, which was that the real murderer wanted to put the blame on Phoebe. Someone wanted to kill her, but he also wanted to put the blame on Phoebe and let her take the blame. If this was the case, the real behind-the-scene would be so scheming and vicious.

Just when Violet was thinking about this, Calvin came out of the children's room, "Mommy."

Violet forced a smile, "Why did you come out? Didn't I let you stay with your sister in the room?"

"Arya was tired from crying and fell asleep." Calvin climbed onto the sofa and sat down beside her.

Violet hugged his little shoulder, "What's the matter, baby?"

"Mommy, I can't find the person who wants to kill Mommy. That Phoebe is not the murderer." Calvin lowered his head. His face was full of guilt.

Violet frowned, "Honey, didn't Mommy tell you that don't participate in adult affairs? Why are you..."

"I'm worried about Mommy!" Calvin interrupted her.

Violet opened her mouth and suddenly became speechless.

Lily patted the back of Violet's hand, "Well, Violet, he is worried about you. Don't get angry with him. Listen to what Calvin has found! Why is it not Phoebe?"

"Well." Violet sighed and agreed.

Calvin frowned. His immature face showed the same coldness as Stanley, "Mommy, I just checked Phoebe's bank account and her various electronic products. Then I found that she has not transferred recently. She didn't contact others, nor even the surveillance video captured that she left the house."

"In other words, she didn't contact anyone, didn't spend any money to bribe someone, and didn't take the initiative to see anyone, so her suspicion can be basically cleaned up." Violet pursed her lips.

Calvin nodded, "Yes."

"Why isn't it her? If it's really her, we can get her up early. I'm really unwilling!" Lily patted the table with regret, "No, I have to ask those people at the police station to have any other clues."

With that, she turned and went out.

Violet didn't stop Lily. She pulled Calvin's soft little hand.

Calvin pursed his mouth, a little unhappy, "Mommy, the real murderer hides too deep. I have no clues to find her out. I'm sorry."

"Sweetie, you have done a good job." Violet kissed her son's forehead.

Calvin blushed.

At this moment, Violet's cell phone rang.

Calvin took a look, then his face became colder, "Mommy, it's Uncle Murphy."

Violet was a little surprised how his attitude towards Stanley had changed so much, but she didn't think too much. She picked up the phone and put it to her ear, "Mr. Murphy."

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"What happened last night, there were some results. It's not Phoebe." Stanley's cold voice came into her ears.

Violet gave a hmm, and glanced at Calvin, "I already know that the real murderer is someone else."

"When did you know?" Stanley was a little surprised.

"Just now." Violet replied with a smile.

Suddenly, a small hand snatched the phone.

Violet looked at her son in surprise, "Calvin, what are you doing?"

"Mommy, let me say a few words to Uncle Murphy." Calvin said, putting the phone to his ear. His voice was cold, "Uncle Murphy, stay away from my Mommy in the future. It's all because of you, Mommy almost died today."

"What?" Stanley suddenly stood up from his office chair.

He didn't care about Calvin's words of "stay away from my Mommy". Calvin's last sentence "Mommy almost died today" echoed in his mind.

Could it be that Violet suffered the same thing as last night?

"Uncle Murphy, this morning, Mommy was almost killed by the elevator. All of this was caused by you. Although the murderer is not Phoebe, it is also other women who are interested in you. Uncle Murphy, she is jealous of Mommy, so she wants to kill Mommy." Calvin said coldly to Stanley with a sullen face.

He liked Uncle Murphy, but this love was far inferior to that of Mommy.

For Mommy's safety, he would not allow Uncle Murphy to approach Mommy.

"Calvin..." Violet was very moved when she saw her son defending herself in this way.

On the other end of the phone, Stanley was shocked by the news brought by Calvin. His thin lips moved. His throat was a little hoarse, "I don't know what happened this morning. I'm coming right now!"

"Don't come here. We don't want to see you." Calvin directly stopped him, "If someone who is staring at Mommy secretly sees you coming, Mommy will suffer unsuspecting disaster again."

Hearing this, Stanley's hand holding the car key tightened, and finally loosened weakly, "Okay, I won't come. But you have to tell me, is your Mom okay?"

Calvin looked at Violet.

Violet nodded encouragingly.

Calvin pursed his lips and replied, "Mommy is okay. She was rescued by Grandma in time."

"That's good." Stanley felt relieved, and then narrowed his eyes. He said in a cold voice, "Calvin, I will give your Mommy an explanation for these two incidents!"

"I hope." Calvin snorted, hung up the phone, and returned the phone to Violet.

Violet touched his head, "Why are you so indifferent to Uncle Murphy?"

Calvin lowered his head, "The women around Uncle Murphy almost killed Mommy, so I don't want to like him anymore."

Hearing this, Violet's eyes dimmed.

Yes, although it was not Phoebe, it was also a certain woman who admired Stanley.

As for who it was, there were too many. But there was only one person who could treat Stanley as her own man so directly except Phoebe.

Ivy!

Thinking of her, Violet couldn't help but remembered the incident in the hospital yesterday.

Was that really an accident?

"Mommy, what are you thinking about?" Calvin couldn't help but asked when he saw Violet bit her lip.

Violet smiled lightly, "Nothing. Go to tell Grandma, Mommy is going out."

She planned to go to the hospital to see whether it was Ivy or not!

Chapter 108 Indifferent Calvin

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Violet smiled lightly, "Nothing. Go to tell Grandma, Mommy is going out."

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Chapter 109 Sound Ivy Out

At present, Ivy was the most likely. Violet just got close to Stanley recently, but she was blamed to snatch Stanley, let alone Phoebe, who was engaged to Stanley.

Killing Violet, and then framing Phoebe, this was completely a matter of killing two birds with one stone. After that, Stanley would belong to Ivy completely.

Thinking, Violet patted Calvin's little ass, "Go. I have to go back to the room to change clothes."

"Okay, I'm going to tell Grandma." Calvin climbed off the sofa and ran to the room.

After an hour and a half, Violet came to the hospital smoothly.

Originally, she thought that there would be some accidents on the way here, so she was always worried.

But fortunately, nothing happened in the end. It seemed that the people behind the scenes still dared not to attack her in the public, which made her feel a lot more relieved.

"Miss Ellis." Violet knocked on the door of Ivy's ward.

Ivy was sitting on the bed and reading a book. Hearing Violet's voice, she looked up and said, "Miss Hunt, please come in."

Violet walked in with a smile.

"Have a seat!" Ivy pointed to the chair beside the hospital bed.

"Thank you." Violet pulled the chair away and sat down.

Ivy closed the book and placed it on the bedside, "What brings you here?"

Violet didn't look at her but replied, "I'm here to find George, but he is not at the office. I thought he was here, so I come here to have a look."

"George just returned to the office. Didn't you see him on the way here?" Ivy narrowed her eyes.

Violet tucked her hair, "Really? I should have missed it. I'm sending him a message."

After speaking, she took out the phone and pretended to click on it a few times.

After a minute, Violet turned off the phone and put it back in her bag, "Miss Ellis, can I wait for George here? He will come to me later."

"Of course." Ivy nodded.

Violet smiled gratefully, "Thank you."

"You're welcome." Ivy stared at her.

Being stared at by Ivy, Violet felt a little uncomfortable, so she subconsciously touched her face, "Miss Ellis, is there anything on my face?"

"No, it's just that Miss Hunt seems to be very tired. Didn't you have a good rest?" Ivy leaned against the head of the bed.

Violet lowered her eyelids to cover the emotions in her eyes, "Yes, something happened last night."

"Oh? What's the matter?" Ivy seemed to be very interested. She hurriedly approached Violet and asked.

Violet looked up at Ivy, "Someone wants to kill me."

"What?" Ivy was shocked. It took a while for her to react, "Then have you called the police?"

"Yeah, but they didn't catch the murderer." Violet shook her head regretfully.

Ivy raised her scrawny hand and patted Violet's shoulder, "It's okay. They can definitely catch the murderer. Don't be discouraged. But why does the murderer want to kill you?"

"Because she felt that I snatched her man." Violet smiled bitterly.

Ivy patted the sheets in indignation, "It's gone too far. She wanted to kill you just because of this? So vicious."

"Yeah, when I catch her, I must let her taste the feeling of be almost dying." Violet clenched her fists and pretended to say viciously.

"Yeah." Ivy nodded in agreement.

Violet frowned slightly.

She deliberately said in front of Ivy that someone wanted to kill her. She also deliberately said that if she caught the person who killed her, she wanted to retaliate, just to see if Ivy had any unusual reactions.

But unfortunately, Ivy did not have any abnormalities. In this case, either Ivy's acting skills were so good that she could deceive Violet, or she was really innocent.

"Miss Hunt, what are you thinking about?" Ivy stretched out her hand and waved in front of Violet.

Violet calmed down, forcing a smile, "Nothing. I'm thinking about George."

"Or, just make a call to him?" Ivy pointed to Violet's bag and suggested.

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Violet shook her head with a guilty conscience, "No need. Maybe he has a patient now. I can wait."

"Miss Hunt is really patient." Ivy adjusted her sitting posture and said.

"Well." Violet smiled.

Seeing Violet's bright smiling face, a jealousy flashed across Ivy's eyes, but it was fleeting, "Miss Hunt, has anyone told you that you are beautiful, especially your eyes, which are the brightest I have ever seen."

The sudden compliment caused Violet to be stunned for a moment. Then she tucked her hair embarrassedly, "I'm flattered."

"I'm serious. Miss Hunt, can I touch your eyes?" Ivy looked at Violet longingly.

Violet wanted to refuse. But when she saw Ivy's eyes, she felt it difficult to refuse. After hesitating for a while, she still agreed.

"Great, thank you, Miss Hunt." Ivy happily clapped her hands.

Violet lowered her head and brought her face to Ivy.

Ivy raised her hand to touch Violet's eyes.

Her cold fingers rubbed near Violet's eye sockets. Her movements were gentle as if she were treating a rare treasure. She was reluctant to let go for a long time.

"It's really beautiful. I really like these eyes. Miss Hunt, you must protect them well. Don't let them suffer any harm." Ivy said softly.

After hearing what Ivy said, Violet couldn't help but shuddered, feeling inexplicably uncomfortable.

But she didn't show it on her face. She just replied with a smile, "Of course, these are my eyes. As a costume designer, I will naturally protect them."

"That's good." Ivy seemed to be satisfied with the answer and nodded in relief.

Violet stood up and said, "Miss Ellis, since George hasn't come over yet, I'll go look for him directly. Take a good rest. Bye!"

She came here to test Ivy.

But she didn't get anything useful, so there was naturally no reason for her to stay any longer.

Hearing Violet want to leave, Ivy didn't stop her and then she said, "Okay, Miss Hunt, bye."

Violet nodded.

After Violet left, the smile on Ivy's face faded and her eyes became cold.

Immediately afterwards, she opened the bedside drawer, took out a document from the inside, and opened it. The big words 'cornea gets hurt' on the document pierced her eyes deeply.

But soon, she thought of something again. Her fingers slowly touched these words, then a frightening smile appeared on her face.

After Violet left Ivy's ward, she walked to the brain department, ready to say hello to George.

Otherwise, when Ivy asked George if she had come to him, her lie would be exposed.

"George." Violet stood at the door of George's office and knocked gently on the door.

George was bowing his head and writing something on the desk. Hearing her voice, he raised his head in surprise, "Why are you here?"

"I'll come to the hospital to get some medicine." Violet lied without changing her face.

George stood up immediately and came to her nervously, "Get the medicine? Are you sick?"

"No, just for the wounds on the arm." Violet touched the arm that was injured yesterday.

George breathed a sigh of relief, "Well!"

Violet walked into his office.

George poured a glass of water to her, "By the way, what happened to the investigation last night? Are there any results?"

Violet held the water glass and shook her head tiredly, "No, I almost died this morning."

"What?" George squeezed his paper cup tightly. The paper cup was squeezed into a ball, and the water inside spilled out on his hand, but he didn't feel hot at all. His face was gloomy and terrible.

It was the first time Violet saw such an angry George. She couldn't help being shocked.

Just when she was about to say something, George dropped the paper cup, grabbed her shoulder, and asked eagerly, "Violet, did you get injured?" _Chapter 110 Resign

"No, I was saved by my mother in time." Violet shook her head.

"Really? That's great." George let go of his hand which were holding her shoulder.

Violet checked the time, "George, it's late. I should go back."

"I'll drive you home." George picked up the car key.

Violet waved her hand, "No need, you're not ready to get off work. I can go back by myself."

Seeing her like this, George had no choice but to give up and put the car key back in place, "Well, call me when you get home."

"Okay." Violet responded with a smile, got up and left his office.

As soon as she left, George picked up the phone with a cold face and made a call.

The call was quickly connected. He directly yelled at the person on the other end, "Didn't I tell you to stop hurting Violet. Yesterday you almost killed her. I haven't questioned you yet. Today, you still wanted to hurt her. If you still dare to do it next time, I will expose you!"

"Got it. Don't worry, I won't act on her for the time being. After all, Stanley is also investigating me. I don't want to be found out by him. But you'd better tell Violet clearly, letting her stay away from Stanley. Otherwise, she will definitely not be so lucky next time!"

After speaking, the woman on the other end of the phone directly hung up the phone.

George put down the phone with a gloomy expression on his face. Seeing at the string of numbers in the phone without a name, a complicated look flashed across his eyes, which was fleeting.

After a while, he pushed his glasses to calm down. He found out Lily's number and dialed it, "Ms. Smith, I want to talk to you about Violet..."

"Okay, I see. When Violet comes back, I will discuss with her." Lily listened to George's suggestion and nodded repeatedly.

After half an hour, Violet came back.

Lily patted the position beside her, "Baby, come and sit down!"

Violet put down her bag and walked over to sit down, "What's the matter, Mom?"

"Violet, how about going abroad with me?" Lily looked at Violet.

Violet was taken aback for a moment, "Why did you suddenly let me go abroad with you?"

"What happened in the past two days really scared me. It's too dangerous for you to stay here. It's better to be safer abroad." Lily explained.

Violet lowered her eyelids, "No, Mom, I can't go with you."

"What? You don't want to leave Stanley?" Lily questioned her, a little unhappy.

Violet didn't know how to explain, "No, I promised my teacher to make a name for myself here. If I leave now, I can't finish what I promised the teacher?"

"But aren't you already famous? The success of 'Born of Fire' has made you a famous designer."

"How can this be enough? The reputation is far less than Mina's identity. My teacher said that as long as my achievements here reach the same level as Mina, I will be introduced to Design Association. Mom, this is my dream. I don't want to give it up." Violet held Lily's hand with an extremely serious expression on her face.

Looking at such a daughter, Lily opened her mouth and couldn't say anything to let Violet leave. She could sigh deeply, "But what about your safety?"

Violet lowered her eyes and smiled, and said with some uncertainty, "As long as I stay away from Mr. Murphy, I should be fine, right?"

"I hope." Lily patted the back of Violet's hand with a worried look on her face.

In the next few days, Violet never encountered any accidents. Everything was so calm.

It seemed that the people behind the scenes had temporarily stopped, so the investigation by the police station was also forced to stop.

Violet had no choice but to withdraw the lawsuit.

After all, even if she didn't withdraw the lawsuit, she wouldn't get anything, either.

When Violet came to the Murphy Group, she opened the door of her office, wiped the dust on the desk, turned on the computer, and prepared to print the resignation application.

At this time, a designer came to her with a stack of manuscripts to be reviewed, "Violet, are you better now?"

"Yeah." Violet said with a smile.

Originally, she asked for leave for only two days.

But because of those two accidents, Stanley gave her a few more days on the grounds of sick leave, so that she could have a good rest.

"That's great. Congratulations, Violet."

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Iconic Movie That Has A Secret Ending That You Never Got To See

"What?" Violet looked at her suspiciously.

The designer said, "You got a promotion!"

"Promotion?" Violet was slightly surprised.

The designer nodded, "Yeah, Fraser told us yesterday afternoon that you would be the chief designer of the design department from now on. You will be in position immediately when you come back. Didn't the Personnel Department inform you?"

Hearing this, Violet pursed her red lips.

The designer looked at her unclearly, "Violet, are you unhappy?"

Violet didn't answer, but got up and took out the resignation application from the printer, "Thank you. But I have to go to Mr. Murphy."

"Okay." The designer took a step back quickly and stepped aside.

After Violet said thanks, she strode out of the design department and went to the top floor.

"Fraser." As soon as Violet got out of the elevator, she saw Fraser coming out of the office, so she hurriedly called to him.

Fraser stopped and looked back, "Violet, you came to work today?"

Violet said, "Yeah, is Mr. Murphy here?"

"He's here." Fraser nodded.

Violet held the resignation application in front of her chest, "Please help me tell him that I want to see him."

"Okay, wait a minute." Fraser answered, pushed open the door of Mr. Murphy's office and went in.

After a minute, Fraser came out, "Mr. Murphy lets you in."

"Thank you." Violet smiled gratefully and walked in past him.

"Mr. Murphy." Violet shouted to the man behind the desk in front.

The man raised his head, "You came just right. This is the promotion contract drawn up by the Personnel Department yesterday. See if there is any problem with the salary. If there is no problem, I will let..."

"Mr. Murphy!" Violet bit her lower lip, interrupting him with a complicated expression on her face, "I came to you for this."

"Huh?" Stanley raised his eyebrows.

Violet took a deep breath and passed the resignation application in her arms with both hands.

Stanley looked down, then the aura all over his body became low, "Are you leaving?"

"Yes, please approve!" Violet replied, clenching her fists.

Stanley's thin lips pressed into a straight line. He looked at her coldly, "What's the reason?"

Violet lowered her head slightly, "When I first came to the Murphy Group, it was originally a one-month work period. Now that one month has passed. It's time for me to leave."

Hearing this, Stanley's face became much more relaxed. "The one month at the beginning was just an inspection period for you. The success of 'Born of Fire' means that your inspection period is very

qualified. You can continue to stay!"

"Sorry, Mr. Murphy, I still have to go." Violet said.

Stanley frowned tightly, "Why?"

Violet looked up at him, "Because continuing to stay here will only put me in a dangerous situation, Mr. Murphy, you shouldn't forget what happened the other day?"

Stanley's thin lips moved. It took a long time for him to make a sound, "No."

"So do you think I will be safe if I still stay here?" Violet smiled bitterly.

Stanley pinched his eyebrows, "Sorry..."

"You don't have to apologize to me. You didn't do anything wrong. It's just that person who is so vicious!" Violet shook her head, "The reason why I insist on leaving is that besides saving my life, the most important thing is that I don't want my two children to be in danger. Please, Mr. Murphy!"

Stanley lowered his eyelids, hiding the sadness in his eyes, and then replied in a hoarse voice, "Okay, I agree."

With that, he picked up the pen and signed his name on the resignation application.

Chapter 111 The Name of the Studio

At the moment Stanley finished signing his name, Violet felt that her heart suddenly became empty.

But she concealed it well and didn't show it on her face.

After finishing signing, Stanley handed the resignation application to Violet.

Violet reached out to take it over, but Stanley didn't let go.

Violet looked at him suspiciously, "Mr. Murphy?"

Stanley lowered his eyes and said quietly, "After I find out that person, you can come back at any time. The position of the chief designer is also yours."

"Thank you, Mr. Murphy, but no need." Violet smiled and refused, "My studio still needs me to go back."

Stanley narrowed his eyes, then relieved again, "So that's it. What is the name of your studio?"

"Rebirth!" Violet slowly uttered the words.

"Rebirth?" Stanley raised his eyebrows.

Why did he think this name was familiar?

Seeing what he was thinking, Violet lowered her head and laughed, "The studio who sued Phoebe's studio last time is mine."

Then, Stanley understood instantly.

It turned out that Phoebe's 20 million was compensated to her.

"Well, Mr. Murphy, I have to go. This month, I have gotten along well with you. I hope you can find an excellent designer." Violet reached out to Stanley.

Seeing her beautiful and fair hand, Stanley's eyes dimmed. He reached out and shook hands with her, "I will walk you out."

"Okay." Violet nodded and didn't refuse.

Stanley walked Violet outside the office.

Violet waved to him and then walked towards the elevator.

While walking, she held the resignation application in one hand, and tightly grasped the pants on her thigh with the other, trying to resist the urge to look back at him.

She was afraid that she would really reluctant to leave if she turned her head back.

Soon, Violet entered the elevator.

When the elevator door was closed, her eyes were still wet. In order to prevent herself from crying, she kept looking up and holding back the tears.

When she arrived at the Personnel Department, she wiped her eyes, then smiled again and walked out of the elevator.

After finishing the resignation formalities, Violet didn't stay in the Murphy Group any longer. After packing her own things, she left the building directly.

On the balcony on the top floor, Stanley looked down at Violet who was hailing the taxi on the side of the road, tapping his fingers on the railing lightly.

Fraser stood behind him. Listening to his apparently rhythmic percussions, Fraser couldn't help but speak, "Mr. Murphy, if you are reluctant to let Violet leave, it won't be too late to stop her now!"

"No, let her go. With her talents, she will shine no matter where she goes." Stanley retracted his gaze and turned back into the office.

Fraser followed Stanley and rolled his eyes at Stanley silently.

'Mr. Murphy, have you misunderstood something?'

The reluctance he said was a man to a woman, not about talents.

"Still no clues?" Stanley walked to the office chair and sat down.

Fraser pushed his glasses to restore his elite look, "No, the people behind the scenes these days have not been acting on Violet, so all clues are useless."

"Continue to investigate. The person who can bribe the killer and silently destroy the elevator without leaving a trace will not have a small background. Investigate it from those celebrities." Stanley put his hand on the desk tightly. His hands clenched into fists, and the blue veins on the back of his hands were exposed.

Fraser hesitated for a few seconds, "But this way, it's easy to offend the family behind them."

"Hidden. Don't be caught." Stanley leaned back in his chair, closed his eyes and said a little tiredly.

Fraser straightened his back and responded, "I see. I'll do it now."

"Yeah." Stanley nodded.

After Fraser left, Stanley opened his eyes, looked at the promotion contract on his desk, picked it up and was about to throw it into the trash can.

But when he did that, he suddenly changed his mind.

In the end, this contract was locked in a drawer by him.

At this moment, the phone under the computer rang suddenly.

Stanley glanced, picked up the phone and put it to his ear, "What's the matter?"

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"Stanley, let's have dinner together?" Henry suggested excitedly.

"No." Stanley refused expressionlessly.

"Really?" Henry squinted, "Today is Ivy's birthday. I want to give her a surprise."

Hearing this, Stanley immediately looked at the date in the lower right corner of the computer. When he saw today's date, he rubbed his temples. Only then did he remember that today was Ivy's birthday.

"Address!" Stanley asked.

Henry smiled, "I knew you would change your mind. I will send you the address in a while. I'm going to find George and ask him to give Ivy a two-hour leave at night."

Stanley gave a hmm.

At the end of the call, he stood up, took the coat on the shelf and put it on his arm, holding the phone in the other hand. Then he walked out of the office.

At night, in the noisy bar.

Violet was sitting on the booth, pouring glasses of beer into her mouth. Soon, her eyes blurred.

Jessie came back from the dance. When she saw a few wine bottles empty on the table, she was shocked, "Holy shit, Violet, drink so much wine?"

She quickly snatched the wine glass from Violet's hand.

Violet squinted at Jessie, and stammered, "Jessie, are you back?"

"Yes, you still recognize me. It seems that you are not particularly drunk." Jessie sat down beside Violet.

Violet stretched out her hand to get the wine glass Jessie had just taken away.

Jessie didn't give it to her, but just pushed it far away, "Enough! You are already drunk."

"I... I'm not drunk!" Violet waved her hand, feeling unhappy. Her face flushed and her lips were red. With her drunk look, it made her look very attractive.

Jessie couldn't help but stared at Violet.

She knew that Violet was as beautiful as a fairy, but she didn't know Violet would be so attractive when she got drunk.

"Damn it! Hurry up to lower your head! When those men see you look like this, they will be crazy for you." Jessie put her coat on Violet's head.

Violet suddenly sobbed.

Jessie was stunned, "Honey, why are you crying?"

"I'm sad." Violet blinked at Jessie with tearful eyes.

"Why are you sad?" Jessie was puzzled.

Violet wiped her tears, "I have resigned. I will never see him again."

"Who?" Jessie looked dazed.

"Stanley..." Violet choked out the name.

Jessie was dumbfounded. It took a while for her to react. She looked at Violet incredulously, "Violet, you and Mr. Murphy..."

Violet hugged Jessie, "Jessie, am I bad? I like a man with a fiancée."

Jessie swallowed, "No, you are good. Mr. Murphy is so excellent. It is normal for you to like him. As long as you don't be a mistress, it will be fine."

"Yes, so I left." Violet picked up a new bottle of beer and opened it, looking up and taking a sip.

Jessie wanted to stop her. But seeing her so sad, Jessie just let her go.

She was still thinking about why Violet would suddenly invite her to the bar.

It turned out to be because of resignation and she couldn't see Stanley in the future.

"Hey, it's the first time that you fall in love with a man, but..." Jessie looked at Violet, feeling pitiful.

Violet vomited directly.

Jessie covered her nose and said, "Well, well, don't drink it. If you drink it again, something will happen. I will drive you back."

With that said, she took the wine bottle in Violet's hand, check out, and then left the bar and went to hail the taxi.

But here were basically private cars. For a long time, there were no taxis passing by.

Having no choice, Jessie had to help Violet go forward, ready to go to the front to see if she could get a taxi.

At this moment, a honking suddenly sounded behind them. _____ Chapter 112 Where Is It?

Jessie felt buzzed in her ears. She turned her head angrily, "Who is it?"

"It's me." Stanley got off the car.

Jessie held back the anger on her face and blinked in an incredible way, "Mr. Murphy? Why are you here?"

"Passing by. What happened to her?" Stanley's eyes fell on Violet.

Violet buried her head on Jessie's shoulders. Her hair was scattered, and her face was covered by the hair tightly, so he couldn't see anything.

"Violet is drunk" Jessie replied helplessly.

"Did you guys drink?" Stanley squinted.

Jessie said, "Yes, Violet is a little sad."

"Sad?" Stanley pursed his thin lips, "Why is she sad?"

Jessie looked at him bitterly, and muttered, "Why? It's all because of you."

"Huh?" Stanley couldn't hear clearly, frowning.

Jessie reacted and shook her head quickly, "Nothing. Mr. Murphy, can you take us to the nearest subway station?"

"Get in the car." Stanley opened the back seat door.

Jessie quickly thanked him and helped Violet into the car.

Stanley also sat back in the car, glanced at Violet who was sleeping in the rearview mirror, and said while fastening the seat belt, "Your address?"

"Mr. Murphy, are you going to drive me back home?" Jessie's eyes lit up.

Stanley was noncommittal.

Jessie was about to say her address, but then she thought of something and looked at Violet.

Stanley guessed her scruples, then he said, "I will drive her back home."

"That's great! My house is..." Jessie said out her address.

After Stanley turned on the map, he started the car.

In about twenty minutes, they arrived at Jessie's house.

Jessie got out of the car and stood outside the window of the driver's seat, "Thank you, Mr. Murphy. Please take care of Violet."

Stanley gave a hmm, rolled up the window, and drove away.

On the way, his cell phone rang.

Henry's voice came, "Stanley, why haven't you arrived yet?"

Stanley turned the steering wheel with one hand and pressed the Bluetooth headset on his ear with the other hand, "Something happened. I'll be there a little late."

"What's the matter?" Henry asked.

Stanley's eyes flickered. He didn't mean to answer, "Nothing. I will rush over as soon as possible."

"Okay, but hurry up. Ivy is still waiting for you. She heard that you personally went to choose the present this afternoon. She looks forward to it."

"Got it." Stanley pressed the headset and hung up the phone.

Soon, they arrived at the apartment.

Stanley stopped the car and picked Violet from the back seat.

Violet seemed to feel that someone was hugging her, so she subconsciously put her arm around the man's neck.

Stanley was stunned and looked down at her for a while.

Seeing that she hadn't moved, he walked into the building.

When they arrived at the floor which they lived, Stanley hugged Violet to the door of her apartment and rang the doorbell with his elbow, but no one opened the door.

Having no choice, Stanley turned around and opened the door of his apartment, carried her in and put her on the sofa, then picked up her bag, ready to find the key card.

But after looking around, he didn't find the key card in her bag. Stanley had no choice but to pick up her mobile phone and planned to contact the two children.

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But when Stanley grabbed Violet's hand and was about to unlock the phone with her fingerprint, Violet suddenly opened her eyes. She got up from the sofa, hugged his waist, and threw herself into his arms.

Stanley froze instantly, "What are you doing?"

"It's hot..." Violet said these words in a daze, rubbing her face against his chest.

After rubbing for a while, she seemed to feel wrong. Then she raised her head, let go of his waist, rudely pulled out his neckline and tore open his shirt, revealing his strong chest.

Looking at his chest, she smiled, patted it, and pressed her face against it again.

At this moment, she narrowed her eyes comfortably, "It's so cool."

"Violet, do you know what you are doing?" Stanley looked down at the woman who was putting her head on his chest, his Adam's apple moved slightly. Then his voice became hoarse.

Violet rubbed her face against to his chest, "Cool... so cool!"

Stanley's face darkened.

He shouldn't ask this drunkard!

"Let go!" Stanley stretched out his hand, grabbed Violet's shoulder, and pushed her a little away.

Violet felt the ice block far away from her. Suddenly, she became anxious. She waved her hand vigorously, and put her face on his chest again.

Seeing the woman who was in his arms, Stanley felt headache, "Violet, let go!"

"No." Violet hugged him tightly, not letting him go. She even opened her mouth and bit his chest.

It hurt. Stanley's neck leaned back, "Violet..."

"Huh?" Violet didn't bite him but raised her head, looking at him innocently.

Stanley stared at her. Seeing her slightly opened red lips and smelling the faint scent of wine from her lips, his eyes darkened. Finally, he lifted her chin, bowed his head and kissed her lips.

Her lips were soft, tender, and jelly-like. The sweetness of wine in her mouth made him fascinated.

Violet didn't know that she had been kissed. She only knew that the coldness on her lips made her especially like it. She subconsciously hugged the man's neck and chased the coldness.

But to Stanley, her behavior was like a kind of encouragement, making him instantly devoid of reason and only instinct.

He loosened her chin, put his hand on the back of her head, and put his other hand on her waist, slowly pushing her down on the sofa.

Then they had sex.

It was not until dawn the next day that Stanley got up from Violet.

He stood by the sofa, looking down at the tired woman who had fallen asleep on the sofa. His eyes were full of complexity.

After a while, he bent down to pick up the clothes on the floor and threw it on the sofa. Then he went back to the room and took a blanket out to cover Violet. After that, he walked lightly to the bathroom.

When he finished taking a shower and came out of the bathroom while wiping his hair, the phone on the coffee table was constantly vibrating.

He stepped to the coffee table, put the towel around his neck, reached out to pick up the phone. The word 'Ivy' was constantly popping on the screen.

"Hello." Stanley answered the phone. His voice was charming and hoarse, making others feel so sexy.

Ivy burst into tears, "Stanley, where are you?"

Stanley glanced at Violet and then pursed his thin lips, "I'm in the company."

Hearing his answer, Ivy was silent. After a few seconds, she said again, "Why didn't you come to the restaurant last night? Didn't you say you were coming? I have been waiting for you. Why did you break your promise? "

Stanley had an apology in his eyes and pinched the bridge of his nose, "Sorry, it's my fault. I will compensate you."

"How do you compensate me? Yesterday was my birthday. Stanley, you've gone too far. Last night, Henry and I called you all the time but you didn't answer it at all. Do you know how worried I am?" Ivy finished speaking angrily and hung up the phone.

Stanley went through the call log. He saw that Ivy and Henry had made several calls.

The time happened to be the period he was with Violet.

Thinking of this, Stanley couldn't help but rubbed his temples with a headache.

At this moment, the woman on the sofa moved suddenly. She opened her eyes with a low snort. Looking at the bright ceiling, her eyes were a little dazed, "Where is it?"Chapter 113 You Don't Have To

Stanley stared at her closely, "My apartment."

"Why am I in your apartment?" Violet raised her arm and rubbed her sore temples, trying to sit up.

When she moved, she hissed in pain. Then she fell back on the sofa. She felt dizzy. The memories of last night began to pop into her mind bit by bit.

After remembering that she had sex with Stanley last night, she was so embarrassed.

Violet turned her neck stiffly, staring blankly at the man wearing a white bathrobe on the edge of the sofa. It took a long time for her to make a sound, "Mr. Murphy, last night we..."

"I will be responsible for what happened last night!" Stanley handed her the clothes.

Violet took the clothes and placed them on the armrests of the sofa, then covered herself with the blanket. She gritted her teeth and sat up, "No, I don't need you to be responsible for me!"

Stanley suddenly narrowed his eyes, "What did you say?"

Violet lowered her eyelids, covering the bitter look in her eyes. She said in a cold voice, "I said, you don't need to be responsible for me. Mr. Murphy, we are all adults. It is inevitable that this kind of thing happens between adults. Just treat it as an accident."

"An accident?" Stanley's face turned gloomy. His thin lips were pressed tightly.

In her opinion, it was normal for men and women to do this kind of thing?

Or did she often have such accidents with other men?

Thinking of this, Stanley tightened his hand which was holding the towel. The back of his hand bulged blue veins. His face was also very gloomy.

Violet didn't know what he was thinking. She just thought that his self-esteem got hurt because she said she didn't need him to be responsible for her. She bit her lip and then said, "Yes, it was just an accident. What else can you do? You said you would be responsible for me, but it's nothing more than giving me money. Could it be that you can marry me?"

Hearing this, Stanley's thin lips moved but he did not speak.

Seeing his silence, Violet smiled sadly, "See, you don't speak, which proves that I am right. Your responsibility is to give me money, but this money is an insult to me. I won't want it. So it's better to treat it as an accident."

After that, Violet stopped looking at him and wanted to get off the sofa.

But as soon as her feet touched the ground, she fell forward with a cry of exclamation due to the lack of strength in her legs.

Upon seeing this, Stanley stepped up to her and caught her, "Where are you going? I will hold you over."

Violet fell steadily into Stanley's arms. Smelling the breath on his body, listening to his gentle voice, she had an urge to cry.

But she didn't show it. She adjusted her posture and stood firmly, and then stepped out of his arms, "No need, Mr. Murphy. I can walk myself."

She grabbed the clothes on the armrest of the sofa, pinched the blanket tightly with the other hand, and stumbled towards the door.

After leaving Stanley's apartment, Violet came to the door of her own apartment and rang the doorbell.

Lily's voice soon came from inside the door, "Who is it?"

"Mom, it's me." Violet replied loudly.

Hearing her voice, Lily hurriedly came over to open the door. Seeing what Violet looked like at the moment, Lily was shocked. Even the mask on her face slipped off, "Baby, what are you..."

"Mom, don't say anything. Let me in first." Violet urged embarrassedly with blushing.

She almost couldn't stand firmly.

At this time, Lily also reacted, and quickly moved away, "Okay, okay, come in."

Violet hurried in. After entering, she went straight to the bathroom to take a bath.

Lily picked up the mask on the ground, closed the door, and followed to the bathroom, standing outside and asking, "Baby, who were you with last night?"

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"Mom, don't ask, OK?" Violet stood in front of the mirror. Looking at her body which was full of hickeys, she couldn't help taking a breath.

"I'm your Mom. You went out to eat with Jessie yesterday. I thought you slept at Jessie's house, but you fooled around with other men all night. I still don't know who that man is!" Lily patted the bathroom door angrily.

There was a buzzing in Violet's ears. Just as she was about to answer, Lily spoke again with an anxious voice, "Violet, shouldn't you be bullied?"

Violet was speechless, "No! It's an accident!"

"What accident?" Lily frowned. Just when she was about to ask, the doorbell rang again.

She turned her head and glanced at the door, "Violet, I'm going to open the door first. When I come back, you'd better explain to me honestly what happened last night!"

After that, Lily turned and walked to open the door.

Stanley stood outside the door with a small bag in his hand, "Ms. Smith."

"Stanley, why are you here?" Lily looked at him suspiciously.

Stanley did not answer, and handed the small bag over, "This is medicine for Violet."

"For Violet?" Lily subconsciously took it and opened it. When she saw the name on the medicine box inside, she was so furious. Then, she closed the bag and glared at him, "It's you!"

She should have guessed it.

If it were another man, Violet would not be so calm at all. Maybe she would have called the police long

ago.

Stanley lowered his eyes, knowing he was wrong, "Sorry, I..."

"Stop it! Get out of here!" Lily pointed angrily in the direction of the elevator, "I thought you were a good person, but I didn't expect that I was wrong. You have a fiancée but you still came to hook up with Violet. It's really hateful. Get out! You are not welcomed here!"

As she said, she pushed Stanley out. When she pushed him about 30 or 40 centimeters away from the door, she slammed the door with a sullen face.

After closing the door, Lily found that there was still a bag in her hand. She snorted disdainfully, and wanted to open the door again and throw the bag out.

But then she thought of something, curled her lips, and dispelled the idea.

"Mom, who is it?" Violet came out of the bathroom and wrapped in a bath towel after taking a shower, just in time to see Lily's angry face.

Lily glared at her, "Who else can it be? Your lover last night."

Hearing this, Violet lowered her head in embarrassment, "Mom, don't say that."

"Huh, I was wrong?" Lily poked Violet's forehead irritably, "He has a fiancée. Why would you be with him..."

"Mom." Violet carefully pulled Lily's sleeve, "I know I was wrong. Please don't be angry. This time, it is really an accident. It won't happen next time."

"This is what you said! You have to keep your promise. You know I hate mistresses the most, so I don't want my daughter to become that kind of person." Lily looked very serious.

Violet gave a hmm and nodded again and again, "I know!"

"Well." Lily's face finally eased. After touching Violet's head, she gave Violet the bag, "This is for you by Stanley. Apply it by yourself. Don't get inflammation. I'm going to wash my face."

After Lily left, Violet opened the bag suspiciously and took out the stuff one by one. When she saw that there was some medicine to apply that place, her face flushed suddenly.

"He's quite attentive." Violet smiled and murmured in a low voice.

Then, she took out the last box of medicine in the bag. When she saw the name on it, the expression on her face suddenly froze. _____ Chapter 114 Run into Talia in A Shopping Mall

Stanley was indeed careful enough. He didn't even forget to prepare the contraceptive pill for her.

Was he so worried about her being pregnant?

Violet clenched the medicine box in her hand. Although she knew that it was not wrong that Stanley let her take medicine, she still felt a little uncomfortable.

But Violet didn't think too much. After sighing, she opened the medicine box directly, took out the instruction manual and read it. Then she took the two pills and threw them into her mouth. Picking up the cup on the coffee table, she swallowed them with water.

After taking the medicine, she picked up the phone and prepared to send a message to Stanley, telling him that she had taken the medicine.

But when she thought if Ivy or Phoebe looked at his mobile phone and accidentally saw the news, it would cause another trouble.

So Violet did not hesitate to delete the line that had been typed, quit the text message, and clicked into the call log.

Seeing the two missed calls made by Jessie last night in the call log, Violet rubbed her eyebrows and called back.

Jessie was probably still asleep. Her voice was full of sleepiness at the moment, and she kept yawning, "Violet, so early, what's the matter?"

"It's still early? What time is it?" Violet glanced at the clock on the wall, rather speechless, "Get up! I have something to ask you."

Jessie rubbed her messy hair and sat up from the bed, "What's the matter?"

"I ask you, we drank together last night, but why was I with Mr. Murphy in the end?" Violet pursed her red lips, "Do you know that I was almost killed by you."

Jessie blinked, "It was Mr. Murphy who drove you back. You were drunk last night. I helped you out of the bar for a long time but I couldn't get a taxi. Then I met Mr. Murphy, so I bothered him to drive you home. What's wrong? Did something happen to you?"

Violet said with a guilty conscience, "Of... Of course not, it's just that I vomited in his car."

She just told Jessie the truth that she vomited in Stanley's car last time. It wasn't a lie, right?

Jessie smirked, "Isn't it just vomiting in his car? It's not a big deal! Just wash the car clean. Besides, don't you like Mr. Murphy? You should be happy to have chance to get contact with him again."

"How did you know that I like Mr. Murphy?" Violet stood up in shock.

Jessie laughed, "How did I know? After you got drunk, you said that you were sad because you couldn't see Mr. Murphy anymore."

"Really?" Violet's eyes widened in horror.

So she might have told Stanley that she liked him last night. Then he might know her feelings for him!

God! She was screwed up!

"Violet, Violet?" Hearing Violet hadn't made a sound for a long time, Jessie couldn't help but yelled twice.

Violet reacted and sat down slowly, "What's the matter?"

"What's wrong with you?" Jessie pouted.

Violet rubbed her temples, "I'm fine."

"Well, I have to hang up. I want to sleep." Jessie opened her mouth wide and yawned again.

Violet nodded lightly, "Okay, you go to sleep."

Hanging up, Violet put the phone aside.

Lily came out of the bathroom, "Baby, how about going shopping with me for a while? I want to buy something to take abroad."

"Okay." Violet patted her own cheek and then agreed. Then she put away the boxes of medicine on the coffee table and went back to the bedroom.

After half an hour, finishing applying the medicine and changing clothes, she went out with Lily and to the mall in the city center.

Lily was a shopaholic. She bought a lot of things in a short while, and then she took Violet to a counter shop for brand bags.

"Baby, what do you think of this?" Lily showed Violet an artificial leather clutch.

Violet glanced at it, "It's not bad. But this bag is not suitable for daily life. It is only suitable for banquets. Mom, do you really have to attend a banquet?"

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Lily rubbed Violet's nose with a smile, "Bingo! Tonight is the charity party hosted by Mr. Lowe. His wife heard that I was back, and specially invited me to attend."

"Well, this one is good." Violet nodded.

"Okay, then I'll go to checkout." Lily liked this too, so she immediately decided to buy it.

At this moment, a proud female voice came from outside the store, "Take out your latest bags."

"Who is so vulgar?" Lily frowned, with a bit of disgust on her face.

Violet narrowed her eyes and looked at the source of the sound, "It's Talia and... Dad!"

Hearing this, Lily's back stiffened. The fingers holding the bag tightened.

Violet patted the back of Lily's hand lightly, "It's okay, Mom. I'm here. We just pretend we haven't seen them. Let's go to pay for it."

With her daughter's encouragement, Lily's stiff back relaxed. She responded with a smile, and walked to the cashier.

But after they walked two steps, Talia called out, "Yeah, isn't this Violet? Honey, your daughter is also here! What a coincidence!"

Violet and Lily both stopped.

Violet smiled at Lily, "It's okay, Mom. I'll take care of them."

As she said, she turned around, put her smile away and looked at Eason and Talia coldly, "It's a coincidence. I didn't expect to meet you guys here. Dad came to buy a bag with Talia?"

Eason said indifferently, "There is a charity party tonight. So I come out and buy some jewelry for Talia."

"Oh!" Violet lifted her chin and said, "Dad is really kind to Talia. You actually accompany Talia to shop. I used to see Talia hanging out with other men."

"What nonsense are you talking about?" Talia's face changed, and she shouted in a sharp voice.

Eason also frowned and glanced at Talia suspiciously.

Talia was really scared by this look. She felt guilty.

When Violet saw it, she smiled, "Why are you so excited? The other man I said is your distant cousin! What do you think it is?"

Talia was stunned first, then calmed down. She glared at Violet, "Then you can just say that it's my distant cousin. Why have to make a roundabout and talk about other men!"

"Well, I'll pay attention to my words next time." Violet smiled, but she didn't have the slightest attitude of admitting mistakes, which really pissed off Talia.

"Puff!" Lily couldn't help but laughed out.

Her laughter also attracted Talia and Eason.

Talia did not recognize her, but Eason, who had been her husband for nearly 20 years, recognized her all at once. He clenched the dragon head on the crutch in surprise, "Is it you?"

"Who?" Talia looked at Lily's back blankly. She felt a little familiar, but she couldn't remember where she had met.

Lily flirted with her delicate hair, "It's me!"

"Mom?" Violet was startled slightly. She didn't expect that her mother would take the initiative to stand up and admit her identity.

"It's okay. Since we met, just face it. It's them who are sorry for me. Why should I avoid them?" Lily figured it out, then patted the back of Violet's hand and turned around slowly.

Seeing Lily's face, Talia took two steps back in surprise, and then tremblingly pointed at her, "You...you..."

Lily coldly looked at Talia who couldn't even speak clearly. There was a touch of undisguised mockery in her eyes, "Talia, you have become Mrs. Hunt for seven years. But why haven't you changed a bit yet? You're still so petty."

"Puff!" It was Violet's turn to cover her lips to laugh.

Talia stamped her feet angrily, "Honey, look at her!"

"Enough!" Eason yelled impatiently, then looked at Lily with a complicated expression on his face, "When

did you come back?"

Chapter 115 Remind Eason

"It's been a few days since I came back." Lily smiled faintly.

Eason rubbed the dragon head on the crutch, "How are you doing abroad in recent years?"

Lily fiddled with the emerald ring on her index finger, "Of course I'm so good. You see how young I am now, but you..."

She looked at his crutches. Finally, she fixed her eyes on his gray hair, and smiled happily, "You are much older than when we divorced seven years ago. You have been drained by her in the past few years?"

Lily snorted at Talia.

Eason cleared his throat awkwardly, but did not answer.

Talia knew that Lily was mocking her. She was so angry that she raised her hand angrily.

Violet narrowed her eyes and grabbed Talia's wrist directly, "Talia, I advise you not to do anything. Otherwise, I will call the police and sue you for intentional injury!"

"You..." Talia stared at Violet angrily.

Lily poked Violet's arm, "Okay, baby, put her hand down. It's so dirty!"

With that said, she quickly took out a tissue and handed it to Violet.

Violet shook Talia's hand away and took the tissue. Then she quickly wiped her fingers, as if there were some bacteria on her fingers.

Talia was so irritated by Violet's actions. She clenched her fists and screamed, "Eason, you just watch them bully me like this!"

Eason's face was sullen, "You stopped them first."

"I..." Talia was speechless. Then, she gritted her teeth and looked at him, "Which one would you help? Don't help me but help them? You still have feelings for your ex-wife?"

She pointed to Violet and Lily.

Violet and Lily looked at each other. Both of them saw disgust in the eyes of the other party.

Eason saw it, and felt frustrated.

In his opinion, it was him who didn't like Lily back then. But now what rights did Lily have to despise him?

"Enough! You don't think it's a shameful thing?" Eason pressed Talia's hand back with a gloomy expression on his face.

Talia felt that he was still defending Lily and Violet, so she threw away his hand angrily. "I'm shameful? I'm your current wife. But you actually helped your ex-wife to bully me?"

Many people in the store heard the sound and looked over. Eason felt so embarrassed, "You... you are simply unreasonable. Don't buy bags and jewelry! Go home with me."

"No way! Since you don't let me buy bags, I will just buy the most expensive one, just letting her see who is the rich!" Talia glanced at the black clutch in Lily's hand. A touch of disdain flashed into her eyes. Then she reached the shelf and then take out a crocodile leather bag worth of hundred thousand dollars.

When Lily saw this, she couldn't help but laugh, and whispered in Violet's ear, "Baby, is this woman stupid? Mr. Lowe's charity party is to protect wild animals. She is going to attend the party with this bag? When Mr. Lowe sees it, will he be happy? I'm looking forward to seeing that scene!"

"Mom, when you come back tonight, you have to tell me about the banquet." Violet also smiled.

"Of course." Lily blinked.

Talia didn't know what they were talking about. She just walked over with the bag, "Honey, I want this one."

Eason glanced at the price on the tag, then he frowned. When he was just about to say no and let her choose another one, Talia's face changed. Her eyes clearly stated that she would continue to make trouble if he didn't buy it.

Eason was afraid of her. He waved his hand tiredly, and agreed.

Talia was so happy. She smiled triumphantly at Lily and Violet, "Someone had been married to Eason for more than ten or twenty years. Have she been given such an expensive bag?"

Lily's face sank

"Mom..." Violet looked at Lily with some worry.

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Lily shook her head and said it was okay, then stared at Talia coldly, "Yes, I had not enjoyed this before. But I also don't want it. If you like it, just enjoy it a few more times. Because maybe someday, you can't enjoy it anymore."

"What do you mean?" Talia put away the smug on her face, feeling a little uneasy.

Lily ignored her and turned to look at Eason, "Eason, if you have time, just investigate your Mrs. Hunt carefully. I heard that rich ladies like to be sugar mommy. I don't know if your wife has any toy boys."

After finishing saying this, Lily took Violet's hand and walked away.

It was conceivable that after they leave, Eason and Talia would have a fierce quarrel.

"Mom, awesome! Talia will hate you guts now." Violet gave Lily a thumbs up.

Lily snorted, "So what? Am I afraid of her? I'm happy today. Go to buy some more clothes."

Violet was speechless.

Then when they arrived at the clothing store, Lily didn't choose clothes for herself. Instead, she kept choosing clothes for Violet and urged her to try it.

Violet didn't want to ruin Lily's mood. Even if she felt helpless, she had to go to the fitting room with a bunch of clothes.

In the VIP fitting room on the second floor of the clothing store, Ivy changed into a white dress and came from inside. While lowering her head to adjust the dress, she asked softly, "Stanley, what do you think of me wearing this dress?"

No one answered.

Ivy paused for a while. Then she raised her head suspiciously, and looked towards the waiting area. She saw that there was no one there. Then she was a little anxious. She hurriedly looked around for a while. Finally, she saw the figure of a man in front of the circular railing not far away.

The man was looking down slightly. Ivy didn't know what he was looking at.

Ivy pursed her pale lips a little unhappily. But soon, she adjusted her face again, and walked over with a gentle smile, "Stanley, what are you looking at so seriously? I called you several times, but you didn't answer me!"

Hearing her voice, Stanley looked back at her, "Nothing. Is it Okay?"

"Yeah." Ivy nodded, and then slowly turned around her dress, and asked with blushing, "How is it? Does it look good?"

"Not bad." Stanley nodded.

Ivy put the hem of the dress down, "I haven't worn a dress for about ten years. Now I suddenly wear it. I'm not used to it."

"It's okay. When you recover completely, you can wear anything you want." Stanley put his hand in his trouser pocket and said.

Ivy gave him a sweet look, "You just know how to make me happy."

"I didn't coax you. Let's go. Is there anything else you want to try?" Stanley asked with a chuckle.

"No, that's it. You pay for them, just as a compensate for not coming to my birthday party last night." Ivy shook her head and said.

Stanley nodded, "Okay."

Ivy smiled. Immediately, she heard a familiar voice, and subconsciously looked under the railing.

Then she saw Violet also wearing a white dress, standing in front of the mirror and turning around.

Compared to her skinny body without any femininity, Violet's beautiful body shape and the scene of her turning around was as beautiful as a painting, which was amazing.

This strong contrast shattered Ivy's confidence.

Ivy lowered her eyelids to cover the crazy jealousy and envy in her eyes. Then she said sadly, "Stanley, were you just looking at Miss Hunt?"

Stanley's eyes flickered, and then he said, "It happened to see that she was also in this store."

"Really?" Ivy whispered. In places Stanley couldn't see, her fingernails pinched her hands tightly. "Miss Hunt is so beautiful. I really want to have a healthy body like her. Then I can wear beautiful clothes and walk in the sun. But it's a pity... I probably won't be able to realize this wish in this life." _____

Chapter 116 Can't Live for Ten Years

Stanley frowned, "Don't say that. It won't happen."

Ivy smiled bitterly, "Stanley, you know my physical condition, Dr. Joe said, even if I recover and leave the hospital, I won't live for ten years!"

After saying this, she turned away lonely.

Stanley pursed his thin lips, finally glanced under the railing, and chased her.

On the first floor, Violet stopped talking to Lily and laughed. Looking up at the railing on the second floor, and seeing that there was no one there, she couldn't help but wonder.

"What's the matter, baby?" Lily saw it and then also looked over, but saw nothing.

Violet shook her head, "Nothing serious. I just felt like someone was looking at me for a moment. Maybe it was my illusion."

"You should feel right." Lily adjusted Violet's hair.

Violet blinked, "Mom, did you see it?"

"No, but my daughter is so beautiful. If no one looks at you, it will be weird." Lily said with a smile.

Violet was amused by Lily, "Mom!"

"Well, well. Did you try all these clothes?" Lily opened the door of the fitting room and took a look.

Violet nodded, "Yeah."

"Then let's pay for it." Lily waved her hand and said very proudly.

Violet quickly stopped her, "Mom, so many clothes. If you buy them all, it will cost at least hundreds of thousands of dollars. I am a designer myself. I have so many clothes, so I don't need to buy so many."

"You're right." Lily touched her chin, feeling reasonable.

Violet chose two or three of them, "Just buy these."

"All right." Lily smiled at the shopping guide.

Soon, the mother and daughter left the clothing store after buying the clothes. Then they went shopping in other places in the mall and took a taxi back.

When they returned to the apartment, it was only two o'clock in the afternoon. There were still two hours before the children finished school.

Violet put down the bag, patted on her shoulder and walked to the kitchen. Then she came out with the kettle, ready to make tea.

At this time, the phone she put in her bag rang.

Violet hurriedly put down the kettle, took out her mobile phone from her bag, and glanced at the caller ID. It was an unfamiliar local number. After hesitating for a few seconds, she still answered.

"Hello, is this Miss Hunt?" A gentle and polite female voice came from the other end of the phone.

Violet nodded slightly, "Yeah!"

"I'm the store manager of Vanneca." The female voice replied.

Violet raised her eyebrows.

Vanneca? Wasn't that the clothing store she and Mom went to this morning?

"What's the matter?" Violet sat down on the sofa, putting her mobile phone to her ear and pouring herself a glass of water.

The store manager replied with a smile, "Here is the thing. Today is our store's event day. As our guest, you won the first prize in our store. Congratulations!"

"Huh?" Violet didn't feel happy at all when she heard that she won the prize. Instead, she frowned. "First prize? But when I was in your store, I didn't see your store doing any activities. I haven't drawn any prizes."

Wasn't this person a liar?

Hearing Violet questioning, the store manager looked back at the man behind her.

The man lifted his delicate and perfect chin slightly. The store manager nodded knowingly, and continued with smile, "That's our hidden event. As for the lottery, it is not the customer draws, but we draw."

"Really?" Violet took a sip of water and understood now, but still felt that something was wrong. However, she couldn't tell where was wrong.

After that, the store manager confirmed the address Lily left in the store and ended the call.

Lily came out of the bathroom with a yawn, "Who is it?"

"Vanneca. They said I won the first prize, but I don't think it should be possible." Violet put down the phone and smiled. She didn't take the call just now to heart.

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Lily also nodded, "It's definitely impossible. These stores are all stingy. How can they do any activities?"

"Yes." Violet picked up the kettle and continued to make tea.

However, after about half an hour, the doorbell rang.

Lily went over to open the door while Violet was drawing designs.

Suddenly hearing Lily's exclamation, Violet thought something was wrong. Then she quickly put down the design notebook and pencil, picked up the vase on the coffee table, and ran towards the door.

After running over, there was no danger in her imagination. There were only a few staff members wearing the uniforms of Vanneca, standing outside the door alone, holding a few exquisite gift boxes and smiling at them.

In this scene, Violet couldn't help being in a trance.

So, the phone call just now was real. Did she really win the first prize?

When Violet was in a daze, Lily had already taken the lead to react. She quickly laughed and invited the staffs to put things in.

The staffs came in, put the things in accordance with the instructions, and then took out the receipts for Lily's signature.

When Lily finished signing, they left.

"Baby, come here soon!" Lily waved towards Violet who was at the door.

Violet came over.

Lily opened the boxes one by one and then she exclaimed, "God! These are the ones you tried in the store. But you haven't tried these red ones. Do you want to try them, baby?"

Violet shook her head, "No, I know they suit me at first glance."

She looked at these red dresses, her eyes a little complicated.

Why were there some other dresses? Most importantly, they were red.

She was not particularly fond of red. But one person said that she was very suitable to wear red. That one was Stanley.

"No..." Violet muttered while biting her lower lip.

Lily heard it, put down the clothes in her hands and asked her, "What?"

"Could it be that winning the first prize is fake? These clothes were given by Mr. Murphy?" Violet pointed to the red dresses and guessed.

Lily tapped on her forehead, "How could it be possible? Vanneca is not owned by the Murphy Group! Besides, we went to this store temporarily. How did he know that? Could it be that he was in the store?"

"Well." Violet nodded, feeling somewhat reasonable.

It seemed that she really thought too much.

"Okay, put these away quickly. Let's pick up the kids." Lily urged.

Violet smiled and moved these gift boxes into the room one by one, then came out with a change of clothes. She went to the kindergarten to pick up the children with Lily.

After seeing the child, Lily set off to Mr. Lowe's house to attend the charity party.

Violet took the two children to a restaurant near the kindergarten, ready to go back after eating.

But during the meal, an uninvited guest suddenly appeared in front of her.

"Hey, Violet, what a coincidence!" Ivan smiled and waved to her, then looked at her two children.

"Hello." Violet nodded slightly to him as a greeting.

Ivan pretended to be sad and sighed, "Tsk, you are still so indifferent to me."

Violet took a sip of the soup indifferently, "What's the matter?"

"Nothing. I came here to meet a big client. I just saw you, so I came over to say hello. These are your two children, right?" Ivan pointed to the two little guys, "I have always known their existence, but this is the first time I have seen them."

"Mommy, do you know this uncle?" Calvin took Arya's hand, looked at Ivan vigilantly, and asked Violet.

Violet said, "It's Mommy's previous boss."

"Violet, our relationship is not just as simple as the boss and the subordinate." Ivan looked at Arya, who was staring at him with big eyes blinking. He suddenly felt a little cute, reaching out to touch her face. _____

Chapter 117 I Am Your Uncle

But before he touched Arya, his hand was slapped away by Calvin, "Don't touch my sister."

"Oh? Little kid!" Ivan looked at his beaten hand, but he was not angry. He smiled happily, "Little guy, do you know who I am?"

"I don't know. I don't want to know!" Calvin hugged Arya and said coldly.

Looking at the face which was exactly like Stanley, Ivan pushed his glasses.

Really! No matter how he looked at this face, he hated it.

Instead, he liked this little girl a little more.

"Little girl, you just called me uncle, right?" Ivan's eyes flashed. He smiled softly at Arya.

Violet realized something. Then her face sank, "Director Murphy, what do you want to do?"

Ivan ignored her, his eyes still falling on Arya.

Arya nodded subconsciously and let out a faint hmm.

Ivan smiled, "Good girl. You're right. I'm your uncle. I'm your father's eldest brother."

"What?"

"Director Murphy!"

Calvin and Violet said at the same time.

The difference was that Calvin was surprised but Violet was panicked.

What did he want to do? Could it be that he wanted to tell the two children who their father was?

Violet squeezed the chopsticks in her hands and stood up, staring at Ivan with angrily.

Ivan pretended not to see it, and turned his gaze to Calvin.

Calvin let go of Arya and looked at Ivan with clenching his small fist, "Are you really our uncle?"

"Yes." Ivan crossed his arms on his chest.

Calvin trembled slightly, "Then tell us, who is our father?"

"Calvin!" Violet frowned.

Calvin looked at her, but in the end, he still didn't dispel the idea of wanting to know who his biological father was.

Only Arya hadn't reacted a bit at this moment, wondering what Ivan said meant.

"It's not impossible to tell you. But your Mommy seems to disagree." Ivan shook his finger, pretending to be regretful.

Violet stared at him angrily, not understanding what this man wanted to do.

First, he provoked the curiosity of the two children, but he didn't say it out directly. It seemed to be crazy!

"Mommy..." Calvin looked at Violet hopefully, hoping that Violet would agree.

Violet turned her head away ruthlessly and didn't look at him.

Calvin's eyes dimmed.

Ivan shrugged, "Little guy, it seems that your mother still disagrees. So just forget it."

After speaking, he patted Calvin on the head. After showing another meaningful smile at Violet, he turned and left.

Because of Ivan's appearance, this parent-children dinner didn't have the initial atmosphere. Except Arya, Violet and Calvin were in no mood to continue eating.

Calvin lowered his head. Violet didn't know what he was thinking. After a while, he looked up at Violet seriously, "Mommy, is our father's surname Murphy?"

He remembered that Mommy just called that person Director Murphy.

Since that person was his father's eldest brother, his father's last name should also be Murphy.

Sure enough, Violet nodded.

Calvin finally showed a little smile, "It's so great. I finally understand a little bit about my father."

Hearing this, Violet almost burst into tears. She quickly covered her mouth, looking into the eyes of the two children. She felt so guilty, "Sorry, baby..."

"It's okay. Since Mommy doesn't want us to know, then forget it." Calvin fiddled with the spoon, seeming to figure it out and soothing her.

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Violet was even more uncomfortable. Just when she was about to say something, Arya hiccupped, "Mommy, I want to pee."

"Okay, I take you there. Calvin, just sit here and don't run around, okay?" Violet got up and asked.

Calvin repeatedly nodded.

Then Violet took Arya to the toilet.

However, when she returned with Arya, she didn't see Calvin.

"Mommy, where's my brother?" Arya asked, tilting her head.

Violet didn't answer. She frowned and looked around. Indeed, she didn't see Calvin, then she became nervous. She picked up Arya and walked towards the front desk of the restaurant.

"Excuse me, have you seen my son? He was sitting at the position by the window." Violet pointed to the opposite dining table and asked eagerly.

The cashier at the front desk nodded, "I see. He seems to have been taken away."

Hearing that, Violet was so shocked and angrily clenched her fists, "Why didn't you stop it when you see someone taking him away?"

The cashier trembled when she was yelled at by Violet. Her face turned pale, "I... I saw that that kid left

without resisting. So I thought they are acquaintances. I didn't stop them..."

"You..." Violet was so furious, but she couldn't blame the cashier.

Because the other party said that when Calvin was taken away, there was no resistance. Normal people would think they knew each other. Secondly, the other party was just a restaurant staff, and what she could do was limited.

So the only one she could blame was herself! Why didn't she bring Calvin with her at that time? Why did she let Calvin be here alone!?

Thinking of this, Violet tightened her hands abruptly. Arya's face turned pale, "Mommy, it hurts..."

Violet recovered, and quickly released her hand, "Sorry, baby, Mommy is too worried about your brother."

Arya shook her head, "I'm fine, Mommy. Where did my brother go?"

Violet couldn't answer. After biting her lower lip, she asked the cashier again, "Is the man or woman the one who took the child?"

"It's a man."

"Man..." Violet read it intently, and then a figure popped into her mind.

Was it Ivan?

Thinking about it, Violet took Arya and walked towards the upstairs private room. She remembered that

Ivan went upstairs when she left.

Violet didn't know which private room Ivan was in, but she remembered that Ivan said that he was here to meet an important client, so the private room would certainly not be small.

So Violet went to those big private rooms. After looking for four or five rooms, she finally found it.

Violet didn't knock on the door. She directly opened the door of the room and then shouted, "Ivan!"

The people in the room fell silence. Many people looked at her, including Stanley.

Violet also saw him. There was a touch of surprise in her eyes. She didn't know he was here.

But she couldn't bother to think about it. She quickly shifted her gaze from Stanley to Ivan, and beckoned, "Come out. I have something to talk with you!"

After speaking, she bowed apologetically to the others in the room, then turned and left.

Ivan raised his eyebrows.

Stanley narrowed his eyes.

How could she come to Ivan?

Someone in the room joked, "Director Murphy, you're so charming. The beauty actually comes here to find you. That one is so good. Director Murphy, you have a good vision!"

When Stanley heard this, his face instantly became gloomy. His hands with the wine glass tightened.

Seeing it, Ivan smiled, "I'm flattered. Sorry, Mr. Hopkins, I have to..."

"Okay, okay." Everyone waved.

After Ivan gave Stanley a provocative look, he got up and left the room.

As soon as he left, the people in the private room even said some dirty jokes about Ivan and Violet.

Stanley couldn't listen anymore. He pulled a long face, put the wine glass on the table vigorously, and then left the room.

Chapter 118 Calvin Is Injured

Outside the private room, hearing the footsteps behind her, Violet changed the other hand to hold with Arya, and then turned around and looked at Ivan angrily.

Ivan looked confused, "What's the matter? Why are you so angry?"

He didn't seem to mess with her now?

He just went away almost half an hour ago and made some conflicts for her and her son. Was it possible that she was still angry about this?

"Give Calvin back to me!" Violet pursed her red lips.

Ivan frowned, "What?"

"Don't play dumb with me. Didn't you take Calvin away? Give Calvin back to me!" Violet clenched her fists emotionally.

Ivan understood now. She was saying that he took her son away.

No wonder there was only a little girl here.

"Sorry, Violet, you may have found the wrong person. I didn't take your son away." Ivan spread his hands.

Violet was taken aback for a moment, "It isn't you?"

"Of course, why should I take your son?" Ivan thought it was funny.

Violet's face turned pale, and she trembled.

Ivan took his hand out of his trouser pocket, trying to support her. But he was late.

Stanley came from another direction and held Violet's shoulders, "Are you okay?"

Smelling the familiar mint fragrance, Violet shook her head, "I'm fine."

"You're so in time." Ivan looked at Stanley sarcastically.

Stanley ignored him, pursing his own thin lips, "You just said Calvin was taken away, right?"

"Yes, I took Arya to the toilet. But when I came back, Calvin was not there. The cashier told me that it was a man who took Calvin away. I thought it was Director Murphy, so I came up to look for him, but Director Murphy said it was not him. I don't know who to trust now." Violet covered her face, feeling collapsed.

Arya pulled the corner of Violet's dress, "Mommy, don't cry! Mommy..."

Violet squatted down and hugged Arya, but she was trembling slightly.

Stanley turned his head and stared at Ivan.

Ivan pushed his glasses, "Why are you looking at me? I said it was not me."

Stanley looked away, took out his cell phone and made a call.

Soon, Fraser came.

Stanley pulled Violet up from the ground, "Leave Arya to Fraser. Follow me! I will take you to Calvin."

Hearing this, Violet quickly nodded and handed Arya to Fraser.

"Baby, you obediently listen to Fraser. Mommy and Uncle Murphy are going to find your brother." Violet touched Arya's head and said.

Arya waved her small fists, "Okay, I will be a good girl. Mommy, you must find my brother."

"I will." Violet said with tearful eyes, put her hands down and looked at Stanley, "Mr. Murphy, let's go."

"Wait a minute." Ivan adjusted his tie, "I will go with you guys."

"What?" Stanley frowned.

Ivan smiled slightly, "You all suspect that I took that kid away, so I have to prove my innocence!"

"Mr. Murphy..." Violet subconsciously looked at Stanley and asked for his opinion.

Stanley looked down and thought, and then he nodded slightly, "Let him go. With his participation, Calvin will be found faster."

"Okay." Violet naturally had no objection when she heard him say this.

She didn't care what Ivan's purpose was, as long as it was helpful to find Calvin.

So the group of three rushed to leave the second floor, going to check the restaurant's surveillance first, and see who took Calvin away.

But before they walked to the monitoring room, Violet's cell phone rang.

She was a little impatient with the person who called her at this time, but she still patiently answered, "Who is it?"

"Is it Miss Hunt?"

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"Yes." Violet nodded. "Are you?"

"We are from the Third Hospital."

"the Third Hospital?" Violet frowned deeply, wondering why the people in the hospital called her.

Stanley and Ivan also looked at her.

Stanley said, "Ask them what's the matter."

Violet gave a hmm, then asked.

The person on the other end of the phone replied, "Calvin had a car accident on Bekin Road. May I ask you..."

Before the person finished talking, Violet could no longer hold the phone. The phone dropped to the ground and the screen went black.

Violet herself passed out and fell to the ground.

When Stanley saw this, his face changed. Then he quickly stretched out his hand to hold her, letting her leaning firmly in his arms and stretching out his hand to pinch her philtrum.

Because of the timely pinch, Violet did not faint. She grabbed his sleeve and begged in tears, "Mr. Murphy, hurry up. Take me to the Third Hospital. Calvin had a car accident! Hurry up!"

Hearing this, Stanley was stunned. Then he directly carried her up and walked towards the parking lot.

Ivan picked up the phone on the ground and followed them, wondering what was going on.

Why was that kid taken away suddenly and had a car accident?

On the way to the hospital, Violet couldn't stop crying. She kept blaming herself for leaving Calvin alone in the restaurant.

If she took Calvin with her at that time, Calvin would not be taken away, let alone a car accident.

Unfortunately, it was all too late.

When they arrived at the hospital, Violet got out of the car and ran directly into the hospital before she could stand firmly.

Wearing high heels and being stimulated by Calvin's car accident, Violet didn't recover from the shock. She still had no strength. She swayed when she ran, and almost fell several times.

Finally, she simply took off her high heels and ran to the front desk barefoot.

Stanley followed behind her. Seeing the shoes she had taken off, he bent over to pick them up, and chased after her.

Only Ivan walked unhurriedly at the end, looking at the two in front of him with interest.

After asking the front desk of the hospital, Violet hurried to the emergency room after learning that Calvin was still in the emergency room.

