

Daddy! Mommy Is Pregnant Again

Chapter 451 Walk Delay

Linda took a deep breath before she replied, "But just as I turned my head, I saw a stick swinging at me, and then I felt a pain in the back of my head, and I didn't know anything else."

"Stick ....." Violet sucked in a breath of cold air, her small face filled with frost, "A stick was used, wasn't that person afraid of getting Linda killed?"

Human head was inherently fragile and a slight bump could cause death, let alone a blow with a stick.

Linda was alive, and she was just lucky.

Stanley raised his eyes to Linda, "What about the person who hit you? Did you see who it was?"

Linda tightened the blanket around her and shook her head, "All I saw was a woman, wearing a cloak with a strand of blonde hair. I think it was a westerner, but I didn't see what she looked like."

Violet narrowed her eyes, seemingly thinking about something.

Linda looked at her, "Violet, do you think that person the same as who locked you in the toilet? I went to the surveillance room to check who locked you in the toilet, so I think that person will come to destroy the surveillance."

Saying that, she took a sip of hot water and added, "But she didn't expect me to go to the surveillance

room so quickly, so she knocked me out because she was worried."

After all, everyone knew that she was the model for Violet.

So it was easy to guess why she came to the surveillance room after Violet was locked up.

"No, it doesn't have to be the person who locked me up." Violet shook her head.

Linda blinked, "Why?"

Stanley explained, "When you were knocked out, the competition had already started, and the one who shut down my wife would only be the designer, because only between designers, there would be competition."

"That's right." Violet nodded her head.

It dawned on Linda, "So the one who knocked me out and the one who shut you up were indeed not the same person, but is it possible that the one who knocked me out was a model? That woman is quite tall."

Violet mused, "It's possible. The person who knocked you out didn't want you to see the surveillance and find out who locked me up, so they might be partners."

"By the way, Violet, where's the surveillance?" Linda asked, "Is the surveillance still there?"

Violet and Stanley looked at each other.

Violet then shook her head, "No, that person must have taken the surveillance away after she knocked you out."

So trying to find those two women based on surveillance was unlikely.

The only thing they could rely on at the moment was that broomstick.

"Linda, is the broom still there?" Violet asked.

Linda shook her head, "I don't know, the broom was still in my hand until I was knocked out, but after I passed out, I don't know if it was taken away."

"Let's have someone look for it, shall we?" Stanley spoke.

Violet nodded, "That's all that can be done."

If they could not find the broomstick, they would have to have the organizers investigated it.

And there were only a few dozen designers, so he was sure the organizers would be able to find her out.

"By the way, is Pennie's model a man or a woman?" Stanley asked.

Violet looked at him, "Honey, you are suspicious ....."

Stanley nodded, "I've been watching the competition live in the break room with Calvin, during which

Calvin found that Pennie looked at you unfriendly, so I suspected that the person who locked you in the toilet was her, and if her model was a blonde, then we get the answer."

Violet sighed, "I actually suspected Pennie at first, but Pennie's expression was so clam that I couldn't tell if she did it or not, but Linda said that the one who knocked her out was a blonde woman, so my suspicion of Pennie was almost gone."

"Her model is an Oriental with dark hair and a little taller than the woman who hit me." Linda chimed in.

Stanley narrowed his eyes, "There are quite a few designers who are jealous of you."

"That's right, Violet is a genius, they're the ones who should be jealous." Linda bragged.

Violet laughed, "You are boasting me."

Linda chuckled, her eyes snapped wide as she stood up.

But she felt dizzy, her body swayed, and he sat back on the chair.

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The Criminal Minds Cast: Where Are They Now?

In Case You Want To Move To Antarctica, You Must Know This!

"What is wrong with you?" Violet was startled by her and hurriedly held her before she passed out.

Linda held her forehead, dizzy, and said, "Sorry, sorry, I just remembered the walk. Violet, did I cause you to miss the ....."

Knowing what she was going to say, Violet's eyes dimmed and she said, "It's okay, it is just a competition, as long as you're okay."

The game was important, but Linda was more important.

She could attend it next year.

"Violet, I'm sorry, I ....."

"The catwalk hasn't started yet." Stanley suddenly spoke.

Linda and Violet froze at the same time.

"Honey, what did you just say?" Violet looked at him with hidden excitement.

Linda did the same, "Mr. Murphy, the catwalk hasn't started yet?"