When she reached the door of the emergency room and looked at the red light on the door, her heart seemed to be cut again with a knife. She almost couldn't breathe because of the pain.

Stanley put down her high heels. Seeing her bare feet, he frowned, and then calmly said, "Don't worry. Calvin will be fine."

"How can I not worry about it? Calvin has been in good health since he was a child. He has rarely even had a disease. Suddenly he had car accident. In case there is something wrong with him, I really... I really don't know what to do!" Sitting on the chair, Violet buried her head deep. Self-blame emotions filled in her heart.

Stanley squatted down and raised one of her feet. In her surprise, he gently helped her put on her shoes, "Don't catch a cold. When Calvin comes out, you still need to take care of him. If you catch a cold, you can't take care of him."

Hearing this, Violet bit her lip and nodded, "Thank you..."

Stanley gave a hmm and stood up.

Ivan, who was leaning on the wall opposite, said suddenly, "Tsk-tusk, Stanley, this is the first time I have seen you put on shoes for others. Ivy has never been treated like this."

Stanley's face sank, "Shut up!"

Ivan pretended not to hear it. Seeing that Violet didn't have reactions with Ivy's name, he couldn't help but wondered, "Violet, aren't you curious who Ivy is?"

He looked at Violet.

Violet nodded, "I know. I have met Miss Ellis."

"Oh?" Ivan was really surprised, touching his chin and muttering, "It seems my plans failed."

As he was muttering, the door of the emergency room was opened. A nurse hurried out from the inside.

Violet quickly stood up, "Nurse, how is my son?"

The nurse stopped, "Are you the child's mother?"

"Yes." Violet nodded repeatedly.

The nurse hesitated and replied, "Your child's condition is a bit not good."

Chapter 119 Special Blood Type

Violet felt like something collapsed. She froze.

Stanley was afraid that she could not bear it, so he moved behind her.

If she fell again, he could also hold her in time.

"What did you say?" Stanley stared at the nurse tightly. His voice couldn't hide his anxiousness.

Ivan was also a little serious, and was no longer so frivolous.

The nurse looked at Stanley's face which looked exactly like Calvin, and sighed, "Your child is bleeding too much and is in urgent need of a blood transfusion, but his blood type is very special. It is RH negative blood. There is not much this kind of blood in our blood bank. I am going to find the blood."

"I'm RH negative blood!" Stanley didn't even think about it, and rolled up his sleeves.

When Violet heard this, she shook her head and pushed his hand back, "No, you can't!"

He was Calvin's father. The blood transfusion was not allowed between the direct relatives, otherwise blood clotting would occur.

But Stanley didn't know her worry, thinking she didn't want to owe him, so his face suddenly sank. He looked at her coldly, "Violet, what's situation right now? Are you still stopping me?"

"No, it's just..."

"I can!" Just when Violet didn't know how to tell him, Ivan suddenly stood up, "I am also RH negative blood."

Violet seemed to see the hope. She immediately looked at him, with gratitude in her eyes, "Director Murphy, thank you so much."

Although he was the uncle of Calvin, he and Stanley were cousins. So he was not a direct relative of Calvin, so there should be no problem.

"Never mind. You owe me a favor." Ivan smiled, humming a song and following the nurse, as if he was not going to get blood, but to go sightseeing.

"Director Murphy, thank you!" Violet bowed to his back.

Ivan didn't look back. He just raised his hand and waved, indicating that he knew.

Violet stood up. The tension on her face eased a little.

Seeing her smile, Stanley clenched his fists, "Are you so happy that he can donate the blood?"

"Yes, Calvin can be saved." Violet replied, wiping tears with the back of her hand.

Stanley's thin lips pursed, "He can, but I can't?"

"Huh?" Violet turned to look at him.

Stanley pulled a long face, "I said, I can donate blood to Calvin, but why did you still choose him? You know he has some bad intentions towards you. But why did you still do it?"

In her heart, could it be that he was still inferior to Ivan?

Violet lowered her eyelids, "Mr. Murphy, I did not choose you because you are different from him."

"What's the difference?" Stanley narrowed his eyes.

Violet moved her lips but she didn't have any explanation.

Upon seeing this, Stanley's face turned cold. His eyes were also a bit cold, and the aura around his body became cold suddenly.

Violet knew he was angry, but she didn't know how to calm his anger.

At this moment, two men in police officer uniforms came over, "Are you the parents of the child in the emergency room?"

"Yeah, I am his mother." Violet put her hand on her chest and said quickly.

Stanley did not deny that he was Calvin's father.

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The two police officers nodded, "We are here to tell you the details about the child's car accident."

"Okay!" Violet clenched her fists.

One of the police officers stepped forward, "Two hours ago, a passer-by called the police, saying that there was a car accident on Bekin Road. Of the three people on the car, two died on the spot. Only your child was in the back seat, so he was survived."

Three people! Two died at the scene! Violet could imagine how serious the car accident was.

Violet held her forehead, feeling the whole world spinning.

Stanley grabbed her arm to prevent her from fainting.

"Where are the two people?" Stanley asked in a deep voice, looking at the two police officers.

"In the morgue of the hospital, these are the IDs and mobile phones I found from them. There are photos of them on the IDs. You can see if you know these two people." The police officer handed over a large transparent sealed bag.

As soon as Stanley stretched out his hand, Violet snatched it. She quickly opened the sealed bag, and took out the documents inside.

Stanley had to check the mobile phone. Seeing the few short messages on the mobile phone, he frowned, "This is a planned kidnapping of Calvin."

"What?" When Violet heard this, she didn't look at the IDs, grabbed the phone from his hand, and looked at the messages on it, "After getting him, send to the station immediately!"

"Too hateful!" Violet squeezed the phone tightly. Her eyes turned red from anger and hatred.

Seeing her like this, Stanley worried that she would be ill. He comforted her to calm down, "Calm down first."

"How can I calm down? They kidnapped my child and want to send my child away. If it's you, can you calm down?" Violet said tremblingly.

Stanley rubbed his temples, "Of course not, but what is the use of being angry now? The child has not been sent away, and those two people are also dead. No matter how angry you are, it isn't useful. It is better to calm down and find out the truth that Calvin was kidnapped."

Hearing this, Violet couldn't refute. She took a deep breath, barely suppressed the anger, and calmed down.

Seeing she listened to his words, Stanley pointed to the document in her hand and asked, "Do you know these two people?"

Violet shook her head, "I don't know! I haven't seen them."

Stanley gave a hmm, took the IDs from her hand, put them back in the sealed bag and returned it to the two police officers, "Excuse me, have you verified the identities of these two people? Who are they? "

"Yes, but the identity information of these two people is not much. The documents you just looked at are also new. Maybe the names above are not their real names. That's why we asked you if you knew them. As for the person who contacted them, sorry....."

"What do you mean? You didn't find it out?" Violet frowned.

Stanley didn't feel so surprised.

If the two police officers had any clues, they would not apologize.

The two police officers nodded, "Yes, the contact card in this mobile phone is a new card without the real names. We tried to pretend to be these two people to contact that person, but the other party fell silent. Obviously, the other party has been monitoring these two people. He has already run off when he heard that Calvin had a car accident."

"How could this happen!" Violet bit her lower lip.

The two police officers sighed apologetically, "So the most urgent task now is for you to figure out early on whether you have offended someone recently. Maybe you can figure it out so that you can trace the person behind it."

"Offended..." Violet lowered her head and thought.

Of course she had offended someone. First of all, it was Phoebe and Talia, and secondly, it was the person who wanted to kill her secretly. Although she did not directly offend that person, the person regarded her as a thorn in the eye.

These three people were likely to hurt Calvin, so she was not sure which of these three was. But two of these three were still related to Stanley.

Thinking of this, Violet glanced at Stanley and couldn't help getting angry. She pointed in the direction of the elevator, and said angrily, "Go, get out of here!" _____ Chapter 120 Out of Danger

Stanley could think of what she thought of, so he understood why she was angry and drove him away.

"Okay, I'll leave!" Stanley looked at Violet's red eyes, pursed his thin lips, and then turned away.

Of course, he didn't leave because of her driving him away, but he really couldn't stay by her side any longer.

If it was indeed that the person who hurt Calvin was Phoebe or the person who wanted to kill Violet two times, the matter would be a bit serious. Because he might have been watched by others.

So if he still stayed by her side, she and the people around her would be in danger. He must find this person out early and solve it!

Thinking of this, after Stanley pressed the button of the elevator, he took out his mobile phone and called the security department of the Murphy Group, asking the security department to arrange a few bodyguards to secretly protect Violet and her children.

In this way, he could devote all his energy to investigating the person behind the scenes.

Stanley's departure caused the two police officers to look at each other. They didn't understand why the couples quarreled all at once, and one of them drove the other away.

But they didn't ask too much. After all, it was others' family affairs.

"Miss Hunt, we will ask you a few questions next. I hope you will answer it truthfully." One of the two police officers said, and the other opened the notebook.

"Okay, I will." Violet sat down on chair.

About ten minutes later, the police officer finished asking questions. The other closed his notebook and reminded Violet, "Okay, Miss Hunt, that's all for the question. When your child wakes up, I hope you will inform us. We still have questions for him."

"Okay." Violet nodded slightly.

The two police officers turned and left.

Violet rubbed her cheeks. Her straight back collapsed all at once. She looked very tired and devoid of energy.

At this time, Ivan came back after drawing his blood. His face was very pale.

Seeing this, Violet quickly got up and helped him sit down, "Director Murphy, are you okay?"

"It's okay. I won't die. I was drawn 400ml." Ivan waved his hand in disapproval.

However, hearing this, Violet felt heartbreak, "400ml? so much?"

An adult couldn't donate more than 400ml blood at most, but he was directly drawn by 400ml.

How bad should Calvin get hurt!

As if he could see what Violet was thinking, he smiled, "Don't worry. Your son is not as serious as you think. I asked the nurse. She said your son has a scary amount of bleeding and a broken arm. That's it."

"Really?" Violet looked at him in surprise.

Ivan pushed his glasses back and said, "What good is it for me to lie to you? After your son comes out, you can ask the doctor."

"That's great!" Seeing that he didn't tell the lie, Violet felt relieve and finally smiled.

Ivan covered his arm and shouted with pain, "But your son hasn't come out yet. Please care about me first. I was drawn 400ml of blood for your son. How can you repay me?"

The smile on Violet's face slowly disappeared. She looked down and thought for a moment, "Director Murphy, what do you want me to do? As long as you don't let me do bad things and don't let me do things I don't want to do, everything is okay."

"This is what you said. I recorded it all." Ivan took out the phone from his pocket and showed it to Violet.

Violet was speechless, "Even if you don't record, I won't break my promise."

"That's good." Ivan put the phone away with satisfaction, and then said, "As for what I want you to do, it's not time yet. I'll tell you when the time comes."

Hearing this, Violet frowned and was suspicious, but finally nodded in agreement.

In any case, it was an indisputable fact that he saved Calvin.

Besides, he agreed not to let her do bad things or something she didn't like. That was enough.

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"By the way, where is Stanley?" Ivan finally remembered that he didn't see Stanley, so he looked around.

Violet pursed her red lips, "He's gone."

"Tsk, his own son hasn't come out yet, but he left so soon." Ivan glanced at the emergency room. His face was full of sarcasm.

Violet's eyes flickered. But she didn't answer him. She looked at the watch on her wrist, and became anxious.

It was been almost an hour since she came. Why hadn't Calvin come out yet?

Violet walked to the door of the emergency room, put her hands on the door panel, tiptoed and looked into the glass on the door, wanting to see the inside through the glass.

But even if she did this, she could only see a group of doctors and nurses walking around. She could not see Calvin.

She didn't know how long it took. Until her feet became stiff and her eyes were sore, the red light above the emergency room finally went off.

Violet knew that Calvin was about to come out, so she quickly put down her hands and stepped back so as not to hinder the people inside from coming out.

Soon, the door of the emergency room was opened. A middle-aged doctor came out first.

Violet hurriedly stopped him, clasping her own hands tightly together, and asked eagerly, "Doctor, how is my son?"

Ivan also looked at the doctor.

"It's not a big problem anymore. It just has to take a few months to recover, especially his arms. His bones haven't grown up. So, before he grows up, he can't be knocked down. Otherwise, he will be easily disabled." The doctor took off the mask and said.

His answer was similar to what Ivan said. Now, Violet finally felt relieved. Then she nodded hurriedly, "I see! Thank you, doctor."

"You're welcome. The child will be transferred to the general ward soon. You can go to see him."

After saying this, the doctor left.

"See, I didn't lie to you!" Ivan raised his chin, as if he wanted to get Violet's praise.

Violet was so worried about Calvin. She didn't have time to talk to him. She just stretched her neck and looked into the emergency room constantly.

Soon, Calvin was pushed out by the nurse.

Calvin lied on such a big push bed, with a big needle on the back of his hand. His small face was so pale.

Seeing this, Violet couldn't help but crying. She bit her lip to prevent herself from crying, bending down and pushing the bed to go to the ward with the nurse.

After she arrived in the ward, she remembered Ivan was outside.

But when she was about to go back to the emergency room to find him, she received a message from him, saying that he had gone.

That was good. She could take care of Calvin with peace of mind, and didn't need to be distracted to take care of Ivan. Although it was not good to think so, she really didn't have time to care for others when she saw Calvin like this.

After the nurses left, Violet pulled a chair away and sat down by the bed, reached out to hold Calvin's hand that didn't get the infusion. Looking at Calvin's pale face, she started crying again.

At this time, Lily came with Arya.

When Arya saw Calvin who was unconscious in the hospital bed, she cried and kept yelling, "Brother, brother."

Lily stood by the hospital bed, patting her chest angrily, "How come this is happening!"

Hearing this, Violet's eyes dimmed for a moment. She wiped her tears, trying to make her voice natural, "Mom, how did you know that Calvin had a car accident?"

She didn't seem to tell Lily?

"It was Fraser. I came back after attending the banquet. Seeing it was Fraser who was taking care of Arya, so I asked what was going on. Then Fraser made a call and told me that Calvin had a car accident. I hurried over here with Arya. Is Calvin all right?" Lily asked, touching Calvin's cold face. _____ Chapter 121
It's A Person Calvin Trusts

"It's not serious now." Violet tucked Calvin's quilt and replied.

"That's good." Lily breathed a sigh of relief, and then asked, "Why did Calvin have a car accident?"

Violet let go of the quilt, put her hand on the railing of the hospital bed, and squeezed it tightly. Without hiding Lily, she told Lily everything.

After Lily listened, she almost fainted, "It's Stanley again!"

"Mom, this is just my guess. After all, it is still unconfirmed whether which one did it." Violet pinched her eyebrows and said.

Lily sneered, "Hmph, it must be them. When you were abroad, when did you suffer from this? Calvin has never been kidnapped! Since you met Stanley, such a thing happens constantly. So if it wasn't those three people who did it, who else? "

Violet opened her mouth, and suddenly she couldn't refute it.

Lily calmed down and let out a long sigh, "Violet, I will persuade you the last time. Stay away from Stanley. It's best not to see him in the future. I don't want to hear that something bad happen to Calvin, Arya, or you. "

"I know. I will." Violet smiled bitterly.

This time, she was also scared.

She could die, but she didn't dare to put Calvin and Arya in danger.

"Well." Lily patted Violet on the shoulder.

Violet forced a smile, and said nothing.

After a while, Arya was tired of crying and fell asleep.

Violet took her to the sofa and took a set of spare quilts for the hospital to cover her.

Lily poured a glass of water. Seeing Violet sitting next to Arya and gently patting Arya's back with a frown, suddenly, Lily felt a little helpless.

Lily put down the water glass and walked over to poke Violet's forehead, "Well, don't frown. You're just like a little old woman now. Calvin has been out of danger. Just take care of him in the future. You have to relax yourself. Otherwise, how can you take care of Calvin if you are sick?"

"But I really can't relax myself." Violet rubbed her temples.

Lily was silent for a few seconds and sat down by the hospital bed, "Well, let me tell you something happy. Do you know how embarrassed Talia was at the banquet tonight?"

Violet shook her head, "Is it because of that bag?"

"Yeah. Tonight's charity party was originally aimed at protecting wild animals. All the ladies' bags were either embroidered or artificial leather. Only she carried a crocodile skin bag and was recognized. Mr. Lowe was so angry and asked someone to drive her out." Lily covered her mouth and smiled. Her eyes were full of gloating at Talia.

Violet also smiled, "At such a charity party, carrying such a bag is almost like to disrespect Mr. Lowe. How could he be not angry?"

"Yeah, after Talia was driven away, Eason was completely ashamed of everyone's ridicule and discussion. I believe there must be a big scene between the two of them tonight. But I can't see it." Lily spread her hands out.

Violet yawned, "It's nothing more than arguing and throwing things. Mom, I have to sleep for a while. Please help me take care of Calvin."

She was too tired.

From the moment she learned that Calvin had disappeared, she was so tense. Now that she relaxed, a

huge sense of fatigue surged up, making her eyes almost unable to open.

Lily looked at Violet, feeling so sorry, "Okay, go to sleep. I'll wake you up if something happens."

"Okay." Violet nodded, then lay down beside Arya, closed her eyes, and fell asleep.

Outside the door of the ward, Stanley clearly saw everything in the ward through the glass on the door. He watched Violet fall asleep tiredly, and then watched Lily wipe Violet face with a basin of water.

At the same time, he also saw the small body lying there on the hospital bed. He felt very uncomfortable, as if his heart was grabbed by something.

"Mr. Murphy, shall we not go in?" Fraser who was behind Stanley felt the gloomy aura from Stanley. He took a peek at Stanley and asked.

Stanley shook his head, "No, I didn't find out the person who was watching me. If I go in to see them, it will only make the person behind the scenes more hostile to them. Just see them here."

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The reason why he returned to the hospital was that Ivan called him, saying that Calvin had not been saved. But when he came here and asked the front desk, he found out that Ivan deliberately deceived him and teased him!

If it wasn't for Ivan's blood donation to save Calvin, he would never let Ivan go.

"By the way, go to arrange for a caregiver to come over and recommend it to Violet in the name of the hospital." Stanley looked at Violet who was asleep and said.

"Why?" Fraser ignored.

Fraser didn't understand. Why didn't he just introduce the caregiver to Violet directly?

Why did he have to make it so troublesome?

Stanley lowered his eyes and said quietly, "Now she and I think it's because of me that Calvin had an accident. She has a grudge against me now. If she knows that the caregiver is sent by me, she won't agree."

"So that's it." Fraser nodded suddenly, "I know. I will arrange it properly."

Stanley gave a hmm, then glanced at Calvin. He turned around, walked towards the exit, and asked in a deep voice as he walked, "Did you find clues about Calvin's car accident?"

Fraser looked up, "There is a doubt."

"Say!" Stanley pressed down the button.

Fraser pushed the glasses, "You and Violet think that it is Phoebe and Talia, or the person who wants to kill Violet the previous two times. So I go to investigate it from these three directions. But, I found no clues."

Stanley was shocked and turned to stare at him, "You mean, maybe it wasn't these three people who caused Calvin's car accident?"

"Yes, the most direct evidence is Calvin!" Fraser looked back at Stanley, "After you leave the restaurant, I also asked the restaurant's front desk and checked the restaurant's monitoring. I saw Calvin did go with that man by himself."

Hearing this, Stanley understood.

Although Calvin was young, he was extremely smart and vigilant.

In other words, the person who appeared in the restaurant at that time was someone Calvin knew and trusted. Otherwise, Calvin wouldn't follow him unsuspectingly. "

"Check, check all the people in Violet's circle!" Stanley clenched his fists and ordered coldly.

Fraser said yes, but then he thought of something and asked, "Mr. Murphy, do you want to tell Violet this?"

Stanley waved his hand, "Not now. So many things happened so suddenly. Telling her this will only stimulate her even more. It will not be too late to wait for Calvin to recover."

"Yes." Fraser stopped asking.

The elevator arrived.

After the door was opened, a man wearing a white coat from another hospital walked out of it.

Seeing this person, Stanley narrowed his eyes.

Fraser was even more surprised, "Dr. Joe?"

When George heard his own name, he looked up and smiled, "Fraser? Mr. Murphy is also here!"

Fraser smiled embarrassedly. He glanced at Stanley, whose face was gloomy. He didn't answer George, but was complaining.

Mr. Murphy obviously stood in front of him, even a few centimeters taller than him. But George pretended not to see Mr. Murphy. Obviously, George did it on purpose.

Stanley naturally knew George's meaning, but he didn't plan to pay attention to it. He just walked into the elevator.

But the moment Stanley passed by George, he was suddenly stopped by George, "Mr. Murphy, are you coming to see Calvin?" Chapter 122 Calvin Wakes Up

Stanley looked at George from the corner of his eyes, "Is there any problem?"

"Of course." Although George still smiled, his smile was so cold, "Don't come here in the future."

Stanley pursed his lips, "Why?"

George's glasses reflected light, "Isn't it obvious? You will only cause harm to Violet and her children. So just stay away from them."

"Dr. Joe, where is your manner?" Fraser's face sank.

George lowered his head and smiled, "Where is my manner? Jus ask yourselves, which of the things that Violet experienced was not caused by Mr. Murphy?"

"This..." Fraser was speechless all of a sudden.

Stanley waved his hand and motioned Fraser not to speak, then put his hand in his trouser pocket and looked at George indifferently, "I admit that Violet's several risks were brought to her by me. It's okay that she asks me to stay away from her. But who do you think you are? What quality do you have to ask me to stay away from her?"

George squinted his eyes, and finally spit out three words slowly, "I'm her friend!"

"Just friends? For me, it's not enough!"

After speaking, Stanley turned around and entered the elevator.

In the current situation, he would naturally stay away from Violet temporarily.

But this didn't mean that some irrelevant people could order him.

"Mr. Murphy, wait for me." Seeing Stanley walk away, Fraser quickly followed.

The elevator door closed quickly and then began to descend.

George looked at the beating numbers on the elevator display. His eyes behind the glasses flashed a terrifying madness.

"Really? I will make myself qualified!" George lowered his eyelids and let out two weird laughs that made people scared.

But the next second, he pushed his glasses and raised his head. The madness in his eyes was gone. He returned to his usual gentle and elegant appearance. He walked towards Calvin's ward, as if his crazy look just now was just an illusion.

Coming to the door of Calvin's ward, George tidied up his white coat and knocked on the door.

Hearing the knock, Lily went to open the door. Seeing that it was him, she smiled, "George, you are here."

"I rushed over when I received your call." George walked in and saw the mother and daughter on the sofa at first sight, "Violet fell asleep?"

Lily sighed, "Yeah, she is too tired."

George retracted his gaze, walked toward the bed, and stood on the edge of the bed. He looked down at Calvin who had a pale face. Then the imperceptible apologetic looks flashed in his drooping eyes.

Later, he asked about Calvin's current situation.

Lily answered in detail while pouring him water, and then handed him the water glass.

Knowing that Calvin was okay and would be better after a few months of recuperation, George loosened the hand which was holding the water glass.

"By the way, George, can you help me take care of them tonight? I'll go back and pack some changes of clothes and make some soup by the way." Lily picked up the bag and said to George.

George naturally agreed without hesitation.

Because it was exactly what he wanted.

Lily left. George looked at Violet again. After confirming that she would not wake up for a short time, he took off his glasses and leaned down, patted Calvin's ear gently, and then said something to Calvin.

After doing this, he straightened up and put on his glasses, dragged a chair away from the bed, and came to the sofa. After sitting down, he put his hands on his knees and stared at Violet until she woke up.

"George." Violet rubbed her eyes and greeted him after making sure that she had not made a mistake.

George helped her up, "Did you sleep well?"

"Yeah." Violet smiled, then went to see Arya on the sofa.

Seeing that the little girl was still asleep, she bowed her head and kissed the little girl's face, and then tidied up the quilt for the little girl.

When George saw this scene, his eyes darkened. He touched his lips with his thumb.

"By the way, George, when did you come?" Violet asked after putting on her shoes.

"I have been here for a while. Your Mom asked me to take care of you guys for a while. She went back to cook the soup." George replied warmly.

Violet nodded, indicating that she knew it. Then she took a look at the mobile phone. It was at four o'clock in the morning.

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It turned out that she hadn't slept long. No wonder it was still dark.

Violet walked to the hospital bed, touched Calvin's small face, and sighed, "I don't know when Calvin will wake up."

"Don't worry. He should wake up in the morning. I have already checked. The anesthesia is almost gone." George said.

George was a doctor. Of course Violet believed what he said. After hearing what he said, Violet squeezed the palms of her hands excitedly, "That's great."

"Violet, do you want to transfer Calvin to other hospitals?" George suddenly suggested while wiping his glasses.

Violet looked at him, "Transfer?"

"Yes, go to my hospital. I can take care of Calvin at any time." George nodded.

Violet was a little moved. But then when she saw Calvin's hand in plaster, she refused, "No, Calvin's hand can't get bumped. So..."

"Well." George's smile faded a lot.

Violet didn't notice his strangeness. All her mind were on Calvin, so naturally she couldn't see anything else.

Time flied quickly. It would dawn in a blink of an eye.

George left here and returned to the hospital where he worked. After all, he still had to go to work, so he couldn't stay with them all the time.

Besides, Violet didn't want to bother him all the time.

At about eight o'clock, Lily came back with a kind-looking caregiver, who said she was recommended by the hospital.

Violet didn't doubt and just let the caregiver stay.

While she was drinking the soup, Calvin on the hospital bed suddenly coughed twice.

Hearing this sound, there was a faint surprise in Violet's eyes. She hurriedly put down the spoon and went straight to the hospital bed.

Lily quickly pressed the emergency button on the head of the bed.

Soon, a group of doctors and nurses came and gathered around the bed to check Calvin.

"Doctor." Violet clenched her fists.

One of the doctors knew what she wanted to ask, then he replied with the mask, "Don't worry. After the anesthesia, he would wake up soon."

"Okay, thank you." Violet was relieved.

Sure enough, not long after the doctor finished speaking, Calvin opened his eyes, "Mommy..."

"Hey, Mommy is here!" Violet cried with joy when she saw the child wake up.

Arya, who was lying on the edge of the hospital bed, also happily called her brother.

Lily also wiped her tears happily on the side, then took her cell phone and went out to call the police station.

"Baby, does it hurt?" Violet asked, touching the pale face of the little guy.

Calvin nodded and replied with sobs, "It hurts. Mommy, Calvin hurts..."

At this moment, the little guy finally showed his vulnerability as a four-year-old child.

Violet gently lay on Calvin and hugged him, "Sorry, baby, it's all Mommy's fault. Mommy shouldn't leave you alone in the restaurant."

"Alone?" Calvin blinked in confusion, "Mommy, what are you talking about? What was I alone?"

Violet stopped crying, and quickly looked at the doctor.

The doctor frowned, "Try asking him a few more questions."

"Okay." Violet suppressed the anxiety and asked tentatively, "Baby, do you remember how you got in a car accident?"

Calvin frowned and began to think about it.

But soon, he shook his head. He frowned, "Mommy, I can't remember. I only know that we were eating in the restaurant, and then I didn't know what happened next."

Violet gasped.

The doctor touched his chin, and finally said with certainty, "Your child seems to have lost part of his memory."Chapter 123 Think Too Much

"Lost memory?" Violet exclaimed, covering her lips in disbelief.

Calvin was also surprised that he himself would lose the memory.

Only Arya tilted her head and asked, "Mommy, what is memory loss?"

"Your brother forgets something." Violet touched Arya's forehead and replied concisely.

Arya understood, putting a finger in her mouth, "Why did brother forget things?"

"Yes, doctor, why does my son lose his memory?" Violet looked at the doctor and asked eagerly.

The doctor did not answer immediately, but bent over to check Calvin's head.

But after the examination, his face was full of surprise, "It is weird! Your son has not suffered any trauma to his head. It stands to reason that there is no chance of memory loss."

"But he just lost his memory." Violet pointed to Calvin.

Calvin frowned and tried to recall what happened last night. But the more he thought about it, the more he couldn't remember it. Then he felt a dull pain in the back of his head.

Seeing the pain on his face, Violet quickly put a hand on his forehead and said, "Baby, don't think about it. If you can't remember it, just forget it."

"Sorry, Mommy." Calvin pursed his lips and apologized in shame.

Violet put her hand down, leaned over and pressed her forehead lightly against his forehead. She smiled softly, "Don't say I'm sorry. Sweetie, it's Mommy who should say sorry to you."

"Mommy doesn't have to say sorry to me." Calvin looked at her.

Calvin words made Violet feel more self-blaming. She rubbed her son's forehead and stood up straight, "Doctor, haven't you had the conclusion yet?"

The doctor pondered for a moment, "I thought of a possibility. Your son should have been stimulated by the car accident and caused amnesia. This is the self-protection of the brain. There have been similar cases in medicine."

"Can he recover?" Violet stared at the doctor closely.

The doctor shook his head uncertainly, "This is not clear. He may be recovered in a few days, or he may not be recovered for a lifetime, but this is also a good thing, at least he will not leave any psychological shadows."

Hearing this, Violet nodded relievedly, "You are right."

It was just that a part of the memory was lost, not all of the memory. Compared to memory, Calvin's life was the most important thing. If he couldn't remember those things, just forget it.

After the doctor left, Lily came back with two police officers from yesterday, both of whom came to ask Calvin about the situation before the accident.

However, Calvin lost his memory and didn't know anything.

The two police officers got nothing. The clues to the accident were so cut off.

Lily sat down on the sofa with an unwilling look, "Well, well, this time, we can't catch the murderer again, the same as the previous two."

Violet smiled helplessly, without speaking.

"Baby." Lily suddenly thought of something. She looked at Calvin, who had taken medicine on the hospital bed and fell asleep. Then she squinted her eyes, "Do you think Calvin's memory loss is too coincidental?"

"Mom, what do you mean?" Violet was wiping Calvin's body. Then she suddenly stopped when she heard this.

Lily pursed her lips, "I mean, Calvin's memory loss was a little too coincidental. Calvin just happened to lose that part of memories. I think it's the murderer deliberately trying to cover up clues and erasing Calvin's memory."

"It's really weird. But it's really just a coincidence. How can anyone control other people's memories at will?" Violet continued to wipe Calvin's body.

Lily waved her hand, "Maybe it is true. The hypnosis master has this ability on the TV."

"It is on the TV. In reality, I have never heard of anyone who has this ability." Violet laughed. But she didn't take Lily's words to heart.

Lily also felt that she might be too worried. She shrugged and then went outside to buy lunch.

Soon, a week passed.

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A Pakistani Man Has Accidentally Found A Way Of Earning More

The 10 Most Successful Celebrity Brands

Calvin recovered so soon. He could already get out of bed and walk around. Maybe after some time, he could be discharged from the hospital. But he still didn't remember what happened that night.

Maybe he couldn't get his memory back, just as the doctor said.

"Baby, listen to Pippa the nanny and Grandma. Mommy will come again in the afternoon." Violet kissed Calvin's cheeks, and said to him with some dismay.

If it hadn't been for Jessie to call her and say that she had to participate in a bidding, she would not leave at this time.

At least, she would wait until the child was discharged from the hospital.

"Well, I know, I will listen to Pippa and Grandma." Calvin glanced at the caregiver behind Violet and nodded.

Violet touched his head, then turned to the caregiver and said, "Please help me take care of him. My mother is driving Arya to kindergarten. After that, she will come over and help you."

"Miss Hunt, you give me the salary. It is my duty to take care of Calvin." The caregiver waved her hand and replied.

Hearing what she said, Violet was very satisfied. Then Violet smiled and thanked her.

After observing this week, she found that the caregiver was very responsible and attentive.

The most important thing was that she had no complicated connections. Besides, there was her information at the police station. So Violet could rest assured to let her take care of Calvin.

"I have to go." Violet waved to Calvin, nodded to the caregiver, picked up the bag and walked out of the ward. Then she took a taxi and left.

On the side of the road not far away, in a black Mercedes-Benz, Fraser turned his head and reminded the man in the back seat, "Mr. Murphy, Violet left."

Stanley saw it naturally. He lifted his chin slightly, "I know. You take the nourishment in the trunk to Pippa, and ask her to put some in Calvin's meals every time. Remember, remind her not to..."

"Don't be discovered by Violet, right?" Fraser interrupted him with a smile.

Stanley glanced at Fraser coldly, noncommittal.

Fraser shrank his neck and quickly got out of the car.

Ten minutes later, he came back with a mobile phone in his hand, "Mr. Murphy, the bidding department just called me and asked if you want to participate in the bidding for winter fashion."

"When?" Stanley raised his head from the tablet.

"Two o'clock in the afternoon." Fraser answered by looking at his watch.

Stanley thought for a while, and then asked, "Which clothing companies are participating?"

"Basically, those companies who have a little bit of strength all participate, in addition, there are several studios."

Hearing the word "studio", Stanley's eyes lit up, "Is there a studio called Rebirth?"

"I don't know this." Fraser shook his head, and then tentatively looked at Stanley, "Or, let me ask?"

"No." Stanley pursed his thin lips, "Just go directly."

"Yes." Fraser fastened his seat belt and started the car.

When they arrived at the bidding place, hearing Stanley coming, the person in charge there welcomed him in very enthusiastically, and arranged him a private room on the second floor.

Standing in the room window, Stanley looked down. Then he accurately captured Violet in the lobby on the first floor.

She was sitting in the middle of the second-to-last row and opening a bidding book in her hand. Her face was extremely serious.

At this moment, Violet seemed to feel something. Then she closed the bidding book and looked up a few times.

Jessie who was next to her was attracted by her behavior and looked over, "Violet, what are you looking

for?Chapter 124 There Is Some Oil on the Ground

"It seemed that someone was looking at me just now." Violet frowned and replied with some uncertainty.

Hearing the words, Jessie looked around, "Maybe you're too sensitive."

"Perhaps." Violet didn't think about too much, and then reopened the bidding book.

Jessie looked at the time, "There are still ten minutes left. The bidding will begin. I just saw those companies. Except for some clothing companies, there are also many studios, including three new studios like us. We have little chance of winning."

Violet chuckled, "Let alone those studios, see those clothing companies. How can we defeat them!"

Jessie sighed, "I didn't expect this at first, but I heard that this bidding is a top-level project that won't be inferior to 'Born of Fire'. I thought that as long as we get this project, maybe our studio will be able to become the company in advance. Who knows that there are so many competitors! I would not sign up if I knew it early."

Violet tucked her hair, "It's okay. Since we're here, just try to fight for it. I'll go to the bathroom first."

After speaking, she put down the bidding book, got up and left the hall.

When Violet walked into the bathroom, she saw Phoebe standing in front of the sink and applying makeup. Violet was taken aback for a moment. At the same time, she felt that the world was so small that she could meet Phoebe everywhere.

Phoebe didn't expect to meet Violet here, so she was also a little surprised.

Then she quickly put the lipstick into her bag, asking with a questioning tone, "Why are you here?"

Violet also came here to apply makeup. She calmly walked to another sink, turned on the faucet and washed her hands, then wiped her hands while replied, "This is the bidding conference. You think why I am here?"

Phoebe understood at once, and narrowed her eyes, "Are you also here to participate in the bidding?"

Violet lifted her chin, "Is there any problem?"

"Ridiculous!" Phoebe rolled her eyes at Violet in disdain, "I heard that you have already resigned from the Murphy Group and have not yet found the job. Where did you qualify to participate in the business bidding?"

"Didn't Talia tell you?" Violet took out the powder and opened it.

Phoebe frowned, "Tell me what?"

Violet smiled, "Of course I have a studio. My studio has also dealt something with your studio. It's just not long ago. You probably haven't forgotten that my studio is called Rebirth, right?"

"What? Rebirth is yours?" Phoebe was so shocked, and her voice instantly became sharp.

Violet nodded, "Yes, so surprise, right? Speaking of which, Director Hunt, the factory department of my studio was built with your 20 million dollars, and the money for the machines was also the opportunity that Talia gave me. She let me get 20 million from Dad. Thank you and your mother!"

Knowing the truth, Phoebe's face was distorted and her hands trembled. She was so furious.

It turned out that the studio which took her to court and made her lose everything was actually Violet's!

It was Talia that made her most angry. Talia knew that Violet was the owner of Rebirth, but she didn't tell her. Besides, Talia was still her mother!

Taking a deep breath, Phoebe tried her best to suppress her anger, and sneered, "I really didn't expect that I was framed at by you!"

"Frame?" Violet pursed here lips, "I don't agree what you said. When did I frame you? Didn't Director Hunt give me the money yourself? If it weren't that you suppressed my studio, would I have this chance to get the money?"

"Huh, bitch!" Phoebe glared at Violet, "Violet, that's not over. I'll remember this grudge. I will let you know that my money is not so easily to get. Today's bidding, with me, you can't win successfully."

After speaking, Phoebe zipped up the bag and went out.

Violet shook her head with a smile. She did not take Phoebe's words to heart.

Because even if Phoebe did nothing, she couldn't win the bid.

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Islamabad Janitor Became A Millionaire Almost Overnight!

He's Using This Secret Trick To Make Millions

After finishing the makeup, Violet adjusted her hair and packed her bags, ready to leave the bathroom and go back to the bidding hall.

But when she walked out of the bathroom, she slipped.

She fell so badly. Not only did her head knock to the ground and it caused a short-term dizziness, but the most serious thing was her feet. At this time, she felt a heart-wrenching pain.

She shook her head. After shaking off the dizziness in her head, she sat up on the ground with a painful face. Looking at her right foot, she suddenly gasped, "Hiss..."

Because the ankle was swollen so high, like a steamed bun. It was obviously sprained.

Besides, it was also very serious. It seemed that she couldn't walk anymore.

So Violet had to take out her mobile phone to call Jessie over to help her.

After learning that Violet had fallen, Jessie rushed over immediately.

"Violet." Jessie helped Violet up.

Violet stood firmly, leaning on Jessie and smiling palely, "Jessie, I'm sorry to trouble you."

"What are you talking about? We are best friends!" Jessie glared at Violet displeased, and then asked, "Why did you fall?"

Hearing her asking about this, Violet then remembered what happened before she fell. She squinted her beautiful eyes, "When I finished the makeup and came out, I stepped on something slippery, which seemed to be oil. So I slipped and fell."

"Oil?" Jessie was stunned, "How can there be oil at the bathroom door?"

"I don't know, but it feels a lot like that." Violet said, pursing her lips.

"Let me see." Jessie helped Violet to the wall, letting Violet stand by the wall. Then she let go of Violet's arm, went back to the bathroom door and squatted down, looking carefully on the ground.

Finally, Jessie saw a little shiny water stain near the place where Violet fell.

"It should be this." She murmured, then stretched out her hand, rubbed a little bit of the water stain with her index finger, and twisted it with her thumb, then her eyes widened, "Violet, it's really oil."

"Sure enough!" Violet slowly clasped her fingers which supporting the wall.

It was normal that there was some water outside the bathroom door.

But if it was oil, there was obviously a problem. The most important thing was that there wasn't oil when she went in, but when she came out, there was a pool of oil on the ground. It was obvious that someone wanted to harm her. As for who it was, Violet already had suspicious.

"Jessie, can I smell it? I want to know what oil it is!" Violet said in a deep voice.

Jessie nodded, got up and stretched out her fingers.

Violet lowered her head and smelled it. A faint scent lingered on the tip of her nose, "It's the essential oil for skin care."

Moreover, she had smelled this smell on Phoebe. It seemed that her suspicion was not wrong.

"Violet, did you think of something?" Seeing the anger on Violet's face, Jessie asked again.

Violet bit her lip, "It's Phoebe. She deliberately poured it on the ground to make me fall."

"Damn it! Too despicable and shameless." Jessie stamped her feet with anger, but then realized something and looked at Violet, "Why is Phoebe here?"

"Just like us. She came to participate in the bidding. We met in the bathroom. She told me that she would not let me win the bidding. I think she poured oil here in order to let me get injured. Then I would voluntarily give up the bidding." Violet replied with cold light in her eyes._

Chapter 125 Bidding Results

"It's too mean." Jessie was trembling because of anger, "No, Violet, I can't let her go so easily. I have to teach her a lesson. Go, let's find her now."

"Jessie, don't be impulsive." Violet pulled Jessie's sleeve, "It is the bidding period. If we go to find her, we will be blacklisted by the organizer. The gains outweigh the losses. We can wait until the bidding is over."

Hearing this, Jessie calmed down, "You're right. Let's go back to the hall first."

"Okay." Violet nodded.

The two helped each other back to the hall.

Phoebe had been paying attention to the entrance of the hall. Seeing Violet being supported back, she was first happy, and then annoyed again.

She was happy that Violet really got the trick. What made her angry was that Violet still didn't give up the bidding even if she was like this.

Stanley who was in the private room on the second floor also found that Violet got injured.

After Stanley fixed his eyes on her feet for a few seconds, he called Fraser in, "Arrange someone to ask what happened to Violet's feet."

Fraser also glanced at Violet and nodded, "I'm going to arrange now."

Then, he turned and left the private room.

But after a while, he came back again, "Violet fell outside the bathroom door."

Stanley frowned.

What was this woman doing while walking?

"You go out to buy a pair of flat shoes and let someone give it to her. Then find a doctor to see her."
Stanley pinched his eyebrows, and ordered in a deep voice.

Fraser responded again, "Yes."

Soon, the staff of the bidding organizer came to Violet with a shoe box, "Miss, considering your situation, we specially bought a pair of flat shoes for you."

"OMG, your service is so good?" Jessie opened her mouth in surprise.

Violet was also a little surprised, but she didn't think much. Then she reached out and took the shoe box, "Thank you very much."

"You're welcome. You are a guest. This is what we should do. In addition, we also have an infirmary. You can go over and check the injury for free."

"There is also a doctor! That's great, Violet!" Jessie's eyes lit up and patted Violet on the shoulder.

Violet knew what Jessie was going to say. She felt warmed, but she shook her head, "Don't worry. I will go over after the bidding is over."

"No problem, the doctor is always there. Miss can go there anytime. I'll go down first."

After that, the staff smiled at her and left.

Jessie grabbed the box and opened it. Inside were a pair of white soft-soled shoes. The style was simple,

but they looked very nice, and matched Violet's clothes.

Jessie played with the shoes and said with emotion, "This organizer is really good. It is so generous. Not only does it buy light luxury brands, but also considers your clothes, and also provides medical treatment. Tsk, it's so awesome."

"Okay, the bidding has already started. Give me the shoes soon." Violet pushed Jessie with an elbow.

Jessie put the shoebox back on Violet's laps, "Here you are."

Violet smiled and bent over to change her high heels.

At this time, bidding had entered a period of intense competition. Major companies and studios had launched fierce competition.

Jessie had fought for several times, but due to the newly established studio, she was quickly eliminated and lost the opportunity to bid.

Although Jessie was disappointed, she could accept this result. After all, she had expected it from the beginning.

Phoebe didn't know that Violet never thought about winning the bid from the beginning. After seeing Rebirth was eliminated, she was so happy. She looked back, wanting to see Violet's disappointed face.

But she didn't see it. Instead, she saw a smile on Violet's face. She felt very confused.

What was going on? She failed the bidding, but why was she still laughing?

Phoebe couldn't understand.

Violet noticed Phoebe's gaze and looked straight at Phoebe, while saying to Jessie who was beside her, "She is looking at us."

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Iconic Movie That Has A Secret Ending That You Never Got To See

"Who?" Jessie didn't react for a while.

Violet sighed, "Phoebe."

"Where is it?" Jessie pretended to cover her eyes and looked around.

Violet said, "The seventh row, the second on the right hand."

"Ah, I saw it." Jessie saw Phoebe. She sneered at first, then put her hand on her neck, making a posture that she would kill her.

Phoebe was taken aback, then she turned her head back quickly.

Jessie laughed, "Did you see it? She was scared back by me."

Violet's lips curled, "I saw it. Good job."

"That is." Jessie snorted triumphantly.

Stanley on the second floor saw the invisible confrontation and couldn't help but chuckle.

Fraser stood behind him, "Mr. Murphy, what are you laughing at?"

"Nothing! The bidding result is coming out?" Stanley put down his glass and turned around.

Fraser looked at his watch, "It's time to announce the result."

As he was talking, the host in the hall on the first floor took the microphone and walked onto the podium, and began to announce the results of the bid, "Congratulations to Mr. Dixon in the private room on the second floor, for winning this bid!"

Hearing the words, everyone in the audience looked up to the second floor, wanting to see who this Mr. Dixon was.

But the doors and windows of the private rooms on the second floor were closed tightly, and they couldn't see anything.

"Violet, have you ever heard of Mr. Dixon in J City?" Jessie came to Violet's ear and asked.

Violet shook her head, "I've heard of it before."

"Before?" Jessie blinked suspiciously.

Violet rubbed her ankle, "In the past, there was the Dixon family in J City, but a scholarly family. Mr. Dixon had an only daughter. She finally married into the Murphy family and gave birth to Mr. Murphy.

Later, after the death of Mr. Murphy's mother, the Dixon family was integrated into the Murphy family. Then the Dixon family disappeared from J City from then on."

"In that case, this Mr. Dixon should have come from other places." Jessie speculated by touching her chin.

Violet shrugged uninterestedly, "Okay, no matter where he comes from, it is none of my business. Let's go."

"Go to teach Phoebe a lesson." Jessie helped Violet to stand up.

The two had just walked out of the row of seats when a man who looked like a bodyguard came over and stopped them, "Are you the person in charge of Rebirth?"

"Who are you?" Jessie blocked Violet behind her and looked at them warily.

The man replied blankly, "I am Mr. Dixon's bodyguard. Mr. Dixon specially asked me to invite two of you over."

"Invite us?" Jessie and Violet looked at each other.

Violet frowned and asked, "Is there any purpose?"

"Talk about the bidding. Please." The man finished speaking and made a gesture of inviting them, making it clear that they had to go.

Jessie looked at Violet anxiously, "Violet, what should we do now, go or not?"

Violet looked down and pondered for a few seconds, "Go. We can't refuse him at all."

"But what if Mr. Dixon wants to hurt us?" Jessie hugged herself.

Violet let out a laugh, "It shouldn't be. This is an official place. If he really wants to be against us, he won't do anything here."

"Yes, let's go." After hearing her words, Jessie felt relieved, then helped Violet and followed the bodyguard to the second floor.

After entering the room, Violet saw a young man sitting on the sofa in the room. The man looked ordinary. His temperament was not outstanding. The most important thing was that the quality of his suit was not good. Would such an average person be Mr. Dixon who won the bid?

Chapter 126 Snatching the Cooperation

As if seeing what Violet was thinking, the man stood up and smiled at her, "Hello, I am Mr. Dixon's secretary. You can call me Aadam."

"Secretary?" Jessie pointed at him and said bluntly, "So you are not Mr. Dixon?"

"Mr. Dixon has something to deal with, so he left. He asked me to wait for you guys here." Aadam replied.

Violet nodded, "Well, what is the matter?"

"No hurry, have a seat first." Aadam pointed to the sofa opposite.

Jessie helped Violet to sit down.

Aadam poured them two cups of tea, and then explained, "Here is the thing. We are not locals. So we have no influence in J City, but it happened to win the bid, so we wanted to find a partner to help design the clothes for the winter fashion show."

"That's great. Violet..."

Jessie really wanted to recommend Violet, but she was stopped by Violet.

"Sorry, she is a bit lively." Violet smiled at Aadam.

Aadam waved his hand, "Never mind."

Then Violet continued, "There is no problem with cooperation, but I want to know why you choose us. We are just a newly established studio with not deep foundation. You have seen it. We were eliminated in the first round. There are many better partners than us in J City."

Normally, when a big company chose a partner, he would usually choose the big company or studio. Because their credibility and instability were much higher than new studio.

But this mysterious Mr. Dixon directly skipped those companies and approached her, so Violet had to suspect that there were other purposes.

Adam saw the suspicion in Violet's eyes. He only felt a lot of pressure.

No wonder Fraser specially reminded him when he left, saying that Violet was very alert, let him pay more attention and didn't expose himself.

Adam took a deep breath, picked up the tea cup in front of him, took a sip of tea, and reorganized his words before saying.

"Why did we choose Rebirth? It is because of Miss Hunt. Mr. Dixon has seen Miss Hunt's design for the Murphy Group and felt it very amazing. We also want this design to lay the foundation for our future stationing in J City. "

What he said was justified and well-founded. Violet didn't feel any problems for a while. She also really wanted this cooperation.

First of all, this bidding project was a big project that would not lose 'Born of Fire'. Secondly, as Jessie said, relying on this project, her studio might really be transformed into a company in advance.

Originally she thought that this opportunity was gone, but now the opportunity was here again. She really doesn't want to miss it. Maybe she could take a gamble!

Thinking of this, Violet bumped Jessie with her arm. After communicating with Jessie with eyes, she turned her gaze to Aadam, "Aadam, I want to know how the benefits should be distributed?"

"Mr. Dixon said that as long as you agree to cooperate, we only need the thirty percent and you guys can get seventy percent."

"Too much?" Jessie stood up in shock.

Violet was also shocked. She didn't expect to have such a lucrative benefit.

Aadam smiled, "Mr. Dixon said, we only provide this project and the final publicity, but the design, fabric, and ready-to-wear production are all done by you. You will pay more than us, so the benefits should naturally be given to you a lot."

"Your boss is really a businessman!" Jessie beamed with joy.

"Haha...." Aadam replied with a smile, and then looked at Violet, "Is there any questions? If not, we can make an appointment to sign the contract."

"No." Violet shook her head.

"Well, tomorrow morning, I will bring the contract to your studio." Aadam stood up and reached out to Violet.

When Violet was about to shake hands with Aadam, the door was opened. A bodyguard came in, "Aadam, there is a Miss Hunt outside, saying that she wants to talk about cooperation with you in this bidding project."

"Damn it! It's Phoebe. So shameless. She actually wants to grab business with us." Jessie said angrily.

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Violet also frowned.

The smile on Aadam's face also disappeared, "Let her go back and tell her that we already have a partner."

Mr. Murphy said that this cooperation was only for Rebirth, even if the person outside was Mr. Murphy's fiancée. Besides, they all knew that Mr. Murphy did not love his fiancée at all.

So if he drove the person away, Mr. Murphy would not blame him even if he knew.

"Yes, sir." The bodyguard responded.

However, when he returned to the door, Phoebe squeezed him away and rushed in, "Hello, Mr. Dixon, I am..."

Before she finished speaking, she suddenly saw Violet and Jessie. Then her face changed drastically,

"Why are you guys here?"

"Why are we here? Of course we are just like you. We came to cooperate with Mr. Dixon." Jessie deliberately said.

Violet lowered her eyes and smiled, without saying anything.

Adam wanted to say something, but suddenly his phone vibrated. After taking it out and reading it, he swallowed what he was about to say.

"Cooperate with Mr. Dixon? Just you guys?" Phoebe pointed at Jessie then at Violet. Her face covered with disdain.

Seeing Phoebe like this, Jessie wanted to slap Jessie, "Is there any problems?"

"Who do you think you are? What can your small studio do for Mr. Dixon?" Phoebe sneered.

Jessie clenched her fists.

Violet stopped Jessie, shook her head, and looked at Phoebe with a cold face, "What about you? What can you do for Mr. Dixon?"

"I can do a lot. Our studio has been established in J City for five years. There is no shortage of connections and designers. Besides, there are also several fabric suppliers behind us. You are far worse than us." Phoebe proudly raised her chin.

Jessie snorted, "Your studio hasn't been transformed into a company since it was built for 5 years. You still show it off. I really don't know what you are proud of."

"You..." Phoebe's face was stiff. Then she raised her hand and was about to slap Jessie.

But soon, she thought that the occasion was wrong and put her hand down angrily.

"I won't talk to you about this. Get out of the way. I'll talk to Mr. Dixon." With that, Phoebe took a step forward, squeezing Violet away and standing in front of Aadam.

Violet almost fell down again. Fortunately, Jessie reacted in time and helped Violet to avoid the disaster.

"Phoebe, are you insane? Didn't you see Violet standing here? Why are you still bumping into her?"
Jessie yelled at Phoebe angrily.

Phoebe glanced at Violet, "Who bumped into her? She stands in the way."

"You are so..."

"Well, Jessie, there is no need to fight for who is right or wrong with this kind of person." Violet patted Jessie's hand to signal her to calm down.

In the next private room, Stanley, who had witnessed all this from the surveillance, gave an order with a gloomy face, "Let Aadam get Phoebe away."

"Yes." Fraser responded and sent another text message.

Looking at the content of the text message, Aadam had more confidence. After he straightened his tie, he was about to speak, but Phoebe suddenly spoke first, "Hello, Mr. Dixon, I am the person in charge of the Light. I heard that you come from another place, so I think you should look for partners to complete the bid together. I..."

"Puff!" A loud laugh interrupted Phoebe's prepared speech directly.

Phoebe's face suddenly became cold. She glared at Jessie and Violet fiercely, "What are you laughing at?" _____

Chapter 127 Fight

Violet shrugged and didn't mean to answer.

Jessie wiped the tears from the corner of her eyes and mocked, "Oh my god, my stomach hurts with laughter. Phoebe, you know the wrong person, but you still want to cooperate with Mr. Dixon!"

"What do you mean?" Phoebe's heart sank.

Wrong person?

Could it be...

Phoebe immediately looked at Aadam and asked in a sharp voice, "You are not Mr. Dixon!"

"I am Mr. Dixon's secretary." Aadam smiled.

Phoebe clenched her fists and shouted, "You are not Mr. Dixon, but why didn't you tell me earlier?"

He actually made her so embarrassed in front of Violet and Jessie.

Adam spread his hands, "This lady, it's not that I didn't tell you, but you didn't give me a chance. I was interrupted by you twice. What can I do?"

"Yes." Jessie echoed, "After you came in, you didn't ask anything clearly. Now you blame him and don't reflect on whether you are wrong. For a person like you, who would dare to cooperate with you?"

Adam nodded repeatedly, "Miss Robinson is right. I'm sorry, this lady! We can't cooperate with you."

"Why?" Phoebe was unwilling to accept the result, frowning.

Adam pointed towards Violet, "Because we have decided to cooperate with Miss Hunt."

"What?" Phoebe raised her voice, glaring at Violet angrily.

Violet looked back at Phoebe and smiled at her.

In Phoebe's eyes, this smile was just showing off and provoking her.

Her angry face was distorted. She squeezed the bag's handle, turned around and went out.

That was not over. She would definitely let Violet know the consequence of robbing her cooperation.

As for Mr. Dixon, she would also make him regret today's decision.

"Violet, see her jealous look. So ugly!" Jessie looked at the direction Phoebe was leaving, and said to Violet.

"Okay, don't you know what kind of person she is? Don't waste your time on her." Violet put down her tea cup and stood up, smiling at Aadam, "Aadam, we will wait for your arrival in the studio tomorrow. Bye!"

"Okay, bye." Aadam took the initiative to walk to the door and opened the door for them.

Jessie helped Violet out, ready to go to the infirmary to check the feet.

When they walked to the elevator, they found that Phoebe hadn't left yet, and was standing in front of the elevator and making a phone call.

Seeing them coming, Phoebe seemed to be frightened, and hung up the phone quickly.

Upon seeing this, Jessie squinted her eyes, "She hung up the phone as soon as we came. Could it be that she did something vicious?"

"It's none of your business!" Phoebe retorted loudly.

It just so happened that the elevator door opened at this time, and she was about to go in.

Jessie pulled a long face and stopped her, "Wait!"

Phoebe stopped subconsciously and turned around, "What?"

"What? Of course we have to get even with you!" Jessie sneered twice, and helped Violet to the side wall, "Violet, stand here."

Violet knew what Jessie was going to do, so she hummed and put her hand on the wall to support herself.

Seeing Violet standing firmly, Jessie let go of her hand and walked towards Phoebe, slapping her.

Phoebe was shocked by Jessie's slap. She covered her face for a long time before reacting. Her eyes widened in disbelief, "Do you dare to hit me?"

Violet didn't expect Jessie to slap Phoebe so fiercely. Listening to the sound, she could imagine how hard Jessie used.

"Yeah, so what? Since you dare to pour the oil the outside of the bathroom and made Violet fall, I will dare to slap you." Jessie shook her aching hand.

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There was a panic in Phoebe's eyes. But then she quickly calmed down, "Why do you say it's me? Do you

have any evidence?"

"The evidence is in her bag!" Violet freed a hand and pointed at Phoebe's bag.

Jessie's eyes lit up and directly grabbed Phoebe's bag.

"What are you doing? Give me the bag!" Phoebe's face changed. She screamed.

Jessie ignored her, opened the bag, and poured out the stuff directly.

"It's here." Jessie bent down and picked up a small bottle on the ground, and showed it in front of Phoebe, "It's this essential oil. What else do you have to say now?"

Phoebe's face turned pale, and she reached out to grab it.

Jessie turned around, avoiding her, "No way!"

"Damn you!" Phoebe was so furious. She gritted her teeth and wanted to scratched Jessie's face.

"Jessie, be careful!" Violet knew that Phoebe lost her mind now. With frowning, she quickly reminded.

"Don't worry. She can't beat me!" Jessie smiled confidently, threw the essential oil to Violet, rolled up her sleeves, and fought with Phoebe.

The two of them fought together, scratching each other's faces and hair. Violet was so anxious.

Especially when she saw Jessie's face which was scratched by Phoebe, she was worried, "Jessie, stop!"

"No, if I can't beat her down today, I won't be Jessie." Jessie was so angry at this moment, and was unwilling to stop.

Violet was afraid that Jessie would suffer more serious injuries if this continued, she had to go to persuade Jessie.

But as soon as she jumped one step, she lost her balance and fell forward.

At the moment when she was full of horror and her body was about to land, an arm suddenly stretched out from behind, hooked her waist, and brought her back.

Violet bumped her back into a hard chest. The familiar mint fragrance made her recognize who was behind without having to look back.

Stanley!

Stanley frowned, looked at Violet's shocked face, and asked in a deep voice, "Are you okay?"

"I'm fine. Thank you, Mr. Murphy." Violet nodded, ignoring why he was here, squeezing his hands and looking at the two women in front of her anxiously, "Mr. Murphy, please let them stop!"

Stanley gave a hmm, squinted at Phoebe and Jessie and yelled, "Stop!"

Hearing his voice, Phoebe immediately stopped.

Seeing Phoebe stop, Jessie also stopped, but she still didn't forget to provoke Phoebe, "Why? Give up?"

Phoebe gave Jessie a fierce look, without replying. Then she turned around and looked at Stanley.

Seeing him standing with Violet and still holding Violet's waist, her face changed on the spot, "Stanley, what are you doing? Why are you hugging her?"

Phoebe pointed at Violet jealously.

Violet was shocked. Only then did she realize that she was still being held by Stanley. Then she quickly moved Stanley's hand away.

Without the support of Stanley's arm, she could not stand on one foot. She began to shake again.

"Jessie." Violet reached out to Jessie.

Jessie immediately understood what Violet meant, and took a step forward to support her.

Violet breathed a sigh of relief.

Seeing that she was all right, Stanley slowly clenched his hand in the air into a fist, and finally put it in his trouser pocket.

Phoebe walked to Stanley, raised her head, looking at him as if she was about to cry, "Stanley, why are you hugging her!?"

Stanley pursed his thin lips, and replied with some impatience, "She hurt her foot."

"Even if her foot is injured, it is not your turn to help her. You are my fiancé. But you are holding other women in front of me. Who am I to you?" Phoebe bit her lip and complained.

Chapter 128 Admitting the Guilt

Stanley frowned and wanted to say something.

Jessie preemptively said, "Hey, you are too narrow-minded. Mr. Murphy said Violet got her foot injured and she couldn't stand still, so he helped her. Besides, he didn't do anything else. Why do you look like as if they did something sorry for you? Moreover, it's because of you that Violet got hurt. Your fiancé's help is also an atonement for you!"

"You..."

Phoebe became angry and was about to refute. Stanley suddenly pulled her away, looked down at Violet's feet, and finally moved his eyes upwards and fixed on Violet's face, "Is it Phoebe?"

Violet gave a hmm slightly.

Stanley suddenly looked towards Phoebe.

Phoebe's face turned pale. She subconsciously denied, "Stanley, don't listen to their nonsense! It's not me."

"What did you say? In order to prevent us from bidding successfully, you pour essential oil outside the bathroom, causing Violet to fall and got injured. This is the evidence!" Jessie took the essential oil in Violet's hand and showed to Stanley.

Stanley knew it was indeed Phoebe's, because he had seen it before.

The essential oil of this brand was Phoebe's favorite.

"What she said is true?" Stanley's thin lips pressed into a straight line. He stared at Phoebe without emotion.

When Phoebe faced him like this, her heart was pounding so badly. She didn't dare to look into Stanley's eyes, "Of...Of course not, there are so many people who have essential oils. Who said the oil outside the bathroom must be mine?"

"How about doing an appraisal?" Violet looked up at Phoebe and suddenly said.

Stanley nodded, "Yes, let someone check the essential oils outside the bathroom to see if it is the same as this one."

"That's a good idea!" Jessie's eyes lit up, "As long as the detection is consistent, you can't deny it."

When Phoebe heard it, her calf softened and she slumped on the ground.

Her face already showed that she had confessed the crime.

Stanley's face was cold, "You really have not changed even if after repeated teaching."

"Stanley..." Phoebe looked at him timidly.

Stanley narrowed his eyes, "Get out!"

Phoebe trembled, quickly got up from the ground, picked up her bag and went into the elevator.

Seeing her leaving, Jessie was a little dissatisfied, "Mr. Murphy, just let her go like this? She has harmed Violet! Don't you plan to punish her?"

Violet also looked at Stanley.

Stanley's face eased, "I will give you guys an explanation."

"Really? We'll wait and see." Jessie felt a lot more comfortable when she heard what he said.

Violet looked at the phone, "Mr. Murphy, we have to leave first."

"I'll drive you back." Stanley looked down at her feet.

Before Violet could say something, Jessie nodded happily, "Okay, okay."

"Jessie!" Violet frowned, and then shook her head at Stanley, "No need, Mr. Murphy. We can go back by ourselves. Thank you. Let's go, Jessie."

"Oh..." Jessie helped her into another elevator.

Looking at the slowly closing elevator doors and Violet's alienated face in the elevator, Stanley couldn't help clenching his fists in his trouser pockets.

She was deliberately staying away from him!

Although he knew the reason why she stayed away from him, he was still quite upset when he saw her really doing this.

In the elevator, Jessie looked at Violet, "Violet, why do I feel that you are so indifferent to Mr. Murphy? What happened between you?"

Violet's eyes flickered. She smiled faintly, "I originally just worked for him. Now, I'm not his employee anymore. We just knew each other. What can happen between us?"

"But I always think it's weird between you guys. You seem to be deliberately staying away from him." Jessie scratched her short hair.

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Violet nodded, "Yes, he has a fiancée. Shouldn't I stay away from him?"

"This..." Jessie was speechless.

Violet pointed to Jessie's face, "Okay, instead of gossiping about me and Mr. Murphy, you should take care of your own face. Don't leave scars on your face."

"What?" When Jessie heard this, she quickly took out the small mirror from her bag to check her face.

Seeing the blood stains on her face which was scratched by Phoebe, she screamed.

Violet covered her ears, "What are you doing!"

Jessie's eyes turned red with anger, "That bitch actually scratched my face like this! It's damned!"

Violet couldn't laugh or cry, "Come on! You don't have the right to say this. You keep scratching her face. The scratches on her face are no less than yours. Okay, the elevator is here. Go to the infirmary."

"Well." Jessie nodded repeatedly, put away the mirror and helped Violet out of the elevator.

After checking the face and feet, it was already afternoon.

Jessie drove Violet back to the hospital and then back to the studio.

Seeing Violet's injured foot, Lily cried, "Phoebe actually hurt you like this."

Violet smiled and comforted Lily, "It's okay, Mom. It will be fine in a few days."

The doctor said that her sprained foot was not serious. It was just that the ligament was slightly strained. So she would recover after a few days of rest.

Lily helped Violet sit down, and said, "I really can't let you guys leave under my nose now. If I can't see anyone of you, you guys will have all kinds of accidents."

Violet bowed her head, knowing that she was wrong, "Okay, Mom. Don't talk about it. How is Calvin today?"

"Very good. He went out for a walk in the morning and fell asleep after taking the medicine." Lily handed Violet a glass of honey water and said.

Violet took a sip and looked at the little guy on the hospital bed again, her eyes full of tenderness.

At this time, the door of the ward was knocked.

Lily got up to open the door. Then she was followed by George in a white coat.

George was about to say hello to Violet. When he saw her bandaged right foot, the gentle smile on his face froze, "Violet, what happened to you?"

"Sprained." Violet replied with a careless smile.

Lily snorted coldly, "It's Phoebe. In order to make Violet give up the bidding, she poured some oil outside the bathroom to cause Violet to fall. It's really hateful!"

"Phoebe..." George chanted the name in a low voice. There was a frightening cold light across his eyes behind the glasses, but it quickly disappeared. Then it returned to his usual gentleness, "What did the doctor say?"

"Nothing serious. Just don't run or jump." Violet touched her ankle and replied.

George nodded and put down the fruits he had brought. "By the way, Violet, I'm here to discuss something with you."

"Okay." Violet looked at him.

George sat down next to her, "Here is the thing. A patient of mine abroad who has recently recovered and is going to have a wedding and invited me to attend, but it is so boring for me to go alone. So I want you to go with me. "

"But you also know my current situation. I..."

"Go!" Lily walked over with a plate of cleaned fruits and interrupted Violet's refusal.

Violet frowned, "Mom, how can I leave? Calvin..."

"I'm here. After your brother learned that Calvin had a car accident, he specially asked me to stay with you for a while in the country. For Calvin, you have been under great pressure recently, so it's okay to go to relax with George." Lily picked up two apples and handed them one each to her and George.

After George took it, he first thanked Lily, and then continued, "Your Mom is right. Violet, just a travel. We will be back soon."

Violet looked at the two people in front of her helplessly. Finally, she smiled helpless, "Since you guys said that, can I still refuse?"

Chapter 129 Phoebe Had a Broken Leg

George was overjoyed, "Violet, you agreed?"

Violet gave a hmm.

"That's great! I will pick you up then." George put down the apple and stood up.

Violet nodded, "Okay."

After George left, Lily picked up the apple he had just put down and put it on the plate, "George is so nice."

Violet nibbled at the apple, "Actually, I'm not interested in attending other people's weddings at all. I'd rather he didn't take me but take Jessie."

Lily was so speechless, "I really don't know if you are really stupid or pretending to be stupid. When you were with Stanley, you noticed it all at once. Why are you so dull when facing George?"

"Huh?" Violet blinked blankly, "Mom, what are you talking about? I don't understand."

Lily rolled her eyes at Violet and said, "It's nothing. Forget it! I'm afraid that you and George can't become friends if you know what I meant."

After speaking, she poked Violet on the forehead and went to the bathroom.

Violet touched her sore forehead, feeling even more puzzled.

But she didn't think too much. After eating the apple, she picked up the drawing board and started drawing the design.

The next day.

Jessie came to the hospital to pick up Violet, and was going to the studio to sign a contract with Aadam.

When she came, her face was full of excitement, "Violet, let me tell you good news."

Violet was eating breakfast. Hearing this, she looked up at Jessie, "What good news?"

"Of course it is about Phoebe. Mr. Murphy is so awesome. Didn't he say to deal with Phoebe yesterday? Today, he broke Phoebe's a leg today. Mr. Murphy is really amazing. I like the result." Jessie shook her fists excitedly.

Violet couldn't be happy. Her small face was full of solemnity, "Phoebe has a broken leg?"

"Yes, I read the news this morning, saying that a sanitation worker found Phoebe with her broken leg in an alleyway." Jessie nodded.

Violet quickly put down her chopsticks and picked up the phone to search for the news Jessie was talking about.

Soon, the news was searched.

Violet looked through it quickly. After reading it, she frowned, "Not him!"

"What?" Jessie looked at Violet suspiciously.

Violet put down the phone, "This was not done by Mr. Murphy."

"Huh?" Jessie was surprised, "It's not Mr. Murphy?"

Violet nodded, "Based on what I know about Stanley, even if he is dissatisfied with Phoebe, he will not beat her. This is his principle."

"But if he doesn't make a move himself, he can let his subordinates do it." Jessie pouted, disapproving.

Violet rubbed her eyebrows speechlessly, "You still don't understand what I mean. I mean, not only will he not beat women by himself, he won't let his people beat women. Besides, have you noticed there is a big loophole?"

"What loophole?" Jessie shook her head.

Violet pursed her red lips, "It's the alleyway. If Mr. Murphy really wants to break Phoebe's leg, why did he do it in the alleyway outside and still make everyone know?"

Being mentioned in this way, Jessie understood something in an instant and patted the table, "Yes, even if Mr. Murphy wants to kill Phoebe, no one can find out. Besides, Mr. Murphy can beat Phoebe in front of your Dad. Why did he have to beat her outside?"

"This can only mean that it was not Mr. Murphy. It was someone else." Violet said while rubbing the back of the phone.

"But who could it be?" Jessie touched her chin.

Violet shrugged, "Who knows? No matter who it is, there are some people who dislike Phoebe. It is a

good thing for us. At least for a while, she won't make trouble for us recently."

After speaking, the two left the hospital and went to the studio.

Not long after they arrived, Aadam came with his bodyguards.

"Miss Hunt, good morning." Aadam greeted Violet.

Violet smiled back, "Morning, Aadam, please have a seat."

"Thank you." Aadam pulled the chair away and sat down, with the bodyguard standing behind him.

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Jessie walked into the office with the teapot, and poured a cup of tea for Violet and Aadam.

Aadam took out the contract from the briefcase and handed it to Violet, "Miss Hunt, this is the contract we drafted. Please see if there is anything that needs to be modified."

"Okay." Violet smiled and accepted the contract.

Jessie also came behind Violet and watched with her.

After reading it, Violet satisfactorily closed the contract, "No problem."

"Then let's sign it." Aadam handed over a delicate pen.

Looking at this pen, Violet was a little dazed.

Jessie pushed her, "Violet, what are you doing? Why are you distracted."

Violet's eyes flashed. She smiled embarrassedly, "Sorry! This pen reminds me of a person. He uses this kind of pen."

Stanley's pens were all of this brand.

"Oh, may I ask who it is?" Aadam's eyes flashed a sharp light.

Violet didn't notice it. While signing, she replied with smile, "It's my previous immediate boss."

Wasn't that Mr. Murphy?

Aadam raised his eyebrows. Suddenly, he remembered what Fraser had said that Mr. Murphy loved the Miss Hunt in front of him.

If he told Mr. Murphy this, would Mr. Murphy be happy and then give him a bonus?

"Aadam, Aadam?" Jessie stretched out her hand and waved in front of his eyes.

Aadam came back to his senses, "What's the matter?"

"We've all signed it." Jessie looked at him suspiciously.

Aadam cleared his throat with a guilty conscience, "I'm sorry. Did you sign it? Okay, I will stamp it with Mr. Dixon's personal seal."

After speaking, he took out the private seal from his arms and stamped it.

The contract was in triplicate. After Aadam gave one of them to Violet, he left with the other two.

Walking out of the studio, Aadam got into an extended luxury car on the side of the road and handed the contract to Stanley who closed his eyes to be in meditation, "Mr. Murphy, the contract is signed!"

Stanley opened his eyes, reached out and took the contract, flipped through it, and then returned it to Aadam, "Take it! You're responsible for contacting with them in the follow-up bidding project."

"Got it." Aadam nodded.

Fraser who was in the passenger seat turned to look at Stanley, "Mr. Murphy, I don't understand why you have to go around such a big circle? Just use your original identity and cooperate with Violet. Official business is not a private business. She won't refuse."

"She will!" Stanley faintly spit out two words.

She took the people around her very seriously. For them, whether it was official or private, she would stay away from him.

He caused her to almost lose her life twice. He must compensate her. If he compensated her so obviously, she would definitely not accept it, so he could only conceal his identity.

"Let's go." Stanley pinched his eyebrows.

Adam started the car.

On the way, Fraser answered a call.

After finishing the call, Fraser said to Stanley with some headaches, "Mr. Murphy, Director Hunt is awake and wants to see you."

"No!" Stanley frowned and refused directly.

After Fraser conveyed Stanley's meaning to the person on the other end of the phone, he hung up the phone.

"Mr. Murphy, Eason said, he hoped you could help find the murderer who broke Director Hunt's leg."
Fraser put away the phone.

Stanley narrowed his eyes, "I already know who the murderer is."

"What?" Fraser was stunned. "When did you know?" _____ Chapter 130 It's George

Stanley took out his mobile phone and threw it over.

Fraser caught it in a hurry, then unlocked the password, and saw a text message, "I broke your fiancée's leg. If she dares to do something to Violet again, I'll let her stay in a wheelchair for the rest of her life!"

"Hiss, how could it be Dr. Joe?" Fraser gasped. The hand which was holding the phone was shaking.

Stanley lowered his eyes and said quietly, "He is not simple. His gentle appearance is just his mask. In fact, coldness and ruthless is his true face. Henry said that this person has psychological problems."

"Violet is so close to him. Isn't it dangerous?" Fraser pushed his glasses and said.

Stanley pursed his lips, "No."

George had feelings for Violet, so he wouldn't really hurt her.

However, it was indeed not a good thing for such a person with a problem to stay with Violet.

"Mr. Murphy, Director Hunt's leg was broken by Dr. Joe. Should we do something?" Fraser returned the phone to Stanley.

After Stanley took it, he put it in his suit pocket and said, "No need. Phoebe asked for it herself. She deserved it!"

"Yes." Fraser didn't say anything anymore.

In Henry's hospital, seeing Eason put down his cell phone, Phoebe asked quickly, "Dad, did Stanley say he's coming?"

Eason sighed, "No."

Phoebe's face paled, "Why? I'm injured, but he doesn't come to see me?"

"When you were sick before, he never came to see you." Eason sat down with the crutches.

Phoebe patted the quilt emotionally, "I was just a minor illness before, but this time I have a broken leg."

"Then what do you want to do? If he doesn't come, can I still tie him up?" Eason gave her an angry look.

Talia came in from outside with the kettle, "What are you guys arguing about?"

"Mom, Stanley didn't come to see me." Phoebe said with a distorted face.

Talia put down the kettle and touched her head, "It's okay. I'll call him later. The top priority now is to catch the murderer who beat you. By the way, did Stanley say that he would help find the murderer?"

Before Eason answered, Phoebe said with a cold face, "It must be Violet. She took revenge on me for hurting her foot yesterday!"

"What?" Talia's voice became sharp, "I'm going to teach her a lesson!"

After finishing speaking, regardless of Eason, she left the hospital directly.

After many inquiries, Talia came to Violet.

Violet had just returned from the studio and was watching TV with Calvin. Suddenly she heard an angry curse from outside the ward door, "Violet, bitch! Get out!"

"Mommy, someone is scolding you." Calvin frowned.

"It's okay. Mommy has to go out and have a look. Don't move." Violet touched his head and got up with a long face. Then she walked out of the ward with medical crutches.

After going out, she saw Talia standing there with her hips akimbo. A touch of boredom passed in her eyes, "Talia, what are you doing here?"

"What am I doing here?" Talia sneered, and then stepped to Violet, "Bitch! How can you be so vicious? You actually let someone break my daughter's leg!"

Violet had bad feet and couldn't avoid it. Talia's nails scratched her face, and there was a fiery pain on her face.

But she didn't have the time to take care of this. Because Talia's move made her crutches unsteady, she swayed, and was about to fall to the ground.

Fortunately, Lily came back at this time. She quickly supported Violet, and asked nervously, "Baby, are you okay?"

Violet shook her head in fear, "Mom, I'm fine."

"It's okay." Lily breathed a sigh of relief, and then looked at Talia angrily, "You lunatic! You dare to do

something to my daughter!"

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"Hmph, so what? You don't ask what she did?" Talia pointed to Violet.

Lily looked at Violet, "What did you do, baby?"

Violet said with a cold face, "Talia said I broke Phoebe's leg!"

"Bullshit!" Lily immediately shouted at Talia, "Do you have any evidence to prove it's my daughter break your daughter's leg? I haven't questioned you that your daughter made my daughter's ankles sprain. But you actually came to us?"

"What I'm telling is the truth! Just because Phoebe made her fall, she held a grudge, so she let someone break Phoebe's leg. It is really vicious." Talia glared at Violet.

Lily blocked Violet behind, "My daughter is vicious? Huh, my daughter did nothing. Your daughter set up my daughter. Why don't you say that your daughter is vicious?"

"I don't care. Violet just sprained her leg. But Phoebe's leg is broken. If you don't give me an explanation today, I will call the police and sue you for deliberate retaliation and intentional injury!" Talia clenched her fists and shouted.

"Just do it. Anyway, we didn't do it. Just let the police come over and check it. If it turns out that we did not do it in the end, you will be slandering us." Lily sneered.

Talia determined it was Violet who made Phoebe's leg broken, so she was not afraid of Lily's words. She was about to call the police.

After calling the police, she looked at Lily and Violet triumphantly, "You wait to go to jail!"

"Talia, I think it's you and Phoebe who will go to the jail." Violet poked her head out from behind Lily and said with a smile.

The expression on Talia's face froze, "What do you mean?"

Violet tucked her hair, and said lightly, "You will know soon."

Seeing that Violet could still laugh and was not afraid of the police coming, Talia suddenly became a little uneasy. She also began to wonder if it was Violet who made Phoebe's legs broken.

If not, she would be swatting!

Thinking of this, Talia's face paled, a little anxious.

"Um... I have something to do, so I have to leave first." She turned around and was about to flee here.

Lily saw Talia's intentions at once and stretched out the hand to stop her, "The police haven't come yet."

"I..."

"Stay here! Wait for the police coming!" Lily grabbed Talia.

Soon, the police came, "Who called the police?"

Before Talia spoke, Lily directly pushed Talia out, "It's her. She said my daughter broke her daughter's leg!"

"Oh?" The policeman glanced at Violet, and finally fixed his gaze on Talia's face, "Is it true?"

Talia couldn't be sure if it was Violet or not at this moment. She didn't want to say so firmly, because she was afraid that it would be bad if she actually carried a crime of framing in the end.

She took a deep breath and forced an awkward smile, "Um, sir, I misunderstood them on an impulse, so..."

"So you did a swatting?" The police frowned and looked at Talia displeased.

Lily added, "Yes, she did!"

Talia glared at her and nodded bitterly, "I'm sorry, sir."

It was better to admit swatting than to end up being accused of framing.

After all, she would be criticized if she admitted swatting. But if she framed others, she would be detained.

The police pulled a long face. Sure enough, they criticized and educate Talia.

Just when the police had finished criticizing and educating and was about to leave, Violet suddenly stood

up with her crutches, "Sir, I also want to report crimes. This lady called the police and said that I broke her daughter's leg. I'll sue her daughter for deliberately killing others!" _____Chapter 131 Eason Pleads

"What nonsense are you talking about? when did my daughter deliberately kill someone!" Talia became agitated all at once, and screamed at Violet with eyes wide open.

Violet didn't even look at her, but just looked at the policeman.

The policeman asked with a serious face, "What you said is true?"

"Yes, yesterday her daughter deliberately poured some oil outside of the bathroom, causing me to fall. I was so lucky and just sprained my foot. But if I was unlucky, I might die on the spot or be disabled. So wasn't it killing someone on purpose?" Violet said in a cold voice, fluffing her hair.

She just wanted to nail Phoebe to the crime of intentional homicide.

"Aren't you alive and well?" Talia pointed to Violet, disapproving of her statement very much.

Lily sneered, "According to you, only when my daughter died would Phoebe commit crimes, isn't it? You're wrong! As long as she hurt someone deliberately, we can all sue her for deliberate homicide."

"Yes, it is legally possible." The policeman nodded.

Talia was stunned at once. She didn't understand the law, so she didn't know this at all.

So she got Phoebe involved?

No, she couldn't let Phoebe bear such a charge!

Thinking of this, Talia clenched her fists and glared at Violet and Lily, "You all insist that my daughter wanted to kill Violet. Just show the evidence!"

Phoebe said she indeed made Violet fall at the door of the bathroom.

There was no monitoring at the bathroom door, so they couldn't prove anything at all.

As if seeing what Talia was thinking, Violet smiled, "Talia, I really have evidence. I have not only witnesses, but also physical evidence. The oil that Phoebe poured is in my hand, with her fingers marks on it. Even if the oil outside of the bathroom is cleaned, there will still be residues. It can be detected with professional equipment. These are enough to prove that Phoebe wants to kill me."

"If this is the case, you guys go to the police station with me." The policeman said.

"Okay." Violet naturally had no objection and nodded in agreement.

But Talia shook her head repeatedly, with a face full of resistance, "No! Why should I go to the police

station!"

"Because you called the police." The police replied coldly, "So you must go. If you don't go, I can force to arrest you!"

As he said, he took out a pair of handcuffs shining with cold light.

Talia shuddered while looking at the handcuffs. Her mouth opened, but she was speechless.

Lily laughed mercilessly when she saw Talia in such a shock.

After Violet left Calvin to the caregiver, she got into the police car with Lily and went to the police station.

When they arrived at the police station, the people in the police station understood the situation and immediately sent someone from Identification Department to the bidding site yesterday to test the remaining essential oils. At the same time, another group of people were sent to Henry's hospital to find Phoebe to learn the situation.

However, because of Phoebe's broken leg, people from the police station did not bring her after learning about the situation, only bringing Eason over.

As soon as Eason entered the interrogation room, he slapped Talia angrily.

Talia was beaten to slump on the ground. She was covering her face, staring at him blankly, "Honey..."

"Don't call me Honey! I told you not to look for them, but you don't listen to me! Now, it has caused such a big thing!" Eason's old face was flushed and his fingers were trembling.

Talia lowered her head timidly, not daring to refute.

Lily helped Violet stand in the corner of the interrogation room, watching this scene coldly. They did not speak.

At this time, the door was opened again. Two police officers walked in, "Miss Hunt, according to the examination of Identification Department, what you said is true. That Miss Hunt did constitute the crime of intentional homicide, but because of your injury is not serious, the crime of intentional homicide is changed to the crime of intentional assault."

Violet smiled, "It's okay. I've already expected this result, but I want to know, how long can Phoebe be sentenced?"

Hearing her questioning, Eason and Talia became nervous and stared at the two police officers closely.

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The two police officers replied, "At most half a year. Because of Miss Hunt's broken leg, she will only be executed outside prison."

"That's it?" Lily curled her lips unwillingly.

Talia got up from the ground, grabbed the hands of the two policemen, and said excitedly, "Police officer, half a year is too long. Can she be released on bail?"

Even if it was executed outside prison, Phoebe would have a stain.

Phoebe was going to marry into the Murphy family. She couldn't have such a stain on her!

"Of course it can, but it depends on the victim's willingness." The two police officers looked at Violet, "As long as Miss Hunt is willing to write a letter of understanding, your daughter will naturally be innocent."

Hearing that, Talia seemed to have lost her soul, and weakly let go of the police's hands.

Letter of understanding...

How could Violet write!

"You guys just discuss it yourselves." The two policemen finished speaking and turned to go out.

"Baby, let's go." Lily said while helping Violet.

Violet gave a hmm.

The mother and daughter walked towards the door of the interrogation room.

Seeing this, Talia hurriedly pulled Eason's sleeve, "Honey!"

Eason knew what she wanted to do. After squeezing the dragon head on the crutch, he called out to Violet and Lily, "Lily, Violet, wait a minute."

Lily and Violet stopped and both looked back.

Lily looked at him coldly, "Do you want to plead for your baby girl?"

Eason cleared his throat a little embarrassedly, "Lily, anyway, Violet and Phoebe are also sisters. There is no need to make trouble to this point, or..."

"Stop!" Lily let go of Violet's arm, made a stop posture, and then sneered, "Sisters? I only gave birth to a daughter. That is Violet. So they aren't sisters!"

"Yes, I only have a younger brother. His name is Steven." Violet said with a cold face.

Seeing that the mother and daughter were unmoved, Talia pulled Eason anxiously.

Eason sighed, "Well, even if you don't recognize Phoebe, she and Violet are still related by blood. Why are you so ruthless? What's more, Phoebe's leg was also broken. Stanley still punished her last night. Why not just forget it?"

"Dad, you are wrong. It's not us who are ruthless. It's Phoebe. She makes things difficult for me again and again and doesn't let me go. Besides, I didn't break her leg. But my feet get hurt because of her. So why should I forget it?" Violet pursed her lips.

"Yeah, do you think we are push-over?" Lily said with her arms around her chest.

Violet glanced indifferently at Talia behind Eason, "Furthermore, Phoebe has this ending, which was caused by Talia. It's her who kept pestering us."

"Yes, when Talia called the police, Violet also specially reminded her that Phoebe would be the one who would go to the jail, but Talia refused to listen to us and insisted on calling the police. Since she wanted to send Phoebe to jail, we would only fulfill her." Lily raised her eyebrows.

Talia's face was pale, and her body was trembling.

Devil! Both mother and daughter were devils!

Eason was also helpless. He also knew that Violet was right. It was Phoebe who was wrong.

However, he couldn't let Phoebe go to jail, even if it was executed outside prison!

"Violet, just spare Phoebe this time. She is Stanley's fiancée after all. It will also embarrass Stanley."
Eason looked at Violet and persuaded her with an earnest expression on his face. ____

Chapter 132 Lily's Revenge

However, before Violet could answer, Lily was so angry. She stood in front of Violet and stared at Eason angrily, "You still dare to mention it in front of me? Without me, Phoebe can become Stanley's fiancée? You wish!"

Eason felt a little headache, "Lily, can you calm down?"

"No!" Lily clenched her fists and replied loudly, "Why should I calm down? Stanley clearly made a marriage contract with Violet, but suddenly his fiancée became Phoebe. I don't believe there are no dirty tricks in it! But now you still let Violet forgive someone who stole her fiancé?!"

After speaking, she helped Violet again, "Violet, let's go."

Violet nodded.

The mother and daughter ignored Eason and Talia and left the police station angrily.

On the car back to the hospital, Lily's anger had not disappeared. The more she thought about it, the more she couldn't accept it.

The reason why Violet and Stanley had the marriage contract was because she saved Jordan. But in the end, it was Talia and her daughter who got the benefit.

After so many years, she also figured it out and accepted this fact. But since Eason had to mention this in front of her, she couldn't let it go so easily.

Thinking of this, Lily squinted her eyes, "I must not let Phoebe get Stanley so easily."

Violet raised her eyebrows when she heard this, "Mom, what do you want to do?"

Lily snorted, "I want everyone to know the true face of Phoebe."

"You want to expose these things she did?" Violet opened her mouth in surprise.

Lily nodded, "Yes."

"But this will affect the reputation of Mr. Murphy and the Murphy Group. The Murphy family and the Hunt family are related by marriage. But the Murphy family's power far exceeds the Hunt family. Phoebe could do so many evil things arrogantly, which will definitely make the outside world speculate that it is the Murphy family or Mr. Murphy to indulge her." Violet bit her lower lip, showing a little anxious on her face.

Lily poked Violet on her forehead, "You are still thinking about him. Don't forget you and Calvin are almost killed by him. He has to compensate you. You can treat this as his compensation to you."

Violet couldn't laugh or cry, "It's not the same!"

"Not the same? If he doesn't want to be affected, he can break with Phoebe. Okay, I have already decided. Don't persuade me." Lily waved her hand. Then she directly took out her mobile phone to call media and broke the news about some mean things Phoebe had done.

For example, plagiarism, suppression of talents, victimization of others, and so on.

When these were announced, Phoebe would be criticized by everyone.

Lily hung up the phone with joy.

Looking at Lily's happy look, Violet rubbed her temples with a headache, thinking that after returning to the hospital, it would be better to tell Stanley about this matter.

After all, this would damage the reputation of Stanley and the Murphy Group.

What if Stanley got angry with her mother?

So when they arrived at the hospital, Violet found an excuse to let Lily leave for a while and then called Stanley.

Since leaving the Murphy Group, she had never called Stanley again.

Now, she was still a little nervous when calling Stanley.

"Hello." Stanley's cold voice came from the other end of the phone.

Violet's hand holding the phone tightened, "Mr. Murphy, I have something to tell you."

"What's the matter?" Stanley sat on the office chair and adjusted his posture a bit.

Violet's lips moved, "Here is the thing. My mother..."

She told Stanley all the things that Talia came to make trouble today, including that Lily called the media just now.

After Stanley finished listening, he frowned. The cold aura around him was even more.

Phoebe dared to make things difficult for Violet again!

He said in the Hunt family last night that if they still came to trouble Violet again, he would cancel the marriage contract. So the Hunt family put his words on deaf ears?

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Seeing Stanley's delay in replying, Violet thought he was really angry with Lily, then she squeezed her

hand, "Mr. Murphy, I'm really sorry. My mother was just too angry with the Hunt family."

"It's okay." Stanley interrupted her in a deep voice.

Violet was stunned for a moment, then blinked in surprise, "Mr. Murphy, don't you blame my mother?"

"No. I should thank her." Stanley rubbed his fingers.

Violet was a little puzzled and tilted her head, "Thank her?"

"Well, she gave me the opportunity to cancel the marriage contract." Stanley said lightly.

Violet's eyes widened, "Are you going to cancel your marriage contract with Phoebe?"

"Yes, I'm tired." He pinched his eyebrows.

The main reason for his engagement with Phoebe was that night five years ago.

In the past five years, Phoebe had enjoyed a lot of benefits from him, and also got a lot of benefits for the Hunt family. He had paid off her kindness.

Listening to the exhaustion in Stanley's tone, Violet felt sorry. She thought for a while and said, "Mr. Murphy, since you have already decided to cancel the marriage contract with Phoebe, I won't hide it from you."

"Huh?" Stanley raised his eyebrows slightly.

Violet took a deep breath, "Do you remember that night we ate with the commenters? When I came back from the bathroom, my face was a bit wrong, and you asked me what happened."

Stanley's eyes flickered. He lifted his chin, "Yeah."

"In fact, that time, I saw Phoebe with a man. They had sex, and more than once." Violet rubbed her cheek.

She finally told the secret.

After speaking, she felt much more relaxed.

Stanley was silent for a moment. Then he squinted his eyes and asked coldly, "Why didn't you tell me in the first place?"

Violet lowered her eyes, "Sorry, I was thinking about reminding you slowly and letting you find out for yourself, but I haven't found a chance, so..."

"Okay, I know." Stanley closed his eyes. When he opened eyes again, his eyes were full of coldness, "I have to hang up!"

After speaking, he hung up the phone and stood up, picked up his jacket and put it on his arm, and then walked out of the office.

Fraser came out next room with a file. Seeing Stanley, he stopped abruptly, "Mr. Murphy, where are you going?"

"Which ward is Phoebe in?" Stanley asked blankly while looking at Fraser.

Fraser had worked for Stanley for so many years. Naturally he could see that Stanley was in a bad mood at the moment, so he quickly said out Phoebe's ward number.

After Stanley gave a hmm, he walked towards the elevator.

An hour later, he came to the door of Phoebe's ward. Just as he was about to raise his hand to knock on the door, he heard a sound of broken glass coming from inside.

Immediately afterwards, Talia soothed and comforted, "Phoebe, calm down. Everything in this ward has been thrown away by you."

"Don't care about me." Phoebe replied to Talia with a sullen face, and then picked up a cup, "If you didn't come to Violet, I wouldn't be sentenced! It's all because of you! Get out! I don't want to see you!"

When she finished speaking, she threw the cup towards Talia's face.

Talia's face paled with fright. She even forgot to dodge. At this time, Stanley suddenly opened the door and slapped the cup away quickly, saving Talia.

Otherwise, Talia was at least disfigured right now.

"OMG!" Talia patted her chest in fear, and then looked at Stanley gratefully, "Stanley, thank you."

Stanley ignored her, frowning and looking at this chaotic ward which was like a doghouse. A touch of disgust crossed his eyes.

This disgust was caught by Phoebe on the hospital bed. Her face was full of embarrassment. She didn't know how to put her hands. She could only divert her attention and asked, "Stanley, are you here to see me?"Chapter 133 Canceling the Marriage Contract

"Did you forget what I said last night?" Stanley walked to the bed, looking down at her coldly.

The expression on Phoebe's face suddenly froze. The memory of last night in her mind suddenly popped out, "Stanley, are...are you going to break the marriage contract with me?"

Talia at the door was anxious when she heard it, "How can you break the marriage contract?"

Stanley pressed his thin lips tightly, "I said, don't trouble Violet and her families, or I will break the marriage contract, but do you listen to me?"

"Yes, of course. I didn't bother Violet today. It's my mother who bothered them. It's none of my business. Stanley, you can't blame me for this!" Phoebe pointed at Talia emotionally.

Although Talia was sad that Phoebe pushed all the mistakes to her, for this marriage contract, she had to endure it.

"Yes, Stanley, it is all my fault. I did it. It has nothing to do with Phoebe. If you want to blame, just blame me. Don't blame Phoebe. Give Phoebe another chance." Talia anxiously said.

Stanley sneered, "Another chance? Did I not give her the chance? I gave her several chances when she was in the Murphy Group, but she never cherished it once."

Phoebe burst into tears, really panicking, "Stanley, I know I was wrong. It's not that I don't cherish it. I'm just too scared, afraid that you will be snatched away by Violet, so I have repeatedly targeted her."

"Snatch?" Stanley stretched out his hand to raised her face, and said with a cold voice, "Who do you think I am?"

Phoebe opened her mouth, "Of course I know that you are different from the men in the circle and will not be snatched away by other women, but Violet is different."

"Then tell me, why is she different?" Stanley shook her off.

Phoebe touched her painful jaw. Her eyes burst into intense jealousy, "Because you love her!"

As soon as this statement came out, Stanley was shocked, "What are you talking about?"

He... loved Violet?

How could this be!

Talia also looked incredulous.

She knew that there was some ambiguity between Stanley and Violet, but she didn't know that Stanley had this kind of emotion towards Violet!

Phoebe clutched the sheets tightly with both hands, and looked at Stanley with red eyes, "Don't you believe it? But what I said is the truth. As long as there is Violet, your eyes will always be on her. You're a

neat freak and don't like any woman to approach you. But you take the initiative to approach her every time, and even take risks for her several times. Isn't this the love?"

Stanley still didn't have any expression on his face, but he clenched his fists in his trouser pocket. Because of her words, there was a wave that could not be calmed in his heart.

He admitted that he always paid attention to Violet. He also admitted that he didn't hate Violet's approaching.

He had been thinking even before, why he had to save her and why he had to be led by her in his emotions.

Was it all because of love?

Seeing that Stanley didn't speak, it seemed that he had admitted his feelings for Violet. Phoebe's jealous face became distorted, "You are obviously my fiancé, but you are in love with another woman. How could I let Violet go!" "

Stanley lowered his eyelids, making people unable to see the look in his eyes, "Even if you say this, it should be me who made the mistake. I fell in love with her but it has nothing to do with her. Why didn't you target me?"

"You're not wrong. Violet is wrong. It's her who seduces you." Phoebe shook her head violently, thinking that it was Violet's fault.

Stanley looked at her, "You are simply unreasonable. I tell you, no matter whose fault it is, it is not the reason for your harm others. I have tolerated you enough. I will notify the media later and cancel the marriage contract."

Hearing that, Phoebe ignored her broken leg and sat up with her body supported, "No, I won't cancel the marriage contract. I won't cancel it unless I die."

He wanted to cancel the marriage contract and then was with Violet.

No way!

"Do you think you can change my mind?" Stanley sneered.

Phoebe knew that Stanley was serious this time. She suddenly fainted.

Talia yelled sadly, "Phoebe!"

Then she came to the bedside and called the doctor.

But the next second, she felt that someone was pulling her. When she looked down, she saw Phoebe's hand pulling the corner of her dress. She understood everything in an instant, wiped her tears, turned her head and said to Stanley, "Stanley, she fainted. We will talk about canceling the marriage contract later, okay?"

Stanley didn't answer, but squinted at Phoebe. Watching her trembling eyelashes, a touch of sarcasm flashed across his eyes.

Don't think he didn't know that she was pretending to faint. She actually wanted to use this method to avoid canceling the marriage contract?

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Was it possible?

"In that case, when she wakes up, I will let the media come over again."

After speaking, Stanley turned around and went out without hesitation.

"Mr. Murphy!" Outside the hospital, Fraser saw Stanley coming out and waved at him.

Stanley walked over, frowning slightly, "Why are you here?"

"I received an invitation." Fraser handed Stanley the invitation, "The heir of the Hill family abroad gets married and specially invites you to the wedding."

"No time! You just go to prepare a gift for it." Although Stanley accepted the invitation, he didn't mean to open it. He was obviously not interested in attending a wedding or something.

Fraser pushed his glasses, "But this time Violet and Dr. Joe will attend it."

"Huh?" Stanley paused, "What did you say?"

Violet and George?

Fraser repeated what he said just now.

Stanley squeezed the invitation card in his hand, "How do you know?"

"Dr. Joe was calling outside and I heard him."

Stanley rubbed the invitation card, "Inquire clearly when they will leave!"

It seemed that he really needed to take this trip this time.

It just so happened that he wanted to take this opportunity to make sure whether he fell in love with Violet as Phoebe said.

The next day, Violet was awakened by Lily.

Lily passed the phone to her and motioned her to look at it.

Violet looked at the various scandals about Phoebe on it, and couldn't help but raised her eyebrows. Then she went to look at the comments under these scandals.

Sure enough, there was a lot of curses! Some of the curses were exactly the same. At first glance, Violet knew there was someone leading the comments.

"Mom, did you buy it?" Violet squinted at Lily.

Lily touched the tip of her nose embarrassedly, "You got it?"

"I guessed!" Violet withdrew her gaze.

Lily smiled, "Since I want to make a scene, I naturally would make a big scene."

Violet shook her head helpless. After exiting this page, she clicked into the search bar.

"What are you searching for?" Lily asked curiously, watching Violet's movements.

Violet didn't lie to her. She replied while typing, "Let's see if there is any news about Mr. Murphy canceling the marriage contract with Phoebe."

Hearing this, Lily's back straightened, "Stanley wants to cancel the marriage contract? When?"

"Yesterday." Violet shrugged, then frowned.

She didn't find any news on the Internet.

It seemed that he had not announced it yet.

"That's great." Lily clapped her hands excitedly, "He should have cancelled it a long time ago. I don't want Phoebe to really marry into the Murphy family."

"She won't." Violet shook her head confidently.

The moment Phoebe cuckold Stanley, Phoebe was destined to never marry into the Murphy family.

Besides, there was also Ivy.

Lily squinted, examining Violet, "Speaking of which, my dear, how do you know Stanley is about to cancel the marriage contract?" __

Chapter 134 Airplane Airflow

"Um... I knew it by accident." Violet looked away with a guilty conscience.

Lily smiled twice. She didn't believe Violet at all, but she didn't ask any more. She took the phone back to the side, and continued to read the comments on the Internet that cursed Phoebe.

She had to say that the media was so powerful that Phoebe's scandals were all over the websites, so that in just one night, Phoebe became famous all over the country.

Now basically everyone knew that Phoebe was a woman with narrow-mindedness, and vicious methods.

Such a woman was actually the fiancée of the president of the Murphy Group?

Therefore, many people on the Internet began to boycott the Murphy Group and scolded under the Murphy Group's official website, believing that Phoebe was so arrogant because she was backed by Mr. Murphy.

Otherwise, it would be impossible that the Hunt family, such a small family, could be so arrogant in J City.

The power of the Internet was great. Because of these curses, the reputation of the Murphy Group, as well as Stanley himself, had all been affected to a certain extent.

It was not until noon on Stanley's personal Facebook, he released a statement of cancellation of the marriage contract, saying that as long as Phoebe woke up, he would hold a press conference to cancel the marriage contract. Only then did he restore the reputation of the Murphy Group and himself a little.

"Hey, Stanley really wants to cancel the marriage contract. That's not bad, but what does it mean by Phoebe waking up?" Lily pointed to Stanley's Facebook on the phone in a puzzled way.

Violet was feeding Calvin. Hearing this, she said without looking back, "How do I know? When George comes, just ask him. He is a doctor at that hospital. He should know."

"Ask me what?" George walked in from outside the door as soon as Violet finished speaking.

Lily repeated the question just now.

After George listened, he said, "Well, I heard from the nurse that Phoebe seems to have had some complications. She fainted yesterday and has not woken up yet."

"Yeah, that's so good! It's best to never wake up in a lifetime." Lily hummed.

After Violet wiped the corners of Calvin's mouth with a tissue, she lowered her head thoughtfully.

Seeing her like this, George asked softly, "Violet, what are you thinking about?"

"Mommy, I'm full." Calvin patted his belly with his intact hand, indicating that he could not eat anymore.

Violet put the bowl down and answered George's question, "I was thinking, Phoebe's coma is really a coincidence. After reading Mr. Murphy's Facebook, I think Phoebe is deliberately pretending to be faint and escape."

"What you said makes sense. But how long can she escape? I don't believe that she can pretend to be faint for a lifetime." Lily laughed.

George pushed his glasses, "Violet, do you have any views on Mr. Murphy's cancellation of the marriage contract?"

Violet helped Calvin lie down. After covering him with a quilt, she turned and looked at George, "What views can I have? If I have, congratulations to Mr. Murphy. Phoebe is really not suitable for him."

George smiled, "I thought you would be very happy."

"Huh?" Violet frowned, "Why do you think so?"

Lily covered her face, almost speechless.

Her silly daughter!

Why couldn't Violet see George's feelings for her?

"Nothing." George waved his hand without answering. He changed the subject, "Is the visa for going

abroad ready?"

"The information has been submitted. It should be ready tomorrow." Violet replied after thinking.

George nodded, "Well, I'll book tickets later."

"Okay." Violet didn't have any objections.

In the next few days, there were scandals about Phoebe still spreading on the Internet, but now more netizens paid attention to when she woke up and when to cancel the marriage contract.

But none of this had anything to do with Violet. She was already on a flight to a foreign country at this time.

In the business class, Violet sat with George.

George was a little airsick. Now, he was asleep, wearing a blindfold under a blanket.

Violet didn't feel sleepy. She was drawing some designs on her drawing book.

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At this moment, a stewardess walked over with the dining car, "Miss, do you need something to drink?"

Violet stopped her pencil and glanced at the dining car, "What's all there?"

"There are milk, coffee and juices."

"A cup of coffee, please." Violet smiled.

"Okay." The stewardess replied, bending over and offering her a cup of coffee from the dining car.

Violet looked at the exquisite coffee cup in front of her, feeling a little surprised, "Why not a paper cup?"

The stewardess was stunned, and then she replied with a smile, "The paper cup is temporarily used up. Sorry!"

Violet was speechless. Why did the stewardess say sorry to her?

This cup looked very expensive!

"Okay, I see." Violet nodded and accepted the cup.

The stewardess breathed a sigh of relief, and gave Violet another piece of cake.

Before Violet could ask, the stewardess pushed the dining car away.

Violet looked at the coffee and cake in front of her with a dazed expression on her face. She could understand that the paper cup was used up and specially gave her a delicate cup.

But the obviously expensive cake made her fully understand that coffee and cake were specially given to

her. Because on the plane, it was impossible to provide such services.

As for who it was, she already had the answer. This piece of cake was the same as what she had eaten in Stanley's office last time, so Stanley should also be on this plane.

But why did he give her coffee and cake specially?

Violet couldn't figure it out, so she simply didn't think about it. She picked up a fork and put a piece of cake into her mouth. The familiar taste made her even more sure that it was Stanley.

George was awakened by the sweet smell of the cake. He took off his blindfold and looked at Violet who was eating the cake in surprise, "Where did the cake come from on the plane?"

Violet didn't hide it. After smiling at him, she replied, "Mr. Murphy gave it."

"Stanley?" George's eyes without glasses narrowed instantly.

Violet nodded, "Yes."

A cold light appeared in George's eyes. He untied his seat belt and stood up, "I'll go to the bathroom."

"Okay." Violet gave the way and let him come out of the inside.

After George went out, she sat back again.

However, what she didn't see was that George didn't go to the bathroom, but opened the first-class cabin door and went in.

A long time had passed. Violet hadn't seen George come back yet. She was a little confused, and was about to ask the stewardess about it, when the plane suddenly shook.

Violet screamed subconsciously.

Then she heard the broadcast on the plane saying that the plane had encountered an airflow, just wait for the airflow to pass.

But after several minutes passed, the plane did not stop shaking. Instead, it shook more severely. Besides, the harsh electric current could be heard, which made people's eardrums very uncomfortable.

For a while, everyone on the plane began to feel uneasy. The entire cabin was panicked.

Violet sat alone. Besides, George was not there. Her fear was even worse.

But at this moment, a figure with the fragrance of mint staggered over with supporting the rows of seats, and finally sat down next to Violet and hugged her in his arms, "Don't be afraid!"

"Mr. Murphy?" Violet looked at him.

Stanley said, "It's me."

"Why are you here?" Violet asked, biting her lip. ____ Chapter 135 Apply on His Face

Just as Stanley was about to answer, there was another electric current on the plane, which was stronger than the previous one.

Violet's eardrum was a little painful. She couldn't help but raised her hand to cover her ears.

But this could only be temporarily relieved. It was still audible.

Seeing the pain on her face, Stanley pursed his thin lips, enduring the tingling of his eardrums, took off his coat and covered her head, and then helped her to cover her ears with his hands through the coat.

In this way, the electric noise Violet heard was almost silent, and the discomfort on her face gradually disappeared.

She looked up at Stanley. Seeing that he was also very uncomfortable by the sound of the electric current, but he was still protecting her, she was touching. She wanted to cry.

"Mr. Murphy..." Violet yelled to Stanley softly. Her voice was a little choked.

Stanley couldn't hear it at all, but he still knew what she was talking about from the shape of her mouth.

"Is it still uncomfortable?" Stanley asked, afraid that she would not be able to hear it, frowning and increasing the volume.

Violet shook her head and replied loudly, "It's not uncomfortable anymore!"

Stanley heard her this time and nodded slightly.

Soon, the sound of the electric current disappeared. Only the plane was still shaking.

Stanley took his hand away. Violet also put her hands off her ears, and passed his coat over, "Mr. Murphy, thank you."

Stanley gave a hmm, took the jacket and put it on.

When Violet saw that he was not wearing a seat belt, she was anxious. Then she turned to pick up the seat belt, and wanted to fasten him.

It was just because of the shaking of the plane that she couldn't buckle up the seat belt several times. Then she became more anxious.

Stanley looked down at the woman buried in his arms. His eyes darkened. Then he reached out and took the button of the seat belt from her, and said hoarsely, "I can do it by myself. You just need to sit down!"

"Okay." Violet didn't think much, and sat down obediently.

Stanley breathed a relief and buckled his seat belt.

Violet looked worriedly at the clouds outside the window, "Mr. Murphy, do you think there will be an accident with the plane?"

At this moment, a lot of pictures flashed in her mind. There were all kinds of airplanes falling down and exploding.

She even felt that if the plane really crashed, it would seem good to be able to die with him.

"Don't talk nonsense! It's just the airflow." Stanley picked up a blindfold to her.

Violet took it suspiciously, "You are..."

"If you are really scared, just block your eyes. Then you won't be afraid if you can't see anything."

His serious appearance made Violet amused and drove away a lot of the fear.

She actually wanted to say that she was not afraid because she was with him.

But she did not have this qualification.

Suddenly, she noticed something wrong with Stanley's face. She squinted her eyes, and approached him, "Mr. Murphy, why is it bruised?"

She pointed to her cheekbones.

Stanley touched where she was pointing. A cold light flashed across his eyes, but it was fleeting, "Nothing. Maybe I bumped somewhere."

"Really?" Violet didn't believe it.

Even if he bumped somewhere, he couldn't get his cheekbones bumped. His bruise was obviously beaten

by others.

So did he fought with someone?

Thinking, Violet looked at Stanley in surprise.

Stanley frowned, "What's the matter?"

Violet opened her mouth and wanted to ask who he was fighting with. But after thinking about it, she didn't ask.

"Nothing. I have an egg. I'll apply it for you, otherwise it will swell up for a while." As Violet said, she took out an egg from the bag.

Stanley watched her put the egg on the armrest and knocked it. After the shell broke, she began to peel it off. He raised his eyebrows and asked, "Why do you have eggs?"

Violet peeled and laughed, "It's Calvin. He knew that I was leaving today, so he asked my mother to cook two eggs for me, and let me eat them on the plane. Maybe he learned it from TV."

"Nice." Stanley nodded.

"Yes, the child has filial piety. I ate one, and this one just puts on your face." After speaking, Violet put the peeled egg on the bruise on his face and rolled it slowly.

Her movements were very gentle. The white and tender egg rolled on his face, giving him a very comfortable feeling. Stanley couldn't help closing his eyes.

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"By the way, Mr. Murphy, why are you on the plane? Where are you going?" Violet suddenly asked Stanley.

Stanley's lips moved slightly, "Go to the wedding."

Violet stopped for a moment, "Are you going to the wedding too?"

"Oh? You too?" Stanley opened his eyes and looked at her, but there was no surprise in his eyes.

Violet didn't notice it. She just nodded, "Yes, the heir of the Hill family is going to get married. I accompany George...Wait, where is George?"

She suddenly remembered that George hadn't come back yet!

Seeing Violet stopped her movements when it came to George, Stanley became cold instantly. His face was a little gloomy, "He passed out in first-class. Fraser is taking care of him."

"First-class? Why did he go there?" Violet frowned.

Stanley didn't answer. He raised his hand to push away the egg on his face, turned his head to the side of the aisle, and ignored her.

Violet finally noticed that he was angry. She called him twice softly, "Mr. Murphy, Mr. Murphy?"

Stanley did not respond.

Violet pushed him again.

He still didn't respond.

Violet had to put down her hand and figured out the reason for his anger by herself.

She remembered that he became angry when she mentioned George.

He had such a big reaction to her mentioning George. He was jealous?

Thinking of this, Violet covered her lips in disbelief, and her heartbeat accelerated.

She bit her lower lip and secretly looked at him.

But looking at the man's cold profile, she suddenly calmed down again.

What was she thinking about! He loved Ivy, not her. How could he be jealous?

She really thought too much!

Violet gave a wry smile. A loneliness flashed across her eyes, but it quickly disappeared.

At this time, the plane finally stabilized, indicating that the airflow had passed.

Sure enough, the plane's broadcast also informed that the plane successfully passed the airflow and entered a safe flight state. Everyone on the plane cheered.

Violet was also relieved, and was about to say something to Stanley.

Seeing that Stanley suddenly unfastened his seat belt, stood up, and walked towards the first-class cabin, Violet was taken aback for a moment, then quickly reacted, and followed him, "Mr. Murphy, wait for me."

She had not forgotten that George was still there.

She had to bring him back.

Arriving in the first-class cabin, Stanley walked straight to his seat and sat down.

Violet took a little look. Sure enough, he was still as rich as ever. He had booked the entire first-class cabin.

In the first-class at this time, there was no one else except the four of them.

"Fraser." Violet walked towards Fraser.

Fraser turned off the computer, "Violet."

"I'm going to take George back." Violet pointed to George who was seated inside.

George was covered with a blanket, and the blanket completely blocked his face.

Fraser did not immediately agree, but took a look at Stanley.

After seeing Stanley nodding, he moved aside, "Okay, I will help you send him back."

"Thank you so much!" Violet said gratefully with her hands folded.

George fainted! She was worried that she might not be able to support him.

"It's okay. You go ahead." Fraser put the computer aside, then bent over to help George up.

When George was being lifted, the blanket on his body slipped to the ground.

Seeing his bruised cheekbones and corners of his mouth, Violet opened her mouth in surprise. __Chapter
136 Hotel Suite

"His face..."

Before Violet finished asking, Fraser winked her quickly and motioned her to shut up.

Violet understood it. She nodded and shut up.

The three arrived in the business class. Fraser put George on the seat. Violet bowed her head and fastened George seat belt.

After fastening it, she looked at Fraser and asked again, "Fraser, what is going on with George's face, and what about Mr. Murphy? Did they fight?"

Fraser sighed and nodded, "Yeah."

Violet rubbed her temples, feeling a little confused, "Why?"

Fraser looked at her with complicated eyes, 'Why? It's all because of you.'

As soon as Dr. Joe entered the first-class cabin, he warned Mr. Murphy not to approach Violet. Mr. Murphy naturally wouldn't agree. Immediately, Dr. Joe exposed his real face and raised his fist at Mr. Murphy. Mr. Murphy naturally fought back. Then the two started fighting like this.

Then the plane encountered a turbulence and Dr. Joe who was already a little airsick fainted. Only then did the fighting stop. After that, Mr. Murphy went to the business class with a worried expression on his face.

It was just Mr. Murphy had already told him not to tell anyone.

Gathering his thoughts, Fraser pushed his glasses, and then replied, "Nothing serious. There was only a little conflict between them."

"A little conflict?" Violet clenched her fists, "What conflict can there be between them?"

"Violet, don't ask. I have to come back." Fraser smiled and responded.

When Violet saw that Fraser was reluctant to say it, she was a little helpless, but she also dispelled the idea of insisting on knowing, and handed him the egg.

Fraser stared at the egg in his hand with a dull expression on his face, "Why give me this?"

"It's not for you. It's for Mr. Murphy. I just applied it on his face. But I didn't apply it long. You take it back and apply it to him, otherwise the bruises on his face will be worse tomorrow." Violet explained

Fraser nodded suddenly, "Got it! I'm leaving."

After all, he waved his hand and returned to the first-class with the egg.

After he left, Violet looked down at George.

Suddenly she realized that George also needed an egg to apply on his face, but she had no eggs anymore.

"I'm sorry, George. When we get to the hotel, I will ask the hotel to get some ice cubes for you to apply." Violet wringed her fingers and said a little apologetically.

George didn't move. Violet didn't know if he heard it.

Three hours later, the plane landed slowly.

Violet awakened George.

After George woke up, he was dizzy and almost vomited.

But fortunately, he had good self-control. He gritted his teeth and pressed down the nausea in his chest without letting himself vomit out.

But after getting off the plane, he couldn't help it anymore and vomited into the trash can.

Violet unscrewed a bottle of water. When he finished vomiting, she passed the bottle and tissues.

George's face was a little pale. He took the bottle and the tissue, and thanked Violet weakly.

Violet looked at him with a little amusement, "How can you get so much airsick this time? I haven't seen you like this before."

George rinsed his mouth, "I used to take medicine for airsickness, but I forgot this time."

"Well! I'll buy it now. In this way, we won't forget it when we return." Violet immediately made a decision when she heard him say this.

George also smiled, "Okay, but Violet, I may have to trouble you to support me. I don't have much strength now."

"I see." Violet carried her bag, stepped forward to support his arm, and led him toward the passage.

But when they walked out of the airport, Violet slowed down and looked around, looking for something.

George noticed it. There was a bit of hostility in his drooping eyes, but his face was as gentle as ever, "Violet, what are you looking for?"

Violet retracted her gaze, "Nothing."

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Stanley should have already left.

He was in first-class, so he should take the VIP channel. There was no need to line up. He should leave the airport before them.

Seeing that Violet didn't answer, George didn't continue to ask, but the hostility in his eyes didn't disappear at all, instead it became more intense.

Outside the airport, Violet hailed a taxi, told the driver the address of the hotel in a fluent foreign language, and helped George get into the car.

After the taxi started, an extended luxury car also started on the side of the road not far away and followed behind the taxi.

When they arrived at the hotel, Violet checked in, only to find that George had only booked one room.

"The business suite has two bedrooms. I think we will only live tonight and go to the cruise tomorrow, so

I only booked one room." George explained with a smile.

Violet had no objections.

Anyway, when they arrived on the cruise ship tomorrow, they would stay on the cruise ship, so it didn't need to book two suites in the hotel.

"Let's go. I'll take you to rest first. Your face is still so pale." Violet took the room card handed over from the front desk and helped George to walk to the elevator.

George leaned his head on Violet's shoulder, rubbed against her shoulder, and gave a low smile, "Yes, I didn't expect the airsickness to be so serious this time, but it was worth it."

It was right that he deliberately didn't take medicine for airsickness.

"Huh?" Violet didn't understand the meaning of George's last words.

George didn't explain. He looked drowsy after entering the elevator.

Soon, the floor of the suite arrived.

Violet held the room card in one hand, and helped George with the other. She was looking for suites one by one. Finally, Violet found their suite at the end of the corridor on this floor.

Violet opened the door and directly helped George into one of the bedrooms.

"George, here it is." Violet shook her shoulder to remind him.

George did not respond.

Violet turned her head. Then she saw that his eyes were closed, and he seemed to be asleep.

Helpless, Violet had to lean over, planning to throw him on the bed.

Then George suddenly hugged her waist and fell on the bed with her.

Violet lay in George's arms. Her body stiffened. It took a while for her to blush and push him, "George, let me go."

"Don't move. I'm dizzy." Not only did George not let go of her, but he hugged her tighter.

Violet frowned, not accustomed to such an intimate behavior with him. After silently saying apologize inwardly, she increased her strength and took his hands away from her waist, and then got up from his arms.

"Have a good sleep." Violet touched George's forehead, then bent over and took off his shoes, covered him with a quilt, and gently walked out of the room.

The moment she closed the bedroom door, George on the bed suddenly opened his eyes, raised his head slightly, and looked at the door of the room deeply for a while before closing his eyes again and lying back.

In the living room of the suite, as soon as Violet put the bag down, the doorbell rang.

She patted her sore arm and walked over to open the door. Outside the door was the hotel manager and a female cleaner.

The manager smiled and bowed to Violet, "Hello, beautiful lady."

Violet held on the door handle and smiled back at the manager, still speaking fluently in foreign languages, "Hello, what's up?"

"There is something wrong with the equipment in one of the bedrooms of this suite. I am afraid it will cause inconvenience to you and your friends. Therefore, our hotel specially re-arranged a suite for you or your friends to move in." The manager replied.

Violet blinked, "There is a problem with the bedroom equipment? Which bedroom?"

"I don't know. She cleans the room. Let her see it." The manager let the cleaner behind him walk out.

Violet let go of the doorknob, "Come in and see."

The cleaner nodded, followed her into the suite, and then pointed to the bedroom where the door was opened, "It's this one. Chapter 137 Provocation

Violet raised her eyebrows.

It was the one she was planning to move in.

The manager had been observing Violet secretly. Seeing her face, he knew that the cleaner was right.

Fortunately, the hotel had a rule that when there were no guests, the bedroom door must be open. Otherwise, they would be exposed.

"Miss, we will let the staff repair the equipment in this bedroom. It is temporarily unavailable. May I ask it's you or your friend to go to another suite?" the manager asked politely.

Violet picked up the bag and pulled up the suitcase, "Me. My friend is airsick and has already rested. Don't wake him up again."

"Okay, please come with me." The manager made a please gesture.

Violet gave a hmm, and followed them to another suite.

After entering, Violet found that this suite was far more luxurious than the previous one. If it hadn't been a bit smaller in size, it would be the presidential suite.

"Miss, I won't disturb you. Enjoy yourself." Seeing Violet was looking at the room, the manager and the cleaner left.

Violet wanted to ask him if the arrangement was wrong. But looking at the closed door, she had to swallow the words back. Then she tied her hair up and went to the bathroom to take a bath. After washing away her exhaustion, she lay on the bed and fell asleep.

When she woke up, it was already dark. George called her, with a very worried and anxious tone, "Violet, where have you been?"

Violet rubbed her eyes and sat up on the bed. Then she replied in a daze, "I'm in the hotel room."

"But I didn't see you." George squeezed the phone tightly.

Violet then remembered the change of suite during the day. She patted her forehead, and quickly told him what happened during the day.

After listening it, the worry and anxiety on George's face faded away. But he still frowned, "Is there a problem with the bedroom equipment?"

"Yes, that's what the manager said."

"Really?" George walked toward the next bedroom with his mobile phone to check the facilities.

Then he found that there was nothing wrong with the facilities. He immediately understood everything. Someone deliberately separated Violet from him and prevented them from living together.

"George, why aren't you talking?" Hearing that there was no voice on the phone, Violet straightened out her messy hair and asked aloud.

George squeezed the mobile phone harder, as if he was about to crush the phone. But he still smiled, "No, I just checked the room equipment."

"The manager said it doesn't work. Why did you have to go to check?" Violet yawned and lifted the quilt to get out of bed.

George's eyes flashed, "So I stopped. Are you hungry?"

He changed the subject.

Violet touched her stomach, "It's kind of."

"Then let's go to the lobby for dinner. I will wait for you in front of the elevator."

After speaking, George hung up the phone.

Violet also put down the phone, opened the suitcase and took out a set of clothes to put on. After putting on a light makeup, she went out.

"George." Seeing him, Violet came to the elevator.

George nodded, "It just so happens that the elevator has arrived. Let's go."

Violet gave a hmm, and walked into the elevator with him.

In the elevator, George lowered his head. Violet didn't know what he was thinking.

She just felt that he was in a bad mood. Just when she was about to ask him what was wrong, the elevator was opened again.

Stanley stood outside, looking at Violet and George in the elevator, somewhat surprised.

He didn't expect that he actually met them again.

"Mr. Murphy." Violet was also a little surprised. Stanley also stayed in this hotel! She felt surprised, but

she didn't show it on her face.

Stanley nodded slightly to her as a response, then walked into the elevator.

The moment he entered, Violet subconsciously moved a little further away from George.

Seeing it, Stanley smiled faintly. His mood was slightly better.

Only George clenched his fists in his trouser pocket. His eyes were full of anger, "Mr. Murphy, did you arrange it?"

Stanley knew what George was asking. He cast George a glance, "Yes."

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"I really didn't expect that Mr. Murphy would also use this method." George pushed his glasses mockingly.

Stanley was expressionless, "It can't compare to your dirty tricks."

Listening to the talk between the two men, Violet completely couldn't get them. She rubbed her temples and asked, "What are you talking about?"

However, the two men were quiet, and neither answered her.

Violet was speechless, "Forget it."

She didn't ask anymore!

But these two people were really strange. When they first met, they weren't in such a situation. George was kind to Stanley. Why was it that they became so hostile to each other when they met now? Where did their conflicts come from?

Before Violet could figure it out, the elevator reached the first floor.

George held Violet's hand and got out of the elevator.

Stanley was the last to go out. He gloomily looked at the hands they were holding together. His thin lips pressed into a line. He had an urge to separate them.

What made him most dissatisfied was that Violet didn't even shake off George's hand.

As if feeling the thoughts in Stanley's mind, George, who had already walked a certain distance, suddenly turned his head and smiled provocatively at Stanley.

This smile made Stanley so furious. His eyes were full of anger.

"Mr. Murphy." At this moment, Fraser walked over with his mobile phone.

Stanley put away all his emotions in an instant, and looked at Fraser with a cold expression on his face, "What's the matter?"

"Miss Ellis is looking for you." Fraser handed Stanley the cell phone, "Miss Ellis said she couldn't get through your phone, so she called me specially."

Stanley took the phone and said, "I see. Go and tell the people of the Hill family that I'll go to visit them in a while."

"Okay." Fraser nodded.

Stanley put the phone to his ear and talked with Ivy.

After speaking, he took the phone and walked towards the private room.

As he passed the hall, he saw Violet sitting next to George on the sofa in the lounge area of the hall.

She was applying an ice bag on George's face. However, George closed his eyes, looking so enjoyable.

This scene made Stanley feel extremely dazzling.

On the plane, she applied the egg on his face, and now she applied the ice bag on other men's face.

She was really busy!

Stanley didn't hide his gaze at all. Violet immediately noticed that someone was looking at her.

She turned her head slightly. Seeing Stanley's cold eyes, Violet couldn't help but shudder.

His eyes, in addition to being cold, were mixed with some looks that she didn't understand.

"Mr. Murphy!" Violet waved to Stanley.

George heard her shout and opened one eye to look at Stanley.

Stanley did not respond. He coldly retracted his gaze, and left expressionlessly.

Violet's waving hand froze in the air like this. Finally, she took away her hands embarrassingly, "I feel Mr. Murphy seems to be angry with me."

"I didn't see it. Hasn't he always been like this?" George smiled.

Violet shook her head, as if vetoing what George said, but as if it was not. She sighed slightly, and continued to apply the ice on George's face.

After that, they went to have dinner.

Early the next morning, the Hill family sent someone to pick them up.

The wedding of the heirs of the Hill family was held at noon tomorrow on the cruise ship. But there was an evening party tonight, so the guests all went on the cruise ship in advance.

At the pier, Violet got out of the car and saw a giant cruise ship docked outside the platform. At first glance, it was at least nearly a hundred meters long and dozens of meters wide.

"It's so big!" She exclaimed with a shocked look on her face.

Stanley, who had just got out of the car not far away, paused indifferently when he heard these three

words. _____

Chapter 138 Girlfriend

He suddenly remembered that night, when she was crying and gasping under him, she also said these three words.

"Mr. Murphy, what's the matter with you?" Fraser behind him saw Stanley suddenly standing still and couldn't help but asked.

Stanley suppressed his thoughts, coughed lightly with his fist against his lips, and replied quietly, "Nothing! Let's go."

He glanced at Violet, who was still amazed not far away, and then got on the cruise ship.

Fraser followed closely behind.

Violet caught a glimpse of the two of them. Her lips moved, as if she wanted to say hello, but George suddenly stood in front of her, blocking her vision.

"What are you looking at?" George asked with a smile.

Violet retracted her gaze from the entrance of the cruise ship and shook her head, "Nothing. When shall we go up?"

"Just make a registration." George pointed to the registration office in front, and then reached out to her.

Violet tilted her head in confusion.

George's eyes flickered. He explained, "This time you are here as my girlfriend, so we have to act like a couple, otherwise it will arouse others' suspicion."

"I see." Violet smiled slightly and put her hand on George's hand.

George held her hand and led her to the registration office.

After registration, the two got on the cruise ship under the guide of the staff.

After going up, Violet realized that the inside was more shocking than what she saw outside.

The ten-story cruise ship had everything inside, such as amusement parks, shopping malls... and even a casino. It was not an exaggeration to say that it was a small city inside!

Seeing Violet stared blankly, George's eyes flashed a smile. The gentleness on his face was so obvious, "Well, let's go to say hello to the host first. Then I'll accompany you to hang out, okay? ?"

Violet came to her senses and nodded, "Okay."

"Let's go." George held her hand and went to the front desk to inquire about the current location of the

Hill family.

After knowing that the Hill family was in the lounge on the tenth floor, George took Violet up there.

In the lounge, the head of the Hill family was currently discussing with Stanley about cooperation in the next quarter. Hearing the report from the butler, he frowned, "Let him wait next room first. I... .."

"Is it Mr. Hill's guest?" Stanley interrupted him.

Mr. Hill responded with a smile, "It's my son's former doctor."

"Really? Since it is your son's doctor, he can be regarded as a benefactor. Let him come in." Stanley took a sip of the red wine and said lightly.

Since Stanley said so, Mr. Hill didn't have other opinions. He looked at the butler, "Since Mr. Murphy doesn't mind, invite them in."

"Okay." The butler responded and went out.

Soon, George took Violet into the lounge.

As soon as they entered, Violet saw Stanley with an undisguised surprise on her face, "Mr. Murphy, you're also here?"

She pulled her hand back a little, trying to pull it out of George's hand.

But George was prepared for a long time, and held her hand tightly, not giving her a chance to escape at all.

In Stanley's eyes, this scene was like flirting. His face sank. The hand holding the wine glass was tightened a lot, as if to crush the wine glass.

Stanley didn't answer Violet's words. Violet was a little lost and lowered her head slightly.

George felt her mood change. After smiling, he let go of her hand and stretched it out to Mr. Hill, "Hello, Mr. Hill."

Mr. Hill shook hands with George, "Hello Dr. Joe, welcome. I wonder if this lady is..."

His curious eyes fell on Violet.

"She's Violet. She's my..." George glanced at Stanley for a while, and then slowly uttered the word, "Girlfriend!"

Thud!

A crisp sound of glass shattering sounded, causing everyone in the lounge to be stunned. They immediately looked towards the source of the sound.

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Then they saw Stanley's wine glass break into several pieces and fell to the ground, while Stanley's hand was bleeding, which showed that the wine glass was actually crushed by him.

"Mr. Murphy, your hand..." Violet exclaimed and wanted to go over and took a look.

However, George took her arm and refused to let her go.

Violet frowned and looked at him a little displeased.

George stared at her, "Violet, don't forget you are my girlfriend now!"

Hearing that, Violet clenched her fists, seeming to be struggling inwardly.

After a few seconds, she sighed, and finally turned around.

Yes, didn't she just agree from the beginning? She would accompany him to the wedding as his girlfriend.

If she left him to care about Stanley now, she would just embarrass him. She couldn't do that.

Feeling that Violet gave up the idea of checking Stanley's injury, George let go of her arm and walked in front of Stanley, "Mr. Murphy, let me check the wound for you?"

When Mr. Hill heard this, he didn't wait for Stanley to say. He quickly moved aside, "Thank you, Dr. Joe."

"You're welcome." George smiled, and then looked at Stanley, "Mr. Murphy, please open your hands."

Stanley did not do so, but stood up with his fists clenched. His voice was cold and merciless, "No need!"

After speaking, he walked out of the lounge.

Violet looked at Stanley's back and opened her mouth, wanting to stop him and letting him obediently listen to the doctor.

But then she thought about what qualifications she had to let him listen to her?

"Sorry, Dr. Joe, Miss Hunt, Mr. Murphy..." Mr. Hill apologized to George and Violet with a smile.

George waved his hand, "Never mind. I know Mr. Murphy. I'm used to him like this."

"Really?" Mr. Hill nodded.

At this time, the door of the lounge was suddenly pushed open. A petite and exquisite figure rushed in, "Dad, I heard the butler say that Dr. Joe is here. Is he here?"

"Yeah!" Mr. Hill smiled and looked at George.

Miss Hill looked over. Seeing the man she missed every day, her eyes lit up and her face flushed suddenly.

She took a small step and came to George, twisting her clothes with her hands a little nervously, and greeted shyly, "Dr. Joe, long time no see!"

Violet raised her eyebrows.

This girl liked George!

Violet looked at George with interest.

George glanced back at Violet. After seeing the interest in her eyes, his eyes became cold.

But soon, he turned his gaze to Miss Hill, and smiled gently and politely, but the smile did not reach the bottom of his eyes. It was a little alienated and indifferent, "Hello, Annie, long time no see."

"Yes, it's almost half a year." Miss Hill lowered her head and smiled shyly.

Just when she wanted to ask how he was doing recently, she heard him say goodbye and then said to the woman next to him, "Violet, let's go."

Violet gave a hmm.

When Miss Hill heard George's intimate address to Violet, the expression on her face froze, "Wait a minute!"

She stopped the two who were leaving.

Violet and George both stopped.

Miss Hill looked at Violet, with a pale face. Then she forced a smile on her face, "Dr. Joe, who is this young lady?"

Mr. Hill knew his daughter's feelings for George and couldn't help but sighed, "Annie, Miss Hunt is Dr. Joe's girlfriend..."

"Girlfriend?" Miss Hill took two steps back. Even her voice sharpened. _____

Chapter 139 Falling into the Sea

Although Miss Hill had just guessed, when she really heard it, it was still so difficult to accept.

"Yes, Violet is my girlfriend." George put his hand around Violet's shoulders and brought Violet into his arms.

Violet shrugged and grinned at Miss Hill, "Hello, my name is Violet."

Miss Hill did not respond. She bit her lower lip and looked at George, her eyes full of resentment, as if she was complaining about how he could have a girlfriend.

But George seemed to have not seen it. He took Violet out of the lounge without changing his face.

Outside on the corridor.

Violet shook her shoulders to remind George that it was time to let go.

George seemed to have just thought of it, and quickly took away his hand, "Sorry, Violet, I forgot."

Violet didn't doubt what he said. She shook her head, "It's okay. But I now know why you asked me to

pretend to be your girlfriend."

"Oh, why?" George looked at her.

Violet glanced in the direction of the lounge, "Because Miss Hill. She likes you, so your purpose in letting me be your girlfriend is to let her give up on you, am I right?"

George smiled faintly, "It's about it. Well, let's not talk about it. I will accompany you to hang out."

"Okay." Violet readily agreed.

After that, the two went to several places, the playground, the shopping mall, and the restaurant. Finally, they came to the deck on the first floor of the cruise ship to see the sea.

Violet stood in front of the railing, clutching on the railing and looking at the blue sea with excitement on her face.

At this time, the sea breeze was blowing her long dress and hair high, making her like a fairy.

This scene dazzled many people. Even a photographer with a camera couldn't help but took pictures of her.

After Violet noticed it, she put on a few poses for the photographer to take pictures.

After the photographer finished the filming, he came to Violet and George. Under the doubtful eyes of the two of them, he removed the film negatives from his camera and handed them to Violet, saying she was so beautiful.

Violet was a little embarrassed, and kept thanking him after receiving the film.

The photographer waved his hand, and then left.

George took the film from Violet's hand and looked at it in the sun, "When we came here, I saw a photography shop. I went to get the photos out. Wait for me here."

With that, he turned around and left, not even giving Violet the opportunity to refuse.

Violet smiled helplessly. She had no choice but to dispel the idea of stopping him. Then she obediently waited here for him to come back.

But after waiting for a while, she didn't see for George. Instead, she saw Miss Hill and her friends.

"Where's Dr. Joe?" Miss Hill stopped in front of Violet and looked around. She couldn't help but asked without seeing George.

Violet didn't lie to her, and told her where George went.

Miss Hill nodded, indicating that she knew. Then she looked up and down Violet, "Are you really Dr. Joe's girlfriend?"

Violet's eyes flashed with guilty conscience. She wanted to say that she was not.

But she didn't forget what she promised. So she could only smile and replied, "Of course."

Miss Hill clenched her fists, "But why have I never heard of you before? How long have you known each other?"

Violet prayed for George to come back soon, while replying with composure, "It's almost five years."

"Five years!" Miss Hill was surprised for a moment.

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This woman actually knew Dr. Joe four years before her!

At this moment, Miss Hill couldn't help being a little discouraged.

But soon, under the hint of the friends behind her, she regained her spirit, lifted her chin slightly, and stared at Violet proudly, "Even if you are Dr. Joe's girlfriend and knew Dr. Joe earlier than me, so what? I like Dr. Joe."

"I know." Violet nodded with a smile.

Miss Hill didn't expect Violet to react like this. She wasn't even jealous. Then Miss Hill couldn't help frowning, and began to wonder whether Violet loved Dr. Joe or not.

"Since you know, I just say it straightly. I want to pursue Dr. Joe." Miss Hill said with a serious expression

on her face.

Violet raised her eyebrows, "But he already has a girlfriend. You..."

"You are not good enough for him!" Miss Hill interrupted Violet.

Violet pursed her lower lip.

Miss Hill crossed her arms on her chest and said, "I checked your information a little bit. You are just an ordinary fashion designer without an excellent family background. You can't bring Dr. Joe any help."

"Help?" Violet tucked her hair.

Miss Hill nodded, "Yes, Dr. Joe is very excellent doctor. He is destined to have a bright future and become a respected person by all major families."

"I know. Because everyone has only one life. A doctor with good medical skills will naturally be respected by others." Violet answered.

Miss Hill squinted her eyes, "Since you know, then you should also know that the people Dr. Joe will contact in the future are all celebrities, and his wife should also be a member of that circle. Only in this way can she help him fit into that circle, but you are just a costume designer, so do you think you can?"

Listening to these derogatory words, Violet frowned.

Although she was not George's real girlfriend, she felt a little uncomfortable.

So Violet's face sank at this moment. She pursed her red lips and said, "I can't now, but who can judge I

can't in the future. I can learn to it."

"You..." Miss Hill was refuted, and then clenched her fists. "Learn to it? Do you think you will be accepted by people in the upper class after you learn to it?"

"It's none of your business. Whether they accept me or not, they can't change the fact that I am George's girlfriend, as long as George doesn't dislike me." Violet smiled faintly at Miss Hill, and then turned around. She wanted to go to other places. She didn't want to talk to Miss Hill anymore.

Seeing Violet ignore her, Miss Hill couldn't help stomping her feet, "Stop!"

Violet pretended that she didn't hear it, and continued to move forward.

Miss Hill was trembling with anger. The two girls behind her saw this. After looking at each other, they wanted to help Miss Hill, so they ran towards Violet, reaching out and pushing Violet hard.

Besides, Violet was already walking next to the railing of the deck. When being pushed like this, her whole body was directly into the air, then she rolled over the railing, screamed, and fell into the sea. There was a high splash of water.

This scene stunned the people nearby.

Miss Hill's two little friends were even more pale with fright and were trembling all over.

Miss Hill also realized that they were wrong. In a hurry, she turned around and fled.

After getting the photos, George came back happily. As soon as he walked on the deck, he ran into Miss Hill.

If it was in the past, Miss Hill would have hugged him and would not let him go. But this time, she glanced at him in horror and then ran faster with her two friends.

"What's the matter?" George pushed his glasses, somewhat puzzled.

But before he could understand, he suddenly heard a call for help.

"Violet?" Hearing Violet's calling for help, George's face was condensed. He quickly searched for the source of the sound. After finally determining that the sound was coming from under the cruise ship, his face changed drastically. He hurried to the railing and looked down. _____ Chapter 140 Know His Feelings

Violet was struggling in the sea, with the fear on her face.

Maybe it was been a while. Violet's movement had already begun to slow down. She was exhausted. She had begun to slowly sink.

Seeing this, George didn't have time to think about it. He threw away the envelope with the photos in it, jumped over the railing, and swam towards Violet.

"Violet!" Swim to Violet, George hooked Violet's neck, let her tilt her head up, and then swam to the gate of the cruise ship with her.

It was just that the cruise ship had been moving. Although the speed was slow, it was far faster than people swimming. After swimming for a long time, George did not swim to the cruise ship. Instead, he was thrown away a long distance by the cruise ship. But fortunately, someone threw lifebuoy to them. As long as he grabbed the lifebuoy, the people on the cruise ship could pull them up.

But George was holding Violet. It was not a simple matter to catch the lifebuoy. In addition, he hadn't swum for a long time, and he didn't warm up before jumping into the sea. At this moment, his calves began to cramp.

Seeing his painful face, Violet knew what was wrong with him. She was full of guilt, "I'm sorry, George. It's me..."

"Don't talk! I will definitely take you up." George forced a smile at her and continued to swim forward.

But the more he swam, the worse his calf cramped. In the end, the pain made him shout out. Then the two of them sank together.

Seeing it, the people on the cruise ship were very anxious.

"That sir seems to have cramps. Where's the lifeguard? Why isn't the lifeguard coming?"

"What's the matter?" Mr. Hill, the owner of the cruise ship, was playing on the tennis court on the second floor. Hearing the sound from the first floor, he couldn't help but came down to check the situation.

Stanley also came down. He was wearing a tennis uniform and a wristband on his left hand. He also held a tennis racket. He was standing next to Mr. Hill with a little sweat. Facing everyone's comments, his eyelids dropped slightly. Obviously, he was not interested in it.

"Mr. Hill, someone has fallen into the sea!" Someone pointed to the sea ahead.

"Falling into the sea?" Mr. Hill frowned and looked over. After seeing who was falling into the sea, he shocked, "How could it be Dr. Joe and his girlfriend?"

Hearing this, Stanley suddenly raised his head and looked over. Then he saw two people sinking slowly. He dropped his racket directly and jumped into the sea with a tense face, swimming to Violet and George.

His actions shocked Mr. Hill. After reacting, Mr. Hill quickly ordered his men to help.

"Quickly, go to save people!" Mr. Hill urged loudly.

If something went wrong with the person in charge of the Murphy Group, the Hill family would be over!

As early as the moment Stanley jumped into the sea, Fraser had already gone to the lifesaving department of the cruise ship and drove a yacht out. So he got to Violet in one step early than Stanley, and then also jumped into the sea.

It was just that instead of saving Violet, he swam towards George.

He knew that Stanley would save Violet, so he didn't need to act.

Sure enough, Stanley hooked Violet's neck like George before and brought her to the yacht. He held

Violet's butt and pushed her up. He himself supported on the edge of the yacht with both hands and then jumped onto the yacht.

Fraser did the same, helping George into the yacht.

George had fainted at this moment, but his calf was still cramping.

Violet was not so serious. She had been protected by George. Although she was drowning and trembling, she was still sober.

"Quick, get on!" Stanley patted Violet's face lightly, and ordered Fraser.

Fraser also knew that Violet and George had to seek medical treatment immediately. After nodding seriously, he drove the yacht to its maximum speed.

Two minutes later, with the help of a team of lifeguards, Violet and George were successfully sent to the cruise ship.

Stanley knelt down beside Violet and pressed her belly hard, making her spit out the sea water in her belly.

Violet vomited a lot of water. Her face turned pale, then gradually got a little better.

Later, Stanley pinched her nose with one hand, raised her chin with the other, and lowered his head to give her artificial respiration.

Mr. Hill was dumbfounded when he saw this. Finally, his sympathetic gaze fell on George, who was in the first aided.

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He finally knew why Mr. Murphy was very upset when he mentioned Dr. Joe.

It turned out that Mr. Murphy had that kind of feelings for Dr. Joe's girlfriend.

Mr. Murphy looked so nervous and so worried at the moment. It seemed that his feelings for Violet was not light.

"Ahem..." Violet coughed suddenly.

Stanley loosened her nose and chin, got up from her, and stared at her with a fixed expression on his face.

After a few seconds, Violet slowly opened her eyes, but her eyes were still a little fuzzy. It took her a while to see things clearly.

She panted slightly. Firstly, she saw the blue sky, and then Stanley's face.

"Mr. Murphy?" Violet moved her lips slightly and called out weakly.

Stanley nodded, "It's me."

Violet smiled, "So I didn't dream. You saved me?"

She remembered seeing him swimming towards her anxiously before she sank into the sea.

It was just that her vision was blurred at that time, so she didn't know if she had seen it wrong.

"It's me. It's all right." Stanley took off the wristband on his left hand, wrung it out a little, and wiped the sea water off her face.

Violet closed her eyes slightly and couldn't help rubbing her head against his hand.

Stanley's movements paused for a while, and then returned to normal. He continued to wipe her. it could be seen that his movements were gentler than before.

At this time, the doctors and nurses on the cruise ship came over with two stretchers.

Violet and George were carried on stretchers and taken to the hospital on the cruise ship.

Stanley and Fraser did not follow, instead they changed their clothes under the arrangement of Mr. Hill.

After changing his clothes, Stanley went to the hospital.

As for Fraser, he had already been arranged to investigate Violet's falling into the sea.

Based on what Stanley knew about Violet, she was definitely not the kind of person who was playful.

So there must be a problem with her falling into the sea.

When Stanley arrived at the hospital and was about to ask about Violet's whereabouts, he just saw her being sent to the ward by a nurse. He quickly followed over. Seeing Violet, who was already asleep, he asked with a tense face, "How is she?"

"This lady is okay. She has not taken in much sea water, plus the first aid is timely, so she can recover after a sleep. However, the gentleman is in a bad condition. I am afraid that he will have to rest for two more days." The nurse replied.

Stanley nodded, indicating that he knew it. Then he waved his hand to let the nurse out.

After the nurse left, he pulled the chair away and sat on the edge of the hospital bed, looking at the sleeping woman on the hospital bed. He couldn't calm himself down.

He came here to confirm whether what Phoebe said was true. But after just now, he finally confirmed that he really fell in love with Violet.

Seeing her almost sinking to the bottom of the sea, his heart seemed to have suddenly stopped. If it weren't for love, how could he feel this way?

Stanley touched his chest, where the heartbeat was much faster than usual. It had never happened such a situation before.

"Mr. Murphy!" The sudden sound interrupted Stanley's thoughts.

Stanley frowned, put his hand down, and looked towards the door slightly.

Fraser walked in with a subtle expression on his face, "I found out that Violet didn't fall into the sea by herself. She was pushed into by someone!"

Chapter 141 Apologize

"Being pushed?" Stanley stood up quickly.

Fraser nodded, "Yes, the instigator was Mr. Hill's daughter. She liked Dr. Joe and asked Violet to leave Dr. Joe. Violet did not agree. So her two friends pushed Violet to vent the anger. Then Violet fell into the sea."

"That's it." Stanley snorted coldly.

George said he would bring trouble to Violet, but George himself was the same!

So what qualifications did George have to comment him?

"Mr. Murphy, what do you plan to do with this matter?" Fraser asked Stanley, who looked angry.

Stanley pressed his thin lips tightly, "Where is Mr. Hill's daughter?"

"Mr. Hill has locked her up. He is waiting for Violet to wake up. After Violet wakes up, he will let his

daughter apologize to Violet. What he means is that after apologizing, he will send his daughter back to the Hill family." Fraser pushed his glasses and replied.

Stanley sneered, "She almost killed someone. Does he think that nothing happened after his daughter apologizes? Go to delete the contract."

Fraser raised an eyebrow in surprise, "Mr. Murphy, we won't cooperate with the Hill family? They recently mined a diamond mine. Our jewelry company just happens to lack a batch of rough diamonds."

"It's not just the Hill family which owns diamond mines in the world. I don't have to cooperate with the Hill family!" Stanley squinted his eyes and said with a cold face.

Since Stanley said so, what else could Fraser say? After taking a look at Violet on the hospital bed with emotion, he nodded and said, "I see! Then I will tell the Hill family to cancel the cooperation now?"

"Not now. Wait until they finish apologizing." Stanley waved his hand.

Fraser nodded, "Okay, then I'll go out first."

Stanley gave a hmm.

After he left, Stanley sat back again, rubbed his aching temples, and fell asleep on the edge of the bed.

He accompanied Mr. Hill to play a few games of tennis, and then dived to swim to save people. This continuous exercise made him quite tired at the moment. He needed a rest.

So Stanley slept directly until the night.

Violet woke up, opened her eyes and looked at the ceiling. Then she probably knew where she was.

She shook her head and wanted to sit up from the bed, but something was pressing on her quilt and it was not very convenient for her to get up.

She turned her head to look at the place where the quilt was pressed. Then she saw Stanley lying there asleep. She opened her mouth in surprise and made a sound.

This sound awakened Stanley. He opened his eyes and sat upright. Seeing Violet who was staring at him, his eyes flickered, "Are you awake?"

Violet nodded subconsciously.

Stanley reached out and touched her forehead, "Is there anything uncomfortable?"

Violet shook her head obediently.

"Are you hungry?" Stanley put his hand down and asked again.

Violet lowered her head and touched her stomach, "A little."

Stanley took out his cell phone and asked Fraser to buy food.

Violet stared at him.

She didn't know if it was her illusion. She felt that he seemed to be much gentler to her than before.

"Why are you staring at me?" After Stanley sent the message, he saw Violet staring at him in a daze.

Violet came to her senses and waved her hand, "Nothing, thank you for saving me."

"Never mind." Stanley put down the phone, "I already know why you fell into the sea. Annie and her friends have confessed their crimes. What do you want to do with them?"

Hearing this, Violet sighed with a headache.

If it was Phoebe who pushed her into the water, or someone of ordinary status, she could still fight back without hesitation.

But this time it was from the Hill family. She couldn't afford to offend, so she really didn't know how to get justice for herself.

Thinking, Violet gave a wry smile, "Mr. Murphy, have the Hill family ever said how to deal with it?"

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If they proposed some suggestions and it was appropriate, she would accept.

Stanley could see Violet's thoughts. He also knew her scruples and difficulties. He wanted to say that she didn't need to scruples about these things. As long as she wanted, he could help her.

But obviously, their current identifies were inappropriate.

A light flashed in Stanley's drooping eyes, but it was fleeting. He picked up the water glass and handed it to her, "They will apologize and compensate you."

"Okay, that's it." Violet took a sip of water and smiled faintly.

After that, she thought of something again. Her back straightened, "By the way, where's George?"

She remembered that before Stanley rescued her, it was George who rescued her first, but in the end George's calf cramped and did not save her successfully, instead he was dragged into drowning.

She didn't know how he was now.

Hearing Violet mentioning George, Stanley's original indifferent face became gloomy. He took her water glass and put it heavily on the bed, then sneered, "You care about your boyfriend so much?"

"Boyfriend?" Violet was taken aback.

Stanley pursed his lips and looked at her, "Isn't George your boyfriend?"

"Of course not." Violet didn't know how to explain, "We are just pretending a couple."

"Pretend?" Stanley's face eased a lot in an instant.

Violet said, "Yes, he should know that he would meet Miss Hill this time, so in order to get rid of Miss Hill, he deliberately let me pretend to be his girlfriend."

"Do you really think so?" Stanley leaned back in his chair.

Violet blinked, "Isn't it?"

Seeing her clear eyes, Stanley couldn't help but pinch his eyebrows.

This woman was really innocent. In her opinion, George asked her to pretend to be his girlfriend in order to get rid of Annie, but in Stanley's opinion, this was only one of George's purposes.

George wanted her to carry the title of being his girlfriend, and then made others misunderstood. The more people misunderstood them, the fewer opportunities she would have to explain. Then, gradually, others all thought they were a couple. It was a dirty trick. It seemed that he had to let Fraser find out the true face of George early, and let Violet know what kind of person George was.

"Mr. Murphy, why are you not thinking about?" Seeing Stanley's eyes drooping, Violet waved her hand in front of him.

Stanley grabbed her hand and pinched it gently.

Although her hands were slender, they were so soft when they were pinched. So he couldn't help pinching a few more times.

Seeing his actions, Violet's face flushed suddenly, "Mr. Murphy, you..."

After Stanley realized what he had done, he looked startled and immediately let go of her hand.

He took his hand away. Violet was a little lost, but she still put her hand down, pretending not to care.

At this time, the door of the ward was knocked.

Stanley said, "Come in!"

Fraser opened the door and walked in, carrying a food box in his hand and several people behind him.

Violet took a closer look. It was Mr. Hill, Miss Hill and her two friends.

As for the others, she didn't know.

"Mr. Murphy, they are here to apologize to Violet. These are the parents of these two young ladies."
Fraser put down the food box and pointed to someone who Violet didn't know.

Stanley nodded and let them in.

Although he didn't welcome these people, they were here to apologize, so he would naturally not stop them.

"That, Miss Hunt, I'm really sorry. I spoiled my daughter and caused you to almost have an accident. I'm sorry. We came here to apologize to you." Mr. Hill pushed Miss Hill to Violet's bed and asked her to apologize.

Although Miss Hill was reluctant, she apologized. Then the others followed to apologize.

Violet looked down at her bright red nails, "I don't think you should just apologize to me."

Chapter 142 Challenge Her

Mr. Hill and others were all stunned.

"Miss Hunt, you mean..."

Stanley also looked at Violet.

Violet smiled, "I was pushed into the sea, which caused so many people to rescue me. I think you should apologize to them, as well as Mr. Murphy and George."

"We will naturally apologize to Mr. Murphy and Dr. Joe. But why do we have to apologize to others?" Miss Hill was dissatisfied.

Violet looked up at Miss Hill, "Why? Just because they didn't need to jump into the sea. You just added work to them."

"You...."

"Enough!" Miss Hill wanted to say something, but Mr. Hill grabbed her and gave her a warning look.

Miss Hill's eyes were red, but in the end, she shut up.

Seeing that she didn't make trouble, Mr. Hill breathed a sigh of relief. After taking a look at Stanley, he smiled embarrassedly at Violet, "Miss Hunt, we will apologize to them."

"Well." Violet smiled back at him.

Since they were willing to apologize, she naturally wouldn't argue with them anymore.

"Well, we won't bother you to rest."

After speaking, Mr. Hill left with a group of people.

The ward became quiet again.

Violet looked up at the man in the hospital bed, "Mr. Murphy, thank you for being here. If you weren't here, they wouldn't have promised to apologize to the staffs at all."

She knew very well that all of this was just because of him.

"Never mind. Let's eat." Stanley opened the food box, took out the food in it personally, and put them on the small table of her hospital bed.

Violet looked at the sumptuous food in front of her. Just when she was holding the chopsticks and was just about to start, she suddenly thought of something. Then she looked at him and asked, "Mr. Murphy, have you eaten?"

"No." Stanley uttered the word faintly.

He had been taking care of her here, so there was no time to eat.

Violet said to him, "Let's eat together."

"No..." Stanley was about to say no, but his hand was stuffed in a pair of chopsticks.

"Mr. Murphy, what did you say?" Violet blinked at him, pretending that she didn't know what he was going to say.

Stanley looked at her, and then at the chopsticks in his hand. Then he swallowed his words, "Nothing."

"Well, let's eat." Violet smiled and divided the meal in front of her into two and gave him one.

Stanley looked at the obviously more rice in his bowl than hers, a trace of warmth rose in his heart. His face softened a lot.

After eating, Fraser, who had been standing outside the door silently, came in to help clean up the dishes.

At this moment, a nurse knocked on the door, holding a medical record folder, "Miss Hunt, your friend, Mr. Joe, is already awake."

"George is awake?" Violet's eyes lit up.

"Yes, he is in the ward next to you." The nurse said with a smile, then turned and left.

Violet was getting out of bed.

Seeing her actions, Stanley narrowed his eyes, "Are you going to see him?"

"Yes, he became like this to save me. How could I not go?" Violet replied while bending over to put on her shoes, so she didn't see his unhappy face.

After putting on her shoes, Violet stood up and walked towards the next ward.

As soon as she entered the ward, she saw George getting off the hospital bed.

He was wearing a medical suit and standing barefoot on the ground. He was like a blind man, squinting his eyes and fumbling towards.

There was a chair right in front of him. Seeing that he was going forward and was about to be tripped to the ground by the foot of the chair, Violet hurriedly went over to support him, "George, be careful."

"Violet?" George's hands fumbling in the air stopped suddenly. He shouted in surprise.

Violet smiled and nodded, "It's me. Where are your glasses?"

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George smiled bitterly, "Fell in the sea."

Violet smiled, then bowed her head guiltily, "I'm sorry, George. It's me..."

Before she could finish her words, George hugged her tightly.

He put his chin on her shoulder, feeling agitated, "You don't need to say sorry. Just a pair of glasses, as long as you are okay."

"George..." Hearing this, Violet felt touched. She raised her hand, and hugged him back.

Outside the door, Stanley looked at the two people who were hugging each other with cold eyes. Then he clenched his fists tightly. The blue veins on the back of his hands were popping out.

He wanted to separate the two, but he thought of something again, so he didn't step forward.

Seeing his depressed appearance and then looking at the two people still hugging each other, Fraser couldn't help but complain, "What is Violet doing? She has already had sex with you, but she still hugs other men. It's so..."

"Enough, let's go!" Stanley interrupted him coldly and turned to leave.

Fraser hurriedly followed Stanley and asked him, "Mr. Murphy, shall we go in and separate them?"

Stanley narrowed his eyes, "It's not the time yet."

He was domineering. He must get whatever he liked, whether it was business or people.

Now that he knew his feelings for Violet, he was bound to win Violet, but it had to be after the marriage contract was cancelled.

Violet didn't know that Stanley had seen her hugging George. She gently pushed George away, looked at

him with concern, and asked about his physical condition.

George was helped back to the hospital bed by Violet. Then he touched his chest and replied, "I have drunk too much sea water, except for chest tightness, nothing else."

"That's good." Violet breathed a sigh of relief.

She was really afraid that he would have any other problems.

Otherwise, she would not be able to pay off what she owed him.

"George, wait for me here. I'll go buy you some food, and buy a pair of glasses by the way." Violet picked up the quilt and put it on George.

George nodded with a smile, "Okay."

Violet went out, but unexpectedly met Miss Hill outside the door.

Miss Hill did not expect to see Violet. Her hand holding the thermos tightened.

"Are you here to see George?" Violet glanced at the thermos in Miss Hill's hand and said first.

Miss Hill bit her lip, "I can't come?"

"Just go in." Violet turned sideways to make way for her.

Miss Hill was stunned for a moment, as if she was surprised that Violet was so generous.

Violet understood Miss Hill's thoughts and smiled. Then she didn't say anything, but just walked away.

By the time Violet came back, it was already an hour later.

Violet just got out of the elevator and met Miss Hill again, who should have just come out of George's ward. Miss Hill's eyes were red. Obviously, she had cried.

Seeing this, Violet couldn't help but raised her eyebrows, "George bullied you?"

Miss Hill raised her hand to wipe her tears, "Do you want to see me embarrassed look?"

Violet shrugged, "I'm not interested in your embarrassed look."

After speaking, she passed Miss Hill and was about to leave.

Miss Hill clenched her fists and called to Violet, "Wait a minute."

Violet stopped, "Anything else?"

Miss Hill turned her head and looked at Violet firmly, "Although I was rejected by Dr. Joe again, I said that I would not give up."

Hearing this, Violet lowered her head and laughed, "Well, just come on."

"Hmph, of course I will. I know you don't love Dr. Joe at all. You love Mr. Murphy. When I was in the ward, I found that the way you look at Mr. Murphy is the same as when I look at Dr. Joe. I don't know why you are with Dr. Joe. But it doesn't matter!"

Miss Hill stared at Violet with the expression of determination on her face, "I will snatch Dr. Joe from you, because you are not worthy of him!" ___Chapter 143 Bridesmaid

Violet smiled and patted Miss Hill on her shoulder, "Then I will wait for you."

When she finished speaking, she passed Miss Hill and walked forward.

After two steps, the smile on Violet's face slowly faded, replaced by a faint sadness.

Were her current feelings for Stanley so obvious? Even Miss Hill could see it.

Had anyone else discovered it?

Miss Hill looked at Violet's back, feeling her threat for Violet was useless, which made her very discouraged.

Then she stamped her foot severely and stepped into the elevator.

Calm was restored in front of the elevator. At this time, a figure came out from the corner excitedly "God, what did I hear? Violet loves Mr. Murphy. It's great! If Mr. Murphy knows it, he should be very happy!"

Thinking, Fraser hurried to the presidential suite of the cruise ship hotel.

Stanley was sitting at his desk, processing the electronic files sent by the company. When he heard a knock on the door, he frowned, "Come in."

Fraser pushed the door in.

Seeing the envelope in Fraser's hand, Stanley pursed his thin lips, "Didn't I let you give these photos to Violet? Why are you back again?"

"Here is the thing. Mr. Murphy, when I was on the way, I heard a piece of good news." Fraser put the envelope on Stanley's desk.

Stanley looked up lightly, "What good news?"

"It's about Violet." Fraser pushed his glasses, "I heard Violet talk to Miss Hill. Miss Hill said that the person Violet loves is not Dr. Joe, but you. Besides, Violet didn't refute."

Hearing this, the hand Stanley held the mouse suddenly tightened. A burst of joy surged in his heart, but there was still no emotion on his face. Fraser couldn't tell whether he was happy or not.

After a while, he pulled his tie, and then he said, "I see. You can go head with your work first."

"Yes." Fraser nodded slightly and went out.

After he left, Stanley let go of the mouse, picked up the envelope and opened it, shaking out a few photos inside.

He picked up one of them casually and rubbed his thumb against Violet's face in the photo. Then he smiled gradually.

What Fraser brought just now was indeed good news.

There was no better news than it. The one he loved also loved him.

Suddenly, the phone in front of the computer rang.

Then the smile on Stanley's face faded. He put down the photo, took a look at the phone, and put it to his ear, "Hello?"

"It's great. I know you haven't slept yet." Henry's grinning voice came over.

Stanley leaned back in his chair, "What's the matter?"

"What else can I do? Except Ivy, how could I call you when I know that it is at night there?" Henry rolled his eyes.

Stanley squeezed his eyebrows, "What's wrong with Ivy?"

"It's about the cornea. Today, the hospital sent another pair of corneas, but she was not satisfied and refused to do the operation. If this continues, she will be blind in a few months." Henry sighed with a headache.

When Stanley heard this, a touch of displeasure flashed in his eyes. His thin lips were pressed into a

straight line, "What does she want to do?"

"I also asked her about it. She said she fancied a pair of corneas."

"Alive people?" Stanley's hand holding the phone tightened. His face became gloomy.

Henry shook his head, "She said that the owner of the cornea of those eyes will die soon."

It turned out to be a dying person.

Stanley's tense face eased. He squeezed the phone, and then loosened a bit of strength. He asked, "Who is the owner of the cornea? Has the owner agreed to donate it to her?"

"I don't know about this. Ivy is reluctant to tell me. I really have no choice but to call you and ask you to persuade her." Henry spread his hands helplessly.

Stanley frowned, "I see. I will be back by plane tomorrow afternoon."

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"Okay." Henry nodded.

At the end of the call, Stanley dropped the phone on the table, held the mouse, and continued to immerse himself in his work.

The next day, the wedding of the heir of the Hill family finally began.

As a guest, Violet wore a dress and came to the wedding with George's arm, waiting for the wedding to begin.

But at this moment, Mr. Hill came to them with a look of embarrassment, "Dr. Joe, Miss Hunt."

"What's the matter?" George asked with a smile.

Mr. Hill looked at Violet next to him, "I want to ask Miss Hunt for a favor."

"Me?" Violet pointed at herself.

Mr. Hill nodded, "Yes, because my girl was sent back home overnight by me last night, so today there is one bridesmaid missing..."

"Do you want Violet to be the bridesmaid?" George raised his eyebrows.

Violet also opened her mouth in surprise.

Seeing that they immediately guessed his intention, Mr. Hill nodded, "Yes, so Miss Hunt, please."

He bowed to Violet.

Violet let go of George's arm, took a step back, and waved her hands again and again, "I can't. I've never been a bridesmaid. This is not good."

"It doesn't matter. It's easy, as long as you stand there." Mr. Hill said.

Violet looked at George embarrassedly.

George pondered for a few seconds, "Why don't you go find other people?"

"I have found them. Either married or some women who don't look good." Mr. Hill smiled bitterly.

Since he said so and even bowed, Violet knew that if she refused again, she would embarrass Mr. Hill. Then she forced a smile, and agreed, "Well, just stand there, right?"

"Yes." Mr. Hill was happy.

George frowned and looked at Violet, "Violet..."

"It's okay. Just help Mr. Hill once." Violet smiled at him.

Mr. Hill made a gesture to invite Violet, "Miss Hunt, please come with me. I will take you to change clothes and make-up."

"Okay." Violet nodded and walked behind him.

When Violet entered the dressing room, she was pushed onto the seat by the makeup artist and started putting on makeup.

After putting on makeup, Violet went to meet the other bridesmaids, where she also saw the bride.

The bride was a very gentle and beautiful woman. Violet talked to her for a few words and learned that the bridesmaid was indeed just like Mr. Hill said. She just needed to stand there, which was not as complicated as at domestic.

Violet also relieved her tension and gradually merged into the bridesmaid's group.

Soon, the wedding began.

Violet and the other bridesmaids walked behind the bride and entered together.

In the guest room, Fraser widened his eyes in disbelief, and then he quickly reminded the man next to him, who was lowering his head and playing with his mobile phone, "Mr. Murphy, Violet is actually a bridesmaid."

"Huh?" After hearing this, Stanley moved his ears a little, and looked up at the bride. He saw Violet walking beside the bride in a bridesmaid's suit. A touch of surprise flashed in his eyes.

The bridesmaid dress was also white. With long hemline, it was just like a small wedding dress. If Violet also put a veil on her head, she would be just like wearing a wedding dress.

He could already imagine how beautiful she would be in a real wedding dress.

As if feeling that someone was looking at her, Violet turned her head subconsciously and then she met Stanley's dark and gloomy eyes. _____ Chapter 144 George Confessed

Seeing him staring at her, Violet was somewhat nervous. After hurriedly smiling at him, she quickly turned her head back.

The wedding went smoothly. Soon, it was time for the bouquet toss.

For a while, many unmarried women gathered around, trying to catch the bouquet.

Violet didn't have this idea, so she stood outside the crowd with smiling.

George walked behind her, "Don't you want to grab it?"

Violet shook her head, "No."

George looked at the bride surrounded by the crowd, "If the man can also grab the bouquet, I will grab it and give it to you. I heard that the girl who catches the bouquet is the next bride."

As he said this, he pushed his glasses to look at her, then his eyes flickered, "Actually, you look like a bride now."

"Really?" Violet looked down at herself.

George nodded, "Really."

Violet was amused. Just when she was about to say something, the bride turned around, turned her back to everyone, and threw out the bouquet tall.

Everyone raised their heads and hands, trying to catch the bouquet.

However, the bouquet went directly over their heads and fell into the arms of a passing man.

The man was hit by the suddenly falling bouquet. He stopped abruptly.

This scene stunned all the girls.

None of them thought that the bouquet actually fell into a man's arms.

Violet was stunned for a few seconds too. Seeing Stanley's slightly startled look, she couldn't hold back. Then she covered her lips and laughed.

Her laughter broke this strange silence.

Just as these girls were discussing whether to bring the bouquet back and throw it again, they saw the man who got the bouquet suddenly walking towards them.

The man looked very powerful. Wherever he went, the girls would make way for him.

Therefore, Stanley came to Violet without hindrance. Under Violet's blank gaze, he handed the bouquet over, "Give you."

"Give me?" Violet opened her mouth in surprise.

George beside her narrowed his eyes and stared at Stanley sullenly.

Stanley felt it naturally, but he just ignored it, and put the bouquet in Violet's hand directly, "I don't know the other people. It's not appropriate to give them. Hold it."

After speaking, he turned and left.

Violet held the bouquet and shouted to his back, "Thank you, Mr. Murphy."

Stanley smiled but he did not stop.

Seeing him gone, Violet lowered her head and stroked the bouquet in her arms.

She didn't expect that there would be such a dramatic development. She didn't want to grab the bouquet, but the bouquet ultimately belonged to her.

Seeing that Violet cherished and loved the bouquet that Stanley gave to her, George only felt so jealous.

He wanted to grab the bouquet directly from her arms and throw it on the ground.

But his reason still made him hold back this idea.

The wedding was over like this.

After Violet changed her clothes back, she went to the bathroom.

When she came out, she was taken aback by the man leaning against the bathroom wall.

"George, are you waiting for me here?" Violet asked gently.

George looked at the bouquet she was still holding, with a hint of anger in his eyes.

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Even when she went to the bathroom, she didn't want to let it go. How much she liked the things Stanley gave!

Feeling the cold aura coming from George, Violet tilted her head suspiciously, "George, what's the matter with you?"

George stood up straightly and walked in front of her, pressing her against the wall behind her with one hand, and looking down at her slightly, "Violet, do you like Stanley so much?"

"Huh?" Violet's heart beat fast suddenly. She subconsciously avoided his gaze, "George, what are you talking about?"

"Don't pretend! You know what I'm talking about." George squeezed her chin and turned her face back.

Violet didn't like his behavior. After frowning, she raised her hand to push his hand away.

But George suddenly increased his strength, pinching her jaw.

Violet snorted in pain, "George, let go!"

George didn't let go. He lowered his head and approached her. His drunken breath blew to Violet's face. Then he asked, "Why? Why do you fall in love with Stanley instead of me?"

Violet was shocked by his words. She looked at him incredulously, "George, you..."

"It's been five years." George interrupted her and buried his head in her neck. "I have been your side for five years. I always thought that you would slowly know my feelings for you, so I never I didn't force you and didn't confess to you, but I didn't expect that you just returned less than two months before you fell in love with Stanley!"

Violet's lips moved. She felt quite uncomfortable, but more apologetic, "I'm sorry George. I really don't know you like me!"

She had always regarded him as her best friend, so she never thought about whether he liked her or not.

Besides, Jessie liked him. How could she compete with Jessie!

"You really don't know! I always thought that you just have been dull in this aspect and you would understand it one day, so I am willing to wait. I have waited for five years. But you fall in love with Stanley. Violet, I'm really disappointed!" George lifted his head from her neck and looked at her with a pair of red eyes.

Violet was frightened by the craziness in his eyes. She became tense.

It was the first time that she saw such a George. He was very strange, not as gentle as before.

"Violet, are you afraid of me?" George lifted a strand of Violet's hair. Although his voice was soft, there was no temperature, which made people shiver involuntarily.

Violet managed to force a smile, avoiding his question, "George, you are drunk. Will you let me go first?"

George smiled lowly, "I'm not drunk. I know what I'm doing."

He touched her lips with his thumb. His eyes fixed on her lips.

"Violet, I have been waiting for you for so long, but you fall in love with others. I won't just let it go. I will punish you well!"

As he said, he lowered his head and kissed Violet's lips.

Violet was dumbfounded. It took her a while to react. Then she struggled violently with both hands, trying to push him away.

But George restrained her tightly, not allowing her to break free.

Just when George's tongue was about to get into Violet's teeth, a fist suddenly hit George's face and knocked him down. After staggering a few times, George fell on the ground and fainted immediately.

"George!" Violet exclaimed. Then she was going forward to check George's situation.

Stanley's face was cold. He took her wrist, "He treated you like that! You still worry about him?"

Violet paused abruptly. She opened her mouth and wanted to say something, but in the end she didn't say anything.

Stanley looked at her lips that were reddened by George's kiss, an anger rose in his chest. He couldn't help tightening the strength of her wrist, "Come with me!"

With that, he pulled her forward.

He walked quickly. Violet was wearing high heels, so she could only trot to catch up with him.

As she ran, she looked back anxiously, "Mr. Murphy, you can't leave George here alone."

Although she was angry that George treated her this way, he was the benefactor of her family of five, so she couldn't leave him alone like this.

"Fraser will take care of him in a while." Stanley looked at the front, and answered Violet without emotions in his voice.

Violet breathed a sigh of relief after knowing that George would be taken care of by someone. But the next second, she was anxious again, "Mr. Murphy, where are you taking me?" _____ Chapter 145
Deny

Stanley didn't answer, but pulled her forward with a sullen face.

When they arrived at the elevator, the elevator door opened.

Looking at the other people in the elevator, Stanley narrowed his eyes, "Get out!"

The people in the elevator judged that he was not easy to provoke from the momentum he showed, so they didn't dare to have any opinions and came out of the elevator one after another.

Soon, the elevator was empty. Stanley pulled Violet in, threw her against the elevator wall, and then closed the elevator door.

After the elevator door was closed, Stanley turned around and blocked Violet in the corner, "I told you a long time ago that George is not a good guy. I told you to stay away from him. You wouldn't listen to me!"

Violet lowered her eyelids. She did not speak but just pushed him, trying to come out of the corner.

However, Stanley grabbed her hand so that she could no longer push him. With the other hand, like George did earlier, he pinched her chin and wiped her lips vigorously with his thumb.

Violet's lips had been bitten by George, and it was a little hurt. Being rubbed by Stanley like this, Violet frowned in pain.

"What are you doing?" She bit his finger.

Stanley paused and looked down at her lips, "Dirty!"

Violet let go of his fingers. Her face turned pale.

Dirty?

Was he saying she was dirty?

Stanley caught the sudden change in Violet's eyes. He knew that his words made her misunderstand. After pursing his thin lips, he raised her chin and lowered his head to kiss her lips.

Violet was stunned.

Stanley took this opportunity to get his tongue into her mouth.

Violet finally calmed down. She stared at the man's perfect sideburns with her eyes widened and her face flushed, forgetting to struggle.

It wasn't until the elevator was opened that Stanley let go of her. She made a dumb voice, "You..."

"Clean up for you!" Stanley wiped the corner of her mouth with his thumb.

Clean up?

Violet was taken aback for a moment, and then came to realize that he helped her clean the trace left by George.

So he meant George dirty, not her!

He cared about this so much, which meant that he was jealous?

A touch of sweetness surged in her heart. Violet touched her lips, suppressing the excitement and asked, "Why kiss me?"

Stanley's eyes flashed, but he still didn't answer. He put his hands in his trouser pockets and walked out of the elevator.

Violet bit her lower lip. She caught up with him, "Mr. Murphy, you shouldn't be the kind of person who will kiss others casually? I heard Fraser said that you're a neat freak, but you don't hesitate to kiss me. Do you like me?"

On the plane the day before yesterday, she had doubts like this, but were quickly denied by herself.

But his behavior towards George just now, and the act of kissing her, made her doubt again.

Stanley stopped. He didn't turn his head back. He just lowered his eyes and said quietly, "No."

The light in Violet's eyes dimmed for an instant, and the expression on her face was slightly frozen.

If not, why should he kiss her?

He teased her?

Violet clenched her fists tightly. She wanted to cry, and her heart was aching.

But she didn't show it. After taking a deep breath, she barely smiled, "I see! I'm sorry, Mr. Murphy, I misunderstood. I thought..."

She stepped back and waved her hand. Her smile became unnatural, "Mr. Murphy, thank you for helping me out. Next time I will invite you to dinner. I have to go back to my room first. "

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As Soon As You Hear About Love You Start Screaming At Out Loud?

After speaking, Violet dropped her head, turned around, lowered her eyelashes to cover the look in her eyes, and left quickly.

She was so stupid. She knew that he loved Ivy, but she still hoped that he liked her. She didn't learn from it, and she was actually sentimental twice. Now, she got herself being insulted.

But it was okay. Since he denied it, she could give up completely. She wouldn't expect things that didn't belong to her anymore.

Hearing the high-heeled shoes gradually disappeared, Stanley turned his head to look at the direction Violet was leaving, and loosened the hands in his trouser pocket.

Fraser came over, stood behind him and sighed, "Mr. Murphy, why don't you directly admit your feelings for Violet? She also has feelings for you. You two can be together directly. Anyway, you have to terminate the marriage contract with Director Hunt."

"It's not the time yet." Stanley pursed his lips and replied in a low voice, "Before I found the person behind the scenes who harmed her, my being with her would only bring her danger. When the marriage contract is cancelled and the murderer behind the scenes is found out, I will take the initiative to pursue her."

He said to himself he was bound to get what he liked!

It was just a matter of time.

Fraser nodded suddenly, "That's it. But you just denied it. Violet must be upset right now."

Stanley felt a little bit upset. His voice was a little low and hoarse, "I will compensate her in the future!"

Fraser sighed, "I'll find the murderer behind the scenes sooner. But it's strange."

"What?" Stanley looked sideway at him slightly.

Fraser touched his chin, "We all suspected that there was someone watching you, otherwise it would be impossible to know that you are close to Violet, but I checked the people around you and they were not suspicious, so could it be that we thought too much and no one is watching you at all?"

Stanley lowered his eyelids. After thinking for a few seconds, he narrowed his eyes, "Sound it out after returning."

"Got it." Fraser nodded.

"Let's go." Stanley rubbed his temples and walked to his suite.

In the afternoon, he took the plane, returning home.

Violet and George couldn't leave for the time being, because George hadn't woken up yet.

Violet stood outside the door of his ward and looked at him through the glass on the door. Several times she didn't have the courage to go in. The George in the morning indeed frightened her.

At this time, the nurse for the round came out of George's ward.

Violet stopped her, "Nurse, is he okay?"

The nurse said, "Nothing serious. He almost got drowned yesterday and has not fully recovered. There is seawater in his stomach. In addition, he drank alcohol again, which caused a slight alcohol allergy. After a few days of rest and all the seawater gets out of his body, he will be all right."

"Well, thank you." Violet felt relieved.

The nurse walked past her.

Violet sighed slightly.

She originally thought that George hadn't woken up yet because of Stanley's punch.

Now, it appeared that even without that punch, George was still going to fall.

The phone in the bag vibrated suddenly.

Violet put her hands down, took out the phone from her bag, and saw the word "Jessie" beating on the screen. She glanced at George in the ward with a guilty conscience, and then answered, "Jessie."

"Violet, have you returned?" Jessie's clear and sweet voice came.

Violet shook her head, "Not yet."

"Then when are you coming back?" Jessie asked again

Violet rubbed her temples, "I don't know yet. What's wrong?"

"Here is the thing. Design Association sent a notice, inviting all the studios and company leaders in J City to a meeting, saying that there seems to be a competition. I don't know the specifics. They just asked if you want to go to the meeting." Jessie slid the mouse and replied while watching the notification on the computer.

"Invite all the heads of the studios and companies? It seems that the scale of this competition is not small." Violet bit her lower lip and a sharp light flashed across her eyes, "How long is the meeting time?" _Chapter 146 Returning

"Tomorrow night." Jessie replied while looking at the time on the notice.

Violet read these two words, squeezed the phone tightly, then finally gritted her teeth and decided, "Got it! I'll buy the ticket back in a while."

"Okay, I'm going to pick you up at the airport when you arrive."

Violet gave a hmm, and agreed with a smile.

At the end of the call, she slowly put down the phone and went to see George in the ward. After saying apologize inwardly, she turned and left.

When the incident happened in the morning, she was somewhat angry at him. Even if he woke up, she didn't know how to face him.

So she decided not to see him for the time being. She would talk with him later, so as not to increase embarrassment.

Thinking, Violet went to the front desk to arrange a caregiver for George, and then went to find Mr. Hill to say goodbye.

When Mr. Hill learned that she was leaving, he arranged a car to take her to the airport and helped her buy a ticket to return. He said that he was grateful for her help as a bridesmaid, so Violet accepted it.

It happened to be six o'clock in the morning when the plane landed.

Jessie drove to the airport and gave Violet a hug when she saw Violet. After the hug, she looked behind Violet.

Violet knew what Jessie was looking for. She raised her hand and tapped Jessie's forehead lightly, "Stop! George didn't come back."

Hearing that, Jessie's eyes dimmed for an instant, and the smile on her face faded a lot, "Why didn't he come back with you? Is it because he knew I was coming to pick you up?"

"No, he still has something to do abroad." Violet replied.

She didn't plan to tell Jessie that George didn't come back because of physical reasons.

Otherwise, Jessie would definitely immediately go abroad to find George, but George didn't like Jessie. It was still Jessie who got hurt.

"Well, that's good, as long as he doesn't hide from me." Jessie swept away her loss, and a bright smile returned to her face.

Violet sighed inwardly, and wanted to ask her what had happened between her and George and why George always hid her like this.

But in the end, she didn't ask.

"Okay, Jessie, let's go to the hospital first. I miss my babies." Violet grabbed the lever of the suitcase beside her and changed the subject.

Jessie nodded, helped Violet carry a bag, and then drove her to the hospital.

After driving Violet to the entrance of the hospital, Jessie left. There was still some work in the studio, waiting for her to deal with.

Violet dragged the suitcase and carried the bag to the ward alone.

At this time, Lily drove Arya to the kindergarten, and Calvin was the only one in the ward. The caregiver went to buy food.

Violet opened the door of the ward and walked in. Calvin was sitting on the hospital bed and reading the comics. Hearing the door opening, he raised his head vigilantly. Seeing that the person coming in was Violet, his eyes lit up suddenly.

"Mommy!" Calvin opened the quilt with one hand, jumped off the hospital bed directly, ran to Violet,

and looked up at her in surprise, "Mommy, you're back! "

"Put on your shoes." Violet threw away the suitcase, bent over to pick up his son, and walked to the hospital bed.

After putting him on the hospital bed, Violet stretched out her finger and tapped his forehead, "Also, how could you just jump off like that? What if you fall?"

Calvin stuck his tongue out, "I'm sorry, Mommy. I'm just so happy to see you. I won't do it anymore!"

In order to prove that what he said was true, he also raised three short fingers to make an oath.

Violet was amused by him. She held the little guy's face in both hands and rubbed it, "You!"

"Mommy, it hurts!" Calvin's mouth pouted because of Violet's rubbing.

Violet felt Calvin so cute, then she bowed her head and kissed him several times.

Calvin was giggled by the kiss.

At this time, the caregiver came back, carrying a thermos in her hand.

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Seeing Violet, the caregiver was a little surprised, "Miss Hunt."

"Pippa, thank you so much these days." Violet smiled and nodded at her.

The caregiver waved her hands, "Never mind. Have you eaten?"

"I ate on the plane." Violet replied, letting go of Calvin's small face.

Then Calvin immediately got into the bed.

The caregiver put down the table board of the hospital bed, then took out the breakfast from the thermos and put them on the table to let Calvin eat.

After Calvin picked up the spoon, he ate it obediently.

Violet sat aside, watching him eating, occasionally wiping the oil from the corners of his mouth with a tissue.

"Miss Hunt, drink some water." The caregiver poured a glass of water to Violet.

Violet put down the tissue and took the water glass, "Thank you."

"You're welcome." The nurse smiled, and then said, "Miss Hunt, when I just came back, I met Calvin's attending doctor. The doctor said that Calvin could be discharged from the hospital. I originally planned to tell Ms. Smith when she comes back. But you are back."

"I see! I'll go through the discharge formalities for Calvin now." Violet put the water glass aside.

Hearing that he could be discharged from the hospital, Calvin happily patted the table, "Great, I can finally go home."

Violet also knew that the little guy was bored in the hospital, stretched out her hand to rub his nose, and went out with his medical record book.

After completing the discharge procedures, Violet checked the time and was about to return to the ward.

When she walked into the elevator, a figure in a white coat came out of the elevator and ran into her.

Violet was unprepared. After being bumped, she took a few steps back before barely standing still. All the receipts in her hand fell to the ground.

The man was not better than her. He stepped back twice, and his glasses fell to the ground.

The man hurriedly bent over to pick up the glasses, wiped them and then put them on. After finishing these, he bowed to Violet and apologized, "Sorry, sorry, are you okay?"

Violet was squatting on the ground to pick up the receipts. Hearing the familiar voice, she couldn't help but looked up. A look of surprise appeared on her face, "Dr. Baxter?"

Henry didn't expect Violet to be here. He pushed his glasses and smiled, "It's you! What a coincidence."

"Yeah. Dr. Baxter, why are you here?" Violet stood up, looked at him in a white coat from another hospital, and asked curiously.

Henry supported his forehead, "I'm here to make an appointment for the cornea."

"Cornea?" Violet blinked.

Henry spread his hands, "Yes, a disobedient patient insists on transplanting the cornea she finds herself, but she refuses to say who the owner of the cornea is. So I have to make an appointment with other hospitals for spare cornea. In case the cornea is used by others. Then she also has a way out."

"That's pretty willful. But the cornea is just a layer of membrane. Everyone is the same. Why is that patient so picky?" Violet tucked her hair, a little incomprehensible.

Henry sighed with a headache, "Who knows what she thinks? Don't talk about her. Why are you here, Miss Hunt?"

"My son is in this hospital." Violet replied with showing the receipts to him.

Henry patted his forehead, "Oh, I remember. I heard Fraser said your son had a car accident! Is he all right?"

"It's okay. He's ready to be discharged." Violet said.

Henry smiled, "So good."

"Thank you." Violet smiled back and then said goodbye to him.

As soon as she left, Henry saw that she had missed a receipt behind where she had just stood. Chapter 147 Do A Paternity Test Again

"Violet..." Henry stretched out his hand and was about to stop Violet, but he saw that Violet had already entered the elevator and the elevator door just closed.

So Henry had to bend down, picked up the receipt by himself, turned it over, and found that it was Calvin's medical examination form.

As a doctor, he couldn't help but read it carefully. When he saw the blood type column, he was so shocked and exclaimed in disbelief, "RH negative blood?"

How could this be!

Calvin's blood was obviously type A! He remembered it clearly when he did a paternity test for Stanley.

Henry thought he had read it wrong, so he took off his glasses and rubbed his eyes, then looked at the blood type column again. The words of "RH negative blood" were still printed on it intact, proving that he did not make a mistake just now.

At this moment, Henry's heartbeat was fast. He couldn't help tightening his hand holding the medical examination form.

Calvin was RH negative blood, the same as Stanley. Besides, they looked the same. Didn't it show that they really might be father and son?

Thinking of this, Henry's face condensed. Then he left here quickly, rushing to his hospital.

He wanted to look up the previous appraisal records and checked if he took the wrong blood sample when he was doing the appraisal. Otherwise, why did Calvin have blood type A?

Back at his hospital, Henry came to Ivy's ward, raised his hand and knocked on the door.

It was Fraser who opened the door, "Dr. Baxter, you are back."

Henry ignored him, pushed him away and went straight into the ward, "Stanley, come with me."

Stanley was sitting by the hospital bed and chatting with Ivy. Hearing what Henry said, he turned to look at Henry, "What's the matter?"

"You'll know when you come with me!" Henry beckoned, with a hint of urgency on his face.

Stanley frowned, got up and walked over.

At the door, Henry grabbed Stanley's arm and pulled him out of the ward directly.

Seeing Henry came in directly, didn't greet her and pulled Stanley out, Ivy on the hospital bed suddenly became dissatisfied with Henry.

Didn't he say that he liked her? But now he just ignored her without saying hello to her. Did he really like her?

In that case, she would let him know the consequences of ignoring her.

Ivy lowered her eyelids, and sneered coldly.

Henry took Stanley to his office. After rolling up Stanley's sleeve, he picked up a syringe and was about to inject it into Stanley's arm.

When Stanley saw this, his face became cold. Then he pulled his arm back directly, "What are you doing?"

"I want to do a paternity test for you and Calvin again!" Henry said with a serious expression on his face.

Stanley couldn't help but raised his eyebrows.

He knew Henry. Although Henry seemed to be so playful, he wouldn't make a joke with such a matter.

Now that Henry was so serious, it was obvious that something happened.

"The reason?" Stanley asked, squinting.

Henry put down the syringe, took out a folded medical examination form from his pocket and put it on the table.

Stanley took it and read it, "Calvin's?"

"Yes, but you look at this one again." Henry said, turned on the computer, and printed a copy of his previous appraisal from the database, "This is the paternity test between you and Calvin at the time. Look at the blood type column."

Hearing this, Stanley saw two different blood types. He was stunned, "What's going on?"

"I don't know. I went to the Third Hospital to make an appointment for Ivy's cornea. I ran into Violet by accident and saw this physical examination form, so I hurried back and wanted to do a paternity test for you and Calvin again." Henry pointed at the medical examination form in his hand and said.

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Stanley clenched his fists. He was so shocked inwardly, but his face was still cold and composed.

Henry glanced at him and said, "So I want to determine whether Calvin is blood type A or RH negative."

"It's RH negative blood. Ivan donated blood to Calvin when he had the car accident. Ivan's blood type is the same as mine." Stanley pursed his lips.

Henry's spectacles reversed the light, "But I only got the blood type A. There are only two cases in this situation. Either the person sent the wrong sample, or it is..."

"Someone changed Calvin's blood sample!" Stanley's eyes burst into a strong cold light.

Henry nodded, "That's right. But no matter what it is, based on Calvin's blood type and appearance, I suspect that he is your son."

Stanley's Adam's apple moved slightly. He seemed to be suppressing something. After a while, he took the initiative to roll up his sleeves and put his arm on the desk, "Draw!"

"Okay!" Henry smiled and picked up the syringe, and drew a full tube of blood.

Looking at the tube of blood, Stanley narrowed his eyes, "Do you need so much blood?"

Henry replied solemnly, "Your blood type is so rare. Our hospital lacks this kind of blood. I'll take more. If anyone needs it, I can save him, right?"

"Heh!" Stanley sneered, but didn't think much.

After all, the blood was already in Henry's hands.

Seeing that he didn't care about it, Henry let out a sigh of relief. After carefully pouring the blood in the syringe into the test tube, he got up and put it in the cabinet for storage, and then returned to the position to sit down.

"I heard Fraser said that you have arranged the caregiver to get the DNA sample of Calvin. It doesn't have to be blood. Hair is also okay, but you have to hurry up. Calvin is going to be discharged from the hospital." Henry reminded.

Stanley put his hand in his trouser pocket and stood up, with a cold voice, "I see. It will be sent over within two hours."

With that said, he took out his cell phone, made a call, turned and walked towards the door.

At the moment he turned around, a figure in a medical suit outside the door, like a frightened rabbit, clenched her fists and ran away quickly.

At the Third Hospital, the caregiver received Stanley's call and nodded repeatedly, "Got it, Mr. Murphy. Don't worry, I won't let Miss Hunt find out."

At the end of the call, the caregiver looked around and saw that there was no one around, then she opened the balcony door and entered the ward.

"Miss Hunt, are everything packed?" The caregiver looked at Violet who was making the bed and asked with a smile.

Violet nodded, "Almost."

"Then I'll walk you guys off." The caregiver said.

Violet didn't think much, and smiled, "That's great. Thank you."

"Never mind. I will help you hold Calvin. His arm can't be bumped. It is not convenient for you to wear high heels to hold him." The caregiver walked towards Calvin who was sitting on the sofa and eating a lollipop.

Calvin obediently stretched out the intact hand to her.

The caregiver touched his head, picked him up, and then waited until Violet got out of the ward first before following.

Arriving outside the hospital, Violet hailed a taxi and put her luggage in the trunk. Just as she put the suitcase in, she suddenly heard Calvin cry out in pain.

She felt so anxious that she didn't even have time to close the trunk, and hurriedly went over to check what had happened.

"What's the matter?" Violet asked nervously.

Calvin sat in the back seat and covered the top of his head with his little hand. His little face was full of grievances, and his eyes were tearful, "Mommy..."

"Mommy is here. Tell mom what happened?" Violet went up, bending over to hug the little guy. Chapter 148 Waiting for Ten Years

The little guy cried and did not speak. The caregiver standing outside the taxi bowed and spoke first, "I'm sorry, Miss Hunt, it's all my fault. It's the zipper on my clothes that got Calvin's hair in." "

"Hair?" Violet touched the top of Calvin's head and turned to look. Sure enough, she saw a few short hairs hanging on the zipper of the caregiver's clothes.

The caregiver apologized again, "I'm really sorry, Miss Hunt. I didn't mean it. I..."

"Forget it!" Violet interrupted her, "I believe you didn't mean it."

The zipper was dense with teeth, let alone hair, some small fluff was easy to twist in.

It seemed that this was indeed an accident.

The caregiver was overjoyed and folded her hands together, "Thank you, Miss Hunt."

"It's okay. You can go back. We should leave." Violet patted the little guy on the shoulder and motioned for him to sit in.

The little guy moved his butt and sat on the other side.

Violet went to close the trunk, then got into the car and told the address to the driver.

As the taxi went away, the caregiver raised her hand to wipe the sweat from her forehead, then lowered her head and carefully removed the hair from the zipper. After that, she took out a small sealed bag from her pocket and opened it, putting the hair in.

After doing this, a man dressed like a bodyguard drove to her.

The car window was rolled down. The bodyguard turned his head with wearing sunglasses and asked, "Where is the hair?"

"Here." The caregiver passed the sealed bag.

The bodyguard reached out to take it. A sharp glow flashed in his eyes behind the sunglasses, and then he rolled down the window and left.

Half an hour later, the bodyguard came to Henry's hospital.

Henry had already been waiting in the consulting room. Apart from him, Stanley and Ivy were also there.

"Hair!" Seeing the bodyguard come in, Henry got up directly.

The bodyguard glanced at Stanley, nodded at Stanley, and passed the hair over.

Henry held the hair and looked at it. Then he walked quickly to the storage cabinet, and took out Stanley's blood sample.

"Okay, I can't accompany you guys. I'll do the appraisal." Henry pushed his glasses and walked out of the consulting room.

Ivy looked at his back, smiling faintly, but she quickly returned to nature, as if what happened just now was just an illusion.

"Stanley, who is Henry going to do a paternity test for?" Ivy sat next to Stanley, put her hand on Stanley's arm, rubbed the place where his blood was drawn with her thumb and asked with a soft voice.

"I don't know." Stanley moved her hand away and stood up, looking down to adjust his sleeves. Then he said faintly, "You will be discharged from the hospital soon. What gift do you want?"

Knowing that Stanley didn't want to answer, Ivy's eyes were cold, but she still smiled, "I want a piano. You know when I didn't have a car accident ten years ago, I won the international youth piano championship. I want to practice piano again."

"Okay." Stanley nodded, "I will let Fraser go abroad to buy a piano for you."

"Thank you." Ivy was overjoyed, got up and hugged him from behind, put her face on his back, closed her eyes, and showed deep attachment on her face.

Stanley didn't expect that she would suddenly hug him. He was slightly stiff and a little uncomfortable, but he didn't push her away.

It wasn't until a few minutes later that Ivy took the initiative to let him go, then Stanley relaxed.

At this time, a knock on the door sounded.

Stanley and Ivy both looked at the door.

The nurse stood outside the door with holding a medical record folder and smiled at the two of them, "Mr. Murphy, it's time for Miss Ellis' examination."

"Okay." Stanley nodded to Ivy.

Ivy was a little reluctant, and took his arm, "Stanley, I don't want to check. Those checks are too painful for me."

"I know! But it's all for your own good. Just hold on. Be a good girl!" Stanley raised his hand and helped her straighten her wig.

Ivy let go of her hand with a dim look in her eyes, and followed the nurse.

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Stanley didn't stay in the consulting room much after she left, and walked to Identification Department.

After waiting for about half an hour outside Identification Department, the door was opened and Henry came out.

Looking at Henry frowning, Stanley's heart sank. That trace of anticipation began to slowly dissipate.

"How is the result?" He clenched his fists and asked in a deep voice.

Henry glanced at Stanley and opened his mouth to say something, but in the end, he didn't say anything. He just handed Stanley the appraisal book, motioning him to read it.

Seeing the words "non-parent-child relationship" on the appraisal book, Stanley clenched the appraisal book tightly. His eyelids drooped, and his face was cold, making people unable to see the joy or anger.

Henry sighed and put his hand on Stanley's shoulder, "Stanley, it's a pity that you two just happen to have the same blood type."

He really didn't know which man it was that let Violet give birth to a child who looked the same as Stanley and had the same blood type as Stanley.

He really wanted to see what the man looked like.

Stanley said, "It doesn't matter. Even if he is not my son, he will be my son in the future."

Hearing this, Henry was shocked, "Stanley, do you want to pursue Violet?"

Stanley tore up the appraisal book and was noncommittal.

Henry opened his mouth in disbelief, "Are you serious?"

"You know me. I will get what I like."

"What about Ivy?" Henry grabbed Stanley's collar.

Stanley didn't like being treated like this. His eyes narrowed coldly, and then he pushed Henry away, "What does it have to do with Ivy?"

"Of course it has!" Henry took two steps back to stabilize himself. His cute baby's face was full of anger, "Don't you know Ivy's feelings for you?"

"I know, but so what? I have never had that kind of feelings for Ivy. You know why I treat her unconditionally!" Stanley said blankly after tidying up his collar.

Henry was speechless. It took him a long time before he said, "Ivy has been waiting for you for ten years..."

"So do I have to accept her? You also have been waiting for you for ten years. She knows it too, but has she accepted you?" Stanley glanced at Henry coldly.

Henry's eyes trembled. Then he gave a wry smile, "Forget it! Don't say this. I know what you mean. I won't stop you if you want to pursue Violet, but you can't let Ivy know that you fall in love with other women before she is discharged from the hospital. I am worried that Ivy will not be able to stand the stimulation."

Stanley lifted his chin slightly, and gave a hmm, which was regarded as an agreement.

Suddenly, the phone in his pocket rang.

Stanley took out his phone and put it to his ear, "What's the matter?"

"Mr. Murphy, you forgot that you have to go to Design Association for a meeting today?" Fraser reminded.

Stanley rubbed his eyebrows. He really forgot it!

"You drive over to pick me up. I'm coming." Stanley ordered.

"Okay." Fraser replied.

Stanley hung up the phone, turned and left the hospital.

The meeting place was in the office building of Design Association. Fraser parked the car in the parking space in front of the building and quickly got out of the car to the back, then opened the door for Stanley.

When Stanley got out of the car, he saw a yellow taxi approaching from a distance, and finally stopped beside him.

When the car door was opened, small feet stepped out of the car. Under her feet were 8 centimeters of exquisite high-heeled shoes. Then it was a pair of beautiful legs.

Just looking at the legs made people want to see if the owner's face was as perfect as the legs.

Soon, the owner of the legs showed up. A beautiful and aggressive face was poking out of the car. _Chapter 149 Alienating

"Mr. Murphy, it's Violet." Fraser's eyes lit up. He looked at Violet who was paying, and quickly reminded Stanley.

Stanley glanced at him faintly, then set his gaze on Violet.

Violet was bowing her head to pay, so she didn't see the two of them.

It wasn't until the taxi driver drove away that she saw Stanley and Fraser on the opposite side.

Violet didn't expect that she would meet Stanley by accident when she came to the meeting after driving the child back to the apartment.

But after the surprise, she arranged the expression on her face again and nodded slightly to Stanley as a greeting.

Then she carried her bag and didn't look at him. She just walked toward the entrance of the building. Her attitude seemed very cold.

Stanley frowned slightly, feeling a little uncomfortable. He pursed his thin lips and looked at her back. No one knew what he was thinking.

Fraser also looked at Violet and touched his chin, "Mr. Murphy, Violet seems to be deliberately alienating you. Couldn't it be because you refuse her yesterday?"

Stanley didn't speak, but his lips tightened.

After a while, he put his hands in his trouser pockets and walked towards the entrance of the building.

Fraser naturally followed him quickly.

When they arrived in the meeting room, Stanley stood on the steps. He glanced over and then caught Violet's position in the crowd.

Violet was sitting in a corner of the last row of the meeting room, with a notebook in front of her, holding a pen in her hand, and writing down the plan for the use of fabrics for the next quarter.

Suddenly, a young man sat down beside her, leaned sideways, and talked to her with a handsome smile on his face, "Miss, after the meeting, how about drinking a cup of coffee together?"

"No need!" Violet frowned, a touch of boredom in her eyes.

As if the man hadn't heard it, he smiled and put his hand on the back of the chair behind her, "Don't refuse me. I know there is a very romantic coffee shop with performances. Do you want to take a look? "

Violet was speechless. She felt a little bit noisy. Then she opened the bag, took out the earphones and put them on, not wanting to talk with him. She continued to write her own.

However, the man was very dissatisfied with her behavior and reached out to try to take off her earphones.

At this moment, a big slender hand stretched out, grabbed the man's wrist, and pulled the man from his position.

"What do you want to do to her?" Stanley looked at the man as if he was looking a dead person. His eyes burst with a cold light, and his voice was cold and emotionless.

"Let go, it hurts..." The man yelled in pain. His face distorted.

However, Stanley didn't mean to let go, and continued to increase the strength in his hands.

This change caused the meeting room to quiet down instantly, and everyone looked over.

Violet was no exception. She was right there. Even if she wore headphones, she could clearly hear the sound beside her. The moment Stanley pulled the man up, she took off the headphones and stood up.

"Mr. Murphy, you are..."

Before she finished speaking, Stanley questioned the man again, "Say, what did you just want to do?"

"I... I was wrong. I shouldn't strike up a conversation with this lady. I'm sorry..." The man apologized in tears.

He had already guessed the identity of Stanley from Violet's words, so he regretted it very much.

Knowing that striking up a conversation would provoke such a big shot, he would never do it.

Violet was surprised by what the man said.

Stanley was angry because the man struck up a conversation with her?

Violet covered her lips and looked at Stanley's cold and gloomy profile, feeling complicated.

INTERESTING FOR YOUAdskeeper

Iconic Movie That Has A Secret Ending That You Never Got To See

25 Celebrities You Never Knew Had Addiction Issues

Why did he suddenly appear in front of her in various and impressive ways every time she decided to stay away from him, which made her moved again.

As she was thinking about it, the man's cry of pain made Violet come to her senses. Seeing the man's increasingly pale face and more and more sweat on his face, she couldn't help sighing, "Mr. Murphy, let him go!"

It was not that she was kind. But this man really didn't do anything to her other than taking advantage of her.

It was enough.

Stanley looked at Violet sternly for a few seconds, then waved the man's hand away and threw him away, "Go away!"

As soon as the man broke free, he left the meeting room without saying a word, and didn't attend the meeting.

Stanley reached out to touch his pocket, as if looking for something.

But he didn't find it, so he frowned.

Violet guessed something, and took out a pack of wet wipes from her bag then handed it over.

Stanley looked at the wet wipes she handed over, his face softened. Then he reached out to take the wet wipes, and pulled out one from the inside.

"Thank you, Mr. Murphy." Violet bowed slightly.

Stanley threw the used wet wipe on the table, "Never mind. If you encounter this kind of person again, just drive him away."

"I know! But here is a conference room. If I do that, the other party will definitely make trouble for me, then it will leave a bad impression on the association. That's why I tolerated him. If it's other places, I will definitely not tolerate it." Violet smiled faintly.

Stanley gave a hmm, put his hand in his trouser pocket again, bent over and sat down.

Seeing him sitting in the position of the man just now, Violet pursed her lips twice. Then she picked up the notebook, and walked past him.

Seeing her leaving suddenly, Stanley's face sank. He squinted to stop her, "Where are you going?"

Violet paused, without turning her head. She lowered her eyelids and replied, "I will go to sit elsewhere."

"Can't you sit here?" Stanley clenched his fists in his trouser pocket.

Violet bit her lower lip, "I'm afraid it will disturb you, so I won't sit here anymore."

After speaking, she speeded up her paces and walked to the first few rows to sit down.

Stanley looked at her back and the back of her head. His face was very cold, and the chill coming from his body made the people nearby couldn't help but went to sit other places.

Fraser came in from the outside, holding a document. Seeing Stanley's gloomy face, he was taken aback for a moment, "Mr. Murphy, who has bothered you?"

Stanley didn't say a word. Then he took the document in Fraser's hand, opened it, and looked at it.

Fraser couldn't get an answer. He shrugged, and sat down beside Stanley, "Mr. Murphy, the meeting has begun."

Stanley closed the document, leaned back, and looked forward.

President of the Branch in J City came to the stage and began to give a speech on the content of the meeting. It was an international competition proposed by International Design Association. A total of 36 countries participated.

As the fashion capital of H Country, J City would represent the country to participate in the competition.

If someone got the championship of this competition, he could show his work in Empire Fashion House, which was the dream place for fashion designers and models. So far, only top models and top clothes of the top designers could appear in Empire Fashion House.

Now they also had this opportunity. Although the opportunity was very slim, it had also aroused the

passion of everyone, so they were all excited.

Violet was the same. Both of her excited hands were trembling slightly.

She had to win this place to participate in international competitions. Even if she couldn't get the championship, it was commendable to make an appearance internationally. She must not miss it!

"But how can I get the place?" Violet calmed down. Chapter 150 George's Apology

At this moment, President of the Branch on the stage just announced how to obtain the place.

It was the competition again. The best designers in J City's various studios and companies could participate in the competition. Then the designer who won the first place could participate in international competitions on behalf of the studio or company and the country to which it belonged.

"It's so simple!" Violet whispered while turning her pen.

A designer next to her heard it and glanced at her in amazement, "Simple? Do you know how many clothing companies and studios are there in J City?"

Violet thought for a while, raised her eyebrows and replied, "There are hundreds of them in total."

"Yes, hundreds of studios and companies mean there are hundreds of contestants. Among them there

are several talents, such as Lina Saunders from Bluestar Studio, Phoebe from the Light, and Huachen Studio... Of course, besides these, there is the biggest dark horse!" The designer raised a finger, her face very serious.

Seeing the designer's fear of the dark horse, Violet couldn't help but get serious. She stopped turning the pen in her hand, "What's the name of the dark horse you're talking about? "

"I don't know. I only know that she belongs to the Murphy Group. Have you seen the big show of the Murphy Group last time?" The designer leaned close to Violet.

Violet nodded, "Born of Fire?"

"Yes, the dark horse I'm talking about is the chief designer of that big show. The clothes displayed on that big show are awesome. It can be seen that her talents don't lose to that of those top designers at all, but she is just not as famous as them. I think she must be the one who can win the competition place in the end." The designer touched her chin with a face of certainty.

Violet lowered her head slightly, covered her lips and smiled.

She was originally thinking about finding out more about this dark horse. By that time, she would have a little understanding of her opponent in the spot competition.

Unexpectedly, this dark horse was actually herself.

"What are you laughing at?" Seeing Violet suddenly laughed, the designer was a little unhappy.

Violet waved her hand, "Nothing. Thank you. I will definitely strive to get this place."

After speaking, she closed the notebook, put it in front of her chest and stood up.

After listening to what Violet said, the designer blinked blankly, and then reacted. She pointed at Violet surprisingly and excitedly, "You... you are that..."

"Hush!" Violet put a finger to her mouth, and made a quiet gesture to the designer, "Low-key!"

The designer nodded in excitement. Her eyes were gleaming, as if she saw her idol, "Got it! Got it!"

"Goodbye!" Violet smiled and waved to her, turned and walked out of the meeting room.

Outside the meeting room, Violet met Stanley again.

He was leaning against the wall with his head hanging slightly, one hand in his trouser pocket, one hand holding a cigarette. Half of the cigarette was burned, and a long piece of soot hung.

Violet stopped and stared at him.

She always knew that he would smoke. Because she had smelled smoke from him several times, but she had never seen him smoke with her own eyes.

This time, she finally saw it. He looked so cool, and there was a slight vicissitudes of life, making others could not help but wanted to get close to him and to know everything about him.

"You're here?" Just as Violet was staring at Stanley attentively, Stanley flicked the soot and suddenly

raised his head to look at her.

Violet's eyes flashed. She organized her thoughts and nodded as a response, then walked past him to the elevator.

"Wait!" Stanley dropped the cigarette butt and caught up to grab her arm.

Violet was caught by him so unpreparedly. She turned around so suddenly and slammed into Stanley's arms.

The top of her head hit the man's chin.

She was fine, but the man wasn't. Then he let go of her arm and covered his lips.

Violet hurriedly looked up. Stanley was frowning and a few drops of cold sweat oozed from his forehead. A bit of pain flashed in his eyes. It was obvious that he got injured.

INTERESTING FOR YOUAdskeeper

Islamabad Janitor Became A Millionaire Almost Overnight!

Islamabad Man Earns Thousands Of Dollars Via This App

"Mr. Murphy, where did you hurt?" Violet asked hurriedly. While asking, she eagerly looked at his face.

Stanley caught the tension and worry in her eyes. Then he put down the hand covering his lips, and said in a deep voice, "It's okay. When you hit my chin just now, my teeth bit the tip of my tongue."

"Open your mouth! Let me see if it is serious." Violet stretched out her hand to touch the man's lips.

The man leaned back and avoided her, "I'm fine."

Violet put her hands down, "Since it's okay, I have to go first."

After speaking, she recovered the cold and indifferent appearance.

Stanley pursed his lower lip, "Violet, are you hiding from me on purpose?"

Violet lowered her eyelids, covered the look in her eyes, and then forced a smile, "How come? Mr. Murphy, why am I hiding from you? I haven't done anything wrong."

Stanley frowned and was about to say something when he was interrupted by the sudden ringing of the cell phone.

Violet felt that the call came in a timely manner. After apologizing to him, she took the phone out of her bag.

However, looking at the caller ID on the screen, her face became more complicated.

Stanley saw it, too. His eyes narrowed coldly. He had an urge to grab her mobile phone and hang up.

But before he could do this, Violet answered, "Hey, George, you woke up!"

Stanley stared at her phone, wondering what they would say.

Violet naturally noticed his gaze, but just ignored it.

"I just woke up for a while and didn't see you. The nurse said you have returned." On the other side of the phone, George was lying on the hospital bed. His face was still a little sickly pale.

Violet said, "I left last night and arrived this morning."

"Is it because of me?" George coughed twice and asked with sad looks in his eyes.

Violet's lips moved, "Not all, but mainly for the meeting."

"Sorry, Violet, I scared you. I drank too much at the time. I didn't know what I was doing. After I woke up, I realize that I did that kind of things to you. I'm really sorry, Violet, please forgive me!" George apologized with guilt.

But in his eyes, there was no slightest apology, but rather gloom.

Violet couldn't see it, so she naturally believed his sincere apology. The grudge against him dissipated a lot, and the smile on her face became natural, "Well, I forgive you."

Hearing this, Stanley's thin lips pressed into a straight line.

Although he couldn't hear what George was talking about, he could guess it from her forgiveness. He felt a little unhappy.

On the other side of the phone, George's surprised voice came, "Really? Thank you, Violet."

"Really, it's just you..."

"I know. I won't drink so much wine in the future and do that kind of thing to you." George interrupted her, pushing his glasses with his slender middle finger. A dim light flashed across his eyes, "But Violet, my confession at the time was true. I have liked you for five years. From the first time I saw you, I liked you."

Violet didn't expect that George would confess to her on the phone once again. Her heart beat fast suddenly, and then she glanced at Stanley subconsciously.

Stanley saw a guilty conscience in her eyes and couldn't help but raised his eyebrows.

Why did she feel guilty?

Chapter 151 Cancelling the Marriage Contract

"George, enough." Violet raised her other hand to cover the phone, and said in a low voice, "You know I don't have that kind of feelings for you."

Although her voice was low, Stanley still heard it. Then he smiled faintly.

"I understand. I don't mean anything else. I just want to confess to you when I am sober. After all, I have liked you for five years. If you don't know, I still feel a little unwilling." George lowered his head and smiled.

Violet bit her lower lip, "I'm sorry, George..."

"You don't need to say sorry. The person who should say sorry is me. It is my liking that caused trouble to you, but don't worry. You have rejected me, and I will not think about it anymore. We are still the same as before, okay?" George looked at the white quilt on his body and said in a gentle voice.

However, there was no gentleness on his face and under his eyes, only a frightening gloom.

Violet didn't know. She nodded happily and agreed, "Okay!"

She was worrying about how to face him in the future.

Now that he said so, she naturally had no opinions.

"Deal! I have to hang up first. I have another checkup." George pushed his glasses and looked at the nurse who came in.

Violet gave a hmm and hung up the phone.

Stanley crossed his arms on his chest and glanced at her lightly, "Did you forgive him like that?"

"Otherwise?" Violet put away the phone, "He only did that to me when he was drunk."

Stanley sneered, "Do you think it is true?"

"Is it not?" Violet looked up at him with a serious expression on her face, "I know George. I have known him for five years. I know exactly what kind of person he is. He has never done this before. So I believe he didn't mean it."

"It seems that he brainwashed you very well." Stanley narrowed his eyes and said coldly.

Violet frowned, "Mr. Murphy, what do you mean? What brainwashing?"

Stanley stepped forward and approached her, "I mean, George is not as pure as you think. I've told you some time ago. He deliberately got you drunk and wanted to behave badly to you. This time he kissed you forcibly when he was drunk. You really thought it was all an accident!"

Violet smiled, "Mr. Murphy, don't you think your prejudice against George is too deep?"

"Do you think I said this because of prejudice against him?" Stanley clenched his fists.

Violet pursed her red lips, "You have a bad attitude towards George from the beginning. Isn't this prejudice?"

Stanley fell silent. After a while, he was filled with a cold aura. He sneered, "Well, so in your eyes, I'm this kind of person."

He lowered his eyelids, covered the emotion in his eyes, and turned away.

This woman actually said that the person she loved was him.

But between him and George, she would rather believe in George than him!

Stanley left. Violet looked at his back and panicked, knowing that he was angry. She reached out and was about to stop him.

But in the end, she resisted the urge and put her hand down.

Before returning last night, she had already decided to stay away from him. Even if she met him, she would treat him as a stranger, so why did she stop him now?

Lifting the bag chain on her shoulder, Violet smiled bitterly and walked towards the exit.

When she walked out of the building, she looked up at the sky. It was completely dark and still blowing cold wind. Presumably it was going to rain.

Violet shivered, rubbed her arms, took a taxi and left.

The next morning, Violet was awakened by Lily. There seemed to be something happy. Lily couldn't stop smiling.

"Baby, I'll show you some good news." Lily sat beside Violet's bed with her own mobile phone, and handed it over excitedly.

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Islamabad Janitor Became A Millionaire Almost Overnight!

A 25-Year-Old Becomes The Richest Man In His City

Violet rubbed her eyes and sat up, then she took a look at the phone. Suddenly, she completely woke up. On the phone, under Stanley's Facebook, the latest news was posted. The general content was that the marriage contract with Phoebe was officially terminated. In the future, the two were strangers.

"Baby, are you happy?" Lily took the phone over.

Violet opened her mouth but did not answer.

She must be happy, but no matter how happy she was, what else could she do?

Stanley's engagement with Phoebe was cancelled now. She believed it would not be long before she could see the news of his engagement with Ivy.

Seeing Violet look stunned, neither talking nor smiling, Lily also held back the smile and gently pushed her, "What's the matter, baby?"

"I'm fine." Violet shook her head, lifted the quilt and got out of bed. "Mom, it's Mr. Murphy's business whether he cancels marriage contract or not. It has nothing to do with us. Don't pay attention to it anymore."

Hearing that, Lily looked at her deeply, "Baby, did something happen between you and Stanley?"

Violet paused when she changed her clothes, then continued with smiling, "Why do you say that, Mom?"

"Because I advised you to give up Stanley several times before, although you agreed verbally, you didn't take it to heart. Now when I mentioned Stanley just now, you were a little evasive, so... "

At this time, Lily was interrupted by the sudden ringing of the doorbell.

Violet didn't want to talk with her about Stanley, so she took this opportunity to change the subject, "Mom, I'll get the door!"

With that, she walked out of the room quickly.

The look of her evasion made Lily surer that something happened between her and Stanley.

But Lily didn't intend to know. She could see that Violet didn't intend to say it.

"Fine. Just let the young people take care of these matters by themselves." Lily sighed, smiled, got up and walked out of the room. As soon as she went out, she heard the quarrel from the door.

It was Phoebe and Talia!

Lily's face changed. She hurried out.

When she arrived at the door, she saw Talia and Phoebe outside the door.

Talia was pushing a wheelchair with Phoebe sitting in the wheelchair. Both mother and daughter looked so angry. Obviously, they came here to make trouble.

"Violet, what's the matter?" Lily walked behind Violet and looked at Talia and Phoebe vigilantly.

Violet pursed her red lips and replied, "These two people said that I was the one who caused Mr. Murphy to cancel the marriage contract, so they came to trouble me!"

"What?" Lily seemed to hear a big joke. She was so angry that she pointed to the noses of Talia and Phoebe, saying angrily, "Are you insane? You asked for it yourselves. But now, you actually come to blame my daughter!"

"We are not wrong. If it weren't for Violet to return and get close to Stanley, how could Phoebe be so angry and do those things? So all of this was caused by Violet!" Talia glared at Violet.

Violet was so angry that she actually laughed. But she ignored Talia, just looked down Phoebe who was at the wheelchair and was equally emotional, "Do you think so too?"

Phoebe clenched her fists but did not answer, as if she had admitted.

Violet rubbed her temples and smiled again, "Yes, if you don't think so, you won't come here to find me now."

"It's so funny. When Stanley cancels the marriage contract, you guys don't reflect on yourselves, but think that it was caused by Violet's returning. I have never seen shameless people like you guys." Lily was so furious that she trembled.

"Mom, calm down." Violet patted her back, letting she didn't have to be so excited.

Talia sneered, "Who is shameless? If it weren't for her shamelessly seduce Stanley, all this would not happen at all. Phoebe is still Stanley's fiancée."

"Do you really think so?" Violet narrowed her eyes and looked at Phoebe with a smile. Chapter 152 Shield

Phoebe didn't know what Violet meant, so she became a little uneasy inexplicably, "What do you mean?"

Talia and Lily also looked at Violet.

"Baby, do you know something we don't know?" Lily asked.

Violet tucked her hair and smiled at Lily, "Actually, it's not a secret. Even without me, Mr. Murphy will break the marriage contract with her because she is just a shield!"

"Shield?" Phoebe was dumbfounded.

Phoebe and Talia also exclaimed.

Violet nodded, "Yes, you are just a shield that Mr. Murphy put up for Miss Ivy Ellis. Mr. Murphy always loves Miss Ellis. Because of a car accident ten years ago, Miss Ellis became a vegetable. She didn't wake up until some time ago."

"Ivy? The daughter of the Ellis family ten years ago?" Lily asked.

Violet answered, "Yes, it's her."

"That's not surprising. Back then, the Ellis family had a good relationship with the Murphy family, and the daughter of the Ellis family was a childhood sweetheart with Stanley. Everyone was still speculating whether the two would get engaged, but after the Ellis Group's bankruptcy ten years ago, the daughter of the Ellis family disappeared. It turns out she had a car accident." Lily nodded and touched her chin.

Talia and Phoebe entered the Hunt family seven years ago and then entered the wealthy circle, so they didn't know what happened ten years ago. Now that they heard Lily say it, they knew that Stanley had a childhood sweetheart.

"Speaking of which, Miss Ellis is in the same hospital as you." Violet looked at Phoebe with a smile.

Phoebe's face turned pale immediately. She shook her head in disbelief, "No, this is impossible. How could Stanley love that Ivy? The person he loves is... "

Speaking of this, she suddenly thought of something. Her eyes widened, and then she turned to grab Talia's hand behind her, "Mom, did you tell me yesterday that you have seen Stanley come to the hospital these days? "

"Yes...Yes." Talia nodded.

Violet sneered, "Do you think that Mr. Murphy went to the hospital to see you?"

Talia opened her mouth. But suddenly she was speechless.

She really thought so.

She thought that Stanley came to the hospital to check if Phoebe had awakened from the 'coma'.

"It's a pity that you guys think too much. Mr. Murphy didn't go to see you, but to see Miss Ellis." Violet shrugged.

Lily gloated at Talia and Phoebe, "Tsk-tsk, let you down."

Phoebe's hands on the armrest of the wheelchair were trembling. She felt so heartbreak.

She knew for the first time that it was not only Violet around Stanley, but also a mysterious Ivy.

"Phoebe..." Talia put her hand on Phoebe's shoulder with some worry.

"You know now why I said, even if there is no me, Mr. Murphy will cancel the marriage contract, because you are only occupying the position for Miss Ellis, by the way, helping Mr. Murphy drive away those women." Violet supported her hands on her knees. She leaned over slightly and stared at Phoebe.

Phoebe collapsed. She was holding her hair tightly with both hands. She looked so terrible now and she read Ivy inwardly over and over again!

Violet straightened up, "So you came to trouble me today? It doesn't make any sense!"

"Who said it doesn't make senses?" Phoebe looked up, staring at Violet, "Even if there is Ivy between me and Stanley, you are not innocent. If You did not show up, even if Stanley would cancel the marriage contract with me for Ivy, at least it would not be now. So in the final analysis, you still hurt me!"

Although Violet said that Stanley loved Ivy, she knew very well that Stanley also loved Violet.

Based on this, she would not let Violet go. She would let Violet and Ivy disappear from Stanley.

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A Pakistani Man Has Accidentally Found A Way Of Earning More

He's Using This Secret Trick To Make Millions

"Unreasonable!" Violet frowned when she looked at the hatred in Phoebe's eyes.

Lily held Violet's hand, "Don't waste time on them."

After speaking, Lily closed the door directly.

However, Talia and Phoebe knocked on the door outside, still wanting to argue with them.

Lily felt noisy, so she directly took out her mobile phone to call the property and asked the property to send two security guards, driving away the mother and daughter.

Soon, there was a dispute outside the door, and then it became quiet.

Lily opened the door and looked. Seeing that there was no one outside, she breathed a sigh of relief, closed the door and returned to the living room, "They are so annoying."

"They just dare to bully us." Violet replied with a smile while sitting on the sofa, peeling an apple.

Lily nodded, "Yes. They know it's useless to look for Stanley, so they came to you to vent their grievances. Speaking of which, I'm very glad that it was Phoebe who got engaged with Stanley. Otherwise, you will be the shield."

Violet's eyes flickered, but then she quickly returned to nature. She stuffed the apple and the knife into Lily's hand, "Well, Mom, don't talk about this. Please finish it. I'll go see whether the two children awake yet."

"Okay." Lily waved her hand.

Violet got up and walked to the children's room.

When she entered the children's room, the two children had not yet woken up. Violet saw that it was late, so she woke up the two children, kissed each of them on the face, dressed them up, and then led them to wash faces and brush teeth.

After eating breakfast, Violet let Lily drive Arya to kindergarten.

As for her, she took Calvin to the studio.

Calvin's arm was not healed. Violet was worried that he was accidentally bumped into by other children in the kindergarten, so she was not prepared to let him go to the kindergarten recently. She wouldn't let him go to the kindergarten until he was almost recovered.

"Violet, you are here." Seeing Violet pulling Calvin in, Jessie quickly came out of the office.

Violet let go of Calvin's hand, motioned him to go to her office to play, then put down her bag, and nodded to Jessie, "Morning, Jessie."

"Morning, how about the meeting yesterday?" Jessie looked at Violet and asked hurriedly.

Violet took out the notebook from her bag and handed it over, "Here are the minutes of the meeting I made. Take a look."

When Jessie heard this, she quickly picked up the notebook and looked at it. After reading it, she clapped her hands excitedly, "Great, Violet, we must participate, and we have to get a place for the competition."

"Of course." Violet nodded.

"Then I'm going to sign up." Jessie said, turning back to the office.

Violet did not follow, but walked around in the studio to check the designs of other designers.

At this moment, an average man in a suit appeared outside the studio, knocked on the door, and asked politely, "Excuse me, is Violet there?"

"I am Violet. Who are you?" Violet held a design book and looked at him suspiciously.

The man smiled politely and introduced himself, "I am Mr. Moore's assistant."

"Mr. Moore's assistant?" Violet put down the design book and walked over, "What's matter?"

"Here is the thing. Mr. Moore feels that he is old and has decided to retire, so he plans to hold a banquet and officially announce his retirement from the design circle. This is an invitation." The man handed an invitation letter. _Chapter 153 spot ware

Violet took it with both hands and opened it to take a look.

After reading it, she closed the invitation letter, "I see! I will be there on time."

"Okay." The man nodded, "Then I have to go first."

After he left, Jessie came out of the office, "Violet, who is it?"

"Mr. Moore's assistant." Violet closed the door of the studio and turned around, "Have you signed up?"

"Yes, the spot competition is three days later, and the place is the building of Design Association. You just need to go there on time." Jessie stretched herself and replied.

Violet raised her chin, and gave a hmm.

Jessie's eyes fell on the invitation letter in Violet's hand, "What is this?"

"See it by yourself." Violet handed over the invitation letter.

After reading it, Jessie's eyes widened in surprise, "Holy shit! Mr. Moore will retire?"

"Yes." Violet walked to her own office.

Jessie followed behind her, feeling a little confused, "Mr. Moore is a designer at the same level as your teacher, so why did he suddenly want to retire?"

"It's normal. He's old. A designer's talent is limited. Once he reaches a certain age, he can't draw anything. My teacher is the same now. There is no breakthrough in design, so he begins to research version." Violet explained with a smile.

Jessie was not a fashion designer. After listening to Violet, she seemed to understand, "That's it. The banquet is tonight. Do you have to prepare a gift?"

"Of course. Mr. Moore likes spot ware. I'll pick one in a while." Violet opened the door of her office.

Hearing someone coming in, Calvin raised his head and looked at the door. Seeing Violet and Jessie, he waved his little hand, and yelled sweetly, "Mommy, Jessie!"

"Good boy!" Violet walked over and touched his head.

Jessie even rubbed the little guy's face directly.

The child's face was soft and fleshy. Jessie felt very good when rubbing his face. She even couldn't bear to stop. Violet watched the little guy pouting his mouth before moving away Jessie's hands.

As soon as the little guy got free, he immediately jumped off the chair and hid far away.

"Hey, this kid..." Jessie put her hands on her akimbo, wanting to say something.

Violet interrupted her, "Well, you are just like a kid."

Jessie stuck out her tongue.

Violet shook her head with a smile. When she walked to the table, she opened the drawer and put the invitation letter in, "Well, I will go to spot ware industry and pick a gift for Mr. Moore. Leave Calvin to you."

"Okay, I will take care of him." Jessie waved her hand.

Violet smiled and thanked Jessie, then told the little guy a few more words, and left with carrying her bag.

When she came to spot ware street, she stood at the entrance of the street and couldn't see the end at a glance. It could be seen how long this spot ware street was. The crowds came and went. It was no less lively than that of the antique market.

Violet took out her mobile phone, followed the navigation instructions, and walked into the largest and most famous spot ware store on this street.

As soon as she entered, a staff member smiled and greeted her, "Welcome, may I ask what type of spot ware you like? Dishes or bowls?"

"Bowls!" Violet replied while looking around the store.

Mr. Moore was not interested in dishes, only bowls.

"Over there. Here are all bowls." The staff pointed to the rows of counters on the right.

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Violet thanked him and then walked over to observe them one by one.

In the lounge, a noble man sat on the sofa, staring at the monitor screen in front of him. Then he took a sip of the red wine in his hand.

An old man in his seventies who was observing spot ware felt suddenly quiet, then he couldn't help putting down the magnifying glass in his hand, "Stanley, what are you looking at?"

Stanley shook the red wine without answering.

The old man followed Stanley's gaze suspiciously. Then he saw Violet in the surveillance, and pushed the reading glasses in surprise, "Hey, isn't this the girl from the Hunt family? It seems to be Violet?"

Stanley turned to look at the old man, "Marcus, do you know her?"

Marcus shook his head, "Not really. I only heard about her. She was the fiancée appointed to you by your grandfather before his death. When your grandfather chose this girl, I was by his side."

Stanley nodded slightly, rubbing his thumb against the body of the goblet, "So you always know that Phoebe is a fake?"

Marcus nodded, "Yes."

"Then why haven't you told me?" Stanley squinted.

If he knew early that Phoebe was not the real eldest daughter of the Hunt family, he would never be engaged to Phoebe, even if Phoebe rescued him five years ago.

Marcus took off his cotton gloves and laughed twice, "I misunderstood you. Five years ago, you suddenly got engaged to that Phoebe. I thought you liked Phoebe, so I didn't tell you."

Stanley pursed his thin lips, "I never liked Phoebe."

"I see. When I asked you why you cancelled the marriage contract, I knew it. You like Violet. I know it from your eyes when you stared at her just now!" Marcus touched his own beard and smiled happily.

Stanley did not refute, and acquiesced.

Marcus carefully put the spot ware in front of him into the box, and put it away, "It's just that I don't understand. Since you like Violet, why did you want to be engaged to that Phoebe five years ago? Why did Violet never go to find you after leaving the Hunt family?"

Marcus didn't know that Stanley had only fallen in love with Violet recently. He thought Stanley had fallen in love with Violet long ago.

Stanley didn't mean to explain. He squeezed the goblet tightly and said solemnly, "She didn't look for me because she had a boyfriend."

From the information he found, Violet eloped with someone before Lily's divorce.

So Eason was furious and divorced Lily directly.

"Boyfriend?" Marcus shook his head, "It's impossible. If Violet really had a boyfriend, your grandfather wouldn't let her get engaged to you. I know very well that your grandfather had investigated Violet before choosing her. With your grandfather's power, how could it be impossible that he couldn't find out she had a boyfriend!"

Upon hearing this, Stanley's face became solemn.

Yeah, Grandpa was not the kind of person who just let him get engaged indiscriminately without investigating.

What was going on that Violet eloped with her boyfriend? If Violet really didn't have a boyfriend back then, how did her two children come?

Many doubts rushed to his mind, making Stanley frowned.

He faintly felt that the information he asked Fraser to investigate Violet back then might be wrong!

At this time, Marcus suddenly said with a smile, "Stanley, that girl seems to have taken a fancy to San Qiu Gui Zi you plan to give to Moore."

Hearing this, Stanley temporarily cleared his inner thoughts and looked up at Violet on the monitor screen.

Violet stood in front of the counter next to the cash register, lowered her head and pointed at a bowl which was covered with Osmanthus patterns inside and outside the bowl. Her eyes were bright. Then she asked, "Is this San Qiu Gui Zi?"

The staff glanced at what she was pointing, and then replied with smile, "Yes, this is one of Marcus's most proud works."

"It's so beautiful. I only heard people say it. This is the first time I have seen it. Mr. Moore must like it. How much is it?" Violet looked at the staff. __Chapter 154 Suzy Made Things Difficult for Violet

The staff became embarrassed, "I'm sorry, Miss, this San Qiu Gui Zi has already been reserved."

"Huh?" Violet smiled stiffly, "Be reserved?"

"Yes, so you can only look at others." The staff replied with a smile.

Violet forced a smile, "Well, I know. I'll go to other stores. I've seen them. There is nothing suitable."

"Okay." The staff nodded, preparing to walk her out.

"Hector." At this moment, a female staff member came over. After a quiet glance at Violet, she walked to the staff who received Violet and said a few words in his ear.

After speaking, the female staff left.

Seeing that Violet was about to walk out of the store, the staff's face changed. He quickly reached out and called her, "Miss, please wait a minute!"

Violet stopped and turned back, "Is there anything else?"

"Here is the thing. The guest who just reserved San Qiu Gui Zi called us and said that he has taken a fancy to the other spot ware, so he doesn't want San Qiu Gui Zi, so do you want it?" The staff asked.

Violet immediately returned to the counter and answered without hesitation, "Yes!"

She didn't expect that she was so lucky. She could get San Qiu Gui Zi.

"Okay, I'll wrap it up for you." The staff said, opening the glass on the counter, putting on gloves, and carefully taking out San Qiu Gui Zi from the inside. Then he carefully wrapped it up, and pushed it to

Violet, "100,000!"

After hearing the price, Violet's hand which was about to get the bank card paused. She was shocked, "So cheap?"

Before coming, she had known the owner of this store, Marcus. Marcus was one of the most famous Master of spot ware at domestic. The cheapest one of his works was at least over ten thousand.

San Qiu Gui Zi was one of Marcus's most proud works. It could be regarded as a masterpiece, but it was only one hundred thousand? This was obviously abnormal.

Seeing the suspicion in Violet's eyes, the staff explained with a smile, "Of course not. The original price of San Qiu Gui Zi is 1 million. It's just that Marcus has a habit, which is that if his works are selected by others but then are returned, he will sell them at the cheapest price. Because he feels that his works had been insulted."

"It turned out to be like this." Seeing that the staff was so well-founded and very serious, Violet was relieved. Then she didn't have any doubts, and handed the bank card over.

She was so lucky!

After the staff swiped the card, he held the bank card in both hands and returned it to Violet.

After Violet took it, she took spot ware she had bought and left.

The door of the lounge was opened. Stanley and Marcus came out one after another inside.

Marcus looked at Stanley's back and joked, "Stanley, I didn't expect you to give San Qiu Gui Zi to that girl and to pay 900,000. Why don't you just buy it and give it to her?"

"If it's completely free, she will doubt it!" Stanley put his hands in his trouser pockets, looked back at Marcus faintly, and then said, "Bother Marcus to take another one which is not inferior than San Qiu Gui Zi."

Marcus pouted, "Take another one? Do you think this stuff is the cabbage? I can take it out anytime?"

Stanley smiled, "But why did I hear that Marcus still has Hua Kai Fu Gui?"

Marcus was speechless, "You... where did you hear?"

"Don't care about that! Just take it out. I can rent the wasteland in the north of the city to you at the lowest price to build the furnace." Stanley turned and looked at Marcus.

Marcus opened his mouth in surprise and finally sighed, "Well, I'll get it for you. I'll get it for you!"

Marcus walked to the warehouse with his hands behind his back.

In the evening, Violet came to the Moore's with the gift she brought to Mr. Moore. Then she asked the servants of the Moore family. After learning that Mr. Moore was in the study, she was ready to give the gift to him.

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But just after she walked two steps, a woman jumped out from the crowd and bumped into Violet.

Violet staggered and then quickly stood still. However, her shoulder was hit. It hurt, so she frowned.

The woman was worse than her. She was wearing a full ten centimeters high-heels. Not only was her shoulder hit, she lost her balance. After two steps back, she fell to the ground. All of the wine glasses were knocked over. The red wine spilled all over the floor mixed with glass shards.

"I'm sorry. Are you okay?" Violet didn't go to see who the woman was. Seeing that the woman was bumped into like this by her, she quickly bowed and apologized.

But the woman obviously didn't intend to accept it. A trace of anger flashed across her delicate face. She stood up, raised her hand and was about to slap Violet.

Violet did not wait for the woman's reply, so she thought that the woman was hurt and could not speak in pain. Then Violet was about to look up.

Unexpectedly, when she looked up, she saw the woman's hand waving over.

Violet subconsciously stretched out her hand and grabbed the woman's wrist. At this time, she also saw the woman's face clearly. She was shocked, "Miss Moore?"

It was such a coincidence that the person who bumped into her was Suzy.

Suzy's face was a little distorted because of her anger. She pulled her hand back vigorously, but found that she couldn't pull it out, so she yelled loudly, "Let go!"

Violet didn't do it, but looked at Suzy and said, "It's okay that I let you go, as long as Miss Moore

promises not to slap me again."

How could Suzy agree? She sneered, "You dare to bump into me and knock me down, making me get embarrassed in front of so many people. If I don't slap you, I can't vent my anger!"

Hearing that, Violet frowned, "Then I'm sorry, Miss Moore. I can't let you go. Although it was my fault for knocking you down, I also apologized to you. Just forget it, okay?"

"Apologize? Who accepted it?" Suzy glared at Violet angrily.

Violet pursed her red lips, "Then what do you want?"

Suzy pointed at the mess on the ground, "Kneel on the ground, clean up these pieces and red wine with your hands, then I will let you go."

Since the last time she was framed at by Violet in the dress shop and bought a bunch of dresses, Grandpa not only shut her down again, but also halved her pocket money. She was laughed at by the sisters in the circle.

She really hated Violet's guts. She wanted to revenge even if when she was dreaming, but she never found a chance and didn't dare to go to the Murphy Group. So she had been looking forward to it. Finally, she waited to tonight. If she didn't humiliate Violet and take a revenge on her, she would not be Suzy Moore!

Violet's face sank when she heard Suzy's request. A cold light flashed across her eyes. She was also angry.

Kneeling on the ground and sweeping it with her hands? This was simply insulting!

Violet shook Suzy's hand away, and saw the pride in Suzy's eyes. She suddenly realized something and

narrowed her eyes, "Are you on purpose?"

"What?" Suzy rubbed her wrist.

Violet said, "You came out on purpose and let me bump into you, so you can take the opportunity to make things difficult for me, right?"

Suzy's movement of rubbing her wrist suddenly paused. A trace of panic and guilty conscience flashed across her face. She didn't dare to look at Violet, "What are you talking nonsense? Who did it on purpose?"

When she said this, her voice was very loud, as if it could prove her innocence.

However, Violet knew that Suzy just did it on purpose. She sneered, "Am I talking nonsense? Miss Moore, you know it well. I don't argue with you because it's Mr. Moore's retiring banquet tonight. But I also tell you, it's impossible for me to kneel on the ground and clean these up!"

After saying this, Violet turned and wanted to leave.

Suzy stomped angrily, "Stop! This is the Moore family. It's my site! Who allows you to leave? Also, you'd better do as I said and clean these, otherwise..."

"Otherwise, what are you going to do?" The cold and merciless male voice rang from behind Suzy. She couldn't help shivering, and immediately turned her head back. _____ Chapter 155 Suzy Was Punished

Seeing Stanley's expressionless face, Suzy was shocked and her face turned pale, "Mr... Mr. Murphy!"

Violet was also a little surprised when she saw Stanley, but she did not show it on the face. She nodded slightly to him as a greeting, and then looked away.

Seeing that she was still so indifferent and alienated, Stanley pursed his thin lips, feeling unhappy. Then he looked at Suzy, "Just now you asked her to kneel on the ground to clean? It seemed that you're so familiar with it. You must have a lot of experience in this aspect. Why don't you do that first and give her an example?"

As soon as Stanley finished speaking, everyone around laughed.

Violet couldn't help but laughed.

Suzy couldn't accept that she was laughed at by others. She flushed, stomped and screamed.

Her cry made Mr. Moore who came downstairs thought that something was wrong. After frowning, he speeded up his steps to the first floor with a cane, squeezed away the crowd and walked over, "What are you guys doing?"

"Mr. Moore." Seeing him coming, Violet was slightly relieved and bowed slightly to say hello to him.

Stanley also nodded slightly, "Mr. Moore."

Mr. Moore smiled kindly at the two, just about to say hello to them.

Suzy cried and walked to him in a grieved manner, and took his arm, "Grandpa, they bullied me!"

She pointed to Violet and Stanley.

Violet raised her eyebrows.

Stanley narrowed his eyes, obviously never expecting that Suzy would actually complain first.

"Bulling you?" Mr. Moore touched Suzy's head, while looking at Violet and Stanley in confusion, "Why did they bully you?"

Suzy gritted her teeth, "This woman bumped into me and knocked me down. Mr. Murphy let me kneel on the ground to clean up the glass shards and red wine."

"What?" Mr. Moore was taken aback, "Is this true?"

"It's..."

"Mr. Moore, it's true!" Violet interrupted Suzy with a smile.

Now it was Suzy's turn to be stunned. She looked at Violet as if looking at a fool. She seemed to be surprised that Violet not only did not refute, but also proactively admitted. Was Violet insane?

Thinking about it, Suzy smiled, and raised her chin proudly.

Stanley also looked at Violet. Although he did not know why Violet admitted it, he knew that she must have her own ideas, so he did not speak to help her.

Only Mr. Moore didn't know. Hearing what his granddaughter said and Violet also admitted that it was true, he believed it. Then his face sank.

Just when he was ready to get angry, Violet tucked her hair and spoke again, "Although what Miss Moore said is true, there are other hidden things in it."

Sure enough!

Stanley smiled faintly. He knew that she had a fallback.

Suzy suddenly trembled. The expression on her face stiffened, and the hand holding Mr. Moore subconsciously tightened his sleeves.

Mr. Moore noticed her abnormality and calmed down, staring at Violet with sharp old eyes, "Tell me, what's the hidden things?"

"Grandpa..." Suzy hurriedly said. Meanwhile, the hand holding the old man's sleeve tightened more. There was a little nervousness in her eyes.

Mr. Moore saw it. His old eyes narrowed, and then he yelled, "Shut up!"

Suzy trembled. She didn't dare to speak anymore.

When Violet saw this, she glanced at Suzy faintly, and replied, "It's Miss Moore who bumped into me. She overturned the wine glass after she fell, and asked me to kneel and clean the wine glass and red wine with my hands. Mr. Murphy couldn't stand it. So he came over to help me out, and then asked her to show how to kneel and clean."

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Hearing this, Mr. Moore looked down at his granddaughter in disbelief, "Suzy, is that right?"

Suzy's face turned pale at the moment, but she didn't admit it, "It's not like that. She lied. Grandpa, don't believe her. I am your granddaughter. You can only believe in me."

"Since Miss Moore refuses to admit it, then just check the surveillance. Mr. Moore, can we?" Stanley looked at Mr. Moore with cold eyes.

Violet also nodded.

Mr. Moore pursed his lips. Before he could answer, Suzy yelled, "No, you can't watch the surveillance!"

She wanted to humiliate Violet, so she bumped into Violet on purpose. But she didn't have time to destroy the surveillance.

So once they watched the surveillance, she couldn't hide everything she did.

However, Suzy tried her best to prevent Stanley from checking the surveillance, which had already shown that she did it.

If Violet lied, why would Suzy stop her?

Mr. Moore closed his eyes disappointedly, moved away Suzy's hand, walked in front of Violet and Stanley, then bowed to them.

"Grandpa!" Suzy was shocked.

Also surprised was Violet. She hurriedly reached out to help Mr. Moore up, "Mr. Moore, what are you doing?"

But Mr. Moore still kept bowing.

Violet had no choice but to turn her head and looked at Stanley for help.

Stanley couldn't refuse her when he was looked at by her like this. He rubbed his eyebrows, stretched out his hand, and helped Mr. Moore up.

Mr. Moore said with a shame on his face, "I'm really sorry, Violet. My granddaughter is spoiled by me. I will teach her a lesson well."

As he said, he turned his head and scowled, "Come here. Apologize to Stanley and Violet."

"I don't!" Suzy bit her lip.

Mr. Moore's face turned gloomy. He directly hit Suzy with the cane.

Being beaten on the back by the cane, Suzy was completely dumbfounded.

Violet and Stanley also didn't expect that Mr. Moore who had always spoiled his granddaughter, would actually hit Suzy. They were all surprised.

Suzy even looked at Mr. Moore so sadly, tears streaming incessantly, "Grandpa, you hit me..."

Mr. Moore felt sad, too. But his granddaughter did not want to apologize for her faults, so he could only do it cruelly, "I always spoil you, but I didn't expect you to be so vicious and willful. Not only did you lie, but also learned conspiracy and tricks. Starting today, all pocket money will be deducted. Copy family rules a hundred times, or you will not be allowed to go out if you can't finish it!"

After speaking, he took a deep breath and looked at Stanley and Violet, "Stanley, Violet, what do you think of this punishment?"

"What do you think of?" Stanley looked at Violet.

Listening to his words, Violet felt it was like a husband was talking to his wife. Her small face blushed abruptly and her eyes were flickering. She didn't dare to look at Stanley. She nodded hurriedly at Mr. Moore, "That's okay."

"Well, Violet, thank you so much." Mr. Moore replied with a smile. There was a little helplessness and fatigue in his smile.

Seeing it, Violet felt that Suzy was not filial.

She probably knew why Suzy had targeted her. It was estimated that it was about the matter in the dress shop last time, but even so, she shouldn't make trouble tonight. Tonight was Mr. Moore's retiring banquet. What Suzy did completely caused Mr. Moore to be embarrassed in front of everyone.

Thinking of this, Violet couldn't help but looked at Suzy who was beside Mr. Moore._

Chapter 156 spot ware Was Broken

Suzy dropped her head down and clenched her fists tightly. Her hair hanging down also blocked her face tightly. So Violet couldn't see Suzy's face, so she didn't know if Suzy really felt that she was wrong or not.

Violet felt that it was mostly the latter, but it didn't matter.

Without thinking about it, Violet passed the present over, "Mr. Moore, this is a gift from me. I hope you can like it."

Stanley looked at the bag in her hand. Then a sharp light flashed across his eyes.

Mr. Moore asked with smile, "Of course I like it. Look at the packaging, it's the one from Marcus's shop, right?"

"Yes." Violet nodded.

Mr. Moore glanced at Stanley, "Unexpectedly, you are in a tacit understanding with Stanley. The ones you guys gave are all spot ware, and they are all from Marcus's shop."

"Oh?" Violet looked at Stanley in surprise.

Stanley lowered his eyes and said quietly, "It's just a coincidence."

"That's why I said that you guys have a tacit understanding." Mr. Moore reached out and took the bag.

Violet said, "Mr. Moore, open it and take a look."

"Okay, let me see what spot were you gave. What Stanley gave is Hua Kai Fu Gui..."

"Mine is San Qiu Gui Zi." Violet said with a smile.

When Mr. Moore heard it, his eyes brightened. His movements accelerated a lot. Obviously, he was looking forward to San Qiu Gui Zi.

Just when Mr. Moore was about to finish unpacking, Suzy, who had been bowing her head, suddenly raised her head and snatched the box containing San Qiu Gui Zi. She glared at Violet, "I hate you guts. You stole my necklace, and repeatedly caused me to be ashamed and be punished by my Grandpa. Now you want to please my Grandpa? You wish!"

When she finished speaking, she raised the box high amidst the exclamation of everyone, and wanted to smash it towards the ground.

"Suzy, what are you doing? Stop!" Mr. Moore's face changed and he sternly stopped her.

Stanley narrowed his eyes. His whole body was full of cold aura. It was obvious that he was also angry.

Suzy snorted coldly, didn't listen to him at all, and let go of her hand.

"No!" Violet shouted and reached out, trying to catch the box before it fell to the ground.

But no matter how fast she moved, she couldn't be as fast as the box falling.

Thud! The box fell to the ground.

Immediately afterwards, there was a rustle of broken porcelain from the box.

Violet was completely stunned. Her stretched out hand froze in the air. She stared blankly at the box on the ground. It took a while before she came to her sense.

Then, regardless of Stanley's obstruction, she squatted down and opened the box. Seeing spot ware shattered into pieces, she was so sad.

Mr. Moore also squatted down, picked up two pieces and looked at them, feeling so sorry.

But to no avail in sorry, spot ware had been broken and couldn't be recovered.

Mr. Moore threw away the shards and stood up tremblingly with Stanley's support. Looking at Suzy who had a happy smile on her face, he slapped her angrily, "Asshole!"

The smile on Suzy's face instantly froze, then she covered her face and ran out crying.

Violet reclosed the box and stood up with holding the box. There was a feeble smile on her pale face, "I'm sorry, Mr. Moore, now I can't give you the present."

"It's okay. I have already received your gift." Mr. Moore replied and waved his hand weakly.

Stanley glanced at the direction where Suzy had left with a gloomy look, and finally set his gaze on Mr. Moore.

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"Mr. Moore, your granddaughter is bad in nature. She won't get better even if she receives a little punishment. I hope you can teach her again from the beginning. Otherwise, she will cause you more trouble."

His words were extremely rude. He said so straight.

Although Mr. Moore felt a little awkward, he knew that what Stanley said was right. So he nodded with a wry smile.

"Let's go. Today's banquet has no meaning to continue." Seeing that Mr. Moore had agreed to teach Suzy again, Stanley turned his gaze back and looked at Violet.

Violet thought the same. After giving a hmm, she followed him listlessly.

Just as Stanley said, this banquet could not go on.

Originally, Mr. Moore's original intention for holding the banquet was to find some outstanding talents for the Moore Group. By the way, he would like to see if there were designers with good talents to be his apprentices.

But after the farce just now, he had no such thoughts. After apologizing to everyone, he announced that the banquet was over, and then asked the butler to arrange for them to leave.

When Violet followed Stanley out of the Moore's, there was a pouring rain outside.

Violet didn't bring an umbrella. She had no car, and wore a thin dress and short boots. The short boots could not get wet. So it could be imagined how difficult she was at the moment.

Just when Violet didn't know what to do, Stanley, who was beside her, unbuttoned his suit and said, "It's such a heavy rain. I will drive you back."

Violet opened her lips but she couldn't say any words to refuse. She could only nod, "Thank you, Mr. Murphy."

This was the villa area. If she refused, she must go out of the villa area in the rain and got to the road outside to get a taxi.

At that time, she would definitely be drenched. Maybe even when she saw a taxi, the driver didn't necessarily drive her back when he saw her appearance.

Seeing that Violet didn't reject him, Stanley's face softened a bit. He took off his coat and put it on her head, "Hold it by yourself."

Violet blinked, as if she didn't understand what he meant.

Stanley said, "Fraser can't drive here. He can only drive to the door. There are more than ten meters from here to the door. This can be used as an umbrella to keep you out of the rain."

Violet felt so warmed. Then when she saw that he was wearing only a thin shirt, she took the coat off her head, and handed it to him, "Thank you, Mr. Murphy. But no need, such a heavy rain. Besides, it's very cold. If you give it to me, what if you catch a cold? Put on!"

"I won't catch a cold. Hold it." Stanley blocked the coat back with one hand, still a little impatient in his eyes.

Violet took it, knowing that if she insisted on returning it to him, he would definitely be upset again, so she gave it up and obediently put his coat over her head.

Seeing this, the impatience in his eyes immediately disappeared.

At this time, a black Bentley drove over from the rain in the distance and stopped outside the hollow gate of the villa more than ten meters away.

Stanley grabbed Violet's wrist. Under Violet's stunned gaze, he said, "I will take you over. Follow me!"

After speaking, he rushed into the rain. Violet, who was dragged by him, naturally also went into the rain.

The heavy rain fell on the coat on Violet's head, making a pattering sound, which was very loud, showing how heavy the rain was.

In just a few seconds, Stanley brought Violet to the car.

He opened the door of the back seat, let go of Violet's hand, and patted her back to signal her to get in the car first.

He was standing outside the car door, letting heavy rain on him. Until Violet got into the car, he bent over to get on the car.

At this time, Stanley was basically wet. His hair was so wet, and water was still dripping down. His expensive shirt was also tightly attached to his body. It was cold and uncomfortable, making his frown tightly.

"Turn on the heat." Stanley patted the back of the driver's seat, and ordered in a deep voiceChapter 157
Stanley Had a Fever

Fraser immediately turned on the heat. Then he turned his head to look at Stanley.

Seeing Stanley's embarrassed looks, Fraser was stunned. Even his glasses slipped off the bridge of his nose, "OMG, Mr. Murphy, you are all wet."

Violet, who was tidying her dress, paused when she heard this. Then she quickly turned her head to look at Stanley.

Seeing Stanley as Fraser said, she was shocked. She felt so touched that she didn't know what to say.

He got wet through. But she was protected by his coat. Just her shoes and dress got a little wet.

At this moment, Violet was both moved and sad.

She took off the coat on top of her head and handed it to Stanley, "Mr. Murphy, use this to wipe it. The inside is dry."

Stanley didn't refuse. He gave a hmm, grabbing his coat and wiping his hair with the dry side.

Violet looked at him and watched the wet white shirt into a transparent white shirt which completely

outlined the outline of his sturdy upper body. Her small face couldn't help but blush.

Mr. Murphy's figure...was really good!

The night she had sex with him, she was drunk and didn't see anything.

Violet bit her lip and sighed with regret.

"What are you looking at?" Stanley had already dried his hair, turned his head, and looked at her gloomily.

Violet straightened up her back. Then she waved her hands again and again, "No... I didn't see anything!"

"Really?" Stanley narrowed his eyes.

Violet looked away, nodding hurriedly, "Really!"

She wouldn't tell him she was thinking about his figure.

"Well." Stanley lifted his chin, retracted his gaze and stopped looking at her, as if he had believed her.

Violet pressed her hand to her heart, and let out a sigh of relief.

Seeing her look, Stanley smiled faintly.

When he was wiping his hair, he knew she was looking at him.

Her scorching gaze was hard to ignore.

Stanley didn't reveal Violet's intention to peek at him. He threw his coat on the seat.

The corner of the coat swept over the back of Violet's hand. She looked at the wrinkled coat and frowned, feeling sorry. "It's a pity that the coat was damaged by the rain. It can't be worn again."

As a fashion designer, seeing the master's work was destroyed, Violet felt a little sorry.

"Just throw it away." Stanley straightened his hair and replied indifferently.

Violet folded up the clothes, "Shall I pay you for a new set?"

"Pay me?" Stanley raised his eyebrows.

Violet gave a hmm and nodded slightly, "This coat also helped me keep out the rain."

"Okay." Stanley looked up at her.

Violet bit her lower lip, "It's just that the one I pay you definitely isn't as expensive as this one. Your clothes are all handmade by top designers, so..."

"You can make a set by yourself?" Stanley put his elbow on the car door and said lightly.

Violet pointed to herself, "Mr. Murphy, you mean, let me make a set for you?"

"Yeah." Stanley nodded slightly.

Violet put her hand down, "I can. But the value is still not as good as..."

"It doesn't matter, as long as the quality is not bad. I have seen the clothes you make yourself, and the craftsmanship is not worse than Daniel." Stanley said lightly, with a hint of gentleness and encouragement in his tone.

Violet heard it and felt warm, "Got it! Thank you, Mr. Murphy. I will give you a suit that is not inferior to this suit."

Stanley raised his chin, "Well, I'll wait and see."

It didn't take long that they arrived at the apartment, and the rain stopped at exactly this time.

Violet opened the car door and got out of the car. She watched the car go away before turning around and entering the apartment building.

Back to the apartment, Lily opened the door for her.

Violet was a little surprised, "Mom, it's so late. Why aren't you sleeping?"

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"I'm watching TV. By the way, I just wait for you to come back and tell you something." Lily took off the mask on her face, "I plan to go back abroad the day after tomorrow. Steven's doctor called me in the afternoon and said that Steven felt not well these two days. I have to go back to take care of him, otherwise, I always feel worried."

Hearing that, Violet nodded, "Okay, I will see you off to the airport. I'll take a shower first."

"Okay." Lily waved her hand.

Violet patted her own shoulders, returned to the room and took a set of pajamas, then walked to the bathroom.

The next day, after breakfast, Lily drove Arya to the kindergarten. Violet took Calvin to the studio.

On the way, Stanley called her.

Violet hesitated, but still answered, "Mr. Murphy."

"Miss Hunt." What came from the other end of the phone was not Stanley's voice, but a kind middle-aged female voice.

Violet was taken aback. Then she suddenly remembered who this middle-aged female voice was, "Bella?"

"It's me." Bella nodded.

Calvin blinked, "Mommy, who is it?"

Violet held up a finger at him and motioned him not to speak.

Calvin nodded quickly, covered his lips, and became quiet.

Violet smiled at him, and then asked Bella, "Bella, what's the matter?"

Why did Bella use Stanley's cell phone to call her?

"Miss Hunt, Mr. Murphy had a fever last night. He hasn't woken up until now. In his dream, he always called your name." Bella looked at the man with a pale face and eyes closed in the big black bed and said worriedly.

Violet's eyes widened in astonishment, "Call my name?"

"Yes."

"Why...why did he call my name?" Violet's heartbeat quickened.

Bella smiled bitterly and shook her head, "I don't know. So Miss Hunt, can you come and see Mr. Murphy?"

"But...."

"Please Miss Hunt!" Bella didn't give Violet a chance to refuse, and even said the word "please."

Violet had no choice now. She forced a smile, "I see. I'll come over in a while."

After speaking, she hung up the phone.

Calvin pulled her sleeve, "Mommy, is Uncle Murphy sick?"

"Yes, he had a fever. Mommy promised the nanny at Uncle Murphy's house to see Uncle Murphy. Baby, you..."

"I'll go too." Calvin looked at her.

Violet raised her eyebrows, "But don't you say that you never like Uncle Murphy anymore?"

"Yes. But Uncle Murphy used to treat me and Arya very well. He is sick. I should have a look at him. I want to see where Mr. Murphy lives." Calvin waved his small hands.

Violet rubbed his nose, "All right, Mommy will take you over, but you are not allowed to be naughty!"

"Okay." Calvin said.

About forty minutes later, they arrived at Stanley's villa.

Violet walked to the door of the villa and was about to ring the doorbell when the door of the villa was opened.

Bella came out from inside wearing an apron, "Miss Hunt, you're finally here."

"Bother to keep you waiting for a long time." Violet smiled embarrassedly.

Bella made a gesture of inviting her in, "Never mind, Miss Hunt, please come in."

"Wait, Bella, I have one more person with me." Violet pressed Bella's hand and didn't walk in.

Bella turned her head to look at Violet, "Where?"

"Here." Violet pulled the little guy out from behind.

Bella looked down, pale in shock. _____ Chapter 158 Sponge Him Down with the Alcohol

"He... he..." Bella pointed at Calvin incredulously, "Is he Miss Hunt and Mr. Murphy's ..."

Violet had guessed that Bella would react like this before she came. After blinking, she waved her hand and replied, "No, he is my child with someone else's."

"Someone else?" Bella frowned, obviously not believing in Violet.

This boy looked the same as Mr. Murphy.

How could it be someone else's?

Violet knew what Bella was suspicious, but she did not explain too much. She let go of Calvin's head and changed the subject, "Well, Bella, take me to see Mr. Murphy. Didn't you say that Mr. Murphy called my

name in his dream?"

When Bella heard this, she let out the way sideways, "Yes, Miss Hunt, come in quickly."

Violet gave a hmm, and then took Calvin's hand into the villa.

After entering, Bella directly took Violet and Calvin to the master bedroom on the third floor.

Stanley was lying on the big bed with his eyes closed. Violet stood by the bed. Watching his pale face and listening to his slightly rapid breathing, she couldn't help reaching out to touch his forehead.

Then she frowned, "It's hot! Did you call a doctor?"

"I called. The doctor gave Mr. Murphy a fever-reducing injection." Bella sighed and replied.

Calvin was lying on the side of the hospital bed. He stared at Stanley, "Mommy, is Uncle Murphy okay?"

"It's okay." Before Violet could answer, Bella spoke first, "It's just that we can't bring his fever down yet."

Violet's eyes fell on the alcohol on the bedside, "Sponge Mr. Murphy down with alcohol. Should the fever go down faster, right?"

Bella nodded, "Yeah, that's what the doctor said before he left. It's just that Mr. Murphy never let anyone touch him. So I... Miss Hunt..."

Violet realized something, and opened her mouth, "Bella, do you want me to do it?"

Bella smiled and rubbed her hands on her apron, "Yes, that's what I meant. I thought that since Mr. Murphy is calling your name in his dreams, he should not resist your touch."

"But..." Violet bit her lower lip in embarrassment, and wanted to say something.

Bella interrupted her beggingly, "Miss Hunt, for the sake of that Mr. Murphy gave you the coat last night, please help him."

Since Bella said so, Violet couldn't refute. She could only agree, "Okay, I get it."

She really didn't know why she had to come here.

"Thank you, Miss Hunt. Boy, go downstairs with me. I will take you to eat delicious food." Bella happily went to pull Calvin's hand.

Calvin looked at Violet. Seeing Violet nodding, he obediently held Bella's hand.

After they went out, Violet and Stanley were left in the room.

Violet sighed long, turned her head again, and went to see the man on the bed.

The man was probably very uncomfortable right now. His chest covered with a thin quilt was constantly

rising and falling. His thin lips were slightly open, and he breathed heavily. More than that, his neck was full of sweat. The sweat dripped down the Adam's apple, dripped into the collar of the pajamas and disappeared.

Upon seeing this, Violet touched his neck. Then she felt that her hands sticky and even his neckline was wet.

"Why do you sweat so much?" Violet pursed her lips, and then looked around in the room. After confirming the direction of the bathroom, she went to the bathroom to get a basin of hot water.

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Violet put the basin on the head of the bed, took a bottle of medical alcohol used to reduce fever from the head of the bed and opened it. She poured some into the water. After stirring it twice with her hands, she took the towel on the edge of the basin and placed it in the water to get soaked. Then she wringed dry to wipe Stanley's face, wiping off the sweat on Stanley's face little by little.

After wiping it off, she threw the towel into the basin, took a new anti-fever patch from the bedside, tore it open, and pasted it on Stanley.

After doing this, Violet was a little helpless. Because next, it was time to sponge Stanley's body.

"OMG!" Violet rubbed her temples and looked at Stanley with frowning for a few seconds. Then she took a deep breath and lifted the quilt off his body, then bent over to unbutton his black pajamas to take off his pajamas.

Seeing his sturdy upper body, Violet breathed, inevitably blushing. The rhythm of her heartbeat became

much faster.

Although in the car last night, she also saw his body. But after all, there was still a thin layer of shirt blocking the line of sight, which was not as clear as it was now.

Violet's eyes fell on the rows of evenly distributed abdominal muscles in Stanley's abdomen. Then she couldn't help but touch it.

After touching it, she suddenly realized what she had done. She patted her cheek in annoyance. It took her a while to calm down. She began to sponge him.

It lasted half an hour.

"Huh..." Violet supported herself up and sighed, holding a sponge in one hand, and patting her aching back with the other, feeling like that she had just finished a battle. She was exhausted, and had a lot of sweat.

Violet looked down at the man on the bed, smiled helplessly, then took the quilt again and covered him. After doing these, she was ready to go to the bathroom to pour water.

But the moment she got up, the man suddenly grabbed the hem of her dress.

Violet couldn't walk anymore. She staggered back and fell back on the man, exclaiming. Then man snorted after being bumped.

"Mr. Murphy!" Violet panicked, not caring about her painful back. She immediately turned around to look at Stanley. She was worried that he couldn't tell her where got hurt because of having a high fever.

Just when Violet lifted the quilt and was about to check his chest, he suddenly opened his eyes. After looking at her for two seconds, he raised his other hand to hug her waist, rolled over and hugged her

into his arms. Then he closed his eyes again.

"Mr. Murphy? Mr. Murphy?" Violet gently pushed him, trying to break free from him.

But he seemed to fall asleep again, as if it was her hallucination that he had just woke up just now.

But Violet knew it was not. His hand was still on her waist.

Violet smelled the alcohol scent from the man, and felt the man's breath on her head, her heart beating fast.

She also didn't expect that it would become like this, so she couldn't help but felt a little flustered.

But looking up at his handsome sleeping face, Violet couldn't help but felt a little dazed. The panic was calmed down, and her tight body relaxed.

She put her hand which were against the man's chest on his face, gently tracing his eyebrows with her fingertips. She suddenly felt a little sad.

She loved this man and he was also her children's father. But he didn't love her.

She knew that she couldn't get close to this man. She should have forgotten him. But every time, she couldn't help but got close to him. She didn't know what would happen if it continued.

"Hey..." Violet sighed with a wry smile, hesitated and worried.

But soon, this hesitation was broken by the mobile phone ringing suddenly.

Violet was shocked. She stiffened again, as if she was a guilty conscience. Then she quickly moved Stanley's hand from her waist and got up from his arms.

After getting up, she first calmed herself down, then walked to the bedside, picked up his mobile phone and looked at it. Then she saw the word "Ivy" on the screen, beating constantly. Chapter 159 Ivy's Misunderstanding

At this moment, Violet couldn't tell what it was like. In short, she was a little uncomfortable. She lowered her eyelids to cover the emotion in her eyes, and then answered the phone.

Just without waiting for her to speak first, Ivy's gentle female voice was already on the phone, "Stanley, didn't you say that you came to the hospital to accompany me today? Why haven't you come yet?"

"Um... Miss Ellis, I'm not Mr. Murphy." Violet tucked the hair around her ears, and said embarrassedly.

On the other end of the phone, Ivy heard it was not Stanley, but a woman. Her smiling face instantly became cold, but her tone of voice was still gentle, "Then, may I ask... .."

"We met before. I am Violet." Violet answered while sitting on the bed.

Ivy's hand holding the phone tightened. The expression on her face was not only cold, but also a little distorted, "It turned out to be Miss Hunt, but how come you are at Stanley's home and still pick up Stanley's mobile phone?"

Hearing the faint questioning in Ivy's voice, Violet gave a wry smile and explained, "It's like this. Mr. Murphy has a fever because of me, so..."

"So you went to take care of Stanley?" Ivy interrupted Violet with squinting eyes.

"Not really. It's..."

"Well, you don't need to tell me!" Ivy interrupted Violet once again, and her hand on the quilt clenched tightly.

Violet guessed that Ivy must have misunderstood something. Just when she was about to explain again, she found that Ivy had hung up the phone.

"OMG!" Violet patted her forehead, feeling extremely regretful.

She had known that she shouldn't have answered this call for Stanley.

Even if Ivy couldn't contact Stanley, she would only worry for a while and wouldn't misunderstand anything. But now Violet kindly did something bad.

Violet sighed with a headache, and then planned to go downstairs to find Bella, and asked Bella to explain to Ivy. If Bella explained to Ivy, she should be able to listen, right?

Thinking of this, Violet put down the phone. After taking a look at Stanley, she walked out of the room and went downstairs.

Bella was watching TV with Calvin. When she saw Violet coming down, she stood up quickly, "Miss Hunt, did you finish it?"

Violet nodded, "Yeah, Mr. Murphy is much better. His breathing is less rapid."

He even had the strength to hug her.

"That's great." Bella patted her chest with a sigh of relief and smiled.

Violet bit her lower lip.

Seeing that Violet was hesitant to speak, Bella asked kindly, "What's wrong?"

"I did something wrong." Violet clenched her fists and told Bella what she said to Ivy just now.

After listening, Bella smiled, and waved her hand indifferently, "Don't worry about her."

"What?" Violet opened her mouth in surprise, "but she must have misunderstood me and Mr. Murphy..."

"It's okay. Mr. Murphy has nothing to do with her. If she misunderstands it, just forget it." Bella said.

Violet was surprised when she heard this, "Mr. Murphy has nothing to do with Miss Ellis?"

"Yes." Bella nodded.

"But..." Violet was interrupted by the doorbell before she finished speaking.

"Miss Hunt, I have to open the door first." Bella said to her and walked towards the door.

Violet looked at Bella's back and shook her head helplessly.

It seemed that she couldn't get anything from Bella. Forget it! She would find a chance later to explain to Ivy in person.

But just now, Bella said that Ivy and Stanley had nothing to do! Could it be because Stanley had just broken off the marriage contract with Phoebe and had not had time to be with Ivy?

Just thinking about it, Violet suddenly felt that someone was pulling the corner of her clothes. So she looked down. It was Calvin.

"Mommy, I want to go to the bathroom." Calvin looked at her and said.

Violet picked him up from the sofa, "Okay."

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After speaking, she took the little guy's hand and went to the bathroom.

After Calvin finished peeing, Violet took Calvin back to the living room.

As soon as they walked to the entrance of the living room, they heard a little annoyed voice from Bella, "I just said that Mr. Murphy is ill and can't get up now. If you have something, just wait him to wake up."

"Hmph, when will he wake up? This matter is so urgent. Just go and wake him up!" Another angry middle-aged male voice sounded.

The two were arguing about Stanley.

Violet took Calvin and stood at the entrance, not knowing whether they should go in or not. Then Violet felt a little embarrassed for a while.

After all, it was somewhat embarrassing to get involved other people's family affairs.

Just as Violet was entangled whether to go back to the bathroom again or waited for this person to leave, heavy footsteps suddenly came from the stairs. Then, the man's low and dumb voice sounded, "What are you arguing with?"

"Mr. Murphy, are you awake?" Bella looked at the man on the stairs in surprise.

Violet did the same. But soon, the surprise in her eyes turned into worry.

His fever hadn't all gone. Why did he get up now?

"Mommy, Uncle Murphy is down." Calvin pointed to Stanley and said to Violet.

Violet pressed his hand down, "Mommy knows. Don't point at him."

"Okay." Calvin replied, nodded, and then said nothing.

Stanley glanced at the mother and son. After nodding to the mother and son, he slowly came downstairs with holding the railing. Then he was supported by Bella and came to the middle-aged man.

The middle-aged no longer had the arrogance that he had in front of Bella, but now he appeared a little timid.

It could be seen that he was afraid of Stanley.

"Stanley, you are finally down." The middle-aged man rubbed his hands and greeted Stanley with a smile.

Stanley looked at him blankly, "Uncle, what's the matter?"

Uncle?

Violet raised her eyebrows when she heard it. Then she looked at the middle-aged man in front of Stanley curiously. This man was short and had big belly. He even was bald. But he looked somewhat similar to Ivan.

Violet couldn't believe that this was Ivan's father.

"I heard that you have a piece of land in the suburbs..."

"Do you want that piece of land?" Stanley narrowed his eyes.

Sam nodded repeatedly, "Yes, you told me not to move Jordan's cemetery. I won't move, but you don't need this piece of land. So how about reselling it to me?"

"It's Ivan who let you come?" Stanley stared at Sam with sharp eyes, as if he wanted to see through something.

Sam cleared his throat slightly, "Not really, I came by myself. Ivan just told me that you have this piece of land. You know that I recently invested in a resort project, but it was not built."

A resort?

Violet tilted her head, wondering.

Wasn't the Murphy family only engaged in the luxury goods business? Why did he get involved in real estate?

"Then how much do you plan to pay?" Stanley was not interested in the resort Sam was talking about. He just crossed his arms on his chest and stared at Sam.

Sam pointed out three fingers, "How about this number?"

Stanley sneered, "Uncle, just leave. When I bought this land, I spent 500 million. You want to buy it with 300 million? Is it possible?"

When he finished speaking, he no longer paid attention to Sam, and just walked towards Violet and Calvin.

But as soon as he took a step, his arm was grabbed by Sam. Then Sam said, "Stanley, just discuss it again, okay? Five hundred million is okay! How about I buy it with the original price?"

Chapter 160 Sam's Fear

"No way." Stanley frowned and pulled his arm out.

What Stanley didn't expect was just when he pulled his hand back, Sam had already let his hand go. So Stanley staggered twice and fell backward.

Upon seeing this, Violet yelled, "Mr. Murphy." Then she let go of Calvin's hand and ran towards Stanley quickly to support him, "Mr. Murphy, are you okay?"

Stanley shook his head, gasping slightly and replied, "I'm fine, just a little dizzy."

"Well, I'll help you go to sit down there." Violet breathed a sigh of relief and helped him to walk to the sofa.

Seeing Violet suddenly appearing, Sam was amazed at her appearance, and then asked Stanley, "Stanley, this lady is..."

Stanley didn't answer him. Violet smiled politely at him, and was about to introduce herself when Calvin ran over.

Looking at Calvin's face that was exactly like Stanley's, Sam's face changed drastically. He pointed to Calvin in shock and stammered, "You...you..."

"Me?" Calvin tilted his head and whispered, "Again! Another person wants to say that I am Uncle Murphy's child!"

Violet was pouring water to Stanley. Hearing this, her hand which was holding the water glass suddenly tightened.

She suddenly felt that it was a wrong decision to bring Calvin here. Now anyone who knew Stanley would be surprised and suspicious when they saw Calvin. She could explain that Calvin was not Stanley's child to them.

But when there were more people seeing Calvin, she couldn't explain it to them clearly. After all, not everyone would believe it. If anyone didn't believe it and did a paternity test for Calvin and Stanley, it would be troublesome.

Violet's distraction was seen by Stanley. But Stanley didn't think much about it. He only thought that she had something on her mind. So he asked with some concerns, "What's wrong with you?"

Violet came to her senses and shook her head, "I'm fine. Calvin, come here."

She beckoned to Calvin. When Calvin came to her, she directly blocked Calvin behind her to keep Sam from looking at Calvin.

Sam couldn't see Calvin, so he could only focus on Stanley and Violet. After a long time, he swallowed his saliva and asked with a trembling voice, "Stanley, that child belongs to you two?"

"It's none of your business." Stanley looked at him coldly.

But in Sam's eyes, Stanley admitted it. He was shocked to take two steps backwards, "How is this possible? How can you have children? You obviously already..."

But Sam suddenly realized that he had said something that shouldn't be said. A panic flashed across his eyes. Then he hurriedly closed his mouth.

But it was too late. Stanley and Violet had heard his last sentence.

After staring at each other, Stanley squinted his eyes and asked, "What do you mean?"

"No... nothing. I have to leave now." After Sam said this, he turned and walked quickly towards the door, looking panicked, as if there was something chasing him.

Violet looked at Stanley who dropped his head down and thought about something on the sofa, "Mr. Murphy..."

"I'm fine. I was just thinking about the meaning of his last sentence." Stanley tightened his hand on his leg.

Violet touched Calvin's little head, and said in deep thought, "Is he saying that there is something wrong with your health? Mr. Murphy, so... No, it's not right!"

If he had a physical problem and couldn't have children, why could she give birth to Calvin and Arya?

"What's wrong?" Stanley didn't know what Violet was thinking. He raised his eyebrows to look at her.

Violet waved her hand, "Nothing. I just guessed it casually. But if you want to know what he really means, you have to check it yourself."

Stanley raised his chin slightly, "I will."

Of course he would check it.

Based on Sam's words and the panic on Sam's face, it was obvious that Sam did something that he didn't know.

"By the way, Mr. Murphy, do you want to go back and lie down? You don't look very well." Violet looked at Stanley's still pale face, a little worried.

Stanley waved his hand, "No need."

At this time, Bella came out of the kitchen with a bowl of medicine, "Mr. Murphy, it's time to drink the medicine."

"Traditional Chinese medicine?" Stanley frowned.

"Yes, I specially asked the doctor to prescribe it. Drinking Chinese medicine can let you cure faster." Bella nodded and said.

Stanley's thin lips were pressed into a straight line. He obviously disliked it.

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Calvin had never drunk traditional Chinese medicine. He stretched out his neck and sniffed it curiously, and then walked away with pinching his little nose in the next second, "It smells so bad."

"Impolite!" Violet pretended to look at the little guy angrily.

The little guy stuck his tongue out.

Bella said with smile, "It smells a little bit bad. But the effect is good. Mr. Murphy, drink it. It will be cold for a while."

Stanley held the medicine bowl and did not move.

Bella had no choice but to wink Violet.

Violet smiled at Stanley, and persuaded, "Mr. Murphy, just drink it. Bella spent a lot of time in making it."

Stanley looked at her and then at Bella. Without speaking, he stared at the dark liquid in the bowl for a while, then he raised his head, and drank the medicine blankly.

After Stanley drank it up, Violet took the bowl and stuffed something into Stanley's hand.

Stanley was stunned for a moment, then lowered his head and opened his hand to see. It turned out to be a blue-packaged candy!

Was she treating him as a child and coaxing him?

Stanley raised his eyebrows and looked at Violet.

Violet understood her thoughts and blinked at him, "Eat. You won't feel bitter after eating."

Stanley chuckled.

She really treated him as a child and coaxed him.

But it felt quite interesting.

Stanley lowered his eyes, covered the smile in his eyes, tore open the sugar paper, and put the sugar in his mouth.

Soon, the faint sweetness dissipated in the mouth, dispelling the bitterness in his mouth. Stanley closed his eyes slightly. He didn't feel bitter anymore. Then he opened his eyes and saw Calvin's black and shiny eyes.

"What's the matter?" Stanley stared at Calvin's face which resembled himself.

Violet also looked at the little guy curiously.

The little guy put his hand on Stanley's thigh, tilted his head, and looked at Stanley with full of admiration, "Uncle Murphy is so good. You can drink up such a smelly medicine in one go."

Stanley smiled, bent over and supported the little guy's armpits. Then he picked up the little guy, and put him on his lap, "Thank you."

He really didn't expect that the little guy who had been indifferent to him just now would worship him because of a bowl of medicine.

Sure enough, Calvin was a child.

Bella on the side looked at the three of them on the sofa, her eyes filled with kindness. Then she couldn't help but sighed, "Mr. Hunt, you three really look like a family of three."

Hearing this, Violet's face stiffened slightly. Then she hurriedly picked up Calvin from Stanley's lap, "Bella, don't be kidding. I and Mr. Murphy are just ordinary friends."

"Ordinary friends?" Stanley's eyes darkened.

He thought that even if they were not lovers now, they were at least above friends.

Unexpectedly, in her eyes, they were just ordinary friends.

Violet noticed that Stanley was a little displeased, but didn't think deeply about why he was displeased. She took Calvin's hand, "Mr. Murphy, it's getting late. We have to leave. Say goodbye to Uncle Murphy and Bella."

She lowered her head and said to the little guy beside her.

The little guy nodded, "Uncle Murphy, Bella, goodbye!"

Bella looked at Stanley a little at a loss.

She knew very well that the reason why Miss Hunt had to leave was because of what she said just now.

It was just that she didn't know what was wrong with her sentence and why Miss Hunt had such a big reaction.

Stanley ignored Bella, rubbed his temples and stood up, "I will drive you guys back.Chapter 161 The Truth

"No, no, no, Mr. Murphy. You're still sick. We can go back by ourselves." Violet shook her head quickly and refused.

Seeing she insisted, Stanley lowered his eyes. A few seconds later, he picked up the car key on the coffee table and handed it to her, "Drive it. Just return me back then."

Violet hesitated for two seconds, thinking that she might not be able to get the taxi when she went out, so she didn't refuse. She took the car key over, "Thank you."

After speaking, she led Calvin to the door.

Bella also followed and opened the door for the mother and the son.

After the door was opened, Fraser stood outside, apparently preparing to ring the doorbell. But he didn't expect the door to open suddenly, so he was still a little dazed.

"Fraser." Violet nodded and greeted him.

Fraser pushed his glasses, arranged the expression on his face and smiled, "Hello, Violet, but why are you here??"

"Mr. Murphy is sick. So I came to visit him. Now, I'm leaving now." Violet answered with a smile.

Upon hearing this, Fraser quickly moved aside.

Violet thanked him, pulled Calvin out of the door, and walked to the garage under the guide of Bella.

Fraser looked at their figures for a while, then he walked into the villa.

"Mr. Murphy." When coming to the living room, Fraser saw the man on the sofa rubbing his eyebrows and didn't look well.

Stanley put down his hand, looked up at Fraser, nodded slightly, "Why are you here?"

"I came here to report you what you asked me to check." Fraser passed the document to Stanley.

Stanley took it and looked through it.

When Stanley was looking through, Fraser stood opposite him and said, "The last time I checked, I basically started from Eason's family of three, and didn't verify others who were related to the Hunt family. So I got the result which was that Violet eloped with other guys. But this time I asked the servants

who left the Hunt family a few years ago, and the neighbors around the Hunt's..."

Stanley looked up at Fraser, "Then what?"

Fraser's glasses slightly reflected light, "Then, as Marcus said, when Violet left the Hunt family, she did not have a boyfriend, nor did she elope with someone, but was driven out by the Hunt family. Ms. Smith and Steven, the young master of the Hunt family, were all kicked out of the Hunt family."

"Driving the original wife and two children out of the house! Eason!" Stanley sneered.

Fraser shrugged, "Eason doesn't like Violet and Steven. The reason why he drove away Violet was also paving the way for Phoebe!"

"Paving the way?" Stanley paused while rubbing the folder with his thumb.

Fraser nodded, "From servants who left the Hunt family that year, I learned that Eason drove Violet away in order to let Phoebe replace Violet to get the marriage contract with you, but he was afraid that you would get angry if you knew that your fiancée had changed. So, Eason secretly spread rumors that Violet eloped with others, so..."

"Even if I found out that my fiancée had changed, I wouldn't really get angry with the Hunt family, because my real fiancé eloped with someone, and they gave the other one to me in time." Stanley slammed the folder in his hand tightly. His eyes were full of chills.

Fraser lowered his head, "Yes, that's why Violet never knew that she still had a fiancé, because the servant said that every time Ms. Smith was about to tell Violet, Eason would stop her, just to fear that Violet would know you."

"He planned quite well!" Stanley squinted and sneered.

Violet and Phoebe were both Eason's daughters, but Eason actually only loved Phoebe.

In order for Phoebe to marry into the Murphy family, Eason could drive Violet out of the house and throw mud on Violet. Such a person was not worthy of being a parent!

As if seeing what Stanley was thinking, Fraser asked hesitantly, "Mr. Murphy, do you want to tell Violet about these?"

"Not now." Stanley dropped the file on the sofa and said solemnly, "I will tell her after I become her boyfriend. Then even if she wants to retaliate against Eason, I can help her openly."

"Yes." Fraser nodded, indicating that he knew it.

In the next second, he thought of something and said, "Mr. Murphy, there is another thing. After Violet and Ms. Smith were kicked out by the Hunt family, Ms. Smith once went to the old house to look for you."

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"Look for me?" Stanley was slightly startled.

Fraser lowered his head, "Yes, it should be because of your marriage contract with Violet, but you were not in the old house at the time, so Ms. Smith met Sam and his family. Sam used Ms. Smith's divorce as an excuse to say that your marriage contract with Violet was invalid. Then Ms. Smith left in a fit of anger."

Stanley stood up suddenly. His eyes filled with endless coldness, "Sam!"

Fraser was also very angry.

When he found out this, he was almost outraged. Without Sam, Mr. Murphy and Violet would have been together.

Violet would not go to other countries, giving birth to the children with other men, and missed Mr. Murphy for seven years.

Looking at Stanley's angry face, Fraser pushed his glasses and asked, "Mr. Murphy, shall we teach Sam a lesson together?"

"Not now. After you find out this matter, I will teach them together." Stanley's eyes were full of gloom, and then he told Fraser what Sam said today.

After Fraser listened, a hint of surprise appeared on his face. The next second, he became serious again, "Got it. I will check it now."

After speaking, he turned and left.

At this time, Bella came back.

Stanley rubbed his temples, "She's gone?"

Bella knew who he was asking, so she nodded, "Yes."

Stanley gave a hmm, not speaking, turning his head to look in the direction of the door, as if to see

something through the heavy door.

It was not until a long time later that he withdrew his gaze and walked upstairs.

After Violet left Stanley's villa, she took Calvin back to the studio.

Jessie was shocked when she saw her coming back in a Bentley, "If I remember correctly, this car is Mr. Murphy's, right?"

Violet nodded, "Yes."

"Why would you drive Mr. Murphy's car?" Jessie exclaimed, pointing at Violet.

Violet smiled, "There is a reason for the matter. Well, don't ask. Did Mr. Dixon respond to the first draft I sent you last night?"

"Not yet." Jessie shook her head.

Violet sighed regretfully, "Well."

"Don't worry. I guess he didn't see it. Just wait." Jessie patted Violet's shoulder.

Violet smiled slightly and did not answer.

"By the way, here is the thing." Jessie remembered something and took a piece of paper from her desk, "This is the registration form for the competition. There is one more person in the competition."

"Who is it?" Violet bent over to get the water in front of the drinking fountain.

Jessie handed her the registration form, and slowly spit out the word, "Phoebe!"

Violet paused, and quickly took over the registration form to check it. Seeing that Phoebe's name was on it, she couldn't help but pursed her lips, "She actually participated in the competition?"

"Yeah, I really admire her." Jessie said in disdain.

Afterwards, she seriously reminded, "Violet, you must be careful when you compete. I am afraid what she will do something to you. Now you are not in the Murphy group and without the protection of Mr. Murphy. She has nothing to do with Mr. Murphy now. So she won't have any more scruples to do something to you. You..."

"Don't worry. I know what to do." Violet put down the registration form. Chapter 162 Phoebe's Questioning

Hearing Violet's words, Jessie didn't say anything anymore. She picked up the design book on the side and prepared to go to the factory.

The design of the new season had been finalized. She had to supervise the garment making at the factory department.

After Jessie left, Violet was sitting behind her desk and started busy with her work.

After a while, she suddenly received a phone call. It was from Aadam, the secretary of that mysterious

Mr. Dixon, "Hello, Violet, Mr. Dixon has read the first draft. He said there is no problem."

"Well, that's great." Violet showed a surprise smile, and then asked, "Can I meet Mr. Dixon? I have several points about the follow-up design that I would like to discuss with him. I want to know what style he likes."

"Maybe it can't. Mr. Dixon has been abroad recently. But Mr. Dixon said, everything is in accordance with your style." Aadam said.

Did he trust her so much?

Violet raised her eyebrows, "Well, I see."

"Then I'll hang up first." Aadam finished speaking and hung up.

Violet smiled helplessly and put down the phone. Then she picked up the pencil on the table, and continued to work.

In the afternoon, Violet received a text message from Design Association, asking her to draw a number for the competition.

Unexpectedly, there was actually good news. Because of 'Born of Fire', she could take the first few rounds of the game bye, and directly became top 16.

Design Association really recognized her.

Violet smiled with holding the number sixteen entry card and was about to go back.

But at this moment, an abrupt voice of doubt suddenly sounded in the conference room, "This is not fair!"

The conference room fell silent for an instant. Everyone looked at the speaker.

Violet also looked over, staring at Phoebe in the middle of the first three rows and narrowing her eyes.

She knew that as long as Phoebe was there, there would always be waves.

"Where is it unfair?" The secretary who presided over the draw looked at Phoebe who disturbed the orders, feeling a little unhappy.

She actually questioned the unfairness of their draw in public?

"Of course the competition system is unfair. Why should we all start from the initial knockout round but she can go straight to the top 16." Phoebe pointed at Violet with a distorted face.

Some of the people who felt unfair at first, but hadn't said anything. Hearing Phoebe's questioning, they looked at Violet with dissatisfaction, as if Violet had robbed them of something.

Violet sneered, but said nothing.

Because she knew that she didn't need to make her own for the time being, Secretary Bruce would help her fight back.

Sure enough, Bruce slammed the conference table with a gloomy face, "Be quiet! Didn't I make it clear just now? The reason why Violet can go straight to the top 16 is because of 'Born of Fire' But what about you guys?"

He glanced sharply at the people below, "What are your achievements? Your design is comparable to Violet's 'Born of Fire'? If it is comparable, just show it out. If I think it is good, I can arrange you to go straight to top 16. But do you have anyone?"

Some of the people who thought it was unfair knew they were wrong. They just lowered their heads and stopped talking.

However, some people still felt dissatisfied, but they only dared to talk in their hearts.

Upon seeing this, Bruce's face eased a lot. He was about to announce that the draw would continue. Suddenly, Phoebe stood up with a cane, "I have!"

Hearing this, Violet raised her eyebrows and suddenly smiled.

Phoebe had it? Was she insane?

To put it bluntly, Phoebe had no design talents. Each of Phoebe's more famous design works was just that she plagiarized from other designers. She actually said she had some achievements?

"Do you have?" Bruce was not sure about Phoebe's true level. Seeing her self-confident appearance, he believed in it. Then he stepped down and walked towards Phoebe, "Let me see."

"I didn't bring it, but you can search on the official website of the Golden Feather Award. I am the winner

of this year's Golden Feather Award." Phoebe lifted her chin and glanced at Violet proudly.

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Violet only felt Phoebe was shameless.

The winner of the Golden Feather Award? Phoebe dared to mention it!

But Phoebe reminded of Violet. She almost forgot about the Golden Feather Award.

Everyone didn't know what Violet was thinking, and they were all shocked by Phoebe's words.

"It turns out that Phoebe is the winner of the Golden Feather Award. I thought it was Violet." Bruce said in surprise.

"Yes, I thought it was Violet. I also saw the final design of the Golden Feather Award. It's very amazing. It is no less than 'Born of Fire'. The two can even be said to be on the same level. In that case, Phoebe can indeed compete with Violet."

Listening to the compliments of all the people, Phoebe was full of pride. She looked at Violet with provocations, "Bruce, you just said, as long as I can show you excellent works, I can go straight to top 16 just as Violet, right? ?"

Bruce touched his nose and nodded, "Yes."

"Well, I want to go straight top 16."

"Okay, I will discuss this with President of the Branch." Bruce nodded.

Only then did Phoebe sit back contentedly. Before sitting back, she still did not forget to show off toward Violet.

Violet lowered her eyes to cover the coldness in her eyes.

After a while, the draw was over. After everyone was almost gone, Violet got up and walked outside the conference room.

As soon as she walked out of the room, she was stopped by Phoebe, "Stop."

Violet stopped, turned her face slightly, and asked faintly, "Is there anything else?"

Phoebe controlled the wheelchair and came to her, "How about it? Are you disappointed? You are no longer the special one. Starting today, I am also the designer that Design Association focuses on."

"You stopped me just for this? Do you want me to congratulate you? If so, then congratulations." Violet patted the number card in her hand, very perfunctory.

She really didn't know how Phoebe, a copyist, dared to show off in front of her, the original creator.

Hearing the faint sarcasm in Violet's tone, Phoebe's face twisted. The hand placed on the armrest of the wheelchair also tightened tightly, "Huh, I don't need your congratulations. I just want to tell you that I'm here. You won't get a place for international competitions!"

Hearing this, Violet laughed, "Are you so sure I can't get it?"

"Yes, because the final winner must be me!" Phoebe raised her chin proudly, "Anyway, I am waiting to see you out."

After saying this, she controlled the wheelchair to turn around and walked away from the other side of the corridor.

Violet squinted at Phoebe's back. Her small face was filled with coldness.

It seemed that Phoebe was so confident for herself. Did she plan to steal another original creator's works again? But no matter what, Violet would never let Phoebe take the efforts of others in exchange for honor.

At the end of the Golden Feather Award, she should have exposed Phoebe, but because she had been busy with other things, so she forgot. Now that she remembered it, she could no longer let Phoebe show off again. When it came to the competition, it would be the end of Phoebe.

Thinking, Violet pursed her red lips and walked in the opposite direction of Phoebe.

Leaving the building of Design Association, Violet drove Stanley's car to the downstairs of the Murphy Group and took out her mobile phone to dial Stanley's phone number.

The call was quickly connected. Stanley's low voice came into her ears, "What's up?"

Violet swallowed, sorting out her emotions and then she replied, "Mr. Murphy, I'm here to return the car. I'm downstairs of your company."

"Well, I see. Wait a while." Stanley hung up the phone when he finished speaking.

But before the phone was hung up, Violet vaguely heard the chair sliding.

Did he plan to come down and get the key himself?Chapter 163 The Cloth Matter

Soon, her speculation was confirmed.

Stanley led Fraser out of the building and walked towards Violet.

Although Violet wondered why he had to bring Fraser with him when he came down to get the key, she didn't ask much. Then she directly handed him the car key.

After he took it, he gave it to Fraser behind him.

Fraser got the key, smiled at Violet, opened the door and got into the driver's seat.

Only Violet and Stanley were left outside the car.

Violet bowed slightly to him, "Thank you, Mr. Murphy."

"Never mind." Stanley replied with one hand in his pocket.

Violet straightened up and looked at him. Seeing that his face was not as pale as in the morning, she felt relieved a little, "Mr. Murphy, I have to leave."

"Wait a minute." Stanley grabbed her arm.

Violet turned around, "What's the matter?"

"Get in the car and drive you back." Stanley lifted his chin toward the back seat door.

Violet waved her hand, "No need, you guys just come down to get a car key. Don't need to drive me back."

"We're going to the same place." Stanley let go of her arm and leaned slightly to open the door.

Violet blinked, "Really?"

Stanley said, "I'm going to the hospital. So I just pass your studio on the way."

"It turned out to be like this." Violet nodded, indicating that she understood.

No wonder he brought Fraser down with him. It turned out that Fraser had to drive.

He should go to the hospital to see Ivy.

Violet's eyes dimmed for a moment. She didn't refuse, but she just bent over and got into the car.

Stanley then got in and closed the car door.

The car started gradually and quickly became part of the traffic.

On the way, Violet answered a call from Jessie. After hearing what Jessie said, her face sank quickly.

Stanley caught a glimpse of it, frowning slightly.

"What's the matter?" He put his elbow down from the car door.

Violet hung up the phone, pursed her red lips, and replied, "There is something wrong with the cloth in our studio. Our clothes will be updated in the fall soon. The design drawings are ready. But the cloth factory which cooperates with us told us that they could not provide cloth."

"Why?" Stanley looked at her.

Violet rubbed her eyebrows, "They said a batch of machines were broken and the cloth could not be produced."

"This is absolutely impossible. It is impossible for the machine to break down at the same time." Stanley said lightly.

Violet nodded, "Yes, the cloth factory must be lying, either deliberately not giving us cloth, or other companies or studios have a large demand for cloth, so they give our cloth to others first."

This situation had happened abroad.

"Then change one." Stanley put his finger on his knee and tapped, suggesting.

Violet sighed and shook her head, "No, we gave them the money of a season at once. If we change another factory, we have to spend extra money. When we signed the contract, we said that as long as they don't miss the latest delivery date, even if our studio is in a hurry for cloth, we can't let the cloth factory to refund the money."

This was the most troublesome point for her. Because of 'Born of Fire', many offline physical clothing stores come to her studio to order a lot, which caused the order volume had far exceeded tripled reservation before the clothes for this season weren't produced yet.

Therefore, the cloth they need in their studio were much more than the predetermined quantity. The cloth factory had negotiated to change the latest delivery date to the end of the month, but there was still half a month before the end of the month. Then the promise their studio agreed to give clothes to the clothing stores before the end of the month would not reach. At that time, they would have to pay liquidated damages.

Thinking of this, Violet only felt irritated. The intensity of rubbing her eyebrows increased a lot.

Looking at her troubled look, Stanley pondered for a moment. Then he took out the wallet from his pocket, opened it, and took out a black card and handed it to her.

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Violet looked at him confusedly, "Mr. Murphy, you are..."

"Don't think too much. Just lend it to you." Seeing Violet didn't take, Stanley put the bank card directly in her hand.

If he directly gave her this card, she would definitely not take it. She might even feel that he suddenly gave the money out of some motives.

But if he said to lend it to her, it wouldn't be the same.

Sure enough, just as Stanley thought,

Looking at the card in the hand, Violet's lips moved. She wanted to refuse at first.

But then she thought about the cloth factory that could not deliver the cloth in a short time, and they had to pay liquidated damages. In the end, she was defeated by reality and tightened the bank card.

"Thank you, Mr. Murphy. I will pay you back as soon as possible." Violet promised.

With her design ability, it shouldn't be difficult to repay the money by selling dozens of more design drawings.

Thinking about this, Violet's pressure was relieved a lot, and her face eased.

Seeing it, Stanley felt good, "You can pay it back when you have the remaining money."

"Okay." Violet knew that he was reminding her that she didn't have to rush to pay the money. She felt warm.

Afterwards, Violet sent a text message to Jessie about changing the cloth factory.

But, the car suddenly stopped suddenly.

Under Violet's exclaim, she rushed directly towards the back of the front passenger's seat.

Although the back of the chair was not very hard, she would definitely hit her head with such an impact.

Just when Violet showed horror, thinking that she was really going to die, a big hand suddenly pressed on her shoulder and pulled her back vigorously, accompanied by the man's low voice, "Be careful!" "

Violet was pulled back, and fell on Stanley's thigh. She was unable to get up.

Stanley didn't look down at her, but tapped the back of the driver's seat with a gloomy face.

When Fraser heard the sound, he quickly parked the car on the side of the road and turned his head.

Seeing Violet lying on Stanley's legs, he widened his eyes in surprise.

God! What were Violet and Mr. Murphy doing?

Violet was actually on Mr. Murphy's laps!

Not knowing what Fraser had misunderstood, Stanley looked at him coldly and asked in a deep voice, "What happened to the car just now?"

Violet pricked her ears to listen.

Fraser straightened his back and replied with an apologetic expression on his face, "Someone crossed the road just now, so I stepped on the brakes suddenly. Mr. Murphy, did I frighten you and Violet?"

Although he asked like this, he felt that they were definitely not frightened.

If they were frightened, Violet could be so comfortable on his laps?

They should separate long ago!

Stanley rubbed his eyebrows, and faintly replied, "No."

"Well, then I will continue to drive." After speaking, Fraser turned his head back, and at the same time rolled up the baffle.

At this moment, Stanley suddenly felt that he had been poked twice in his thigh. When he looked down, he met those clear and beautiful eyes.

"What's the matter?" Stanley asked.

Violet bit her lip in embarrassment, "Mr. Murphy, can you let go of your hand?"

Where she lay was the roots of his thighs. If she moved a little bit, she might touch places that shouldn't be touched.

Stanley was stunned when he heard the words, and then he realized that he pressed her on his thighs. After his eyes flickered, he took his hand from her shoulder, "Sorry." ____

Chapter 164 Business Competition

"Never mind." Violet smiled and got up from his laps, "Thank you for pulling me, or I'll get hit."

"It's Fraser's fault. You don't need to thank me." Stanley rolled down the car window a bit.

Violet rubbed her sore cheek, "Anyway, it's true that you saved me. Shall I invite you to dinner another day?"

"Dinner?" Stanley raised his eyebrows.

Violet said, "Thank you for saving me and lending me money."

Stanley chuckled lightly, "Okay."

"Deal. When I'm free recently, I'll call you." Violet made a posture as calling him.

Stanley nodded slightly, "Okay."

Soon, Violet arrived at the studio.

She got out of the car and waved to Stanley. After saying goodbye, she turned and walked towards the office building.

Back at the studio, Violet went to see Calvin in her office first.

Calvin was lying fast asleep on the sofa at this time, covered with a blanket. The blanket was up and down with his belly, and he was clicking his tongue. He seemed to have a sweet dreaming, looking very cute.

Violet couldn't help lowering her head and kissed Calvin on the forehead. After a gentle smile, she pulled the quilt up for him and touched his little face. Then she put down the bag and went to the next office.

As soon as Violet opened the door of the next office, she heard something falling.

Being taken aback, she couldn't help stepping back.

"Jessie, what are you doing?" Violet frowned as she looked at the broken teacup on the ground.

Hearing her voice, Jessie stood up from the office chair, barely calmed down her anger, smiled and replied, "Violet, you are back."

Violet nodded and walked over, "What's the matter? Who has offended you?"

"It's about the cloth." Jessie supported her forehead.

Violet picked up the broom in the corner. While sweeping the glass on the floor, she said, "I have already sent you a text message about cloth."

"Yeah, I went to order a batch of cloth myself. After I came back, I went to the cloth factory we cooperated with again. Guess what?"

Jessie clenched her fists angrily, "Their supervisor actually kept cloth but just refused to give it to us! What kind of machine is broken? It's all bullshit!"

Hearing this, Violet stopped her movement. Her eyes were cold.

Sure enough.

The cloth factory either didn't give the cloth or gave their cloth to another companies.

"Did they say the reason for doing this?" Violet pursed her lips.

Jessie shook her head, "No, they just said that there is no time to give the cloth. They will send it to us by the last day of the month."

"The latest delivery day? They just don't want us to produce clothes." Violet squeezed the handle of the broom tightly, and her voice was so angry.

Jessie sat back in the chair, "That's it. But we can't do anything about them, because they did not violate the contract rules. I'm really annoyed. They just called to warn me and let me stop urging them. Because no matter I urge, they won't give us cloth. Damn it!"

She slammed the table angrily.

After finishing cleaning up, Violet put the broom back in the corner, "We have cooperated with this cloth factory since we returned. Over the past month or so, they have delivered materials on time every time,

but this time they didn't. Besides, they're very arrogant. It's obvious that someone has incited them to make things difficult for us."

Hearing this, Jessie was stunned, "Who? It's Phoebe?"

Violet shook her head, "I don't know. It may be her, or it may be from other studios. Recently, our studio has become too popular."

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"Yeah. Since 'Born of Fire', the orders of our studio increased several times. So they thought we robbed a lot of their business. They may indeed target us." Jessie said, touching her chin.

Violet sighed and pulled a chair to sit down, "However, no matter which force it is, we must be on guard. In addition, terminate the cooperation with the cloth factory we cooperate with after they deliver the fabric at the end of the month."

"Of course." Jessie had no objection.

Violet handed over Stanley's black card, "Go to pay the cloth you just ordered, and then ship them back early to avoid any accidents."

"Okay, I'll go now. By the way, I will send some undercovers to Phoebe and those studios to see who is targeting us. When I find it out, if I don't teach them a lesson, I won't be Jessie!" Jessie took the card, carried her bag and left.

Violet smiled. Then she didn't stay in Jessie's office, took a document from the desk and went out.

The next day, after breakfast, Lily was going back abroad.

This weekend, Violet left the two children in the apartment and saw Lily off by herself. When they walked out of the apartment building, the mother and daughter saw a Mercedes Benz parked at the door.

A man leaned against the door of Mercedes-Benz. The man was wearing simple casual clothes and a pair of gold-rimmed glasses with gentle smile on his face, as if he was a gentleman walking out of a painting.

"George, why are you here?" Lily looked at George in surprise.

George smiled at Violet, and nodded. Then he answered Lily, "I know that you are going to leave today, so I came here to see you off."

"So it's like this. That's great. We don't have to take the taxi." Lily smiled, covering her lips.

George opened the car door and made a gesture of inviting them in, "Ma'am, get in the car."

"Okay." Lily nodded repeatedly, pulling Violet into the car.

George helped the mother and daughter close the door and put the suitcase in the trunk. Then he got in the driver's seat and drove to the airport.

An hour later, they arrived at the airport.

Not long after Lily received the boarding pass, the broadcast announced that she could check in and

board the plane.

Violet walked Lily to the ticket gate, "Mom, call me when you arrive."

"Okay, don't worry. I will come back again when your brother gets better." Lily said, taking the luggage lever that George had handed over.

"Ma'am, is there anything left to be done?" George asked, standing beside Violet.

Lily smiled and replied, "Nothing serious. I planned to go back to my hometown and repair the old house. But Calvin and Violet had accidents one after another, so I didn't have time to go back."

"Sorry, Mom." Violet smiled embarrassedly.

Lily let go of the luggage lever, held Violet's face with both hands and rubbed her face, "Silly girl, don't need to apologize. Well, I have to leave. Violet, take good care of the two children."

"Okay." Violet nodded.

Lily put her hands down, pulled the suitcase and lined up into the ticket inspection line.

Soon, her figure disappeared.

"Ma'am should be on the plane now. Violet, let's go." George looked sideways at the woman beside him.

Violet responded and followed him out of the airport.

"Where are you going next?" After getting in the car, George fastened his seat belt while watching Violet, who was also wearing a seat belt.

After Violet fastened her seat belt, she raised her wrist and looked at her watch, "Go back to the apartment. Calvin and Arya are still waiting for me."

"Okay." George started the car.

On the way, Violet suddenly thought of something and turned to look at him, "By the way, George, when did you come back?" ____

Chapter 165 George Had an Accident

"The night before yesterday." George replied with a smile.

"Then did you get well?"

"Yeah, don't worry." George started the car.

Violet nodded, breathed a sigh of relief, and didn't ask.

After that, both of them fell silent and did not speak.

It wasn't until they arrived at the apartment that Violet broke the silence, "George, I have to get off the car first. Be careful on the road."

She stood outside the car and waved to George.

George smiled, rolled up the window, drove around, and was about to leave.

Violet also turned around and walked to the apartment building.

But after not taking a few steps, she suddenly heard a violent collision sound from behind. It was the sound of a car colliding with another car.

Violet was stunned. She quickly stopped and looked back. Then she saw that George's car was smashed into the flowerbed by a black car.

"George!" Violet reacted, yelling with a pale face. She ran to the location of the car accident, wanting to check George's situation.

But while she was running, the black car that caused the accident suddenly backed up, exited the flower bed, and escaped here at a very fast speed.

Although Violet was angry, she couldn't take care of the car. When she came to George's car, she patted the window vigorously and asked with a look very anxious, "George, George, are you okay? Can you hear me? Answer me!"

However, there was no sound in the car.

Violet's heart sank as she watched the squashed front of the car.

The car was crashed so badly. Should the people in the car...?

Not daring to think about it anymore, Violet took out her mobile phone with trembling hands to make an emergency call.

After reporting to the police, she clenched her fists and shouted to the surroundings, "Come on, help!"

Soon, people near the apartment heard her shouting, then they all gathered. Amidst her crying, they helped smash open the car window.

After the window was broken, Violet rushed to the window. Looking at the man who was leaning on the seat with his head to one side and was bleeding, she froze.

"George!" She stretched out her hand and gently pushed George.

George did not respond.

Violet's heartbeat stopped for a few seconds, and her face turned paler.

"George, don't scare me!" She raised a finger tremblingly to feel George's breath, wondering if he was still alive.

Fortunately, she felt the breath. Although it was very weak, it still made her breathe a sigh of relief.

"Great, still alive!" Violet cried with joy.

At this time, the ambulance also arrived.

Henry jumped from the ambulance in a white coat, "Where is the wounded?"

"Here!" Violet raised her hand.

Seeing that it was her, Henry was a little surprised. Then he walked quickly over, "Are you injured?"

"It's not me. It's George. Dr. Baxter, George has a car accident. Please help him!" Violet eagerly pulled him with one hand, and pointed at George in the car with one hand.

Henry looked in the direction she was pointing. Seeing George who was seriously injured, he took a breath, and then hurriedly said to the ambulance staff, "Stretcher!"

Soon, George was lifted from the car by two male nurses and placed on a stretcher.

Henry knelt on the ground and gave George simple first aid to stop the bleeding.

Violet also knelt aside, clenching her hands together nervously, looking at George worriedly, "Dr. Baxter, George will be fine, right?"

"Without professional equipment, I can't give you a clear answer. But don't worry, I will try my best to save him. He is Ivy's attending physician." Henry took the time to give her a relieved smile and signaled her not to worry.

But how could Violet not worry? Not only worry, but also blame herself.

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George drove her back home to become like this.

If he didn't drive her back home, he wouldn't have any accidents at all!

"Okay, the blood has stopped. Now, we are taking him to the hospital. Are you going with us?" Henry stood up, asking two male nurses to send George to the ambulance. Then he turned to ask Violet.

Violet nodded again and again, "Yes. I'm worried if I don't see him out of danger with my own eyes."

"Then get into the car." Henry waved his hand.

Violet gave a hmm, and got into the ambulance behind her.

Soon, they arrived at the hospital.

George was sent directly to the emergency room. Violet stood outside waiting eagerly.

While waiting, she did not forget to contact Jessie.

When Jessie received the call, she was instructing people to put the cloth into the warehouse. Hearing Violet say that George had been in a car accident, she felt a buzzy in her mind. It took a long time to

react. After saying "I'm coming", she hung up the phone.

About half an hour later, Jessie arrived. She first glanced at the red light on the emergency room, then grabbed Violet's hand and asked with tearful eyes, "Violet, tell me how George had the car accident?"

Violet told Jessie what happened.

After Jessie listened to it, she weakly let go of Violet's hand, and fell to the side chair, weeping silently.

Seeing this, Violet felt uneasy, and walked over to squat down in front of Jessie, "I'm sorry, Jessie..."

She knew that Jessie loved George very much.

Now George was in a car accident in order to drive her back home. Jessie must be the most upset one.

Jessie sniffed, but did not reply.

Violet felt even more guilty and shook Jessie's hand, "Jessie..."

"I'm fine." Jessie broke free of her hand and turned to look at the door of the emergency room.

Violet knew that Jessie was lying. She was just pretending. Violet opened her mouth and wanted to comfort Jessie, but she didn't know what to say.

Suddenly, there was a sound of footsteps.

Violet stood up, looked in the direction of the sound source, and was a little surprised to see Stanley and

Fraser coming one after another.

"Mr. Murphy, why are you here?" Violet raised the back of her hand and wiped the tear of her eyes, asking suspiciously.

Jessie took a look at Stanley, then set her gaze on the door again, without saying hello.

She was now full of worries about George, so she was not in the mood to say hello to others.

Stanley also ignored Jessie. He just looked at Violet's red eyes, and then at the closed door of the emergency room. He asked, "I heard Henry say that George had a car accident. I happened to be in the hospital. So I come to have a look. Are you okay?"

He looked at her up and down with concern.

When Henry contacted him, he told him that Violet was also there when George had a car accident. It was impossible to guarantee that she was not injured.

Violet shook her head and waved, "I'm fine. I was not in the car when George had an accident."

"Really? That's fine." Stanley nodded, feeling relieved.

But the next second, when he saw the dry blood on her hand, he asked anxiously, "Your hands get hurt?"

Violet looked at the palm of her hands and smiled indifferently, "When I smashed the car window, they were cut by the glass."

"Fraser." Stanley turned his head and called Fraser.

"Yes!" Fraser knew, turned and left.

A few minutes later, Fraser came back, carrying a bag with something like iodine gauze bandage in it.

Fraser handed the things to Stanley. After Stanley took it, he walked to the row of chairs which Jessie sat and then he sat down. Looking at Violet, he patted the position next to him, "Come here!" _____Chapter 166 Intentional

Violet knew that he was going to bandage her hands. She shook her head, and put her hands to her back, "No need, Mr. Murphy. It's just some minor injuries, not serious."

"Not serious?" Stanley's eyes were cold. He pulled her wrist directly, turning her palm over.

Her palms were bloody and fleshy. Even her flesh turned out. It was frightening to look at. Fraser couldn't help but gasped.

"Isn't it serious?" Stanley looked at Violet with a gloomy face.

Jessie, who was a seat away from him, heard him, finally stopped staring at the door of the emergency room, turned her head and looked at Violet's palms.

Seeing that the palms of her hands were almost covered by glass fragments, she pursed her lips and persuaded, "Violet, just listen to Mr. Murphy. You are a designer. Your hands can't be hurt."

Jessie's words immediately made Violet compromise. After nodding, Violet obediently sat down in the position where Stanley had just patted.

Stanley's face eased a lot. He opened the bag and took out the stuff. Then he began to clean and disinfect the wound on the palms of her hands.

Fraser and Jessie were not idle either. One handed cotton swab and the other cut the bandages. Violet became the only idler who was also being served.

After the bandage, Stanley let go of Violet's hands, "Okay, don't get them wet for a short time. Or you will get inflammation."

Violet touched the back of her hand and nodded repeatedly, "I see."

She could still vaguely feel the temperature in the palm of his hand on the back of her hand.

"Go to investigate George's car accident. See it's accidental or... Besides, go to police station, letting them deal with George's car." Stanley fastened the bag and handed it to Fraser.

After Fraser took it, just when he was about to answer, Jessie squeezed him away, stood in front of Stanley, and bowed deeply to Stanley, "Thank you, Mr. Murphy."

Stanley looked at Jessie, who had such a big reaction, and couldn't help raising his eyebrows.

Did this woman have that kind of feelings for George?

Seeming to understand Stanley's thoughts, Violet nodded to him.

A gleam of light flashed in Stanley's eyes, but it was fleeting. Stanley replied faintly, "No need."

Jessie straightened up, returned to the previous position and sat down, and continued to wait for the result.

After a long time, the light on the door of the emergency room finally went out.

Jessie was the first to notice it. After she was refreshed, she immediately stood in the middle of the door. Her eyes fixed on the crack of the door.

The door was opened and Henry came out from inside.

Jessie grabbed him, "Doctor, how is George?"

Henry was taken aback by her fierce reaction. When he was about to ask who she was, he saw Stanley and Violet behind her. Then he knew that she was Violet's friend, so he gently pulled out his hand and replied, "Don't worry. He's fine. It's just a few broken ribs and some concussions. He will recover in a month or two."

"Really?" Jessie put her hand on her chest and smiled.

Violet walked to her and patted her on the shoulder, "Jessie, so great. George is fine."

"Yeah." Jessie buried her head on Violet's chest and cried happily.

Violet patted her back and coaxed silently.

Stanley watched this scene expressionlessly. Especially when he saw the location where Jessie buried her head, his eyes darkened. The aura around his body became tense.

Henry noticed it. Then he looked at Stanley with a smile, his eyes full of teasing.

"Stanley, I really don't know you even felt jealous of women." Henry reached Stanley's ear and said in a low voice.

Stanley knocked Henry away coldly with his elbow.

Henry was bumped into the ribs, groaned in pain, covered his stomach and bent down.

Hearing it, Violet and Jessie both looked at him.

"Dr. Baxter, what's wrong with you?" Violet asked curiously.

Henry glanced at Stanley, whose face was still cold, and forced a smile, "I'm fine, but my stomach hurts a bit. I have something else to do. Dr. Joe will be transferred to the general ward soon. You can visit him in the ward soon."

"Okay, thank you." Jessie nodded gratefully.

Henry waved his hand, gave Stanley a look of "you are really cruel" and left.

Ten minutes later, as Henry said, George was pushed out and sent to the general ward.

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After entering the ward, Jessie stayed by the bedside of George, holding his hand, looking at him with affection and concern.

Violet stood aside and did not disturb her.

Stanley leaned on the door frame of the ward, squinted his eyes and looked at Violet in the distance. Seeing her self-blaming and helpless appearance, he pursed his thin lips, temporarily dispelling the thought of leaving.

Forget it! Just stay here with her for a while. He didn't return to Ivy's ward until she felt better.

None of the three people at the scene spoke. In the huge ward, there were no other voices except the ticking of electronic instruments.

It wasn't until Violet's phone rang that the silence in the ward was broken.

Violet quickly took the phone out of her bag. Stanley glanced down at her screen. It was the call from 'home'.

It should be Lily, or Calvin.

Sure enough, after Violet answered the call, she said, "Hey, Calvin."

"Mommy, this is Arya, where are you? Why are you not coming back? Brother and I are hungry." Arya's soft voice came, making people feel so cute.

Violet's face was full of sorry, "I'm sorry, baby. Mommy has forgotten."

Stanley looked at her in surprise.

She didn't plan to tell the two children about George?

"Well, I forgive Mommy, but when will Mommy be back?" Arya asked with pouting.

Calvin stood next to her, and put his ear on the landline microphone with her. But where he put was on the back of the microphone.

Violet checked her watch, only to realize that it was already one o'clock in the afternoon. No wonder the two children were hungry.

Just as Violet was about to answer that she would be back in a while, Jessie by the hospital bed turned her head and said, "Violet, go back first."

"But George..." Violet's eyes fell on the hospital bed.

Stanley narrowed his eyes.

She planned to stay here to take care of him?

"It doesn't matter. I'm here. The two children are at home. Can you rest assured to leave them home?"
Jessie smiled at Violet.

Violet didn't know what to say.

She was really not at ease to leave two children at home.

"All right! I'll come later." Violet said.

Jessie gave a hmm, then turned her head back.

Violet picked up the bag and looked up at Stanley, "Mr. Murphy, will you leave?"

Stanley nodded, "Of course."

He didn't want to see George. Besides, he was not familiar with Jessie. So why did he stay here?

The reason why he stayed here for so long was also because of her.

The two gently closed the door of the ward and went out.

In the elevator, Stanley proposed to drive her back, but Violet resolutely rejected it.

It was just because George drove her back, he had a car accident. She still had psychological shadow. So she didn't dare to let him drive her back.

What if something went wrong when he drove her back?

Violet was so stubborn. Then Stanley didn't know what to do, so he could only watch her take a taxi.

Not long after she left, Fraser came back after dealing with the matter.

"How about it? Have you checked it out?" Stanley asked quietly as he went to Ivy's ward.

Fraser followed him and replied with a frown, "Yeah. It's intentional." __Chapter 167 The Truth About the Car Accident

Stanley paused and turned his head violently, "Intentional?"

"Yes." Fraser nodded.

Stanley's face sank, "Violet was next to him when George had a car accident. Could it be that the person was the one who wanted to kill Violet twice before?"

"Mr. Murphy, you guessed wrong this time." Fraser pushed his glasses and smiled.

Stanley stared at Fraser, "Say!"

Fraser touched the tip of his nose. Originally, he wanted to let Mr. Murphy guess it. Now being stared at by Mr. Murphy like this, he didn't dare to play any tricks. After clearing his throat, he seriously replied, "This car accident was planned by Dr. Joe himself. "

"What?" Stanley was stunned for a moment, then frowned, "Himself?"

"Yes, I caught the driver who caused the accident based on the monitoring of that section of the road. According to the driver's disclosure, he did this after receiving Dr. Joe's money." Fraser replied.

Stanley narrowed his eyes, "What's the reason?"

"It's for Violet." Fraser lowered his voice, "You also know that Dr. Joe has that kind of feelings for Violet, but Violet doesn't like him. She likes you. Then he became anxious, so he planned this car accident and wanted to have a car accident in front of Violet. In that case, he could make Violet feel guilty towards him, thus..."

"I see." Stanley interrupted Fraser.

George deliberately wanted Violet to think it was her that caused him to have the car accident.

In this way, she would feel guilty for George. Then George could use this guilt to ask her to be with him. Such a trick!

"When he did this, he was not afraid to die on the spot?" Stanley squinted and sneered.

Fraser looked serious, "Speaking of which, Dr. Joe really shouldn't have been injured so badly."

"Huh?" Stanley looked at him.

Fraser frowned and said, "The driver said that Dr. Joe only asked him to smash Dr. Joe into a minor injury, but he didn't know why when he crashed, the brakes suddenly got out of control. That's why Dr. Joe became so miserable."

"The brakes were out of control?" Stanley felt a little confused, "Is it an accident?"

Fraser thought for a while and replied, "It should be. I asked someone to check the brakes of that car. It doesn't seem to have been damaged by someone. So this time, it was Dr. Joe who was so unlucky."

Stanley sneered, "But he's not dead. It's a mixed blessing."

"Yes." Fraser nodded in agreement, and then asked, "Do you want to tell Violet and Miss Robinson about this truth?"

Stanley's eyes flashed, "No, Violet won't believe it even if I tell her. In her eyes, George is a gentle and innocent doctor, not someone who can do these things. Even if the driver who caused the accident is a witness, it's useless. She would think that it's us who ask the driver to say that, not to mention Jessie."

If Jessie knew the true face of George, she would not necessarily continue to love George.

That was not what Stanley wanted to see. He wanted to help Jessie and let Jessie take the initiative to pursue George. Only in this way, George had no time to pester Violet.

Fraser didn't know what Stanley was thinking. He touched his chin, a little unwilling, "Is it just hiding from Violet like this?"

Stanley put his hands in his trouser pocket, "I asked you to check the information about George. How is it going?"

Fraser shook his head, "He is quite mysterious. What I can find is his rich resume, and the information specifically for people to check. There is no progress, as if it has been covered up."

"Is it?" Stanley turned his head back and walked forward again.

Originally, he thought, George, a person who was good at disguising and had psychological problems, must have done something shameful in secret. He wanted to find it out and let Violet know the true face of George.

But now it didn't seem to work. So he could only let Violet see it with her own eyes when George made another move next time.

In the evening, Violet came to the hospital again with two children.

As soon as Calvin and Arya entered the ward, they ran to the bedside, crying to make George wake up.

Violet didn't stop them, just let them go. She handed the thermos in her hand to Jessie, "I made some chicken soup for you. Eat some."

Jessie shook her head and put the chicken soup aside, "George hasn't woken up yet. I don't have any appetite for the time being."

"Did the doctor say when he can wake up?" Violet looked at her.

Jessie rubbed her tired eyebrows, "It's either midnight or tomorrow morning."

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"That's not too late." Violet pulled a chair away and sat down.

Jessie also sat next to her, "By the way, in the afternoon, Fraser called me and told me that George's car accident was an accident. The driver who caused the accident was drunk and drove, so he hit George accidentally."

"So that's it." Violet breathed a sigh of relief.

It was just an accident. She was afraid it was not an accident. If it was intentional, it would mean that the man behind the scenes who wanted to kill her some time ago made another move.

If in that case, George had been implicated by her. Even she dies, she couldn't pay off. But although it was an accident this time, it was also because of her. So she still had to take responsibility.

"Violet, you can go back later. I want to go to George's house and help him pack up some things for hospitalization." Jessie suddenly stood up and said to Violet.

"Are you going to take care of him?" Violet looked up at Jessie.

Jessie said, "I want to take care of him until he gets better. You also know, George usually ignores me. Only in this situation can I get closer to him."

"Okay, I am here waiting for you to come back." Violet stood up.

She thought this might be an opportunity.

An opportunity to ease the relationship between Jessie and George.

"Okay, then I'm leaving." After finishing speaking, Jessie picked up the bag and left the ward.

Violet followed her to the door of the ward and watched her disappear in the corner of the corridor before closing the door and returning to the ward again.

The two children were still crying.

Violet walked over, putting both hands on the shoulders of the two children, "Okay, don't cry. Otherwise, you guys can't speak in a while."

Calvin stopped crying and looked up at Violet with his tearful eyes, "Mommy, Godfather will be fine, right?"

Arya also looked at her, sobbing.

Violet touched the heads of the two children, "He will be fine. Don't worry."

The two children believed her and nodded.

At this time, the door of the ward was knocked.

Violet took her hands away from the heads of the two children, turned around and asked at the door, "Who is it?"

"It's me." A gentle female voice heard outside the door.

Violet froze.

It was Ivy!

Why was she here?

Without thinking about it, Violet took children to the bathroom, while responding to the door, "Wait a minute. I'm coming."

After speaking, she pushed the two children into the bathroom. Under the blank gaze of the two children, she bowed slightly and said, "Sweeties, you guys are obedient there. Don't make any noise, okay?"

Yesterday in Stanley's villa, she realized that she couldn't let people who knew Stanley see the two children again. The more people saw them, the sooner the identity of the two children would be revealed.

Especially for Ivy, who would marry Stanley in the future. She couldn't let Ivy see them even more.

"Why?" Calvin looked at Violet.

Arya also tilted her head.

Violet didn't know how to explain to them. She said with smile, "Because the lady outside doesn't like children, so you have to be obedient. When we go back later, how about buying you guys ice cream?"

"Okay, I want ice cream." Arya jumped up happily when she heard that she had something to eat.

"You just know to eat." Calvin rolled his eyes at his sister. Although he guessed that Mommy must be lying, he nodded and agreed when he saw his sister was so happy.

"Good!" Violet kissed the two children, closed the bathroom door, then walked to the door of the ward and opened the door. _Chapter 168 Ivy's Threat

Ivy, dressed in a blue and white patient gown, smiled and waved to Violet, "Miss Hunt, good evening."

"Good evening." Violet smiled back, and then asked, "Miss Ellis, is there anything else?"

"I heard from Henry that Dr. Joe had a car accident, so I came to have a look. It's so late. Did I bother you guys?" Ivy looked behind Violet.

"No, George hasn't woken up yet. Come in, Miss Ellis." Violet let go of the doorknob and gave the way to Ivy.

Ivy nodded, thanked her and went in.

Violet closed the door and followed behind her.

Ivy went straight to the bed, while Violet went to the drinking fountain in the corner to get the water.

After getting the water, Violet returned to Ivy and handed her the disposable cup, "Miss Ellis, drink some water."

"Thank you." Ivy quickly took it with a smile, but there was a flash of disgust in her eyes.

Violet didn't see it. So she just waved her hand, "You're welcome, Miss Ellis, please have a seat."

"Okay." Ivy replied, put the cup aside and sat down, obviously without the intention to drink.

Violet didn't think much, but thought Ivy was not thirsty.

"Miss Hunt, is Dr. Joe okay?" Ivy asked, looking at George who looked pale on the hospital bed and got infusion.

Violet said, "Nothing serious. He will recover in a month or two."

"It seems that Dr. Joe will not be able to continue to serve as my attending doctor in the future." Ivy sighed, showing a touch of loss on her sick and haggard face.

Violet also pulled a chair away and sat down, "Miss Ellis seems to really like George to be your attending doctor?"

"Almost. He has good medical skills. I had a splitting headache every day after I woke up. Since he performed the operation on me, my head hasn't hurt anymore. I can walk because of him. Besides, he is also a very good partner."

Ivy pulled the quilt for George.

Watching her movements, Violet frowned, "Partner? Miss Ellis, have you cooperated with George?"

"Yes." Ivy nodded.

Violet became more curious, and bit her lower lip, "What kind of cooperation?"

One of them was a doctor and the other was a patient.

Violet really couldn't imagine what they could cooperate.

Ivy's eyes flashed, but her face was a little embarrassed, "I'm afraid I can't tell you. This is my secret with Dr. Joe, but you will know it. Miss Hunt, you will be surprised at that time and you will see a different Dr. Joe."

"Oh?" Violet raised her eyebrows, feeling that there was other meaning in Ivy's words, and there was a hint of weirdness in her tone.

Was it an illusion?

Violet bowed her head thoughtfully.

When Ivy saw Violet suddenly silent, she smirked. Then she moved her face closer to Violet, "What are you thinking about?"

Violet's thoughts were interrupted. Ivy's face came into her eyes. Violet couldn't help but was startled. She trembled, and it took several seconds to recover. Then she replied with a grudging smile, "Nothing."

"Well, since you don't want to say, just forget it. It's getting late, I should go back too. Otherwise, Henry will say something to me again when he sees I'm not in the ward." Ivy smiled and stood up with supporting the railing.

Violet also got up, "I will walk you out."

Ivy did not refuse.

Violet walked her to the door.

Ivy leaned on the wall and walked forward slowly.

Seeing her walking a few steps, Violet suddenly thought of something and called her to stop, "Miss Ellis."

Hearing it, Ivy turned to look at her, "Is there anything else?"

Violet clenched her fists, "Didn't I answer your call with Mr. Murphy's phone? I..."

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"I know what you are going to say." Ivy smiled interrupted her, "Stanley has already explained to me. Don't worry. I don't mind."

Hearing this, Violet breathed a sigh of relief.

But the next second, Ivy's smile on her face faded, and her voice became less gentle, "But Miss Hunt, it's important for people to know themselves. Since you know the situation between me and Stanley, you should keep your distance from Stanley. Although I have a gentle temper, I will also be jealous, so..."

Ivy squinted her eyes, "I'm not sure I will do something to you because of jealousy, so Miss Hunt, I hope you won't get close to Stanley in the future, understand?"

Violet was stunned for a while, then quickly explained, "Miss Ellis, you have misunderstood. I have never approached Mr. Murphy on the initiative."

"I know you haven't. But you're often with Stanley, aren't you?" Ivy stared at Violet as if to see something from her face.

Violet suddenly became speechless.

Because she couldn't deny that she had indeed gotten closer to Stanley recently.

Although every time they met by chance, they would stay together for a while.

Seeing Violet lowering head, Ivy knew that Violet knew that she was wrong. Then Ivy looked away faintly, "Miss Hunt, since you think what I said is the truth, please do as I said just now, so as not to regret it in the future."

After saying this, she turned her head back, and continued to walk towards the elevator with supporting the wall.

Violet pursed her lips and looked at Ivy's back, her face a little bad.

Were her words a threat or a warning?

Maybe both!

Violet lowered her eyes and knew clearly that no matter what it was, she really should stay away from Stanley. Although she had said this every time before, she had never really done it.

But this time, she had to do it. She couldn't let it continue any longer. Phoebe was enough for her to feel difficult.

If there was another Ivy, her future life could be imagined how dangerous it would be.

After taking a long breath, Violet closed the door of the ward and went back.

At the same time, the bathroom door was opened. Calvin pulled the sleepy Arya out of it.

Violet stepped forward, picked Arya up, patted her on the back lightly, and coaxed her to sleep.

Calvin stood in front of Violet and looked at her, "Mommy, did that lady leave?"

"Yeah." Violet looked down at him. Seeing the dissatisfaction on his little face, she couldn't help but raised her eyebrows, "Baby, don't you like the lady just now?"

Calvin wrinkled his little nose, "No, I don't like her."

"Why?" Violet put Arya, who was already asleep, on the sofa.

Calvin climbed onto the chair and sat down, "I don't know. I just don't like her anyway."

"Okay." Seeing that he couldn't tell the reason, Violet stopped asking.

Just forget it.

Anyway, the little guy wouldn't meet Ivy.

"Baby, are you sleepy?" Violet took a blanket and covered it with Arya, not forgetting to turn back to ask Calvin.

Calvin shook his head to show that he was not sleepy.

Violet didn't pay attention on him. Then she took out her mobile phone, sat next to Arya, and went online.

About two hours later, Jessie came back with some bags.

Violet put away the phone and helped Jessie sort out those bags

After doing this, Violet was about to take the two children back. After all, it was almost midnight. The two children still had to sleep.

"Here you are." Jessie handed Violet a car key.

Chapter 169 Dealing with the Blind Date

Violet knew that Jessie wanted her to drive back. She felt warm and took the key, "Thank you."

"You're welcome. But Violet, you should buy a car." Jessie waved her hand and smiled.

Violet nodded, "It's time to buy it. Besides, I don't want to take a taxi every time and let others drive me back."

Especially George's car accident today made her realize it.

In case someone drove her back and had some accidents someday, she was really going crazy. So it was better to buy a car by herself. Then even if there were some accidents, it would not hurt others.

Silently putting the matter of buying a car on the agenda, Violet held the sleeping Arya in one hand, and Calvin in the other hand, and left the hospital.

The next day, after Violet drove Arya to kindergarten, she took Calvin to the 4S shop to choose a car.

She didn't plan to buy expensive one. It was only for her daily life, so she didn't ask for that much.

Violet took Calvin's hand and walked around in front of ordinary cars, and finally chose a white one.

"That's it." Violet patted the front of the car and said to the salesman on the side.

When the salesman was just about to respond, a frivolous male voice came from behind, "Give the white one behind to this lady."

"Mommy, it's uncle." Calvin reminded Violet while pulling her hand.

"Mommy knows." Violet stared Ivan, who was walking towards this side, and responded.

Ivan stopped in front of Violet. He smiled at Violet mother and her son, then put away the smile, turned around and said to the salesman, "Did you not hear what I just said? Go to arrange!"

"Yes." The salesman recognized him, nodded repeatedly, and went to prepare the contract.

After the salesman left, Ivan turned his eyes back to the mother and son, "Violet, long time no see."

Violet smiled back, "It's been a long time since I saw Director Murphy. Why are you here?"

She indeed hadn't seen him in a while.

It seemed that he disappeared after donating the blood.

"This is one of the stores I invested in. I came to inspect it today. I saw you here, so I came over to say hello. By the way, how about the little guy? Have you recovered?" Ivan looked down at Calvin and stretched out his hand, trying to touch Calvin's head.

But Calvin let go of Violet's hand and hid behind her.

Ivan's hands froze in the air. The expression on his face also froze for a second.

Seeing this, Violet bowed to him embarrassedly, "Sorry, Director Murphy, the kid is timid, so..."

"It's okay." Ivan smiled again, put his hand back into his trouser pocket, "This is only the second time I see Calvin. It's normal for him to beware of me. It will be fine when we get acquainted with each other in the future. After all, I'm his uncle."

Speaking of this, Ivan turned his eyes slightly, and suddenly squatted down, looking at Calvin, "Calvin, call me Uncle!"

Of course Calvin didn't call. He held Violet's leg, staring at him vigilantly.

Ivan was not annoyed. He stood up disappointedly, "Hey, it seems that I can't hear it."

"Sorry, Director Murphy..." Violet apologized again.

Logically, she should ask Calvin to call Ivan Uncle. After all, he saved Calvin last time.

But she was also afraid that Calvin was accustomed to it. If they met Stanley in the future and Stanley happened to hear that Calvin called Ivan like this, he would definitely doubt Calvin's identity again.

"Never mind." Ivan waved his hand, as if he didn't mind. Instead, he asked the other staffs in the store to get some food for the little guy.

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Although the little guy was precocious and clever, he was still a child after all. He couldn't move his eyes away when he saw so much food.

Violet felt soft, bent slightly and patted his shoulder, "Go."

"Yeah." Calvin nodded happily, and went to the rest area not far away to eat snacks.

At this time, the salesman who had just left came back with the contract and handed the contract to Violet.

Violet took a look and frowned, "This is not the car I want."

"This is what Mr. Murphy just selected for you." The salesman replied with a smile.

"Yeah. Didn't I just say that? Let him give you the car behind. The car is better than that car you chose in terms of appearance and performance." Ivan pointed to the car of his choice.

Violet pursed her red lips, "Director Murphy, I have seen that car, but the price is beyond my expected range, so I gave up."

"How about I sell it you at the price of this car?" Ivan patted the car which Violet chose.

Violet squinted her eyes, then shook her head, "No, Director Murphy, no gains without pains."

After speaking, she returned the contract in her hand to the salesman, "Please give me the contract of this car."

The salesman looked at Ivan.

Ivan nodded slightly, "Just do what this lady said."

"Okay." The salesman left again.

Stanley touched his chin and looked at Violet, "Are you so unwilling to accept my kindness?"

Violet fluffed her hair and laughed, "I know you won't let yourself suffer any loss. If I accept your kindness this time, you must make a condition and let me do something for you. What's more, because of Calvin, I already owe you a favor. I don't want to owe it anymore!"

Hearing this, Ivan was taken aback for a moment, and then laughed.

"Violet, you're so clever." He pushed his glasses, "Will you help me?"

Violet shook her head without hesitation, "I'm sorry, Director Murphy, unless you ask me with the kindness of saving Calvin. As for other things, I don't think I am obligated to help you."

"You are really unfeeling." Ivan smiled bitterly. The next second, his tone changed, "But you have to agree even if you don't want to agree. The snacks that Calvin eats are not cheap. They are all abroad. You

have to pay me back. I am a businessman and I never give people anything for free, so..."

He looked at Violet with a smile.

Violet's face sank, "Director Murphy, you are really sinister."

Hearing the ridicule in her tone, Ivan didn't care. He smiled, "Not really. I just guessed that you would refuse, so I prepared it in advance."

Violet clenched her fists, "How much are those snacks? I will pay you double.

"I don't want money." Ivan waved his hands, "I only need your help. Don't worry. It's just a small favor."

Violet took a deep breath, barely suppressing the anger. Then she said coldly, "Say."

"Very simple, all you have to do is..." Ivan leaned to her ear and murmured a few words to her.

After Violet listened, her eyes widened, "What? You let me pretend to be your wife, let Calvin pretend to be your son, and help you deal with the blind date?"

"Huh?" When Calvin heard Mommy mention his name, he blinked and looked over curiously.

Ivan nodded, "Yes, it's easy, right?" __Chapter 170 Acting

"This matter..."

"Deal. Let's go, honey!" Ivan didn't give Violet a chance to finish speaking, grabbing her wrist and walking to the rest area.

"My car!" Violet looked back at the car as she walked.

Ivan said with a smile, "The car can't run. Just sign the contract when you come back later."

After speaking, he let go of her and picked Calvin up from the sofa.

"Let go of me." Calvin kicked Ivan, struggling to get down.

Ivan hugged him tightly and patted his ass, "Boy, you are my son now."

"Mommy?" Hearing this, Calvin widened his eyes in disbelief and looked at Violet on the side.

Violet rubbed her temples and was about to speak.

Ivan walked outside the store, holding Calvin.

"Hey!" Violet was taken aback and chased him out immediately.

On the way to the hotel restaurant, Violet finally compromised and agreed to help Ivan deal with the blind date.

After arriving at the hotel, Ivan got off the car and went to the hotel to meet that girl first, so that Violet and Calvin stayed in the car. When they received his message, they could go there.

After waiting for almost half an hour, Violet's phone vibrated and received a text message from Ivan.

"Son, are you ready?" Violet put away the phone after reading the text message and looked at Calvin beside her.

Calvin nodded, "I'm ready, Mommy."

"Okay, let's go. Finish it early and then we can go back." Violet opened the door, took the little guy out of the car and put him on the ground, then closed the door. She took the little guy's hand into the hotel.

After entering, she confirmed the direction first, and then walked towards the elevator.

Coming to the floor where the private room was located, Violet found Ivan's private room. Then she took a deep breath, and pushed the door in.

As she entered, the door to the opposite room was just opened. A group of men in suits and leather shoes came out from inside. The man in the lead was the most eye-catching.

"Mr. Murphy, the one who just went in seems to be Violet, right?" Fraser looked at opposite room and reminded Stanley quietly.

Stanley raised his chin slightly, "It's her."

"Why is she here? She still carried her son with her." Fraser pushed his glasses suspiciously.

Stanley's eyes were dark and he didn't speak.

Fraser hesitated for a few seconds, "Or, let me ask the hotel who else is in that room?"

"It's up to you." Stanley faintly said these words, and walked away with a group of people, leaving Fraser standing there.

Looking at the back of a group of people, Fraser curled his lips slightly. Obviously, Mr. Murphy cared about the people that Violet would meet, but he pretended to be indifferent.

Wasn't he tired?

Shaking his head helplessly, Fraser took out his cell phone and dialed the number of the hotel.

The moment Violet entered the room, the expression on her face became very angry. She shouted, "Ivan, what are you doing here?"

Ivan was facing the door. When he saw her sudden changed face, he was amazed at her acting skills, and then he was startled by her roar in the next second.

Also scared was the sexy woman opposite him.

The woman turned her head in dissatisfaction, revealing a face with heavy makeup. No one could see her original appearance. She looked at Violet dissatisfiedly, "Who are you?"

INTERESTING FOR YOUAdskeeper

A 25-Year-Old Becomes The Richest Man In His City

Iconic Movie That Has A Secret Ending That You Never Got To See

Violet ignored her, stepped forward to Ivan with Calvin angrily, then let go of Calvin's hand. She smashed Ivan with her bag, "Ivan, you dare to have meal with other women behind my back!"

Ivan felt the pain from his body. While raising his hand to protect his face, he pretended to know that he was wrong, begging for mercy, "Baby, I was wrong. I was really wrong. Stop!"

This woman was so cruel!

She was definitely revenging for his trap in the 4S shop just now.

Calvin was also surprised by the violent behavior of his Mom. But when he saw Ivan dodge repeatedly, he covered his mouth and laughed.

Violet hit Ivan more than a dozen times in a row. Finally, she vented her anger out. She felt relieved a lot. She put down her bag, pointed at the woman on the opposite side, and asked Ivan coldly, "Who is she!"

Ivan didn't answer. The woman patted the table and stood up, "I still want to know who you are! You actually kick up a fuss in my blind date?"

"Blind date?" Violet's face paled, as if she had been hit by a big blow. She shivered. After two steps back, she looked at Ivan sadly, "Ivan, you bastard! We got married. Our son is here. You actually came out on a blind date. You... I will kill you!"

After she finished speaking, Violet raised the bag again and slammed it on him.

Ivan didn't expect that she would do hit him again. He quickly picked up the menu on the table and kept himself from Violet's hitting.

Calvin did not forget his responsibilities. He cried, "Daddy is bad. Don't want Mommy or me..."

For a while, the sound of beatings, begging for mercy, and the crying of children mixed together in the room. The scene was very chaotic.

The woman felt so noisy that she stood up and stomped her feet, "Enough!"

Hearing it, Violet stopped. Ivan also put down the menu. Calvin also stopped crying.

The little guy didn't shed any tears at all.

The three of them look at the woman at the same time.

The woman's chest fluctuated violently. She pointed at Ivan tremblingly, "Are you married?"

Ivan straightened his glasses and nodded, "I'm sorry I lied to you. I got married five years ago. This is my wife and this is my son."

He put his arm around Violet's waist and touched Calvin's head with the other.

Violet was shivered by his words, and got goose bumps all over. She wanted to push him away.

But thinking that she was still acting now, she could only hold back.

"Got married five years ago? Why have I never heard it? Mr. Sam actually let me go on a blind date with you?" The woman looked at Violet and then at Calvin. Her voice was sharp.

Violet lowered her head sadly and wiped her tears, "That's because we are not recognized, so we have always been hidden marriages. I thought if we insist on holding on for a few years, we could get well. But I didn't expect this bastard to listen to his father's words. He actually came out on a blind date."

Ivan was speechless.

This woman actually lied without blushing!

Seeing Ivan not speaking, the woman had completely believed in Violet. She was going to be mad, "You got married but you still went on a blind date with me? You! It's so shameless!"

After she finished speaking it, she picked up the red wine and splashed on Ivan's face vigorously in Violet's exclamation.

Listening to the door being slammed shut, Violet and Calvin shivered at the same time.

Soon Violet swallowed her saliva and looked at Ivan embarrassedly, "Director Murphy, are you okay?"

Ivan was sullen, wiping the red wine on his face and hair. Hearing what she said, he smiled and replied, "What do you think of? See the wine on my face! You think I'm okay? You did it all!"

Violet didn't dare to look into his eyes and twisted her fingers, "Well, didn't you let me help you ruin the blind date? If I didn't do that, the lady just now definitely wouldn't believe it. See, she left so simply and effectively. Isn't it great?" Chapter 171 Distance Herself from the Event

"It's pretty good. But I only asked you to play as my wife at the beginning, but I didn't ask you to beat me, so can I think that you are avenging? My wife?" Ivan stood up and leaned close to Violet.

Violet took Calvin back a step, "Stop! When did I become your wife?"

"I also want to know, when you became his wife and Calvin became his son!" Suddenly the door was pushed open, Stanley exuded a cold aura. He looked at Violet angrily.

"Uncle Murphy." Calvin called to him.

Stanley looked down and nodded gently to Calvin, which was regarded as a response.

Then when he raised his head again, his face returned to its gloom. He walked in step by step. Fraser followed behind him.

"Mr. Murphy, why are you here?" Violet asked in a daze, looking at the approaching man.

Stanley did not answer, but stopped in front of her, staring at her ragingly, "You haven't answered my question. When did you become his wife?"

He pointed to Ivan and asked again.

In the face of his strong questioning, Violet felt a little guilty and was ready to explain.

However, at this moment, Ivan crossed his arms on his chest and said playfully, "I will answer this

question. Just now."

"Shut up. I didn't ask you!" Stanley squinted dangerously.

Ivan shrugged, "Fine. I don't speak anymore!"

Stanley then looked away from him and stared at Violet again.

"Mommy, Uncle Murphy seems to be angry." Calvin pulled the corner of Violet's clothes.

Violet patted the back of his hand, "Mommy knows. You go aside obediently."

"Okay." Calvin also knew that this was a matter between adults, and he couldn't participate, so he loosened the corner of her clothes obediently and sat down on the sofa in the corner of the room.

Stanley glanced at Fraser.

Fraser nodded knowingly, and went to the sofa to accompany Calvin.

Only Violet, Stanley and Ivan were left in the same place.

Violet took a breath, "Mr. Murphy, I didn't become Director Murphy's wife. It's a misunderstanding. I helped Director Murphy..."

"Violet, why did you explain to him?" Ivan looked at Stanley and interrupted with a smile, "Stanley has nothing to do with you. You guys are just ordinary friends. You explain this to him like this. If I don't know, I will think you are his girlfriend."

Hearing this, Violet looked startled.

Yes, why did she explain to Stanley?

They had nothing to do with each other. She hurried to explain, as if she wanted to get involved with him. She had only made decision last night, which was that she had to stay away from Stanley. But why she forgot it!

Violet bit her lip in annoyance and said nothing.

Seeing her listening to Ivan's words and fell silent, Stanley clenched his fists. The cold aura around him was even more.

But Ivan didn't think the matter was messy enough. He said with smile, "Stanley, you asked Violet these questions as soon as you came in. In what identity did you question her?"

Identity?

Stanley pursed his thin lips, but did not answer

Ivan pushed his glasses and smiled lowly, "You can't answer? Because you don't have any identifies. Violet has nothing to do with you. So you are not qualified to question her. What she did is none of your business!"

"Really?" Stanley squinted at Violet, "Do you think so too?"

Violet closed her eyes, as if she had made up her mind. When she opened her eyes again, there was nothing but desertedness left in her eyes, "Yes, as Director Murphy said, I and you are just the most common friends, so please don't take the posture of my lover and ask me."

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A 25-Year-Old Becomes The Richest Man In His City

He's Using This Secret Trick To Make Millions

Stanley was stunned. He was so angry.

Ivan was also a little surprised.

He knew that she loved was Stanley.

But he didn't expect that she would listen to his words and completely distanced everything from Stanley. Why?

Ivan looked at Violet with interest, as if he wanted to see through something.

Fraser on the other side of the sofa couldn't listen anymore and stood up, "Violet, you've gone too far. Mr. Murphy knows that the person in the room is Director Murphy, so he came here, for fear that you would be bullied. I didn't expect you to treat Mr. Murphy like this."

"I..." Violet's lips trembled.

"You are not allowed to say that to my Mommy!" Calvin glared at Fraser with one hand on his hips.

"Fraser, you're wrong." Ivan also kept Violet behind, "Stanley came here specially, which is very touching, but for Violet, it is a moral kidnapping. She did not ask him. He came because he wanted to come. As soon as he came in, he questioned Violet as if she did something wrong. Who is wrong?"

"You..."

"Enough!" Stanley interrupted Fraser sharply. He pulled a long face. His eyes filled with emotion that Violet couldn't understand.

Violet felt a little uncomfortable. But thinking of Ivy's words last night and her own decision, she squeezed the palm of her hands and suppressed the sadness. Then she looked at Stanley, and said coldly, "I am very happy that Mr. Tang cares about me, but I really don't need it. Mr. Murphy should stay away from me in the future. Put your concern for me on the person who should be concerned. Don't hurt her. Otherwise, you will regret it later."

"What do you mean by this?" Stanley asked.

What did it mean to put the care for her on the person who he should care?

Who was that "she"?

Violet shook her head and didn't mean to answer Stanley. She beckoned Calvin over, turned her head and said to Ivan next to her, "Director Murphy, I helped you. I drove the person away. Now can I go back and get the car?"

"Of course!" Ivan replied, then cast a meaningful smile to Stanley. He followed the mother and son out of the room.

Fraser came in front of Stanley, looked at the door behind him, and said with a worried face, "Mr. Murphy, how did Violet's attitude toward you suddenly change so much?"

Obviously, she was so kind to him yesterday, and still talked and laughed with Mr. Murphy.

Why did it all change suddenly today? As if the Mr. Murphy was a poisonous beast, she couldn't wait to avoid it.

Stanley ordered, "Check who she met from yesterday to this morning."

"Mr. Murphy, are you suspicious that someone said something to Violet?"

Stanley raised his chin without comment.

"I see." Fraser nodded.

Outside the hotel, Ivan was also asking Violet a similar question. Why did she deliberately stay away from Stanley?

Violet still did not answer.

Seeing she was so stubborn, Ivan spread his hands, opened the car door and let her get in the car.

Soon, they arrived the 4S shop.

Ivan parked the car, "Thank you for your help today. Would you like to have dinner another day?"

Violet hugged Calvin and closed the car door. She replied blankly, "No, I'm afraid if I eat your meal, I will fall into the trap that you dug again."

Ivan leaned on the car window and laughed, "Violet, you are so cute. Okay, but recently, you have to accompany me to a place."

"Where?" Violet frowned. __

Chapter 172 The Grudges Between the Two Families

Ivan waved his hand mysteriously without answering. Then he rolled up the car window and drove away.

Seeing his car go away, Violet drooped her eyelids. No one knew what she was thinking.

"Mommy, let's go." Calvin took Violet's hand.

Violet cleared her mind and smiled at him, "Okay."

The mother and son walked into the 4S shop and signed the contract.

The car could be driven away directly with a temporary license plate.

So Violet was very straightforward and drove it away, ready to go back to the studio.

But on the way, she received a call from Jessie, "Violet, good news."

Listening to the unconcealed excitement and joy in Jessie's voice, Violet suddenly guessed what the good news was. She smiled, "Is George awake?"

"Yes." Jessie nodded repeatedly.

Violet was also very happy, "Then I'll come over right away."

After speaking, she pressed the Bluetooth headset on her ears, hung up the phone, turned around at the turntable intersection in front, and drove to the hospital.

In just half an hour, she arrived at the hospital.

Violet walked in with Calvin and shouted, "George!"

"Violet, you are here." George was drinking water with the straw. Hearing her voice, he barely raised his neck and managed a weak smile at her.

Violet gave a hmm, walked over, put Calvin down, and looked at George with concern, "How do you feel?"

Calvin also looked at him.

George shook his head and smiled bitterly, "It's not very good. Now I finally understand what it feels like for those patients who are lying in bed and unable to move."

Jessie put the water glass aside, "George, don't move. Be careful of your wounds."

"No need." George replied faintly. His attitude towards her and the attitude towards Violet were completely two extremes.

Jessie's face froze. Her eyes drooped dimly, then she didn't speak.

Seeing this, Violet felt a little sad, and said, "Jessie..."

"I'm fine. You guys talk. I'll go out and buy something." After speaking, Jessie picked up the bag, lowered her head to cover the expression on her face, and walked past Violet.

Violet stretched out her hand, trying to stop Jessie, but she was stopped by George, "Violet, leave her alone. Let her go. It would be better for her to go."

"Why?" Violet pushed Calvin aside and let him play by himself, then looked at George puzzledly, "I don't understand why you treat Jessie like this?"

Of the three of them, Jessie and George knew each other first, but Violet didn't know how early they knew.

She met them five years ago. At that time, George's attitude toward Jessie was not as cold as it was now. It only became like this three years ago. So what happened three years ago?

Hearing Violet's question, George's glasses were reflecting light, making it impossible to see the look in his eyes.

After a few seconds, he smiled faintly, "Violet, this is the grudge between the Robinson family and the Joe family, so don't ask."

Violet's eyes widened in surprise.

She thought it was just a problem between him and Jessie.

Unexpectedly, two families were involved, so she didn't ask anymore.

"Okay, I see." Violet nodded.

George raised his hand to take off his glasses and rubbed his eyes, "By the way, Violet, I heard Jessie said that Mr. Murphy handled the follow-up to my car accident?"

"Yes." Violet couldn't help but stunn for a while when she heard him suddenly mention Stanley.

George saw it and narrowed his eyes, "Then did Mr. Murphy say anything? For example, the cause of my car accident?"

"Yes, it was said that the driver was drunk and the brakes failed, which caused the car accident. Didn't Jessie tell you?" Violet tilted her head in confusion.

George saw that she really didn't know, and then he smiled, "No, maybe Jessie has forgotten it."

Jessie actually told him. But he was not sure whether Stanley said to Violet was different from what he told Jessie. But now it seemed to be the same.

INTERESTING FOR YOUAdskeeper

Islamabad Janitor Became A Millionaire Almost Overnight!

A Pakistani Man Has Accidentally Found A Way Of Earning More

But he didn't understand that since the driver who caused the accident was caught, Stanley must know that it was him who arranged the accident.

But Stanley didn't tell Violet the truth, why on earth? Shouldn't Stanley take this opportunity to let Violet know his true face and stay away from him?

"George, what are you thinking about?" Seeing George suddenly lost in thoughts, Violet waved her hand in front of him.

George's eyes flickered. He smiled again, "Nothing. I'm just rejoicing that I survived the car accident."

"I was scared to death yesterday. You had an accident as soon as I turned around." Violet gave him an angry look.

"Sorry, I didn't know it would be like this." George sighed.

Violet's face eased, "I am sorry. If it weren't for you to drive me back home, you wouldn't have any trouble, George, do you blame me?"

George shook his head, saying that he didn't blame her.

But Violet was still very sorry.

There was silence for a while. Then someone knocked on the door of the ward. It was Henry who

brought a few doctors in. When Henry saw Violet, he was surprised, "Violet, were you coming to see Dr. Joe again?"

"Yeah." Violet gave a hmm and nodded.

Henry frowned, "This is not good."

"What's wrong?" Violet blinked.

"If you come here too often, someone will be angry." Henry touched his chin.

Violet frowned suspiciously, "Who?"

"Of course..."

"Dr. Baxter, you are here for the rounds? But you left me, the patient, alone and chatted with my friend. Is that in line with professional ethics?" George interrupted Henry, pursing his lips.

Although he was still smiling on his face, the smile did not reach the bottom of his eyes, but rather cold.

Henry felt like he was being stared at by a poisonous snake. He couldn't help but shivered. He waved his hand and smiled, "Well, you go out first. I'm going to check on Dr. Joe."

"Okay." Violet nodded, feeling that the two men were a little strange, as if they were playing some riddles. Then she went out.

After the mother and son left, George finally questioned Henry. He pulled a long face, and looked at Henry sullenly, "You want to tell Violet that Stanley has feelings for her?"

Henry whistled with a guilty conscience, "I can't help it. Stanley is my friend. He likes Violet. I naturally have to help him."

"If you do this, will you not afraid that Ivy hates you?" George looked up at him.

Henry was stunned, and then he dropped his eyes, "Dr. Joe, it's none of your business. Lie down and let me examine the wound!"

With that said, he deliberately pressed George's wound.

George immediately snorted in pain, and cold sweat came out of his forehead.

Henry took the opportunity to open his patient gown and checked the wound.

After the examination and changing the medicine, Henry went out with a group of doctors.

Seeing them coming out, Violet hurriedly stood up straight, "Dr. Baxter, is the examination finished?"

"Yes, you can go in." Henry replied with a grin.

Violet stood still, "Dr. Baxter, in the ward just now, what were you and George hiding from me?"

Henry lowered his eyes and smiled, "What can we hide from you? Well, I'm going to check the next ward, bye!"

After speaking, he led the people behind him and walked past her.

Violet watched them enter the next ward and pursed her red lips. Then she took Calvin back to George's ward.

Since he didn't want to say, then forget it.

In the ward, George was calling someone. Seeing Violet coming in, he said "I got it" to the person on the other end of the phone and then hung up the phone.

"Who is it?" Violet asked curiously when she saw that he seemed to be unhappy. _Chapter 173
Warehouse Was on Fire

George put down the phone, rearranged his expression, and replied with a smile, "It's from the garage, saying that my car had been crashed too badly and it was not easy to repair, so advised me to buy a new one."

Hearing that, Violet recalled the situation of his car at that time. The whole front of the car was flat. It was really serious.

"Then buy a new one. It was crashed so badly. Even if it is repaired, the safety factor is not as high as the original one." Violet sat down.

George said, "It can only be this way."

Suddenly, there was a sound of opening the door.

Violet and George both looked over.

The door was opened. Jessie came in from outside carrying a big bag.

Seeing this, Violet quickly got up to help, "So heavy. What have you bought, Jessie?"

"I bought some cookers and a big bone. I am going to cook a big bone soup for George." Jessie took a look at George.

George's eyes flickered, and then he looked away.

Seeing that the atmosphere of the two of them had begun to become stiff and embarrassing again, Violet couldn't help but sighed, and then hurriedly clapped her hands and said, "Soup? I'm good at this. Jessie, I can help you!"

"Okay." Jessie agreed with a smile.

Afterwards, Violet led Calvin to follow Jessie and walked to the next public kitchen, where the hospital built for patients' family members to cook.

After the three people left, only George was left in the ward.

George picked up the phone next to his pillow again and dialed out the phone number with a gloomy face.

The phone was quickly connected. The woman said with slightly soft but a gleeful voice, "You are awake."

"Is it you?" George squinted.

The woman blinked, pretending to not understand, "Dr. Joe, what are you talking about? Why is me?"

"You sent someone to damage the brakes of that car!" George squeezed the phone tightly and said in a cold voice.

"Wow, you're really clever."

The woman covered her lips and chuckled, "But I did this for your own good. You said you want to get hurt for Violet and make Violet feel guilty for you. Then you can ask her to be with you. Bu just minor injuries are not enough, so I just wanted to make you hurt a little bit more serious, then her guilt would be more serious..."

"Huh, do you think I will believe your nonsense?" George interrupted her with a distorted face, "You just want to kill me, because I have evidence that you want to kill Violet."

The woman's laughter stopped.

George knew that he was right. The hand he was holding the phone trembled slightly, as if he was about to smash the phone.

"I advise you to dispel this idea. Do you think everything will be okay after you kill me? Do you believe

that as long as I die, the evidence will appear on the Internet immediately? It's not just that you wanted to kill violet but also the truth about Stanley's parents' accident!"

After saying it, George grinned and hung up the phone.

At the same time, Violet opened the door and came in.

George's eyes condensed. Then he quickly let go of the phone and arranged the expression on his face, returning to his usual gentle and elegant look, "Violet, is the soup ready?"

"No, I just came here to get the bag!" Violet said, walking towards the sofa, picking up the bag on the sofa and putting it on her shoulders.

George pursed his lips, "Are you leaving now?"

"Yeah, just now, the supervisor of the factory department of the studio called me and told me that something went wrong while making the clothes. He asked me to have a look." Violet nodded and turned back.

George waved his hand at her, "Be careful on the way."

"I will. I'll see you later."

After that, Violet went out, pulled Calvin's hand outside the door, and left the hospital.

In the next few days, Violet became busy.

In the morning, she drew design drawings in the studio, helped other designers modify the design

drawings and went to the factory to supervise the progress of the clothes production. Then she went to the hospital after picking up the children in the evening.

Sometimes, she had to go to Design Association to watch the previous knockout matches. She was so busy that she lost so much weight.

INTERESTING FOR YOUAdskeeper

Islamabad Janitor Became A Millionaire Almost Overnight!

He's Using This Secret Trick To Make Millions

Finally, the factory's first batch of ready-to-wear garments was finished. Before Violet could relax herself, something went wrong in the warehouse.

When the accident happened, she was discussing the purchase of the accessories about catwalk clothes with Aadam. After receiving a call from the warehouse manager, she stood up from the chair in shock, "What did you say? It's on fire?"

"Yes, boss, what should we do now?" The warehouse manager jumped anxiously. His mind was blank, and he didn't know what to do.

Violet trembled, "What else can you do? Call 911!"

"Oh, yes, yes..." The manager suddenly reacted.

Violet hung up the phone and quickly sorted out the documents on the table. While sorting it out, she anxiously explained to Aadam, "Sorry, Aadam, I can't accompany you for the time being. Let's talk about the accessories next time. There is a very important thing that needs to be dealt with urgently."

Seeing that she was shivering in a hurry, Aadam couldn't help asking, "What is going on? You can tell me see if I can help?"

Maybe after he helped her, Mr. Murphy would be happy and would give him a bonus.

Violet held the document in her arms, "No need, Aadam, thank you for your kindness. The warehouse where I store cloth is on fire, but my staff has already called 911. I'll go over and see what's going on."

After speaking, she bowed apologetically, left the restaurant and drove away.

Aadam looked at the direction of her car's leaving, hesitated for a moment, and called Stanley to report the matter.

After listening to it, Stanley frowned.

How could the warehouse suddenly be on fire?

"Fraser." Stanley knocked on the table and called Fraser in.

Fraser opened the door and stood at the door, "Mr. Murphy, what's the matter?"

"Prepare the car!" Stanley stood up and ordered in a deep voice.

Fraser was surprised, "Mr. Murphy, you want to go out? But there will be a meeting later..."

"It's not a particularly important meeting. Postpone it for two hours. I will be back soon!"

After Stanley finished speaking, he took the jacket from the shelf and put it on, strode out of the office and walked towards the elevator. He looked a little worried.

The warehouse where stored the cloth was not allowed to have any source of fire, so generally it would not catch fire.

Even the administrator who guarded the warehouse was not allowed to smoke, just to prevent this thing. But now the warehouse was on fire! It was definitely not that simple!

Stanley drove the car and rushed to the outskirts with frowning.

Violet was also rushing there. It was originally the 30-minute drive, but she arrived here only in 20 minutes.

She got out of the car and looked at the warehouse that was still burning. She froze.

"Boss!" The warehouse manager saw her coming and hurried over.

Violet didn't look at him, but just raised her head, looking at the big fire in front of her, and asked with a pale face, "Did the firefighters arrive yet?"

"Not yet, I called and asked. They are already on their way, but there is a traffic jam on the road, so..."

"Enough!" Violet interrupted him with red eyes, and then asked, "Where is the cloth? Did you rescue them out?"

The warehouse manager lowered his head in shame.

Violet was trembling, feeling that the world was spinning.

She grabbed the handrail of the car door, not letting herself fall.

"Didn't rescue one out?" Violet calmed down a little, and asked, clenching her fists.

The warehouse manager shook his head, "When the fire was on, it happened to have a break at noon. We were all eating out and didn't know what was going on. When we came back from our meal, the fire was already so big that we couldn't get in at all, let alone rescue cloth."

Hearing this, Violet closed her eyes in despair.

At this time, another car drove over. Chapter 174 So Dangerous

Jessie jumped out of the car without even having time to close the door. She grabbed Violet's hand and asked about cloth.

Violet regretfully told her that cloth was gone.

Jessie clenched her fists unacceptably, "Gone?"

"Yeah." Violet nodded.

"That's millions!" Jessie yelled emotionally, and suddenly ran towards the warehouse, seeming not to believe what Violet said. She had to see it with her own eyes to give up.

Seeing this scene, Violet was shocked and hurriedly shouted, "Jessie, what are you doing? Come back

soon!"

Jessie did not hear about it, stopped in front of the warehouse, and watched the fire in front of her, feeling collapsed.

The fire swallowed up all the cloth inside. It was efforts that she went to many cloth factories to get them.

Even some of them were very expensive and the output was very small. She drank with the senior executives of those cloth factories until the stomach cramped before they agreed to sell it to her. Now her efforts were all gone. How could she accept it!

Seeing Jessie not listening to her, Violet bit her lip and stomped her foot. Then she ran over, trying to pull Jessie back.

Although the warehouse was constructed of bricks and stones, in order to ensure the air permeability and prevent the cloth from damp, wood was used in many places, especially the roof brackets, which were almost built of wood. The fire was so big! The wood on the roof might fall, which was very dangerous.

But Jessie stood so close, it was hard to guarantee that she would not be injured by the falling wood.

Violet came to Jessie's side and looked at her red eyes, feeling very sad.

But no matter how sad she was, it wasn't the time to comfort Jessie at this moment. Violet held Jessie's hand and said, "Jessie, shall we leave here first?"

Jessie turned her head to look at Violet with tears on her face. There was uncontrollable grief and anger in her voice, "Violet, why? Why do we encounter this kind of thing every time?"

"This..." Just as Violet was about to speak, she suddenly heard a squeak and looked up.

A beam of the warehouse suddenly broke, and it was falling diagonally downward.

But they just stood diagonally below.

"Dangerous!" Violet was shocked suddenly. Without thinking too much, she pushed Jessie out.

Jessie was pushed to the ground not far away and hissed.

But she didn't care about her injured arm, and quickly got up from the ground to look at Violet.

Seeing that beam was going to hit Violet's head, Jessie's face changed drastically. She hurriedly shouted, "Violet, run!"

Violet wanted to run away, but she couldn't move at all. When she just pushed Jessie, her feet sprained. At this moment, it hurt badly. She couldn't even move.

She could only watch the beam getting closer and closer to her. Besides, she could feel the raging heat and the thick smoke coming to her face.

Violet's eyes were red with smoke, and tears kept falling. She closed her eyes in despair and waited for death to come.

However, at this moment, Violet suddenly felt a pair of arms hugged her, leading her to roll on the ground.

The moment they got out, the beam also hit the place where Violet had just stood, making thud. A few sparks spattered, but the fire did not go out and it was still burning.

Violet opened her eyes as early as the moment she was hugged. Instead of looking at the beam, she raised her head and stared at the man on her body in a daze.

She did not expect that he suddenly appeared here and saved her.

"You..." Violet opened her mouth, just about to say something.

Jessie ran over and lifted Stanley who was pressing on Violet, helped her up, and kept looking up and down, "Violet, are you okay?"

Violet shook her head in shock, "I'm fine. Just my ankle sprained, but Mr. Murphy..."

She looked at Stanley.

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Stanley stood up. His clothes were dirty and wrinkled, which was a little embarrassed.

But even so, it didn't affect his temperament in the slightest. On the contrary, it gave him a touch of messy beauty.

He stared at Violet with a sullen face, with an unabashed anger in his voice, "What were you doing just now? Why were you standing there motionless? Do you know what the consequences of being hit by that piece of wood are? It's not death on the spot, or would be burned by the fire brought by wood!"

God knew how scared he was when he saw the scene where she was about to be hit.

At that moment, his heart almost stopped.

Listening to the consequences described by Stanley, Violet couldn't help shivering in fear, lowered her head and said nothing.

Jessie couldn't stand anymore. She let Violet sit beside her, looking up at Stanley, "Mr. Murphy, if you want to scold someone, please scold me. I can't accept the result, so I came there. Violet was to save me. It's not that she didn't move. She can't move because of her sprained ankle!"

Hearing this, Stanley was startled, and immediately looked down at Violet's ankle, which was indeed red.

So, he really misunderstood her!

Stanley pursed his thin lips. His face looked much better, and his voice was no longer so cold, "Why didn't you explain?"

Violet's eyes flickered, "Mr. Murphy, why should I explain to you? There is no need to explain to you. I

am grateful that you just saved me, but..."

Before she finished speaking, she exclaimed, because she was picked up by Stanley. He walked towards the front of the car.

"What's going on?" Jessie looked at the two in shock.

Why did Stanley hug Violet suddenly?

Violet, who was suddenly picked up by Stanley, was a little dazed at first. Her arms were also subconsciously put around his neck.

But soon, after she reacted, she quickly let go of her hands. Her face was blushed and she shouted, "Mr. Murphy, what are you doing? Let me down!"

Stanley remained unmoved, still holding her.

Violet was anxious and began to struggle.

Stanley tried his best to hold her under her struggle. He gritted his teeth.

He lowered his head slightly, looked at the woman in his arms, and pursed his lips, "If you move around again, I will throw you down!"

"You..." Violet was taken aback, and quickly turned to look at the ground. Although the ground was not high, there were stones and various debris on it.

So, forget it!

Violet compromised and stopped moving. She bit her red lips and stared at the man, "What do you want to do?"

Stanley did not answer, put her in the back seat, then opened the storage box in the car and took out a bag from it.

Violet recognized it at a glance. It was the bag with bandage and iodine in it. A few days ago, when Stanley was bandaging her palm in the hospital, it was also this bag.

He gave it to Fraser at the time. Then Fraser put it in the car?

So he was going to apply the medicine for her?

Just thinking about it, Violet felt cold on her ankle.

She quickly came to her senses, only to realize that when she was thinking about things, her sprained foot had been lifted up by him without her noticing it, and were placed on his own laps. Her shoes had also been taken off by him.

Seeing Stanley's hand stretched toward her ankle, Violet suddenly thought of something and quickly took her foot back.

Stanley's hands froze in the air like this. He looked at his empty thighs gloomily, and said solemnly, "Put it up!" __

Chapter 175 Confess

Violet pretended not to hear, bending over to get out of the car with shoes on.

Stanley kicked her high heels aside, making her unable to get them.

"I'll say it again, put your foot up!" Stanley looked at Violet coldly, and said again.

Violet bit her lower lip, "Mr. Murphy, I can do this by myself. Don't need to bother you."

With that, she reached out to get the bag next to him.

Just when her hand touched the bag, Stanley suddenly grabbed her foot and put it firmly on his laps.

Violet's eyes widened, "Mr. Murphy, you..."

"Shut up!" Stanley pursed his lips and reprimanded.

Violet shut up subconsciously.

Stanley took out the stuff in the bag and cleaned her up from the trauma, then dropped the cotton swab. He held her ankle with one hand, and grabbed sole of her feet with the other hand, trying to move the sprained area.

But Violet suddenly took back her feet and laughed.

Stanley frowned and looked at her, "What are you laughing at?"

"Itch!" Violet held back her smile and replied quietly.

Stanley raised his eyebrows and realized that she was afraid of itching. He smiled faintly. Then he didn't say anything, and began to move her ankles.

Her sprain was not very serious, unlike the high swelling ankle the first two times. This time, it was only a minor sprain.

But the reason why she couldn't move at the time was probably because she was too frightened.

After moving her ankles, Stanley cut the bandage and began to bandage her.

Violet just looked at him like this, with a complicated look in her eyes, "Mr. Murphy, why do you treat me so nicely?"

Stanley paused for a while, but soon he returned to his normal face and continued to bandage.

Violet clenched her fists, as if she had made up her mind. She took a deep breath and looked at him earnestly, "Mr. Murphy, I like you!"

Stanley was dumbfounded. He suddenly looked up at her. Although there was still no expression on his face, there were ripples and joy in his heart.

He had known her feelings for him a long time ago, but she had never expressed it personally.

Unexpectedly, she actually said it now.

Violet smiled bitterly at Stanley's expressionless face.

It turned out that her confession didn't make him have any emotion?

That was good. Knowing that he had no feelings for herself, she could give up more thoroughly.

Violet took her bandaged foot back and curled up on the seat, "Mr. Murphy, I don't know when I fell in love with you. When I noticed it, it's late. Do you know there were several times that I want to hold back my feelings for you?"

Stanley's thin lips moved.

He really didn't know this.

"But I didn't succeed. Because every time I made up my mind, you would show up in front of me, and then I couldn't forget you. Until a few days ago, someone told me..."

"Who is that person?" Stanley squinted his eyes and interrupted her.

After leaving the hotel that day, he asked Fraser to check the person who met her, but he never found it out.

Now that she took the initiative to mention it, he naturally couldn't let it go.

Violet shook her head, not planning to tell Stanley that it was Ivy.

If she told him, it would only make Ivy think she was sowing discord between them. Why bother!

So Violet lowered her eyelids, covered the look in her eyes and replied, "It's someone you don't know. Mr. Murphy, she told me, let me stop approaching you. I think she's right, so I hope from now on, you don't do such affectionate behaviors to me anymore and flirt with me."

If he didn't love her and didn't have feelings for her, don't show up beside her like a knight to protect her and take care of her.

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Stanley squeezed the unused bandage in his hand, "I'm not trying to flirt with you..."

"You are!" Violet laughed at herself, "You just flirt without knowing it."

Stanley pursed his lips and said nothing.

Violet raised her head and sighed slightly, "Mr. Murphy, I confessed to you today. I don't mean anything else. I just feel I can't be like this. After all, I fell in love with you. If I don't let you know, there will always be some unwillingness. But don't worry. I will stay away from you and will not trouble you."

She didn't intend to let him know her feelings.

But that time on the cruise ship, he should have heard George's conversation with her, and knew her thoughts, so she had nothing to hide.

Hearing Violet's decision to stay away from him, Stanley's heart tightened. There was a panic in his mind as if something was beyond his control. His face sank.

For the first time, he felt that it was a wrong decision, which was that he was going to catch the man behind the scenes who wanted to kill her and then went to pursue her

Just when Stanley wanted to say something to dispel Violet's idea of staying away from him, a siren came from outside the car.

"It's the firefighters!" Violet's red eyes lit up. She hurriedly bent over to pick up the shoes and put them on. Then she opened the door to get out of the car.

Stanley grabbed her wrist, "You can't walk."

Violet's eyes dimmed. Then she recovered the indifference to him a few days ago, and faintly threw his hand away, "Don't worry. I can walk by myself."

After speaking, she stubbornly helped the car door to get out of the car, and limped to Jessie.

Stanley looked at her figure, feeling helpless.

This woman changed so quickly. She was still confessing to him a moment ago, but now she avoided him.

It was alright. She was like this the other day!

Stanley pursed his lips and got out of the car. But he didn't go over. He just leaned against the car door and watched Violet communicate with the firefighters about the cause of the fire.

Jessie stood beside Violet. After noticing Stanley's gaze, she gently pushed Violet with her elbow, "Mr. Murphy is looking at you."

"I know." Violet nodded slightly.

His gaze was so obvious. How could she not notice it?

"Then you must be very happy now?" Jessie had already walked out of the despair at this moment, restored to her usual appearance, and said with a smile.

Violet lowered her eyes and said quietly, "There is nothing to be happy about. Don't put me and Mr. Murphy together in the future."

"Huh?" Jessie was stunned, and finally found out something wrong.

Violet's attitude towards Stanley was too indifferent.

"Violet, did something happen to you and Mr. Murphy?" Jessie secretly glanced at Stanley not far away and asked in a low voice.

Violet said, "I told him that I like him. At the same time, I gave up on him."

"Why?" Jessie asked loudly.

Stanley, who was leaning on the car door, narrowed his eyes and stared at Violet's figure more closely.

Violet tried her best to ignore the scorching gaze behind her. Without turning her head to look at Stanley, she replied in a low voice, "I can't be with him. He doesn't feel anything about me. If I don't give up, what else can I do? It's enough to let him know that I loved him."

"You're right." Jessie nodded, then sighed, "Actually, I think you are a good match, but... Forget it, let's not talk about it. The fire is out!"

She pointed to the warehouse.

Violet looked at the warehouse that had been burned into a frame, feeling so sad.

The cloth which was worthy of millions were burned. Besides, the landlord's warehouse was burned.

Now they not only have to spend money to buy cloth again, but also had to pay the landlord with a large amount of money, which was really unlucky.

"The cause of the fire has been found out." At this moment, the captain of the fire police came over in an orange fire suit.

Stanley heard it not far away, walked over, looked at Violet, and asked, "What's the reason?" __Chapter 176 The Cause of the Fire

"Our people found traces of burnt white phosphorus in the vent of the warehouse." The captain said.

Both Violet's and Stanley's faces changed.

Only Jessie was confused, "What is white phosphorus?"

"It's a chemical solid. It burns when exposed to wind." Violet pursed her red lips and explained briefly.

Stanley squinted his eyes and added, "But ordinary people can't get this kind of thing."

The captain nodded, "Yes, so you guys think about where this thing came from."

After speaking, he turned and left, and continued to direct the team to clean up the scene.

"Someone must have put it deliberately in order to burn our cloth!" Jessie was so furious. Her eyes were bloodshot because of anger.

Violet was non-committal to Jessie's words. She pressed her red lips tightly and said, "The person acted on our cloth twice. It should be that person who incited the cloth factory not to give us the cloth last time. Jessie, didn't you say to send some undercovers? Are there any results?"

"Let me ask. I just forgot about it because of George's accident these days."

With that said, Jessie took the phone and walked to the side to make a call, leaving Violet and Stanley to stand there, silently.

After a while, Violet took a deep breath, broke the silence first, raised her head, and looked at the man

indifferently, "Mr. Murphy, you can go back first."

"Are you driving me away?" Stanley frowned.

Violet shook her head, "I am not driving you away. But you have nothing to do with this matter, so there is no need to stay here."

Seeing her cold and deserted look, Stanley felt a little unhappy. Just when he was about to say something, the phone rang in his pocket rang.

He had to temporarily stop, and took out the phone. After looking at the screen, he put the phone to his ear. His tone was a bit impatient, "What's the matter?"

"Mr. Murphy, when Miss Ellis was undergoing an examination just now, she fainted suddenly."

"What?" Stanley's face suddenly tightened, "How could Ivy faint?"

Violet moved her ears. Listening to the unconcealed worry in his voice, she felt a little sad. But she didn't show it on her face. She lowered her head slightly and looked at the ground, as if she didn't care about his words at all.

"I don't know the specifics. Dr. Baxter is looking for the reason. Mr. Murphy, would you like to come over?" Fraser looked at the situation in the ward anxiously through the glass on the door and asked for instructions.

"I see. I'll come right away." Stanley hung up the phone blankly.

Violet raised her head, "Something goes wrong with Miss Ellis, right?"

Stanley nodded.

"Then you can go there quickly." Violet said.

Stanley stared at her, "Do you want me to go there so much?"

Violet was taken aback for a moment, not knowing what he meant to express. So she nodded.

Stanley's thin lips pressed in a straight line. The aura all over his body was a little tense, as if he was a little unhappy.

After a while, he put the phone in his pocket and turned around.

Violet looked at his back and tightened her palms, "Mr. Murphy, take care of Miss Ellis from now on. Don't make her sad."

Stanley paused, then turned his head fiercely, wanting to ask her what this meant. But he saw her walking towards Jessie.

At the same time, the phone in Stanley's pocket vibrated again.

He could only stop asking again. Then he took out his phone and looked at it. When he saw the text message on it, he was stunned. He didn't even bother to find Violet to ask the reason, and walked to the car quickly.

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Violet caught a glimpse of Stanley driving away. She smiled bitterly, but soon the smile disappeared.

"Why did Mr. Murphy leave?" After Jessie finished the phone call, she also happened to see Stanley driving away, so she couldn't help but asked.

"He has something to deal with." Violet said lightly, then glanced at Jessie's mobile phone and asked, "How is it? Do you know who did it?"

Jessie's face sank, "It was not those studios who did it. The undercover I put in said that those studios are indeed jealous of our recent performance, but they haven't thought about ruining our cloth. They just want to suppress the price after our clothes are on the market. "

"What about Phoebe?" Violet narrowed her eyes.

Jessie shook her head, "It's not Phoebe. She has been busy inquiring about the competition recently. She wants to know the theme of the last few rounds of competition, so as to find plagiarism of the design drawings. There is no time to deal with us, so there are others who target us."

"Others..." Violet lowered her eyelids and said it in a low voice.

After a while, she clenched her fists. Her voice was cold, "Could it be her?"

Hearing this, Jessie stared at her eagerly, "Violet, who?"

"The one who wanted to kill me before." Violet bit her lower lip. Her small face was full of anger.

Jessie was also very angry, "She has appeared again. Violet, we must catch her. Such a vicious person. If we let her go, our personal and property safety may be threatened."

"I see. But it's not easy to catch her. She hid too deep." Violet pinched her eyebrows wearily, and sighed.

Jessie also pursed her lips, "Then what do you think we should do?"

Violet shrugged, "I can't think of it for the time being, but the top priority is that we should deal with the immediate matter first. Jessie, you go to buy cloth again. I will contact the landlord to see how to compensate the warehouse."

"Okay." Jessie nodded.

Violet took out her cell phone and dialed the landlord's number.

It was already afternoon when the two of them had finished handling the matters.

Violet first went to the studio to pick up Calvin, then went to the kindergarten to pick up Arya, and finally brought the two children to the hospital.

When Jessie saw them coming, she went to the public kitchen to make soup, and asked them to accompany George in the ward.

Only Violet accompanied George. The two children held her mobile phones and watched cartoons next to each other on the sofa.

Violet pulled a chair away and sat down by the hospital bed, peeling apples to George.

George sat on the bedside, looking at her, "Violet, I know everything about the warehouse. Have you taken care of it?"

"It's almost done, but this time, the price was too great. Jessie and I owed almost 12 million in debt!" Violet replied with a wry smile while cutting the apple into several pieces.

She originally owed Stanley three million for buying cloth. This time she had to pay the landlord for six million and spent another three million for the cloth. So it was twelve million in total.

In addition to the money owed to Stanley, she and Jessie both drew IOUs and performed a notarization. If the money couldn't be repaid within the specified time, they would be sued.

"Twelve million? It's really a lot. I have 10 million in deposit. I can give you first." George pushed his glasses.

Violet put the apple on the plate, put a small fork on it, and then handed it to him, "No need. I and Jessie will pay it back. Don't worry."

Seeing her refusal, George frowned. A trace of displeasure flashed in his eyes behind the glasses, which was fleeting.

Violet didn't notice his abnormality. She wiped her hands and stood up, "Well, George. I have to go to the ophthalmology department to see my eyes."

"What's wrong with your eyes?" George tightened his hands which were holding the plate, and hurriedly looked into her eyes. ____

Chapter 177 Crazy Ivy

Violet lowered her head and rubbed her eyes, "It's dry and itchy. Maybe because of the smoke."

When the beam fell, her eyes smarted from the smoke. Since then, she felt her eyes uncomfortable.

However, because there were too many things to deal with, she didn't pay attention to it and endured it till now.

"Let me see." George stretched out his hand.

George was a doctor, so Violet leaned over.

George opened her eyes to look, and said in a deep voice, "The whites of the eyes are a little yellow, with bloodshot eyes at the bottom. It should have been smoked out of inflammation. You really need to go to see the doctor. Otherwise, it is easy to be infected into keratitis. "

"So serious?" Violet was taken aback by his words.

George let go of her, "Yeah. Go to check and come back early."

"Well, please help me take care of Calvin and Arya." Violet nodded, then told Calvin and Arya. After that, she walked out of the ward to the ophthalmology department.

Because it was night and there were no people in the ophthalmology department, Violet went to see the

doctor directly.

After the doctor's examination, as George said, the eyes were inflamed. Several eye drops were needed.

After Violet dripped the eye drops, she was ready to return to the ward with the small bag containing the eye drops.

Unexpectedly, as soon as she left the door of the ophthalmology department, she met Stanley and Ivy.

Stanley helped Ivy to walk towards this side. As approaching, the two of them also saw Violet. They were slightly surprised.

"Miss Hunt, what a coincidence!" Ivy stopped and greeted Violet with a smile first.

Although Stanley didn't speak, he kept his eyes on Violet. Especially when he saw her red and wet eyes and the bag she was holding in her hand, his heart sank and he frowned.

What happened to her eyes?

Violet wanted to pretend that she didn't see them, and left directly from them.

But unexpectedly, she was stopped by Ivy. So she had to stop and smiled back at Ivy, "It's a coincidence. Miss Ellis, Mr. Murphy, good evening."

It was strange that during the day Stanley said something happened to Ivy.

But Ivy looked well!

"Good evening." Ivy didn't know what Violet was thinking. She nodded, and then asked curiously, "Why is Miss Hunt still in the hospital at night? Were you coming to see Dr. Joe?"

"Yes, I came to see George." Violet replied with a smile, trying to focus only on Ivy and not the man next to Ivy.

However, her deliberate indifference was caught by Stanley. He was a little unhappy.

Ivy noticed it. Her eyes were cold, but she still had the gentle smile on her face, "The friendship between Miss Hunt and Dr. Joe is really enviable. What do you think, Stanley?"

She looked at the man beside her.

The man did not look back at her. His deep gaze was fixed on Violet, "What's wrong with your eyes?"

Violet pretended not to hear him, and said goodbye to Ivy, "It's getting late. Miss Ellis, I should go."

With that, she was about to walk past them.

But at the moment Violet passed by Stanley, she was grabbed by Stanley. He pulled her back by her arm. Staring at her coldly, he asked in a sullen tone, "What happened to your eyes?"

This woman really stayed far away from him thoroughly!

After hearing Stanley's questioning, Ivy finally reacted. Violet came out of the ophthalmology department. Ivy quickly looked at Violet's eyes and found that her eyes were red. The smile she had always maintained on her face disappeared.

When Violet faced Stanley's two questions, she couldn't pretend to hear nothing. She sighed secretly, shook the bag in her hand and replied, "My eyes get inflamed."

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"What? Inflamed?" Before Stanley could answer, Ivy's emotions suddenly became agitated, and her voice went up.

Violet didn't know why Ivy reacted so strongly, so she said, "Yes."

Ivy looked so furious. She broke away from Stanley's support and staggered to Violet.

Then in Violet's puzzled gaze, she stretched out her hands to hold Violet's face, and squeezed it in, with anger written in her eyes, "Violet, didn't I let you protect your eyes well? Why didn't you do it? Why did you make your eyes inflamed? Did you know that once your eyes become inflamed, your eyesight will also decrease?"

"I... I know." Looking at Ivy with a slightly crazy expression on her face, Violet was taken aback. She nodded and replied.

It was the first time that Stanley saw Ivy like this. After a moment of stunned, he frowned and took Ivy's hand away from Violet's face, and helped Ivy back.

"Ivy, what are you doing?" Stanley looked at Violet's red face, then looked at Ivy who had frantic in her eyes, with a sullen face and a very bad tone.

When Ivy heard his voice, she suddenly woke up.

After realizing what she had just done, she panicked. Then she took Violet's hand with a guilty face and explained, "I'm sorry, Miss Hunt. I just scared you. I didn't mean it. I just thought of my eyes. So..."

Speaking of this, she let go of Violet's hand, covered her face and started crying.

Violet looked at the crying Ivy, only feeling inexplicable.

She was scared and hurt but she hadn't cried yet. However, Ivy was crying instead. People who didn't know the situation thought she had bullied Ivy.

Violet rubbed her cheeks and turned her gaze away. Then she looked at Stanley who was aside, "Mr. Murphy, what exactly does Miss Ellis' words mean? What's wrong with her eyes?"

"Ivy's cornea was damaged because of the car accident that year." Stanley glanced at Ivy, who was still crying, and replied quietly.

"So it's like this." Violet nodded suddenly.

No wonder she thought that Ivy's eyes were not focused properly before. She thought it was because Ivy was sick.

So the spare cornea that Henry went to the Third Hospital to make an appointment last time was for Ivy?

"Okay, don't cry." Stanley took off Ivy's hands covering her face.

Ivy stopped crying, looking up at Violet, "Miss Hunt, because I am about to be blind, I don't want to see people who don't cherish their eyes. I was out of control and acted just like that. I'm so sorry. Can you forgive me?"

She looked at Violet with sobs, while wiping the tears on her face, looking so pitiful.

Looking at Ivy like this, Violet couldn't care about the matter anymore, and reluctantly forced a smile, "Well, I forgive you."

"Great, Miss Hunt, you are so kind." Ivy smiled.

Was she kind?

Violet tucked her hair, "Well, Miss Ellis, Mr. Murphy, it's really late. I should go."

This time, Stanley didn't stop her again, but watched her limping away. Then he turned back.

Ivy also turned her head, "Stanley, Miss Hunt seems to have hurt her foot, too?"

Stanley lowered his eyes and said quietly, "I know. Let's go."

When he finished speaking, he helped Ivy into the ophthalmology department again.

Violet returned to George's ward. When she entered, a strong smell of chicken soup came out, which made people drool.

"Jessie, your cooking skills have improved again." Violet closed the door of the ward and smiled to praise Jessie.

Jessie was sitting by the hospital bed and feeding George with soup. Hearing this, George interrupted Jessie as soon as she was about to say something, "Violet, why did you leave for so long?" _____

Chapter 178 Cornea

Jessie froze suddenly. Finally, she lowered her head, stirring the soup in the bowl with a sad face, and stopped talking.

Violet sighed secretly when she looked at Jessie like this. She walked over and patted Jessie on the shoulder, and then replied, "I met an acquaintance on the way back, so I delayed for a while."

"Who?" George pretended not to see Violet's comfort to Jessie, still smiling gently.

Violet didn't conceal it, and pointed to the downstairs, "Miss Ellis."

"Ivy?" George's eyes behind his glasses narrowed, "What did she say?"

"Nothing. She asked me why I didn't protect my eyes well." Violet shrugged her shoulders.

George frowned thoughtfully.

Jessie took a spoon and fed it to his mouth.

He leaned back his neck and pushed the spoon again to indicate that he would not drink anymore.

Jessie looked at the half bowl of chicken soup left, but didn't persuade him. She knew that he would not drink it even if she persuaded him. Maybe she would make him angry. So she put the bowl down with a wry smile.

"Violet, why did she ask you to protect your eyes?" George didn't care about whether he would be too ruthless to Jessi. He looked at Violet and asked.

Violet shook her head, "I don't know. She said that my eyes are very beautiful. She told me last month that I must protect my eyes. She just learned that my eyes are inflamed, and then she was mad, as if I did something wrong."

Thinking of Ivy's crazy look at the time, Violet couldn't help but shudder.

Ivy at that time was no different from a lunatic.

"I see!" George's hand placed under the quilt clenched tightly, eyes full of gloom.

Ivy actually wanted Violet's cornea!

"George, what do you know?" Jessie looked at George and asked.

Violet also nodded, expressing that she wanted to know.

George looked directly at Violet, "Your cornea!"

"Cornea?" Violet was stunned. Her eyes widened in disbelief in the next second, "George, you mean, she wants my cornea, so she asked me to protect my eyes?"

"Yes, except for this reason, I can't explain why she became irritated when she saw your eyes." George nodded.

Jessie swallowed her saliva, "OMG! Ivy still wants to take the cornea of a living person? It is illegal!"

"I also don't think this is possible." Violet shook her head in shock, "Dr. Baxter has already booked the cornea for Miss Ellis. How could she want my cornea?"

George knew that it was hard for her to believe it. After all, this kind of thing was indeed too outrageous, so he didn't mean to let her believe it. He just pushed his glasses and seriously reminded, "It doesn't matter whether Ivy wants your cornea or not. Violet, you must be careful and stay away from her."

"Yes, Violet, not only her, but also people related to Mr. Murphy. Don't get close to them." Jessie also looked at Violet and echoed.

Violet clenched her fists and gave a vigorous hmm, "I see."

Her heartbeat at this time was still a little faster. She couldn't calm down.

Because George's words really scared her.

At this moment, a nurse knocked on the door suddenly. Then she opened the door and poked her head in, "Miss Robinson, it's nine o'clock. It's time for Dr. Joe to take his temperature."

"It's nine o'clock?" Jessie glanced at the alarm clock on the bedside in astonishment. Seeing that the hour hand was indeed pointing to nine o'clock, she couldn't help but patted her forehead, "Time flies so fast. I didn't even realize it was so late. Come in."

The nurse nodded with a smile, and walked in with the cart.

Violet watched her take off a thermometer to take George's body temperature. She didn't plan to stay here. She picked up the bag beside the bed and said goodbye, "George, Jessie, I should also take my two children home."

"I'll walk you outside the hospital." Jessie got up.

With a thermometer in his mouth, George couldn't speak, but looked at Violet.

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Violet smiled and waved her hand, "No need. You just stay here to take care of George. We can go by ourselves."

After that, she went to the sofa and beckoned to two children who was drinking chicken soup while watching the cartoon, "Calvin, Arya, we are going back."

"Okay." Calvin replied, and immediately turned off the phone and jumped off the sofa, pulling Arya to Violet.

Violet asked the two children to say goodbye to Jessie and George. After saying goodbye, she took the two children out of the ward and walked to the elevator.

As soon as they walked to the elevator, Violet saw Stanley leaning in front of the elevator door.

Arya shook Violet's hand away and ran towards Stanley happily, "Uncle Murphy."

Stanley smiled. He bent over to pick up the little girl.

The soft body of the little girl, and the smell of milk from her body, made his whole heart soft.

But this scene caused Violet to frown. She led Calvin to the father and daughter, and said faintly, "Mr. Murphy, can you put my daughter down? We have to go back."

Stanley didn't do as Violet said. He tidied the braid for the little girl with one hand, and then looked at her, "Why did it take so long to come out?"

Violet raised her eyebrows slightly, "Were you waiting for me here specifically?"

Stanley raised his chin without saying anything.

Unexpectedly, it really was!

Violet said in surprise, "Mr. Murphy, is there anything to look for me?"

"I apologize to you on behalf of Ivy for what happened outside the ophthalmology department." Stanley put Arya down.

As soon as Arya landed, Calvin pulled her to his side.

Violet glanced at her son approvingly, and then asked, "Mr. Murphy waited for me, just wanting to apologize for Miss Ellis?"

"Yes." Stanley nodded.

Violet smiled faintly, "Actually, Mr. Murphy, you don't have to do this. At the door of the ophthalmology department, Miss Ellis already apologized to me."

"Ivy's apology was not sincere. I can see that you did not fully accept it." Stanley said, staring at Violet's eyes.

Violet's eyes flickered, "I haven't completely accepted it, but it's okay. Mr. Murphy, we have to leave."

"Wait." Stanley stopped them

Violet frowned, "Anything else, Mr. Murphy?"

"I heard what you guys said in the ward just now." Stanley lowered his eyes and said quietly.

Violet froze.

Seeing her nervousness, Stanley said, "Don't worry. Ivy doesn't want your cornea."

He would not allow her to want it either.

"Uncle Murphy, what is the cornea?" Arya raised her head and suddenly asked Stanley.

Stanley looked down at her and was thinking about how to answer this kind of question to a child. Calvin dragged Arya behind him and looked at her sternly, "It's adults' business. Don't ask indiscriminately. "

"Oh." Arya pursed her mouth and responded. Then she stopped asking.

Violet did not pay attention to the two children, but was thinking about what Stanley had just said.

Hearing him say that Ivy didn't want her cornea, she was really relieved. But thinking about Ivy's crazy look, she still wasn't completely relieved. Her face was still calm. "How sure is Mr. Murphy that Miss Ellis really doesn't want my cornea?"

Stanley put one hand in his pocket, "Because the cornea Ivy wants belongs to someone who is about to dieChapter 179 Game Starts

"The person who is about to die?" Violet's eyes widened slightly.

Stanley said, "Ivy herself told us that the person may be die only in two or three months."

Hearing this, Violet's face slowly recovered as before. She finally felt relieved.

So it should be a seriously ill person.

It seemed that they really misunderstood Ivy.

Thinking about it, Violet lowered her head with an awkward expression on her face, "Sorry, Mr. Murphy,

I misunderstood Miss Ellis."

"Never mind. Ivy's reaction at the time is indeed easy to make people think about too much. I am the same." Stanley's eyes fell on her, which meant that she didn't need to apologize.

Violet raised her head, "Since it's a misunderstanding, forget it. Mr. Murphy, we have to go."

After speaking, she took the hands of the two children and entered the elevator.

Stanley also followed in.

Violet frowned when she saw it.

Stanley's eyes fell on her side face. How could he not know what she was thinking about? His eyes sank, then he said, "I want to go downstairs too."

Could it be that she was going to drive away a person who was going downstairs?

Violet knew what he meant. Of course she wouldn't do it, but she could pretend that he didn't exist.

So Violet took the hands of the two children and deliberately moved a little away from Stanley, then looked at the elevator display, directly ignoring Stanley completely.

Stanley also knew this. He was very unhappy and he wanted to confess to her that he also had feelings for her, so she didn't need to do this.

But he couldn't. He hadn't found out the person who wanted to kill her yet.

If he confessed his feelings to her, she and the two children would be even more dangerous.

Thinking of this, Stanley narrowed his eyes coldly, and clenched his hands in his trouser pockets.

Neither of them spoke. The elevator was very quiet. Only the breathing could be heard. It was so depressed that even the two children became nervous.

It wasn't until the elevator door was opened that Violet took the two children and walked out. Then the two children relaxed.

"What's the matter with you guys?" Seeing the reaction of the two children, Violet was a little dumbfounded.

The two children shook their heads, "Nothing. Mommy, let's go home."

"Well, go home." Violet touched their heads, led them into the car.

After they got into the car, Violet opened the driver's door, but didn't get on. She looked back.

She didn't see Stanley's figure. Obviously, he came down with her together.

But Violet didn't think too much, and quickly looked away. She bent over, got into the car, and drove away.

When her car was far away and only one taillight was visible, Stanley finally walked out of the hospital gate. He held the mobile phone tightly in his hand, slowly putting it to his ear, "Intensify the investigation. In a week, find out the murderer behind the scenes."

He didn't want to investigate it slowly anymore.

Now Violet was really far away from him. If it continued like this, her feelings for him would fade.

"But Mr. Murphy, will it be too difficult? We have investigated for so long before but we haven't found it out. A week..." Fraser was very embarrassed.

Stanley said, "You can go to Colin."

Fraser's eyes widened, "Mr. Murphy, do you want the government to help you?"

Stanley nodded, "Colin owed Grandpa a favor. If you ask him, he will help."

"I see. With the support of Colin, we will definitely find out that person." Fraser clenched his fists excitedly.

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Although Mr. Murphy was very powerful, there were many restrictions. It was impossible for him to investigate a person thoroughly, otherwise it would cause some government's dissatisfaction.

But as long as the government allowed, these restrictions would naturally disappear.

After hanging up the phone, Stanley slowly put down the phone. He took a look at the direction Violet was driving away, before turning around and returning to the hospital.

In a blink of an eye, a week passed.

This week, Violet was very busy, basically rushed between the studio and the factory. She even didn't have time to go to the hospital.

After she finished the work, the top fourteen were finally selected by Design Association. With her and Phoebe, it was 16 people in total. It was about hold the 8-quarter final.

On the day of the game, Jessie pushed George out of the hospital to cheer Violet.

"Violet, come on!" Jessie stood behind George's wheelchair and waved to Violet.

George also smiled and encouraged her, "Violet, I believe you will be able to get the final spot."

"Thank you, I will try my best." Violet nodded, feeling moved. With their support, she walked towards the building of Design Association confidently.

As soon as she walked to the door, she bumped into Phoebe, who had rushed over from the other side.

Both of them were taken aback.

But Violet was the first to react and glanced at Phoebe faintly. She didn't intend to pay attention to Phoebe, and was going to go straight in.

However, Phoebe yelled, "Stop!"

Violet stopped and looked down at Phoebe in the wheelchair, "What's up?"

"I'm the wounded. You should let me go in first!" Phoebe raised her chin and said with an arrogant expression on her face.

Violet felt speechlessly, "Phoebe, you really have to fight with me for everything. Now you actually fight with me which one can go in the building first. So childish."

"So what? As long as it makes you unhappy, I will be happy." Phoebe smiled at Violet triumphantly.

Violet's face sank, "Really? What if I say, I won't let you go in?"

"You can try. There are reporters around here. They hide here every day in order to know the progress of the game. If they photograph that the chief designer of 'Born of Fire' fights with a wounded person, you will be scolded to death by people on the Internet." Phoebe said with a smile.

Violet pursed her red lips, "You want to use public opinion to make me give in."

"Yes, people on the Internet don't know our relationship, let alone our grudges. They only believe what they see, so why don't I use it?" Phoebe shrugged.

Violet had to admit that what Phoebe said was indeed right.

People on the Internet never went after the truth of the matter, they just commented everything they saw.

If she really didn't let Phoebe go in today, she would definitely be scolded by people on the Internet, something like disrespect for the wounded, being arrogant, etc. Maybe it would bring a bad influence to Design Association, then they would be dissatisfied to her.

"Okay, I'll let you go in first." Violet sneered and took a step back, letting out the way.

Phoebe adjusted the direction of the wheelchair, but did not rush to go in. Instead, she raised her head and sneered at Violet, "If it weren't for fearing that the matter would get worse and I was warned by Design Association, I really want the reporter to photograph the picture that you argue with the wounded, letting people on the Internet scold you to death."

After that, Phoebe controlled the wheelchair to enter.

Violet looked at Phoebe's back and couldn't help but sneered.

It was ridiculous that Phoebe even wanted to fight with her in such boring things, as if she could get the first place if she went in first.

Violet shook her head helplessly. Then she took a breath, straightened her hair, adjusted her mentality, and then walked into the building to the venue.

The venue was actually the conference room of Design Association. Because there were only 16 people in total, Design Association dropped the venue for special competitions and held it in the conference room.

Moreover, in order to be sure of the fairness of the final rounds of the competition, Design Association also invited several fashion media to broadcast the whole process of the competition.

After Violet learned of it, a sharp light flashed across her eyes. She looked at Phoebe._

Chapter 180 Believe Her

For Violet, the live broadcast was simply great. She was still worried about how to let everyone know that Phoebe liked to plagiarize.

Unexpectedly, Design Association took the initiative to help her solve this problem.

Phoebe noticed Violet's gaze, not knowing why she herself felt a little uneasy.

But she didn't ask, because Bruce had already taken the microphone and led 16 models on the stage of the conference room to announce the content of the competition.

So Phoebe could only stare back at Violet fiercely, and said silently, "What are you looking at?"

Violet understood what Phoebe meant, but did not answer. After smiling meaningfully at Phoebe, she looked back and listened carefully to Bruce's speech.

The theme of this competition was "Spring". The designer not only had to draw a design drawing of this theme, but also made clothes on the spot, dressed up the model they choose, and let the model show the dress they made.

Therefore, as soon as Bruce finished speaking, all the designers, except Violet, swarmed up to choose models.

A good model would not only bring some inspiration to the designer, but also affected the outcome of the competition.

Because of the model's temperament, appearance, and catwalk style could make the designer more aware of which direction they should go to design. Even if the clothes were not particularly brilliant, but if the model wore it well, then it was also possible to win. That was why these designers were so crazy.

Stanley was also watching the live broadcast in his office of the Murphy Group. Fraser stood behind the office chair, pushed his glasses and asked inexplicably, "Other designers are grabbing models. Why didn't Violet look so calm? ?"

Looking at those crazy designers who grabbed the models in the live broadcast, Stanley felt a little bored and fixed his gaze on Violet, who was calm, and said, "It is not necessary. With her ability, no matter which model, she can design the most suitable one."

"That being said. But this time the theme is spring, which represents gentleness. These designers grabbed all the models, leaving only one black model for Violet, which is not easy to design." Fraser looked at Violet walking to black model and said with some concern.

Oriental designers' design styles were basically soft and conservative, so black models were rarely used because they felt that black models were only suitable for visual styles with a very prominent sense of fashion.

The visual styling was mainly wild and unrestrained, unable to show the gentle side of spring.

Stanley naturally knew this, but he was not worried about Violet at all. Instead, he leaned back in his chair lazily, put his hands in front of his abdomen, and said faintly, "See, she doesn't feel flustered at all."

Upon hearing this, Fraser fixed his gaze on Violet's face.

Just as Stanley said, Violet didn't have any tension on her face, instead she still had a smile.

Seeing her smile, Stanley smiled slightly, "For a genius, if the game is too simple, it will be boring. If it's difficult, as long as she wins, she can go further, right? ?"

Fraser looked down at Mr. Murphy who was very confident in Violet, and suddenly smiled.

Mr. Murphy who loved Violet did not worry about Violet. Why did he, an assistant, worry about?

At the scene of the competition, Violet led the black model to her design table in the eyes of a group of designers. Then, she took the tape, and began to measure the body data of the black model.

After the measurement, Violet let the model go to rest. She herself went to the cloth area to check the cloth provided by the association.

Because the cloth provided by Design Association were all ordinary and the colors were all basic colors, the designer's design was limited and restricted a lot. The designers next to Violet all felt it so hard

"Violet, don't you worry about it?" At this time, an ordinary-looking female designer walked to Violet, choosing some cloth and talking to Violet.

Violet picked up a pure white chiffon and put it on her arm, and asked, "Why do I have to worry about?"

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"Of course it's your model. The previous knockouts were based on design drawings. There was no model show. Now you not only get a black model, but the cloth is so less. How can you win?"

Although it seemed the female designer was worried about Violet, there was no the slightest worry in her tone, but rather ridiculed.

Violet didn't get angry when she heard it. She smiled faintly, put a red chiffon on her arm, and replied, "I don't know if I can win, but I know, I don't want to lose."

The female designer paused when she selected the cloth, and then opened her mouth in surprise, "You mean that you already have the inspiration?"

"Yes!" Violet didn't bother to be humble in front of her. She directly nodded and admitted.

As early as when she measured body data for black models, she already had a blueprint in her mind.

The female designer swallowed. The look in Violet's eyes had changed. She didn't look like she was contemptuous and triumphant just now. She smiled wryly, "Violet, you really deserve your reputation."

"She's just bluffing." Phoebe controlled the wheelchair to the other side of Violet, and chipped in disdainfully.

When the female designer heard it, her eyes lit up. She immediately looked at Phoebe, "You mean that Violet had no design inspiration at all?"

"Yes!" The live broadcast microphone was so far away. Phoebe didn't worry that what she said would be recorded for the audience to hear.

Therefore, she did not constrain at all. She said with a sneer, "Who doesn't know that the meaning of spring is soft and gentle? Even if she can design, the black model can't show its meaning."

"That's what I said." The female designer nodded, feeling reasonable.

Violet picked up the green chiffon and smiled, "Whether my model can show it, it's none of your business. You two just need to worry about yourself, in case your designs lose to me in the end and your models lose to my model, you will be so embarrassed."

"Is it?" Phoebe rolled her eyes at Violet, "Then I want to see if you can beat me!"

After speaking, Phoebe also picked up a few pieces of cloth and left.

The female designer also left behind her.

Violet looked at the backs of the two of them, and squinted her eyes.

She saw it clearly. Phoebe didn't choose the cloth carefully. Instead, she just glanced at it and took out some cloth from the cloth rack. As soon as Phoebe arrived in front of the model, the model took the initiative to come to her.

It could be seen that Phoebe not only inquired about the theme of this round of competition and the details of the competition, but also reached a consensus with the model in advance.

Violet had to say that in such a short period of more than a week, it was quite admirable for Phoebe to do this.

"But this kind of cheating can't be done for long." Violet lowered her eyelids, hiding the indifference in

her eyes and muttered.

Then, she raised her head again, smiled, holding a few pieces of cloth, and returned to her design table. After closing the curtain, she began to draw design drawings and make clothes.

In addition to her, the designers on the scene also closed the curtains of their design tables. In this way, except for the audience in the live broadcast room, the people on the scene could not see the designer's work before the show.

Stanley clicked into Violet's live broadcast room. Seeing that she was drawing a design drawing, he couldn't help but became serious. He moved his face closer to the computer, wanting to see more clearly. Chapter 181 Clothes Making Is Complete

Violet drew the design very quickly. In just seven or eight minutes, the outline of the clothes was already on the paper. It was a long dress that stretched to the ground, with a deep V design on the upper body and transparent long puff sleeves.

Below was a large fluffy dress. Although the dress was large, it was not cumbersome and heavy. On the contrary, it was very soft and elegant. Starting from the waist, there were large and small flowers and leaves dotted on it. If other dresses had so many flowers, they would look quite vulgar.

But Violet's dress was not only not vulgar, but also delicate.

When Fraser saw it, he was so shocked. As Violet was drawing, Fraser praised in surprise, "Mr. Murphy, I am really convinced by Violet. Her design is completely eligible for the champion of the competition. Even on the International show, it will be also a highlight."

"Yeah. But this is just our idea. In our opinion, this dress may be the pinnacle of other designers and can get the champion. But for her, the dress is just an ordinary work that could be designed at any time." Stanley looked at Violet seriously, his eyes full of pride for her.

When Fraser heard this, he exclaimed, "Violet's talents are also awesome."

Stanley raised his chin and was noncommittal about this.

After Violet finished the coloring, she scanned the design drawing into the computer, got up and placed the body model on the table, then unfolded a few pieces of fabric, picked up the scissors and started cutting.

The clothes-making time given by Design Association was five hours. For some designers who were only good at drawing pictures but not good at making clothes, it might be a little urgent.

But for Violet, it was more than enough. This had to thanks to her teacher, Merced.

Before teaching her to design, Merced first taught her to identify cloth, dye the cloth, then cut, pattern, and make clothes. After all these were mastered, he began to teach her to design.

Although she didn't do all these, she never forgot them. Therefore, the dressmaking speed was almost as fast as the design drawing. In just half an hour, the cloth had been cut into the desired look and bounded to the body model.

When other viewers who watched the live broadcast saw this, they already knew who would win after comparing Violet with other designers.

"Violet is so great!" Jessie and George, who returned to the hospital, were also watching the live broadcast. They clapped their hands in excitement when they saw Violet leaving other designers far behind.

George also smiled and nodded in response, "Yes, Violet has always been great."

This was the woman he loved. When she worked, she was shining. It was him who was in the dark and wanted to embrace most.

He must get her!

George stared at the computer screen closely. The thick lenses couldn't stop the enthusiasm in his eyes, which made people frightened.

Violet didn't know that she had completely become George's obsession, and he was more concerned about her. She was sitting in front of the sewing machine and began to make flowers and green leaves on the dress.

The production of flowers was very complicated, and there were many in number. So she spent two hours on it at least.

After finishing making the flowers, Violet began to put the parts of the dress together in the rest of the time.

Finally, five hours passed. She finished.

"Huh..." Violet took a long breath and wiped the sweat from her forehead. After a short sip of tea, she called the model in.

When the black model saw the dress, she was stunned. After a few seconds, she covered her mouth, suppressed the urge to scream, and hugged Violet.

This scene immediately made Stanley's face sink. The pen in his hand was almost broken by him.

Especially when he heard the black model calling Violet honey, he was even more annoyed.

Seeing this, Fraser couldn't help laughing.

Mr. Murphy was actually jealous of women!

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As if perceiving Fraser's laughter, Stanley narrowed his eyes, turned off the live broadcast and stood up.

Fraser was taken aback, quickly held back his smile and asked, "Mr. Murphy, don't you continue to watch it?"

"No, this is not the final. It's just eight-quarter final. It doesn't make much sense to watch. Let's go to have a meeting!" Stanley picked up a document on the table and walked to the meeting room.

"Yes!" Fraser hurriedly followed.

At the scene of the competition, Bruce announced that the dressmaking time was over. All designers were ready to dress up the models.

On Violet's side, without waiting for her help, the black model couldn't wait to hold the dress and went to the dressing room to change it.

Violet couldn't laugh or cry when she saw this. After shaking her head, she also went into the dressing room to help the model tidy up the dress. If there was something inappropriate, she could change it at any time.

Soon, the catwalk began. The venue was still in the conference room. Fortunately, the conference room was long enough. After moving the tables and chairs, and putting on the red carpet, it was almost a small stage.

The catwalk was the part that determined the outcome of the game, and it was also the most anticipated part of the audience outside the live broadcast room.

Violet's entry number was fifteenth, so the model was the second-to-last one. Phoebe's model was the last one to show up.

The models were all lined up in the temporarily set up backstage, waiting to come out one by one. Designers couldn't enter. They could only stand on both sides of the T stage to watch, in order to prevent some designers from being jealous of other designers and set some traps.

"Are you afraid?" Phoebe controlled the wheelchair to Violet, and suddenly said.

Violet glanced at her faintly, "Why should I be afraid?"

"Because you will lose." Phoebe lifted her chin.

Violet squinted, "Our models haven't appeared yet. Are you so sure that I will lose?"

"Huh, absolutely!" Phoebe curled her lips.

This time, the design she used was Daphne's early work, which few people had seen it. It took her a lot of effort to find it. Daphne was one of the greatest costume designers of the last century. How Violet could compare with this predecessor?

Besides, the temperament of the model she chose was also very similar to Daphne's early models. So she didn't think Violet could beat her.

"Yeah, but I don't think I will lose." Violet tucked her hair, and then looked at Phoebe with a smile, "Don't you forget this is not the final? So I don't need to fight with you for winning or losing. I just need to advance!"

Hearing this, Phoebe was stunned for a moment.

Because she really forgot, and really regarded this as a final.

She wanted to compete with Violet, and subconsciously wanted to win Violet, so she completely forgot that this was the eight-quarter match, not the semi-finals.

Seeing Phoebe's pale face, Violet knew that she was right. She laughed, "It seems that your idea of trying to win can't be achieved."

"So what!" Phoebe clenched her fists unwillingly, "Even if it is not the finals, there are still votes accumulated. As long as I have more votes than you, I still win you."

"Well, as long as you're happy." Violet shrugged.

Phoebe gritted her teeth. She originally came to provoke Violet this time. But Violet didn't get angry, she herself got angry.

But Phoebe didn't argue with Violet anymore, because Violet's model came out. _Chapter 182 Number Two

The black model was originally more eye-catching than other models. Now this model was wearing such a fairy-like dress, which made others unable to move their eyes and kept praising.

The bullet comments in the live broadcast room paused for a second and then directly occupied the screen, all in praise of this dress.

Phoebe looked at the black model walking on the red carpet in disbelief, clenching the hand on the wheelchair arm and trembling, "How... how is this possible!"

Violet unexpectedly designed such a gorgeous and elegant dress in such a short time. Besides, she used the ordinary cloth. If it were replaced with high-quality cloth, how beautiful this dress would be!

Was this Violet's talent? If Violet was given more time to grow up, she would be definitely one of the world's top designers.

At this moment, Phoebe finally realized the gap between herself and Violet deeply.

When she saw the show of 'Born of Fire', she didn't have such a feeling.

She thought that Violet must have exhausted all her talents for 'Born of Fire'. Now it seemed that she was wrong!

Phoebe stared at the black model posing on the red carpet so angrily, holding her hands tightly.

It was really unfair! God gave Violet an excellent life since childhood, so why did he give Violet such a terrible talent?

Feeling the intense jealousy coming from Phoebe, Violet raised her eyebrows, "Why is it impossible? Phoebe, when choosing cloth, you said that my model can't show the soft feeling of spring. Now, what's your feeling?"

Phoebe turned her head and stared at Violet.

Phoebe never thought that one day she could see the clothes made model so eye-catching.

Yes, although her design was not good, she knew how to appreciate a design. The black model on the red carpet had not changed. It was the dress that made the model gentle.

"Why didn't Director Hunt speak anymore?" Seeing that Phoebe hadn't made a sound for a long time, Violet looked over with a smile.

Phoebe gritted her teeth and snorted, "Don't show off too early! I admit that I was wrong at the time. But so what? The best work in this round of knockouts is still mine."

"Really?" Violet narrowed her eyes, "Then I'll wait and see."

Looking at Phoebe's confident look, it could be seen that the designer who was copied by Phoebe must be a famous one.

She must take a good look at whom was Phoebe copied.

Just thinking about it, the black model on the stage got down. The music changed, and the last model came out.

"Wow!" The crowd was in an uproar.

This model, like Violet's model, attracted everyone's attention as soon as she appeared on the stage. The bullet comments in the live broadcast room also kept popping into the screen again, amazed by the beauty of this dress.

This dress was a mermaid dress. It was pale green, not only looked fairy, but also looked luxurious.

It was a pity that it was still look a little worse because of the ordinary cloth. If it were advanced and more suitable cloth, it would look more luxury. At that time, this dress would not only have commercial value, but also had collection value.

Listening to everyone's praise, Phoebe's vanity rose to the extreme in an instant.

She lifted her chin triumphantly and looked at Violet, wanting to see if Violet was disappointed.

However, Phoebe didn't see the disappointment from Violet's face, only a deep surprise and solemnity.

When seeing it, Phoebe's heart trembled, with a bad premonition. She muttered to herself, "Could it be that she noticed something?"

No, how was it possible? The design of this dress was from the last century. Computers were not popular in the last world, and no relevant pictures could be found on the Internet.

Only in an old museum abroad, there was such a picture of a model wearing this dress. So it was impossible for Violet to see it.

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Thinking about it this way, Phoebe no longer worried, and smiled triumphantly, "Violet, how is it? The dress I designed is better than yours, isn't it?"

"Yes." Violet nodded in approval.

But she did not mean Phoebe, but Daphne.

She really didn't expect Phoebe to be so bold and brave enough to copy Daphne's work, and shamelessly exclaimed that it was her own design.

Phoebe didn't know the anger in Violet's heart. Hearing that Phoebe admitted that she was not as good as her, she was extremely happy. She felt that she had finally won Violet once.

Violet looked at Phoebe, who couldn't stop smiling on her face, and pursed red lips coldly.

The sixteen models had all finished the show. Then they all came out of the backstage and stood in a row. The judges began to score. The viewers in the live broadcast room could also vote for their favorite designs. The top eight would advance to the quarter-finals.

There was no doubt that Violet got advanced, but she was the second. Phoebe was the first, with more than 2,000 votes more than her.

When Bruce announced this, Phoebe turned to look at Violet, with an unabashed arrogance in her voice, "Look, I said, the best work in this round of knockouts is mine."

"Then just continue to keep it." Violet smiled faintly and replied, with no warmth in the smile.

Phoebe naturally felt it, but didn't think much about it. She only thought that Violet had been severely crushed by herself, so Violet was very angry.

At this time, Bruce came over, "Phoebe, Violet."

"What's the matter? Bruce?" Phoebe asked before Violet.

Seeing Phoebe deliberately raising her status and acting as the leader, Violet was not angry, still with a faint smile on her face.

But she wouldn't let Phoebe go easily.

"Here is the thing. Regarding your two designs, our boss thinks it is very good, so we want to buy the copyright. What about your opinions?" Bruce looked at the two and asked.

"Of course." Violet's eyes lit up and then she quickly agreed.

She was currently short of money and had to pay off her debts, so she was about to sell a batch of designs.

Now buyers took the initiative to come to her. Why didn't she sell it?

Phoebe was also short of money. Just when she was about to agree, Violet spoke first. After glaring at Violet, she smiled again and said, "Okay."

Hearing this, the smile on Violet's face slowly disappeared. She looked a little angry.

Not only did Phoebe plagiarize the design of her teacher's teacher, but she also dared to sell for profit. She must expose Phoebe and let her get out of the fashion and design circles.

But it was not the time yet. She heard that there would be a lot of big shots in the final. Design Association would send a senior executive on over. At that time, it was the best time to expose Phoebe. Even if someone wanted to protect Phoebe, those big shots and senior executives would not agree.

"Great, then let's go to the office to discuss the price." Bruce was very happy to see that both of them agreed to sell the copyright.

Violet gave a hmm, and went out of the conference room with Phoebe.

After discussing the price, it was already half an hour later. Violet came out of the office with a contract of 3 million dollars and left straightly.

Phoebe hadn't left yet. Because she felt that the five million given by Design Association was too low. Now, she was still arguing with Bruce in the conference room.

"Violet, you are amazing. That flower fairy dress is really beautiful. But unfortunately, our studio is not strong enough at present and we can only take the cheap route. Otherwise, I will definitely hold a fashion show for you." When Violet brought Calvin to the hospital, she was hugged by excited Jessie.

Violet couldn't breathe because Jessie was holding her so tightly. She pushed Jessie away, "I'm only number two. Why are you so happy?" _____

Chapter 183 The Murderer Was Caught

"The winner is just a plagiarist." Jessie curled her lips, eyes full of spurning to Phoebe.

"Violet, whose design was Phoebe copied?" George put down his medical book and asked.

Jessie also looked at Violet, "Who?"

"It's Daphne's." Violet hugged Calvin to the sofa, took out her mobile phone to him, and let him watch TV by himself.

"Daphne?" Jessie opened her mouth in astonishment, "Isn't that your teacher's teacher?"

"Yes." Violet nodded.

Jessie frowned, "OMG, she's really bold!"

"Yes." Violet smiled.

George pushed his glasses, "Violet, when are you going to expose her? You can't let her keep copying, right?"

"Of course, when it comes to the final, I will stand up." Violet took the glass of water, sat down and replied.

Suddenly, the phone in her bag rang.

Violet quickly put down the water glass, took out the mobile phone and looked at it. It was an unfamiliar call. She slipped down the answer button in doubt and put the mobile phone to her ear, "Hello?"

"Is it Miss Hunt?" the person on the phone asked.

Violet said, "Yes. May I ask you who is it?"

"This is the police station. Regarding the fact that you were almost to be killed twice in a row some time ago, we caught the murderer." The person at the police station said.

"What?" Violet was taken aback for a moment, and then stood up from the chair in exultation, with an expression of excitement on her face, "Did you really catch it?"

George and Jessie looked at her curiously, not knowing what happened.

"Yes, so we want to invite you over."

"Okay, I'll come right now!" Violet nodded in response.

When the phone hung up, she squeezed the phone tightly. Her happy eyes were wet.

Since being pressed into the water and almost drowned, every day since then, she had lived almost in trepidation. She had not been at ease. She was either worried about her friends being involved and hurt, or she was worried about her two children.

Now that the person had finally been caught, she could finally breathe a sigh of relief.

"Violet, whose phone call?" Jessie blinked and asked.

Violet looked at her and replied, "It's the police station, saying that the murderer behind the scenes who wanted to kill me several times was caught."

"Really!" Jessie was also very happy.

Only George on the hospital bed frowned suddenly.

Was that woman caught?

How could it be possible that he didn't hear anything if that woman was caught?

"George, what are thinking about?" Violet was about to say goodbye to George, but she noticed that he lost in thoughts. So she tilted her head and asked.

George quickly recovered, pushed his glasses and smiled, "Nothing, I'm happy for you."

"Thank you." Violet thanked him with a smile.

George adjusted his sitting posture, "Did the police station tell you what that person's name is?"

"No, I also forgot to ask. I don't know until I come there. Please help me take care of Calvin." Violet looked at her son who was watching cartoons on the sofa.

The little guy sensed her gaze, paused the cartoons, raised his head, and smiled sweetly at her, "Mom, go. I will be a good boy."

"Okay, Mommy will come over to pick you up later." Violet waved, and said goodbye to George and Jessie again, then left with her bag.

It was an hour and a half later when she arrived at the police station.

Violet was taken to the interrogation room by a police officer.

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Islamabad Janitor Became A Millionaire Almost Overnight!

He's Using This Secret Trick To Make Millions

After entering, she saw that in the interrogation room, apart from the police officer who recorded the confession, there were two other people, a man and a woman.

The woman was sitting in the position where she was being interrogated. Her head dropped down, so no one could see her face clearly. But she was not very old by judging from her clothes and exposed skin.

The man sat at the interrogation table, with his legs crossed and arms on his chest. There was no expression on his handsome face, but endless indifference. The powerful aura around him made people feel as if this was his area.

Violet looked at him in surprise, "Mr. Murphy, why are you here?"

Stanley tilted his head slightly, "This matter also has something to do with me, so I came over too."

"Yes, it's Mr. Murphy who found out the murderer." The policeman took off the cap on his head and put it aside, then said.

Violet opened her mouth in surprise. Obviously, she didn't expect that he was checking this, and he even also found out the person.

"Okay, raise your head." The police officer patted the table and said to the woman who had her head down.

The woman raised her head.

Only then did Violet see her face clearly. She was very beautiful, but the gloom and despair in her eyes were more eye-catching.

Was she desperate after being caught?

"The interrogation time is up. You two can go out first." Seeing Violet had seen the woman's face, the police officer said to her and Stanley.

Stanley had no objections, put his hands in his trouser pockets and stood up, looking at Violet, "Let's go."

Violet gave a hmm, and went out after him.

On the way to the lounge, Violet looked at his back and asked, "Mr. Murphy, who the hell is that woman?"

Stanley stopped and turned around, "It's the daughter of the Chambers family."

"the Chambers family?" Violet frowned, "Is that the Chambers family that went bankrupt two months ago?"

Stanley nodded.

Violet lowered her eyes, did not ask any more, and walked past him into the lounge.

When Stanley saw that she stopped him when she had problems and distanced herself from him when she had no problems, he was very upset. But he only pursed his thin lips and went into the lounge with a gloomy face.

Seeing Violet sitting down by the door, Stanley walked to sit opposite her, "Congratulations."

Violet was thinking about something. When she suddenly heard his congratulations, she suddenly regained her senses, and opened her eyes in surprise, "Did Mr. Murphy watch the live broadcast today?"

"The Murphy Group also has designers participating in the competition. As the boss, I will naturally watch it." Stanley held up the teacup, poured two cups of water, and pushed one of them to her.

Violet thanked him and took a sip, "But I remember that designer from the Murphy Group was eliminated in the third round of the knockout round."

The implication was that why he watched the competition when there were no his staffs in today's competition?

Stanley didn't expect her to say this. He was startled. Then he cleared his throat twice and looked at her with a smile, "You remember very clearly to my employees."

"I remember every contestant very clearly." Violet avoided her gaze and lowered her head, covering the guilty conscience in her eyes and replied.

She couldn't say that it was because of him that she paid more attention to that designer's competition.

"By the way, are your designs sold?" Stanley stopped teasing her, suddenly looked at her and asked seriously.

Violet said apologetically, "It has been sold."

"Really?" Stanley frowned, with a trace of regret in his eyes.

At this time, there was someone coming into the lounge. It was the police officer in the interrogation room.

Violet quickly put down the tea cup and stood up, "Police officer, has the interrogation finished?"

"Yes." The police officer handed her the result of the interrogation. "This is the confession of Miss Chambers. She was jealous because she loved Mr. Murphy. She used the last sum of money from the Chambers family to bribe someone to kill you."

While listening to him, Violet looked through the results of the interrogation in her hand. After reading it, she frowned.

Stanley also stood up, "What's the matter?" _____ Chapter 184 It Was Someone Else

Violet glanced at him and handed him the documents, "It said that Vera Chambers wanted to kill me because she wanted to marry you. I'm so puzzled. She wanted to marry you. What's the use of killing me? Phoebe was still your fiancée at that time. If she killed Phoebe, wouldn't she be more likely to marry you?"

She actually wanted to say even more that the possibility of killing Ivy was higher.

But he loved Ivy. If she said this, she would definitely provoke him.

When Stanley heard Violet's words, the look in his eyes became complicated.

Why could everyone know that the person he loved was her, but she couldn't see it herself?

He loved her. Vera Chambers killed her, which was the most correct choice.

With a sigh inwardly, Stanley returned the document to the police officer, "Can we go to see her?"

"Of course." The police officer nodded.

Stanley looked at Violet, "Let's go to see her."

Violet also had this intention, and gave a hmm.

In the interrogation room, Violet stood in front of Vera and said coldly, "Just because of jealousy, you want to attack me and kill me? Don't you think it's too vicious?"

Vera looked up at her, then quickly lowered her head back. Her voice was full of sadness and bitterness, "I don't care about whatever you said."

"Huh?" Violet narrowed her eyes suspiciously.

Surprisingly, shouldn't all the prisoners who were caught normally be unwilling when they saw the victims?

Why was her reaction so sad?

"What are you thinking about?" Stanley stood behind Violet, looked down at her thoughtful look, and suddenly asked.

Violet reacted and shook her head, "Nothing. Maybe I think too much."

It was him who found out the person, so there should be nothing wrong.

Thinking of here, Violet took a deep breath, suppressed the faint weird feelings in her mind, looked at Vera and said, "Did you set fire to my warehouse?"

Vera frowned, "I don't know what you are talking about! I only want to kill you. Your warehouse, and your child's car accident have nothing to do with me."

"What?" Violet's face changed drastically.

Stanley was a little stunned, and his face became solemn.

Violet grabbed Vera's shoulders with a pale face, and asked in a trembling voice, "It's not you?"

"No." Vera nodded.

Violet stared at Vera's eyes closely and saw whether she lied. A chill strung up from her back.

Not her, nor Phoebe, who else would it be?

Did she have other enemies?

Thinking of this, Violet held her head agitatedly, closed her eyes, and tried hard to remember all the people she had made since returning to H Country.

But after thinking about it for a while, she couldn't think of any suspects, but her head hurt.

Stanley looked at Violet who was in pain, his heart sank. He hugged her in his arms and patted her on the back lightly, "Well, don't think about it if you don't remember."

Violet grabbed the collar of his suit, leaned against his chest, smelled the faint mint fragrance on his body and then calmed down slowly. She let go and got out from his arms.

"Thank you, Mr. Murphy, I'm better. No matter who kidnapped my child or burned my warehouse, I must catch it. As for Miss Chambers!"

Violet clenched her fists, turned around, and stared at Vera, "Miss Chambers, just stay in prison!"

After speaking, she left the interrogation room expressionlessly.

Stanley glanced at Vera, whose face was even more sad. Then he frowned slightly, and followed Violet out.

It was not that he could not see the violation from Vera. She did not seem to be a murderer at all.

But it was Colin who found out her. As an official, it was impossible for Colin to get the murderer wrong.

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He's Using This Secret Trick To Make Millions

Islamabad Man Earns Thousands Of Dollars Via This App

After Stanley went out, he closed the door of the interrogation room. Seeing Violet talking to the police officer, he walked over.

Then he heard her asking, "How many years can Vera get sentenced?"

"She wanted to kill you twice and has something with underworld. It is very serious. At least fifteen years." The police officer replied.

"Fifteen years?" Violet pursed her lips, feeling a little short.

However, she also knew that if the victim was not specifically harmed, it would be enough for the sentence to get sentenced for fifteen years.

"What about mental compensation?" Stanley put one hand in his pocket and stood beside Violet.

The police officer thought for a while, "There must be compensation, but I don't know how much it is. It depends on the judge's judgment."

"I see, thank you." Violet forced a smile.

The police officer opened the document in his hand and said to her and Stanley, "If there are no other problems, sign here."

Stanley took the pen and signed his name where the police officer pointed.

After signing, he handed the pen to Violet.

Violet took it, feeling the temperature at the position where he was holding the pen, and couldn't help but rub her fingers. Then she signed her name next to Stanley's name.

Seeing the two names, which was one big and one small, one sharp and one delicate, Stanley smiled.

After that, the two walked out of the police station.

Stanley took out the car key, "Where are you going? I'll take you there!"

"No need, Mr. Murphy. I can drive by myself." Violet pointed to her car.

Stanley looked over. He frowned.

Was it really safe to drive such a low-quality car?

Violet didn't know what Stanley was thinking. She suddenly bowed to him, "Thank you, Mr. Murphy, for your help in catching the murderer. Otherwise, I will have to worry about it in the future."

In any case, Vera was caught. Violet indeed felt a little relieved.

Next, she had to find out the one who hid deeper, kidnapped her child and burned the warehouse. As long as she found out that person, she could completely feel relieved.

"You don't need to thank me. Everything is because of me. I should apologize to you." Stanley waved his hand.

Violet smiled, then thought of something and patted her forehead. She took out a check and black card from her bag and handed them to him, "Mr. Murphy, this is the money I owed to you last time, and your bank card. Return them to you now."

Stanley's face suddenly sank.

Although he was a little unhappy that she was so anxious to return these to him and she distanced everything from him, he still took the check and the card.

Because if he didn't accept it, she would be upset.

Seeing Stanley accepting the money, Violet smiled knowingly, "Mr. Murphy, I have to leave first, goodbye!"

After speaking, she pulled open the door and got into the car.

Stanley pursed his thin lips. After watching her car go away, he got into the car and drove back to the Murphy Group. Next, there was a very important meeting waiting for him to preside.

Violet went back to the hospital. As soon as she entered, Jessie caught her and asked, "How is it? What is the name of that person? Did she plead guilty?"

"Yes, her name is Vera. She is the daughter of the Chambers family." Violet sat down, pounding somewhat sore shoulders and replied.

When George heard, his eyes dimmed. There was a complicated look in his eyes.

He was just wondering why he didn't hear anything if the woman was arrested. It turned out that the person who was arrested was just a scapegoat.

However, why should she push a scapegoat out at this time?

"How could it be her?" Jessie's eyes widened in surprise.

Violet raised her eyebrows, "Do you know Vera?"

Chapter 185 Moving Back to the Apartment

Jessie suppressed the shock inwardly and nodded, "Yes, she is my high school classmate. She is so beautiful, and her temper is gentle. But she is a little timid. I can't believe that she dared to kill you."

"What's unbelievable about this? Women's jealousy is terrible. They do everything to get what they want. Of course, men are the same." George smiled and chipped in.

Jessie sighed with emotion, "But I really didn't expect that she would fall in love with Mr. Murphy. She said she loved her deskmate. She said that she only wanted to marry her deskmate in this life, but it is all bullshit."

Violet walked to the sofa and put a blanket on Calvin who was asleep, "It is normal to fall in love with others. In this world, there are only a few people who love only one person in their lifetime."

"Yeah, no one can guarantee that that person will always be waiting for you." While Jessie said, she glanced at George on the hospital bed.

George's movement of turning the page paused slightly, but soon he returned to normal, turning to the next page and reading it.

Seeing that he had clearly heard her, but deliberately pretended not to have heard it, Jessie lowered her eyelids bitterly.

It wasn't until a while later that she raised her head slightly, took a deep breath, and changed the subject, "By the way, Violet, did Vera admit it to set fire to our warehouse?"

Violet shook her head, "It wasn't her, including Calvin's car accident, nor was it."

"What?" Jessie said, "Who is that?"

"I don't know. We could only check it slowly." Violet rubbed her temples with a wry smile on her face.

George's hand holding the book tightened but he did not speak.

At this time, Violet's phone rang. She took it out and had a look. Seeing the beating name on the screen, she exclaimed, "It's my professor."

"Merced?" Jessie asked in surprise.

George also looked at Violet's mobile phone.

Violet nodded to the two of them, then quickly answered the call and put the phone to her ear, "Professor."

"Violet, what you said in the text message half an hour ago, I have already told my teacher. She is very angry and has recorded the video. I sent it to your mailbox." On the phone, Merced's a little old, but loving voice came over.

Violet smiled and nodded, "I see, thank you."

"What's the matter?" Jessie and George asked curiously.

Violet opened her mouth, and silently answered them, "Phoebe!"

The two suddenly understood.

"You fight against plagiarism and protect the rights and interests of the teacher. It is a good thing. We

will naturally support you. Just do it. I will tell Design Association." Mercedes laughed.

Violet gave a heavy hmm, and then thought of something. She bit her lower lip with embarrassment, and her voice became quieter, "Professor, did you watch 'Born of Fire' of the Murphy Group some time ago?"

"Yeah, although the level is far from the top, it is better than many well-known designers. Violet, you are very good!" Merced gave a thumbs up and praised her.

This was what Violet wanted to hear most. She was so excited that even her eyes were red, "Thank you for the compliment. I will continue to work hard, and strive to cooperate with you on a big show!"

At the end of the call, Violet held the phone tightly with both hands. The joy on her face could not disappear for a long time.

Jessie squinted at her, "Isn't it just being praised? So happy?"

"You don't understand. Merced is very strict. He has never praised Violet or smiled at her. Now he praised her, which meant that he recognizes Violet." George closed the book and looked at Jessie.

Jessie stuck out her tongue, "Well, I was wrong."

"It's getting late. I have to take Calvin away first, then I have to go to the kindergarten to pick up Arya."

After speaking, Violet gently patted Calvin on the shoulder, woke him up, took his hand and left the hospital.

Back to the apartment with the two children, it was almost dark.

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Islamabad Janitor Became A Millionaire Almost Overnight!

A 25-Year-Old Becomes The Richest Man In His City

Violet parked the car and walked into the apartment building with holding two children.

Soon, the elevator arrived. As soon as the mother and the children stepped out of the elevator, they saw the corridors full of cardboard boxes.

They were all stunned, not knowing what was going on.

At this moment, Stanley's apartment door was opened. Bella brought two tall men out of it, with her back to Violet, pointing to the boxes and instructing, "Move in. Be careful. Don't get bumped."

"Yes." After the two men responded, they began to move the boxes.

Bella did not move, and counted the number of boxes there.

Violet squeezed the hands of the two children and yelled softly, "Bella."

Hearing her voice, Bella turned around. Seeing her and her two children, Bella was so happy, "Miss Hunt."

Violet took the two children carefully avoiding the cardboard boxes and walked over, "Bella, why are you here? And these cardboard boxes..."

"Oh, the villa is going to be renovated recently, so Mr. Murphy moved here first. These are all his

luggage." Bella wiped her hand on the apron and explained with a smile.

Violet was stunned.

Stanley wanted to move here. Depending on the number of these boxes, he would live here for a while.

Then her decision to stay away from him would become empty talk?

"Mommy, does this grandma mean that Uncle Murphy is coming back to live?" Arya pulled the corner of Violet's clothes and asked with her head up.

Violet hadn't answered yet. Calvin rolled his eyes at Arya, "Stupid. Of course."

"Yes." Bella looked at Calvin lovingly. When she realized that the little girl called Violet Mommy just now, she was shocked. Then she asked hurriedly, "Miss Hunt, this little girl is also your child?"

Violet touched Arya's head and replied with a smile, "Yes, I forgot to tell you last time that I gave birth to twins, but because they are fraternal twins, they don't look alike."

"Oh." Bella put away the surprise and nodded.

"Well, we don't disturb you guys to move stuff. We have to go back first." Violet took out the key card, swiped it on the door, and led the two children into the apartment.

After entering, she closed the door, and the smile on her face turned into worry.

When Calvin saw it, he stopped changing shoes, "Mommy, what's the matter with you?"

Arya also looked at Violet quickly.

Hearing the concern of the two children, Violet felt warm and laughed again, "Mommy is okay. I'm just thinking about something. Don't worry. Go to play."

Seeing it really didn't look like something major had happened from Violet's face, Calvin took Arya's hand and went back to the room to play with toys.

Violet looked at the backs of the two children bouncing around, eyes full of tenderness.

Forget it, just let Stanley move over.

She would figure out when he went out and when he came back, then avoided running into him. She couldn't move out just to stay away from him, right?

Thinking about it, Violet sighed and shook her head, changed her shoes, and went to the kitchen to prepare dinner.

While eating, the sound of renovations suddenly came through the door, like smashing a wall. It was very noisy and didn't stop for a long time.

It wasn't until almost ten o'clock that outside the door was finally quiet, but the doorbell rang.

Violet knew who it was. _Chapter 186 The Car Was Hit

She got up, walked over and turned on the monitoring. Seeing the figure on the screen, she pursed her red lips, "Mr. Murphy, it's so late. What's the matter?"

"My apartment has just undergone some renovations. Do you feel noisy?" Stanley knew that she was looking at the video, so he moved a step to the right, completely exposing himself to the camera.

"There is no noise now." Violet looked at him and replied.

Seeing that the door was still closed, Stanley realized that she did not intend to open the door. Then his eyes darkened, "Open the door. I have something for you."

"What?" Violet frowned suspiciously, but still didn't mean to open the door.

Stanley pursed his thin lips, "It's an apologetic gift."

A gift?

Violet adjusted the angle of the camera and saw that his hanging left hand was carrying a delicately packaged bag. She couldn't help but raised her eyebrows in surprise, "No need, Mr. Murphy. You have already apologized. Just take it back. Well, I'm going to bed. Good night!"

After speaking, she turned and went back to the living room.

Outside the door, seeing that the red light in the camera hadn't flashed, Stanley knew that she had turned off the monitoring and went away. His handsome face sank suddenly.

She really carried out the three words “stay away from him” so vividly that she didn't even want to talk with him face to face now.

Stanley stared at the closed door in front of him for a while, then turned back to the apartment.

Bella paused when she saw him come back with the bag, "Mr. Murphy, did you not give it to Miss Hunt?"

"She doesn't want to see me." Stanley put the bag on the coffee table and replied faintly.

Bella looked at the door, and then comforted, "It's okay, you have moved here anyway. You will see Miss Hunt."

Stanley gave a hmm, pulled his tie, and walked to the room.

Of course he knew this. Otherwise, he wouldn't move here so soon. Now that Vera had been arrested, he naturally didn't have to worry about anything. So he could pursue her.

But when she asked him if he liked her on the cruise ship before, he didn't admit it at the time. If now he directly confessed to her, she would definitely not believe it. So he could only make her believe her slowly.

The next day, after breakfast, Violet took her two children to go out.

When she went out, she first looked at the door of the opposite room. Seeing that there was no

movement, she gently closed the door of her apartment, and then took the two children into the elevator.

In the elevator, Arya panted, "Mommy, why did we have to run?"

Calvin also looked at Violet.

Violet's eyes flickered. Then she replied with smile, "Mommy is afraid you guys are late."

"But it's still early." Calvin looked at his children's watch, and exposed her lie.

Violet looked away, "Probably I made a mistake."

She couldn't say that she didn't know if Stanley had left.

If he didn't leave, he would hear the movement of closing the door. Then if she didn't run faster, what should she do if he opened the door?

Seeing Violet's guilty conscience, Calvin curled his lips, "Mommy is lying again."

"Mommy, it's not a good habit to lie." Arya said with her arms akimbo.

Violet bent over and scratched the noses of the two little guys, "You two are teaching Mommy?"

"Huh." The two little guys lifted their chins triumphantly.

Violet couldn't help but pinched their faces.

Ding. The elevator arrived.

After opening the door, Violet took the two little guys out of the elevator and walked to the parking lot.

As soon as they walked to the entrance of the parking lot, they suddenly heard a loud noise. It was the sound of a car colliding with a car.

Violet couldn't see which two cars had collided, and didn't want to see it. She walked straight to her parking space. But after walking past, she was stunned by the scene in front of her.

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Iconic Movie That Has A Secret Ending That You Never Got To See

As Soon As You Hear About Love You Start Screaming At Out Loud?

Even the two children were dumbfounded.

"Mommy, our car was hit!" Calvin pointed to the car and said blankly.

Violet nodded blankly, "Mommy saw it!"

When she came over, she was still wondering who was so unlucky and his car was hit in the parking lot in the morning.

Only now did she know that the car which was hit was actually hers.

The collision was quite serious. The entire trunk was knocked into it. The car's alarm was yelling.

The one that crashed her car was a black extended Bentley. The front of the Bentley did not get hurt at all except for some scratches.

This comparison was really tragic!

Wait a minute! This Bentley seemed familiar. Was it possible...?

Thinking of something, Violet quickly let go of the hands of the two children and walked to the back of the Bentley to check the license plate.

Seeing the familiar letters and numbers on the license plate, she couldn't help but felt speechless.

"Mommy, this seems to be Uncle Murphy's car." Calvin also recognized it, took Arya to her side, and said, checking the Bentley with her.

Violet nodded. Just when she was about to respond, the man's cold and deep voice sounded from behind, "It's mine."

Violet and the two children immediately turned their heads, looking at Stanley holding the phone, walking towards this side with apologetic eyes.

"Uncle Murphy, why did you hit our car?" Arya asked, tilting her head.

Violet wanted to know the answer, too. So she stared at the man.

Stanley first looked down at the two children, then looked up at Violet, "Sorry, I didn't mean it. When

reversing, I didn't notice that your car was behind. Don't worry. I will compensate. I just called Fraser to drive a car over. He should be here soon."

Hearing this, Violet's eyes widened in surprise, "Mr. Murphy, you want to give me a car directly?"

Stanley nodded, "Yes."

That was what he meant. Her car was really inferior. It became like this after a slight collision. Even if it could be repaired, it would spend a long time.

It was better to pay her a better one. He could rest assured when she drove it.

Violet didn't know what Stanley was thinking. Hearing that he was really going to give her a car, she shook her head and waved her hands, "No need, Mr. Murphy. My car has insurance. You don't need to..."

Before she finished speaking, a red Mercedes suddenly drove over with its horn and stopped in front of her.

The door was opened and Fraser got down from inside. He walked to Stanley, "Mr. Murphy, the car is here."

Stanley stretched out his hand.

Fraser immediately gave him the car key.

He took a look and handed it to Violet.

Violet hurriedly took the two children back a step, "I said no need. I can drive it to get repaired by myself."

With that said, she was about to take out her car key and take the two children into the car.

Seeing that she would rather drive a bad car than accept his car, Stanley couldn't help but coldly said, "Your car has been smashed into this way. It will be stopped by the traffic police on the road, not to mention, who knows if there are any parts with problems inside. If you drive the two children in the car like this, in case there is an accident..."

"Stop!" Violet stopped and interrupted him nervously.

She had to admit that his words scared her.

As he said, if there were some problems with the car parts, and she drove out forcefully, once something really happened, she would regret it.

Seeing that Violet seemed to change her mind, Stanley's face eased a little.

He walked over, took her hand, and put the car key in her palm, with a slight gentle voice in his voice, "This is what I compensate to you. You don't need to have a psychological burden." Chapter 187
The Cooperation Between Phoebe and Suzy

Violet looked down at the key in her palm, hesitated for a few seconds, and squeezed it tightly, "I see. Thank you, Mr. Murphy. I can accept the car, but I will return it to you the money which is exceeded my car's, goodbye!"

When she finished speaking, before Stanley could answer, Violet pressed down the Mercedes-Benz car key, opened the door, carried the two children into the car, and drove away.

Fraser came to Stanley's side and watched the red car leave, "Mr. Murphy, Violet is still alienating you. She even wanted to pay you money. Didn't you confess to her your feelings last night?"

Stanley pursed his thin lips, "Not in hurry. It's not too late to wait until she gets used to my existence. Let's go to the company."

"Yes." Fraser nodded in response.

After Violet drove Arya to the kindergarten, she took Calvin to the hospital and let Jessie take care of him. She herself went to Design Association to participate in today's competition.

As soon as she entered the conference room, Violet felt the tension in the atmosphere.

Except for Phoebe, the six designers were all on pins and needles, with undisguised concerns on their faces.

"What's the matter?" Violet walked over and asked a designer casually.

The designer looked at her, "Don't you know?"

"Know what?" Violet blinked suspiciously.

The designer leaned to her ear, lowered her voice and replied, "We just heard that it is Mr. Moore who

set the theme."

"And then?" Violet turned to look at the designer.

She didn't understand why they were so anxious.

"And then? Of course we're so afraid. Who doesn't know that Mr. Moore always sets tricky theme!" The designer lay on the table painfully, "He never directly announces the theme, but says a famous saying, letting us guess the theme from the famous saying. It's hard."

"It's a bit." Violet nodded in favor.

She had heard from her teacher before that Mr. Moore did have such a habit of setting a theme.

That was because Mr. Moore learned history before entering the design circle.

"By the way, don't you worry that you can't guess it?" Seeing Violet's calm face, the designer couldn't help being curious.

Violet smiled, "What's the use of worrying about it? Just take its nature. Besides, Mr. Moore is best at designing the national style. The questions must be related to the national style. You only need to understand from the scope of the national style. You can guess what the theme is."

Hearing this, the designer's eyes lit up suddenly, "Yes, why didn't I expect it? Thank you so much, Violet."

Violet shook her head, saying no thanks.

Then, she raised her wrist to check the time. There were nearly ten minutes before the competition started.

At this moment, Phoebe, who was not far away, suddenly walked out of the conference room in her wheelchair, still holding a mobile phone in her hand. She didn't dare to look at others. Obviously, she was going to do some dirty things.

Seeing it, Violet's eyes flickered. Then she got up and followed out.

After going out, she saw Phoebe go to the safe stairwell. She pursed her red lips pursed, then she bent down and took off the high heels on her feet, and followed Phoebe.

After arriving the door of the safe staircase, Violet heard Phoebe's voice coming from inside, "The competition is about to start. I will confirm with you again. It's really that theme from your Grandpa's famous saying?"

Grandpa?

Hearing the word, Violet suddenly narrowed her eyes.

Unexpectedly, the person who contacted Phoebe was actually Suzy!

It seemed that Phoebe had previously inquired about the person who set the theme was Mr. Moore this time, and then contacted Suzy and asked Suzy to help her inquire about the theme!

"Okay, I know. Don't worry, I will help you put Violet firmly in second place." Phoebe's voice sounded again.

Hearing her own name, and based on Phoebe's words, Violet already guessed what Suzy had said to Phoebe.

Suzy asked Phoebe to suppress her in the competition.

It seemed that Suzy really hated her guts!

Violet smiled helplessly, turned around and quietly returned to the conference room.

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Iconic Movie That Has A Secret Ending That You Never Got To See

After two minutes, Phoebe also returned in a wheelchair.

Seeing Phoebe's confident face, Violet's eyes became cold.

Phoebe noticed it, turned to look over, and raised her chin provocatively towards Violet.

"Humph..." Violet felt so ridiculous.

She really didn't know what qualifications a person, who had no real ability and won by means, had to provoke others.

Violet ignored Phoebe and prepared the design notebook and pencil in order to draw the design in a while.

Soon, the competition began. Mr. Moore held a cane, led by Bruce, and came to the stage. Then he took the microphone and said his own famous saying.

It was a proverb that Violet had never heard before. From the tone and meaning of this proverb, it seemed to be a proverb of ethnic minorities.

Could it be that the theme was the costume element of ethnic minorities?

Thinking about it, Violet groaned for a while and looked at Mr. Moore on the stage.

Mr. Moore was sitting in a chair, looking at the audience with a smile on his face. Seeing the designers looked so anxious when hearing his question, he held the microphones and said with a smile, "You guys must think that it's difficult to guess the theme from my proverbs right?"

Everyone nodded.

There were even some people who directly ask Mr. Moore to announce the theme and not embarrass them anymore.

Mr. Moore was unmoved. He cleared throat slightly, and said, "I admit that this theme is not easy to guess by just guessing, so I have already told you the answer. It is on me. As long as you pay close attention, you will see it."

After speaking, Mr. Moore put down the microphone, closed his eyes, and stopped talking.

Everyone hurriedly looked at him, trying to find the answer he said.

Violet was no exception. She squinted her eyes and observed carefully. Finally, she found a totem mark

of a minority group at the collar of Mr. Moore's jacket.

Seeing this, Violet smiled, "Sure enough!"

She guessed right. The theme was ethnic minority costume elements!

Although there were many ethnic minorities, their clothing had one thing in common, which was embroidery.

Violet had inspiration in her mind for an instant. She already knew how to design. Then she picked up the pencil, lowered her head and began to draw on the design notebook.

Today's competition was not as complicated as yesterday. There was no need to make clothes or model shows. She just needed to draw the design drawings and then handed them to Mr. Moore.

Mr. Moore thought whoever was best would advance.

While other designers were still struggling with the theme, Phoebe had already drawn up the design.

She turned her head and looked at Violet not far away.

Seeing Violet seriously drawing, she squeezed the pencil in her hand tightly. Her face was distorted.

She didn't expect that Violet understood the theme so quickly, and was already drawing pictures.

But so what?

"I don't believe in your design can win the one in my hand?" Phoebe smiled triumphantly at the beautiful design in her hand.

The time passed. Two hours later, time was up.

Violet handed in the design drawings. Mr. Moore was reading them one by one.

During the period, his face did not change at all. The designers in the audience couldn't tell whether their designs were recognized.

Until Mr. Moore put four design drawings on the screen, the designers in the audience knew whether they were promoted or eliminated.

Violet was relieved and smiled as she watched her work appear on the screen.

But when she saw another design drawing on the screen, she frowned.

Chapter 188 Pretending to Faint

The design drawing was signed by Phoebe. The dress on the drawing was short at the front and long at the back, and there was a large hem and cloak. On the hem and the cloak, there were large phoenix embroidery patterns, which looked luxurious and grand. It could be seen that this was an evening dress. Besides, it was worn at the sacrifice.

Violet really didn't know where Phoebe got this design.

Violet looked over at Phoebe.

As if sensing her gaze, Phoebe turned her head, smiled triumphantly, and gave her a thumbs up.

Violet was slightly startled.

What was the meaning?

Was Phoebe giving her a thumbs up?

Just when she was thinking about it, Phoebe's hand moved again, and her thumb was slowly downward, making a despising movement.

So humiliated! Violet's face sank. Stanley, who was watching the live broadcast, looked even more gloomy.

Fraser also said, "Phoebe is not afraid to be scolded by viewers when she makes such a move in front of the camera."

"What is she afraid of? Haven't you seen her votes?" Stanley squinted at the voting data at the bottom of the live broadcast room.

Phoebe's number of votes was so good. She steadily occupied the first place, which was thousands more than Violet's. So Violet was firmly placed in second place.

Moreover, Phoebe's votes were still growing at an extremely fast rate, which showed how popular her design was.

"I see. Everyone likes to see genius. Phoebe's design is better than designer Violet's. So even if she is so arrogant, viewers won't say anything. They just think she has a personality. After all, genius always have some privileges." Fraser said, pushing his glasses.

Stanley propped his chin, "Do you really think this design is Phoebe's own?"

Fraser was taken aback, "Mr. Murphy, what do you mean..."

"Phoebe can't design such top clothes. If she has this talent, she will have been famous internationally. How can she still doesn't even have a masterpiece until now?" Stanley sneered. Then he said coldly, "Go and check what designers' works she has copied since she participated in the competition."

"Yes!" Fraser nodded and immediately went out to check.

Stanley leaned back in his chair, crossed his arms on his chest, and continued to stare at the live broadcast room.

At the competition site, the voting time was up. The four contestants selected by Mr. Moore had already been ranked. Phoebe ranked the first and Violet was the second.

Mr. Moore smiled and said with a microphone, "The top four have been selected. I am very happy that the four can advance. First of all, let us give the four designers a round of applause. Then invite the four to come up and explain your design ideas."

After that, the judges, audience, members of Design Association and the media in the conference room applauded.

Violet and the other two designers stood up and bowed to everyone with a smile. Only Phoebe was unable to get up because of a leg injury and bowed in a wheelchair.

At the moment when she lowered her head, a trace of panic suddenly appeared on her face. She scolded Mr. Moore inwardly.

Damn it! Why did she have to explain the design ideas?

Just directly declare the end of this round!

"Fuck!" Phoebe gritted her teeth angrily, but she didn't show it on her face. She forced herself to calm down.

However, no matter how well she hid, Violet, who had been quietly paying attention to her, still saw the problem on her face, because her smile was too reluctant.

Violet knew what Phoebe was worried about.

How could Phoebe tell the idea of the design which didn't belong to her?

Violet waited to see how Phoebe would end up in a while.

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Thinking about it, Violet straightened her back, took all her attention from Phoebe, and listened carefully to the designer on the stage to tell their design ideas.

The designer on the stage was fourth. Mr. Moore invited everyone on stage in reverse order.

Soon, the fourth and the third were all finished, and finally it was Violet's turn.

Violet walked to the stage, took the small baton handed over by the third designer, smiled at the audience, and began to explain, "My design concept is actually very simple. As we all know, the costumes of ethnic minorities have one thing in common. That is embroidery. Besides technology, the most important thing in embroidery is color..."

Looking at Violet who was so confident on the stage, Phoebe's jealous eyes were red, and clenched her skirt so hard that it wrinkled.

She was thinking that if the person on the stage was herself, even if the design was her own, she would definitely not be able to say so carefully about the design ideas like Violet.

This was the gap between her and Violet. How good Violet was, then it would set off how incompetent she was.

Violet spoke on stage for nearly ten minutes, and finally finished.

Mr. Moore took the lead in applauding her, because she spoke very wonderfully. Even some of the details were even more impressive.

"Violet, you are very good!" Mr. Moore looked at Violet, his eyes full of love and recognition for her.

Violet smiled embarrassedly, "Thank you, Mr. Moore. I'm flattered."

"You don't need to thank me. Your talent and design ability deserve such praises. There are not many designers in our country who are on the international stage. Now I am old, and our domestic design circle depends on your generation to support. Come on!" Mr. Moore patted her shoulder expectantly.

Violet nodded heavily, and then couldn't help but hugged this old man who had been developing for the domestic design industry all his life, "Don't worry, Mr. Moore. I won't let you down."

"I believe you." Mr. Moore hugged her back.

Stanley saw this scene and turned the pen in his hand.

Not to mention that Mr. Moore believed Violet, even he believed that in the future, Violet would be the top in domestic fashion design.

Violet let go of Mr. Moore, turned around and fixed her gaze on Phoebe who was in the audience. A gleam of light flashed in her eyes. Her smile grew meaningful, "Phoebe, I'm finished. It's your turn."

In the face of everyone's gaze and Violet's urging, Phoebe was a little embarrassed. After secretly gritting her teeth, she had to slide her wheelchair up.

But when she slid halfway, her face suddenly changed. She bent over to cover her belly, and cried out in pain.

This change not only shocked the people present, but also shocked the viewers watching the live broadcast. The bullet comments were, "What happened to her?" Even Violet was also affected by Phoebe at the moment. She was stunned.

"Phoebe, are you okay?" Bruce hurriedly walked to Phoebe, squatted down next to Phoebe and asked eagerly.

Phoebe pinched her broken leg secretly. The severe pain from the broken leg made her pale instantly, with cold sweat on her forehead. Her breath was uneven. She replied, "My... my stomach hurts."

"Stomach hurts?" Bruce quickly looked at her stomach.

Phoebe nodded weakly, "It seems like something is biting me. No, it hurts badly!"

When she finished speaking, she screamed and suddenly fainted.

The scene suddenly became chaotic. The live broadcast room was also chaotic. Violet opened her mouth wide and was surprised why Phoebe fainted suddenly.

The only calm one was Stanley. He stared at Phoebe who had fainted in the live broadcast room. Then he narrowed his eyes suspiciously.

Phoebe's situation at this time reminded him of what happened in the hospital some time ago.

At that time, he had just finished speaking cancelling the marriage contract with her, then she fainted like this. This time, maybe it was the same.

Chapter 189 For the Sake of Mr. Moore

"Quickly, send her to the infirmary!" President of the Branch quickly ordered Bruce.

If they didn't send her to the infirmary quickly and something happened, Design Association couldn't afford the responsibility!

Bruce realized this, and immediately pushed Phoebe to the door of the conference room.

The door of the conference room was right next to the stage.

When Bruce pushed Phoebe past, Violet suddenly saw Phoebe's trembling eyelashes.

At that moment, Violet immediately understood everything. Phoebe was pretending to faint!

Violet was so angry that she even laughed out. She really underestimated Phoebe's shamelessness.

In order to avoid the explanation of the design ideas, Phoebe actually pretended to faint. It was really disgusting!

After Phoebe was sent to the infirmary, President of the Branch closed the live broadcast room and announced the end of the round.

The crowd dispersed in twos and threes. Soon there were only a few people left in the huge conference room.

Mr. Moore was sorting out the four selected design drawings, and Violet walked over.

Mr. Moore smiled at her, "Violet, do you sell your designs?"

"Yes." Violet nodded.

She was short of money.

Even if she was not short of money, she would sell it. Because the clothes of her studio were not very expensive, which couldn't even reach the light luxury. So her studio couldn't afford this kind of clothes.

"How about selling it to me? You know my favorite is the national style. I have studied it for most of my life. In this respect, I have been considered proficient, so I am currently studying the elements of ethnic minority clothing. I'm short of this kind of design." Mr. Moore picked up Violet's design drawing and said.

Violet smiled, "Of course."

"That's great. I won't let you suffer any loss." Mr. Moore put the design back in, and picked up Phoebe's.

Violet pursed her red lips, "Mr. Moore, do you want to buy Phoebe's design, too?"

"Yes, it just so happens that I'm going to participate in an ethnic minority's sacrifice next month. It is most suitable to make this design into clothes and give it as a gift." Mr. Moore touched his beard and replied.

Violet clenched her fists, "Mr. Moore, with all due respect, you can't buy it. Because this is not Phoebe's design, she copied it from another designer."

"Oh?" The kind smile on Mr. Moore's face suddenly faded. Then he became serious. "What you said is true?"

"Of course it's true. It's not the first time that Phoebe has plagiarized. The designers in the circle know more or less about it. She has copied it all the way since the start of the competition. None of the works is her own." Violet nodded and said seriously.

Mr. Moore narrowed his old eyes.

Of course he would not think Violet was lying to him. After all, no one would be kidding with such things.

But at the same time, he still had some doubts, "You said Phoebe plagiarized in the previous rounds. I believe you, but how did she copy in this round? My theme was announced before the competition. Where did she get the theme? You must know that you guys can't use any electronic equipment during the game."

"Then what if Phoebe knew your theme in advance?" Violet looked at him.

Mr. Moore's face changed, and the wrinkles on his face were trembling, "How is it possible? Where did she get from in advance?"

"Hey..." Violet sighed, and said, "It's Suzy."

"What?" Mr. Moore was so shocked

Violet gritted her teeth and told Mr. Moore what she heard in the safe stairwell at the time.

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Iconic Movie That Has A Secret Ending That You Never Got To See

After hearing it, Mr. Moore tightly held the dragon head on the crutch. His face was gloomy and terrifying. He was obviously very angry.

He remembered that Suzy had indeed asked him about the competition two days ago. He didn't think much about it, so he told her.

Unexpectedly, she deliberately set him up, so as to tell Phoebe and suppress Violet. His good granddaughter!

"Mr. Moore, please calm down first. Don't get angry." Seeing Mr. Moore's angry look, Violet gently stroked his chest twice.

It was no wonder that Mr. Moore was so angry. His granddaughter actually did such things. Suzy didn't know that her purpose of suppressing others was achieved, but she threw her grandfather's reputation on the ground for others to step on.

Phoebe's plagiarism couldn't be concealed forever. There would always be a day when it would be exposed. The matter of Suzy leaking the theme to Phoebe in advance would also be found out. Then what would others think of Mr. Moore? They would think it was Mr. Moore who deliberately told his granddaughter to let the granddaughter suppress others?

"I'm okay." Mr. Moore took a deep breath, suppressed the anger, and smiled reluctantly, but the smile was full of sadness.

"Violet, you deliberately told me this to protect my reputation?" Mr. Moore looked into Violet's eyes.

Violet said, "Yes, in the last round of the competition, Phoebe copied the work of my teacher's teacher. I can't let Phoebe go. I plan to wait for the finals to expose Phoebe. Once exposed, your reputation will be ruined by Suzy and Phoebe. I don't want to see that."

So she told Mr. Moore, just to make Mr. Moore distance Suzy from this incident and erased the traces of Suzy's contact with Phoebe.

In this way, she exposed Phoebe's plagiarism. Even if Phoebe wanted to get Suzy involved, others would not believe it without evidence of her contact with Suzy. They would only think that Phoebe herself had seen Mr. Moore's theme, and wickedly wanted to blame Mr. Moore's granddaughter and to ruin Mr. Moore's reputation.

Mr. Moore was shrewd. He naturally knew that Violet was helping him. He patted the back of her hand gratefully, "Violet, thank you. I remember your favor. If you have any difficulties, please come to me at any time. I'll try my best to help you. As for Suzy, I will go back and teach her a lesson."

After speaking, Mr. Moore walked out of the conference room with his cane.

After he left, Violet didn't stay here any longer. After checking the time, she also left.

But before leaving, she went to the infirmary to see if Phoebe continued to pretend to be sick.

However, when she arrived in the infirmary, the doctor told her that Phoebe had been picked up by Talia.

In the evening, Violet took the two children back to the apartment. As soon as she took off her shoes, she received a payment for her mobile phone. It was from Mr. Moore. The copyright fee for the design was two million dollars, which was at least half more than she expected.

Because ethnic minority clothing only occupied a small part of the domestic market. It had no commercial value at all internationally. No matter how well designed, it could sell for one million at most.

But Mr. Moore gave her two million. It should be that he thanked to her for telling the truth during the day.

Thinking about it, Violet smiled and put away the phone, "Calvin, look after your sister. Mommy has to go take a bath first."

"Okay." Calvin nodded repeatedly.

Violet rubbed the heads of the two children, put down the bag, went to the room to get pajamas and then took a bath.

The two children were sitting on the carpet in the living room and playing with blocks.

At this time, the doorbell rang.

Calvin first glanced at the direction of the bathroom, "Mommy, someone is coming."

There was no response in the bathroom, only the sound of water.

Calvin guessed that Violet hadn't heard it, so he got up and walked towards the door.

The doorbell was still ringing. Calvin turned the monitoring. Seeing that the person outside the door was Stanley, his eyes lit up and then he opened the door.

"Uncle Murphy." Calvin raised his head and cried out to the man in sweet voice. _____ Chapter 190
Parent Meeting

Stanley looked down at the little guy and raised his eyebrows slightly.

He was wondering that the door was opened so easily today. It turned out that it was the child who opened it.

He followed Calvin into the room. Then he looked around, but he did not see Violet, only Arya on the carpet, so he asked, "Where is your Mommy?"

Calvin pointed in the direction of the bathroom, "Mommy is taking a shower."

Hearing this, Stanley looked towards the bathroom. His eyes darkened involuntarily when he heard water coming from the bathroom.

"Uncle Murphy, why did you look for Mommy?" Calvin sat back on the carpet.

Stanley put down the file bag in his hand and sat down on the sofa, "I have something to discuss with her."

"Wait a while. Mommy will be out soon." Calvin said.

Stanley couldn't help but chuckled, "Okay."

Suddenly, Arya got up and came to him, "Uncle Murphy, can I ask you a favor?"

The little girl put up a short finger and looked at Stanley eagerly.

Stanley also looked at her. His voice was as soft as possible, "What's matter?"

"Tomorrow, can you be my father and go to my parent meeting?" Arya said shyly, twisting the corners of her clothes with both hands.

Both Calvin and Stanley were taken aback.

Even Violet, who came out of the bathroom after taking a shower, was surprised, "Arya, why didn't you tell Mommy about the parent meeting?"

Violet ignored Stanley and walked over in her pajamas, wrapping her hair, pulling Arya from Stanley to her side.

Smelling the scent from her body, Stanley squinted his eyes. He swallowed.

Arya lowered her head, "Because Mommy will have a competition tomorrow and there is no time to attend the parent meeting, so I didn't tell you."

"It's no wonder that Arya was a little unhappy along the way." Calvin touched his chin and nodded.

Violet opened her mouth, a little speechless.

Yes, she still had a competition tomorrow, so she couldn't leave at all.

But she couldn't be absent from the child's parent meeting...

Thinking of this, Violet bit her lip a little tangledly, then squatted down and held the little girl's face, "Baby, or Mommy won't go to the competition tomorrow. I'll ..."

"No!" Stanley interrupted her and stood up from the sofa. "Tomorrow is the semi-finals. It is very important. You can't abstain. Once you abstain, you will not be able to participate in international competitions. This is your dream, isn't it? It's also your first step to make others at abroad know you."

Violet also stood up, "I know. But the parent meeting is also very important."

Because the two children did not have a father, she vowed to accompany the two children well and not miss any important occasions for the two children.

She couldn't break her promise!

"The parent meeting is very important, but you don't have to go. Arya let me go, and I went to the parent-child activity in amusement park last time. Their teacher also knows me, so you can take part in the competition." Stanley touched Arya's head, looked at Violet and said.

Calvin nodded and agreed, "Yes, Mommy, you have to go to the competition. Tomorrow, I will go to Arya's parent meeting with Uncle Murphy."

"But..." Violet wanted to say something.

Stanley interrupted her again, "Even if you go to the parent meeting tomorrow, but miss the game, you will still live in regret in the future."

"Uncle Murphy is right. Mommy, go to the competition. I won't blame you." Arya pulled the corner of Violet's clothes and looked at her grinningly.

Facing the understanding of the two children and Stanley's persuading, Violet moved her lips and finally compromised.

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She sighed first, and then bowed to Stanley, "I see. Then bother Mr. Murphy to take care of my two children tomorrow, please."

"Never mind." Stanley waved his hand.

Calvin pulled Arya over, "Mommy, Uncle Murphy said that he had something to discuss with you. Arya and I will go back to the room first."

After speaking, the two children ran away.

Only Violet and Stanley were left in the living room. Violet poured him a glass of water, "Mr. Murphy, what can I do for you?"

Stanley took a sip of water, "You go back to change your clothes and dry your hair first."

"Huh?" Violet looked down at herself, then her face was blushed suddenly.

Because the pajamas were silk, they were somewhat transparent, which showed the outline of the bra inside.

Then he watched her like this for so long!

"Sorry, I'll change it now." Violet smiled awkwardly, and quickly got into the room.

Seeing her swiftly closing the door, Stanley chuckled and took a sip of water again.

About ten minutes later, Violet changed her clothes and dried her hair.

Stanley handed her the file bag on the coffee table.

After Violet took it, she looked down, "What is this?"

"It's evidence of Phoebe's plagiarism." Stanley got his legs crossed and replied quietly.

Violet raised her eyebrows. She lowered her head and opened the bag, took out the evidence inside and glanced at the evidence. Then she stuffed the evidence back, put the document bag back on the coffee table, and looked at the man opposite, "Why did you give these to me?"

"Don't you need it?" Stanley supported his head.

Violet smiled, "I really don't need it, because I know she has plagiarized, and I also have some evidence of her plagiarism in my hand."

"I know that in yesterday's competition, Phoebe copied Daphne's work. Daphne is your teacher's teacher. You must see it, and you can't stand her."

"Then Mr. Murphy, do you still show me the evidence?" Violet narrowed her eyes suspiciously,

somewhat unable to understand his thoughts.

Stanley's gaze fell on the file bag, "You haven't finished reading it just now. Inside is not only the evidence of her plagiarism yesterday, but also the evidence of every design she plagiarized since her debut, including the clothes of ethnic minorities today."

Hearing this, Violet was surprised, and quickly picked up the file bag and checked again.

After reading it, she couldn't help taking a breath.

She really underestimated Phoebe. It turned out that Phoebe plagiarized more than she thought. Besides plagiarism, she even found a lot of designers to help her draw. What made Violet most speechless was today's design.

Today Phoebe's design was a dress of a minority high priest. This dress was handed down from ancient times, so there was no original design, let alone the designer, so Phoebe had no scruples. She was really shameless to draw the clothes as her own design.

It took Violet's a long time to calm down. Then she put down the file bag, "Mr. Murphy, do you want me to do something for you?"

Stanley nodded, "I know you haven't exposed Phoebe yet. You must be waiting for an opportunity. I want you to beat Phoebe down at that time."

A dim light flashed in Violet's eyes, "Why? She didn't have grudges with you, did she? I remember, she is still your savior.

"I have already paid her kindness off." Stanley pursed his lips, "I do have no grudges with her, but she angered me by selling the trade secrets of the Murphy Group."

"What?" Violet's eyes widened in shock.

Stanley rubbed his eyebrows, "I also just learned it. In the past few years, Phoebe secretly sold trade secrets several times. Although it did not cause turmoil to the Murphy Group, it also caused the Murphy Group to lose a lot."

"Got it. But I still don't understand. Mr. Murphy, since you have these evidences, you can do it yourself. Why let me come?" Violet tapped at the file bag and stared at the man. _____Chapter 191
Persecution

"You'll know later. Don't worry, it won't hurt you." Stanley stood up and walked towards the door, meaningless to explain.

Violet pursed her red lips.

Since he didn't want to say, it was boring to ask anymore.

Violet also got up and walked Stanley out.

Stanley stood outside the door, "Tomorrow morning I will pick up the two children."

"Okay." Violet nodded.

Stanley looked at her, "Good night!"

"Good night." Violet smiled.

After speaking, she thought he should go back to his apartment, but he didn't have the slightest intention to leave, still standing there and watching her.

Violet was a little uncomfortable by being staring at by him. She shrank her neck, "Mr. Murphy, is there anything else?"

"Nothing. You can close the door." Stanley shook his head lightly.

Violet only felt a little inexplicable, but she listened to him and closed the door.

After closing, she did not rush back to the bedroom, but opened the monitoring to see what he was going to do, but what she saw was his back and the closed apartment door.

Violet lowered her eyelids, with doubts in her eyes.

Was he watching her go back specifically?

But as soon as this idea popped into her mind, it was immediately suppressed by her.

Violet shook her head amusingly, no longer thought about it, turned and walked to the room.

The next morning, when it was just eight o'clock, Violet and the two children had just finished breakfast, then Stanley came to pick up the children.

Violet pushed the children to Stanley, "Mr. Murphy, thank you."

"I will take care of them." Stanley looked at the two little guys on the left and right, and couldn't help touching their heads.

Violet squatted down and said seriously, "Calvin, Arya, you guys have to listen to Uncle Murphy!"

"We will, Mommy." The two children nodded.

Violet smiled, stood up, and then watched Stanley take them away.

After they left, Violet cleaned up the house a little bit, and then went out to participate in the competition.

Today was the semi-final. The atmosphere on the scene was extremely tense.

When Violet arrived, all the contestants had come.

As soon as she walked into the conference room, she saw Phoebe talking to other people.

Phoebe also saw her and snorted, "Someone is only ranked second, but every time she is the last to come. People who don't know think she is the first."

Violet knew that Phoebe was taunting her, but she didn't get angry. She smiled and walked over, "Dr. Hunt, it seems that your stomach doesn't hurt anymore. You look so well today."

"It's none of your business!" Phoebe frowned.

Violet looked at her, "I care about you. I am so happy to see that you are cured now. By the way, Director Hunt, can you tell us the design ideas that you didn't share yesterday? I have been looking forward to it from yesterday to now."

"Yes, Phoebe, talk about it. How did you design such a grand sacrificial dress?" The other two designers did not understand the meaning, and echoed.

"The competition is about to start. Just leave me alone. If I was affected by you guys, who of you can afford this responsibility?" Phoebe suppressed the panic and shouted impatiently after secretly glaring at Violet.

She was so furious!

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A Pakistani Man Has Accidentally Found A Way Of Earning More

Violet was really a bitch!

The two designers didn't know what Phoebe was thinking. When they heard her say this, they stopped asking.

But at this moment, Violet suddenly said, "I can afford this responsibility."

She pulled away the chair beside Phoebe and sat down, looking at Phoebe with a smile.

Phoebe's face sank. She subconsciously avoided Violet's gaze, and said with composure, "So what? The design is mine. When I'm happy, I can tell you guys. What qualifications do you have to ask me?"

"I am not qualified to ask you, but I have a question." Violet narrowed her eyes. "Director Hunt is so resistant to talking about the design ideas. Could it be that you don't know it at all?"

As soon as Violet finished speaking, the other two designers were shocked.

If so, it would mean that Phoebe's design was not hers at all.

Was Violet saying that there was a problem with Phoebe's design?

Thinking about it, the eyes of the two designers watching Phoebe changed on the spot.

Phoebe noticed it. The she subconsciously raised her voice to retort, "What are you talking about? Who doesn't know it?"

"Since you know it, just say it." Violet leaned back in the chair, with a lazy tone.

The two designers also stared at Phoebe, waiting for Phoebe to say.

Being forced to this point, Phoebe clenched her fists tightly. She was already flustered and didn't know what to do.

She knew very well that she could no longer avoid. Now the two designers were already suspicious of

her. If she avoided again, it would be tantamount to acknowledging that her work belonged to others.

This was Violet's real purpose. Violet realized that the design was not hers, so she deliberately asked her to talk about the design ideas, trying to force her to admit. How could she allow Violet to success!

Just as Phoebe was in dilemma, she suddenly saw Bruce who came in with the microphone from the corner of her eye. She was overjoyed and she didn't panic. Then she snorted proudly, "Okay, my design ideas..."

"Okay, everyone is here, right?" Phoebe just started talking, and Bruce interrupted her, "Since you guys are all here, then I announce that today's competition has officially started. Now we invite the teacher to set the theme."

The audience suddenly applauded.

Phoebe was so happy inwardly, but she looked regretful on her face. She applauded and sighed, "It seems that I can't tell you guys my design ideas again."

Violet put down her hands and sneered, "It doesn't matter. You can't say it out anyway. You can hide it once, but you can't hide it for a lifetime. You will sooner or later be exposed."

Phoebe's face froze for a moment, but she quickly returned to nature. She curled her lips in disdain, and lowered her voice, "You said I copied? You have to show evidence!"

She had spent so much effort searching on the Internet. Besides, there was no record of these designs

Even if Violet knew she was copying, so what? Violet couldn't find out the evidence.

Looking at the smug Phoebe, Violet knew what Phoebe was thinking almost. Then she didn't bother to argue with Phoebe, and turned her head back.

In Phoebe's eyes, Violet's actions had other meanings.

That was, she felt that she was right. Violet must have tried to find evidence last night, but could not find it, otherwise she would not be so silent.

In this way, Phoebe felt that she didn't have to be afraid.

Thinking about it, Phoebe was so happy.

The competition had begun. This time the competition was the same as yesterday. They just needed to draw the design directly, and the two best were selected to enter the finals.

But this time the theme was a bit difficult. The theme was the future, which was to let them design futuristic clothes.

"Future..." Violet whispered the word while turning her pencil. She frowned and she didn't have the slightest inspiration for a while. _____ Chapter 192 Competition's Results

At present, there were very few designs on the theme of the future in the world, because the first ones who would think about the future were scientists, not costume designers.

How to design it?

Violet bit her lip, feeling it difficult for the first time.

But she was not discouraged. She closed her eyes and tried to recall the world's understanding of the

word.

After recalling it, she found that whether it was movies, novels, or ordinary people, their common view of the future was more advanced high technology.

Then the clothes could also be more advanced and had more uses.

Thinking of this, Violet smiled and murmured excitedly, "Got it!"

Then she stopped turning the pencil, set up the design notebook, and began to draw on the white paper earnestly.

Two hours later, Violet looked at the design on the paper and sighed softly.

What she designed was not a skirt, but a tight-fitting jumpsuit. On the shoulders and calves of the jumpsuit, there were things similar to mecha.

Of course, this was not a bright spot. The biggest bright spot was the wings behind the clothes. The wings were like mechas, but not as rigid as mechas. But it could fly with these wings.

Abandoning the heavy burden of paragliders today, and realizing light flying, this kind of unrealistic but dreamy clothes was the best understanding of the future of clothing.

Violet smiled, got up and prepared to hand in the design drawings. At the same time, Phoebe also

submitted the design drawings.

Violet glanced at the design drawing in Phoebe's hand, "Whose design?"

"Want to know? Check it yourself!" Phoebe rolled her eyes at Violet coldly, speeded up the wheelchair, and took the lead in submitting the design draft.

Since Violet knew she had plagiarized, she had nothing to hide from Violet.

Anyway, Violet couldn't find the evidence. No one would believe it even if she told others.

Looking at Phoebe's smug look, Violet smiled mockingly, but said nothing. She handed in the design drawings.

After the other two designers had submitted their drafts, Bruce announced a noon break. After the break, he would announce the results of the competition.

Violet stretched herself, put a bag on her back and left the conference room, ready to go out for a bite to eat.

Suddenly, the cell phone in her bag rang.

Violet stopped in front of the elevator, took out her mobile phone and looked at it. The name of Mr. Murphy was constantly flickering on the screen.

If it were in the past, she might not pick it up. But today was different. He called at this time. It should be the end of the parent meeting, right?

Violet no longer hesitated, and quickly put the phone to her ear, "Mr. Murphy."

"Come out. Isn't it time for lunch? The two children and I are waiting for you in the car outside the building." After speaking, Stanley hung up the phone.

Violet was stunned.

He said he was outside the building with the two children?

They were here!

Violet quickly walked into the elevator and went downstairs.

As soon as she left, Phoebe came out from the corner. She looked at the elevator display with a gloomy face.

Stanley came here to find Violet. As expected, in Stanley's eyes, Violet was more important than that woman.

Thinking of this, Phoebe's eyes flickered. She took out her cell phone and dialed out, "It's me. Didn't you tell me that you would kill Violet sooner? Why haven't you done it until now?"

"I've acted on Violet before, but I didn't succeed." A cold female voice came on the other end of the phone.

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Phoebe held the phone tightly, "Then do it again. Do you know that Stanley comes to her today? If you let Violet live, Stanley's feelings for her will become deeper and deeper. Sooner or later, one day, Violet will completely eliminate your position in Stanley's heart."

"I don't need you to remind me. Don't think I don't know that you are so anxious to let me kill Violet, just to use this to deal with me, so that you can take advantage of it. You'd better dispel this idea as soon as possible. "

The woman snorted coldly, and then said, "Because I will kill you before you do this. Believe it or not, if you are dead, Stanley won't check the cause of your death!"

"You..." These words undoubtedly poked Phoebe's sore points, making her face distorted, but she couldn't refute.

Because in Stanley's eyes, she was indeed nobody.

"Well, don't worry. I will kill Violet, but not now. If I do it now, Stanley will know that Vera is just a scapegoat. Then he will check me again, so I have to wait for a while."

The woman finished speaking and hung up.

Although Phoebe was unwilling, she could only endure it.

Because her power was inferior than that woman's. If she did something, she would be easily found out, otherwise she would kill Violet by herself.

Phoebe glared at the elevator screen fiercely for a while, then controlled the wheelchair to turn around and left.

After Violet got out of the building, she stood on the stairs under the building and looked around. Then she saw the extended Bentley parked not far away. Her eyes lit up and then she trotted over.

But before running to Bentley, the car door was opened. The two little guys poked their heads out of it and waved at her grinningly, "Mommy."

Violet also smiled and waved her hand, responding to the two children.

"Mommy, come here soon!" Arya urged.

"Okay." Violet replied, running over.

When she got in front of the car, she panted slightly. Before she could speak, Stanley's voice came from inside, "Get in the car."

Violet didn't refuse. She bent over and got into the car.

The door was closed automatically the moment she got into the car.

Violet sat down in the chair, straightened out her messy hair, and looked at Stanley, "Mr. Murphy, how long have you been here?"

Stanley buckled the small desk on his legs, "It's been a while. We came over after the parent meeting ended, and we watched the game for half an hour."

"Yes, the clothes Mommy drew are so beautiful." Arya said with gleaming eyes.

Calvin also nodded, "Yes, that wings are the most beautiful."

Listening to the praise of the two children, Violet smiled and rubbed their hair.

Stanley looked at her, "How about selling this design to me?"

"Yes, but only this one. Mr. Murphy, why are you buying it?" Violet tilted her head in confusion.

The apparel company of the Murphy Group had gone out of the headquarters and transformed, so it was still useless to acquire this design.

This kind of future-themed design couldn't take the high-level customization route, nor could it follow the popular route. Besides, it couldn't make money at all. Maybe he wanted to collect it just like Design Association and Mr. Moore?

As if seeing Violet's thoughts, Stanley chuckled and explained, "It's not that my company wants to buy this dress, but a very good game company recently came to me and wants my designers to make some designs for their game characters. Besides, their game is related to the future. Your design is the most suitable."

"Well, got it." Violet nodded.

Stanley adjusted his sitting posture, "However, one piece is not enough. If you want, you can also design all the clothes of other game characters."

Violet was a little excited, but did not immediately agree. Instead, she frowned and asked, "Then what about your company's designers?"Chapter 193 Cooperation

"They have already designed it, but the game party is not satisfied." Stanley rubbed his brows and replied.

Violet bit her lower lip, "Are they satisfied with my designs?"

Stanley raised his chin, "I just sent the screenshot of the live broadcast to them to see, and they approved your work."

"Got it." Violet nodded.

Stanley looked at her, "So, you agreed?"

Violet gave a hmm, and smiled, "Why not?"

Stanley also smiled faintly, "Okay, when your competition is over, I will ask Fraser to send you the rest of the game's characters, as well as the contract. You won't suffer any loss."

"Okay, I believe you." Violet rubbed the hair of the two children.

Her words made Stanley be in a good mood. Then his face eased.

Afterwards, he seemed to have thought of something, bent over and lifted a bag from the side and handed it to her.

"This is..." Violet looked at the bag in front of her suspiciously.

Before Stanley answered, Arya said, "This is the lunch we brought for Mommy."

"Yes." Stanley nodded slightly.

Violet didn't expect that they would buy her food. She felt moved. While unpacking the bag, she said with a smile, "That's great. I just happen to be hungry. Have you guys eaten?"

She looked at the three of them in front of her.

"Yeah. After the parent meeting, Arya said she was hungry, and then Uncle Murphy took us to have lunch." Calvin replied, kicking Arya's calf.

Arya pursed her mouth unhappily, "What? Brother, you were also hungry at the time, so why did you only say that I was hungry."

"Well, well. Be obedient." Seeing that the two little guys were arguing, Violet quickly stopped them.

After the two little guys looked at each other, they hummed. At the same time, they turned their heads away, shutting up.

Stanley raised his eyebrows and looked at the two children with a little surprise, "The two of them

usually quarrel like this?"

It was the first time he saw the two children arguing.

"Almost. But they're just little kids. It's normal. They argued just now, but they will reconcile in the next second." Violet put the food box on the laps and replied.

Stanley nodded slightly, indicating that he knew it.

Violet opened the food box, looked at the rich food in it and squinted her eyes, "Is this the food of Imperial Cuisine Restaurant?"

"Well, the food there is not bad. There are many dishes. They like it." Stanley put his hand on the seat.

Violet glanced at the two children.

Imperial Cuisine Restaurant's dishes were also quite famous in the world. How could that they didn't like it?

"By the way, Mr. Murphy, how much is it? Shall I give the money to you?"

With that said, Violet was about to take her wallet.

However, Stanley's face became cold, "No need, it's just a meal."

She really didn't want to owe him at all!

Hearing the displeasure in the man's tone, Violet paused when she fumbled in the wallet. She looked up at him. When seeing Stanley's gloomy and handsome face, she suddenly understood something.

To Stanley, the cost of a meal was nothing, but her eagerness to pay back the money was undoubtedly not giving him face.

Thinking of this, Violet dismissed the idea of giving him money. Then she put the wallet back in the bag, "Well, thank you, Mr. Murphy."

Sure enough, when she did this, and Stanley's face eased a lot, "Eat quickly. The food is going to be cold."

He handed the chopsticks to her.

"Thank you." Violet took it with a smile and began to eat.

At this moment, Stanley's cell phone rang suddenly.

After frowning a little, he took out his cell phone and looked at it. Seeing the caller ID, he answered the call without hesitation, "Ivy."

Hearing this name, Violet's drooping eyelashes trembled, and her chewing movement slowly stopped.

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Calvin noticed her strangeness. He blinked, and was about to start asking her what was wrong.

Violet put up a finger on her mouth and made a quiet gesture to him and Arya, and then pointed at Stanley with the other hand, telling them Stanley was calling.

After the two children understood, they nodded obediently and covered their mouths.

Seeing the movements of them, Stanley smiled faintly but it was fleeting soon, "What's the matter?"

He asked the person on the other end of the phone.

Ivy leaned on the head of the bed and stared at the TV on the opposite wall. She was expressionless, but her voice sounded very weak, "Stanley, I am very uncomfortable now. My head hurts. Can you come to accompany me?"

Stanley looked at Violet, Calvin and Arya, "Sorry, I can't come over now."

If he came over, what about the two children?

Violet's competition was not over yet. It was impossible for her to accompany the two children at any time.

Violet looked at Stanley unexpectedly with the tip of her chopsticks in her mouth.

She didn't expect that he would actually reject Ivy.

"But Stanley, my head really hurts." When Ivy heard that Stanley didn't mean to come, her face

distorted.

Stanley couldn't see it. He just pursed his thin lips, "Let Henry accompany you first. I'll come over at night."

"Henry is very busy and has no time to accompany me." Ivy bit her lip, "Moreover, I don't want him to accompany me. I just want you to accompany me."

"Don't be willful." Stanley frowned impatiently.

Violet caught it, feeling so surprised, and her eyes widened slightly.

Weird! Didn't he love Ivy?

Why was there such an impatient expression on his face?

Ivy lowered her eyelids, covered the gloomy look in her eyes, and replied with aggrieved tone, "Stanley, I am not willful. I just..."

The call didn't hang up, but there was no sound.

Stanley narrowed his eyes, and shouted tentatively, "Ivy? Ivy?"

There was still no response on the other end of the phone.

Stanley's face tensed. He quickly took the phone to look at it, and saw that the call was not hung up, but the call interface was still displayed. He frowned.

"What's wrong?" Violet put down the chopsticks and asked when she saw that he looked wrong.

The two children also stopped playing and looked at him curiously.

Stanley shook his head, a little worried in his eyes, "I don't know. Ivy suddenly fell silent."

"Will something happen?" Violet looked at his mobile phone and made a bold guess.

Stanley's throat moved. Just when he was about to speak, there was a voice on the phone again. It was not Ivy, but a strange female voice, "Hey, is Mr. Murphy still there?"

"Yeah. Who are you?" Stanley quickly put the phone back to his ear and asked in a deep voice.

"I am Miss Ellis' nurse on duty. I found Miss Ellis fainted just now during the rounds. I saw that she was still holding a mobile phone in her hand, so I answered the phone." The nurse replied.

Stanley was shocked, "What? Ivy fainted?"

Hearing this, Violet raised her eyebrows in surprise.

She really guessed it.

Sure enough, something happened to Ivy.

"Yes, I checked Miss Ellis a little bit. She fainted suddenly." The nurse opened Ivy's eyes and said to the phone.

Ivy suddenly fainted. It was necessary to enter the emergency room.

Stanley obviously knew this too, and squeezed the phone abruptly, "I'll come over right away."

When he finished speaking, he put down his phone and looked at Violet. His thin lips moved slightly.

Violet knew what he was going to say. She quickly closed the food box on her laps, and smiled empathetically, "Mr. Murphy, just go."

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