Stanley nodded, "I asked the organizers to postpone it for an hour."

Linda blinked, "Really?"

"Yes." Violet's eyes lit up, and then she jumped directly into the man's arms, "Honey, thank you."

Stanley's thin lips curled up.

But the next moment, Violet pushed him away again and looked at him worriedly, "Honey, if you do this, will you be abusing your power?"

She was aware that her man was one of the investors in the competition.

"No." Stanley locked eyes with her, "I'm just delaying the walk, and it won't damage the designers' benefit, so it's not considered an abuse of power."

"That's good." She was relieved to hear him say that.

Meanwhile, in the big dressing room, all the designers and models were waiting for the catwalk to start, but the time came and no one informed the models to enter, which made everyone a bit restless.

Pennie frowned, feeling nothing but annoyance and uneasiness.

Why wasn't the catwalk going when the time came?

Soon the door to the big dressing room opened and the host came in and announced a one hour delay for the walk.

All the designers and models were in an uproar, asking why.

Only Pennie's pupils shrank and her face looked gloomy.

Sure enough, the uneasiness in her heart was fulfilled, the competition was delayed by an hour. it must be related to Violet.

Soon, her suspicions were confirmed.

The host swept his gaze across the faces of all the designers and models and then said in a deep voice, "Among you, someone has maliciously injured Miss Hunt's model, now her model is seeking medical attention, so the catwalk will only continue when she finishes her medical treatment, and this matter has been investigated by our organizer. I hope that before the investigation results come out, the murderer will surrender himself, otherwise when we find out ....."

The latter words were left unsaid by the host, who turned and walked out with a cold grunt.

But the designers and models in the big dressing room understood what he meant, couldn't help but shiver.

Pennie's face turned pale, and the hands on either side clenched up, panicking in her heart.

Violet found Linda!

This was a big deal that the organizers launched an investigation, in case the truth would be found out .....

Pennie didn't dare to think about it anymore and got up to head to the bathroom.

A few minutes later, she returned.

The panic in her heart vanished, instead, she was wearing a smile, apparently not at all worried about the organizers' investigation, and even humming a song.

Luna came over, "Miss Hamilton, you're in a good mood?" \_\_

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Chapter 452 The Special Veil

Pennie glanced at her and answered her in a nice voice, "It's not bad."

She had just asked that person and that person had said that she had erased all traces and the organizers wouldn't find out about the truth.

That person was the one who escaped from that thing, and if he said so, it must be true.

And that person also said that the erasure of their traces was replaced with the traces of another designer on purpose, so that the organizers would only check that the other designer did it.

So, of course, she was in a good mood.

Only this time it could not drive Violet out of the competition.

Not long after, Linda and Violet came back.

Linda had a bandage on her head and her face was pale and she looked very weak.

Other designers and models came up to greet the two men and ask them what happened.

However, Violet and Linda casually dealt with them and sent them away.

"Miss Hunt." Violet had just pushed Linda into seat and prepared to do Linda's makeup, Pennie walked

over.

Violet wrinkled her eyebrows, "Miss Hamilton, anything wrong?"

"No, I just came to see Linda, is there nothing wrong with her?" Pennie looked at Linda and asked with a concerned face.

Linda couldn't tell if she really cared or if she was faking it.

Her personal preference was for fake concern.

But even so, she answered lightly, "I am fine."

"That's great." Pennie seemed happy for Linda.

Violet picked up the powder brush, "Miss Hamilton, can you leave first? I still have to do my model's makeup, your model is already ready, but I have just got starting."

"Oh sorry, I'll leave now." Pennie smiled embarrassedly and turned walked away.

"Violet, I think it's fake that she cares about me, it's real that she came over here to laugh at me on purpose." Linda muttered.

Violet opened the powder box, "Well, there's no point in caring about irrelevant people, close your eyes and I'll start putting on makeup."

Linda nodded and closed her eyes.

Soon, Violet finished her makeup.

Linda looked at herself in the mirror and frowned, "It looks good, but this bandage on my head looks ugly, I'm afraid it will deduct impression points from you, Violet."

Violet bit her lower lip, "You're right."

"Can I wear a hat to cover it?" Linda suggested.

Violet's eyes lit up and she patted her shoulder, "Linda, you are smart."

That reminded her that she had designed a dress that was supposed to be a wedding dress and a man's suit in one.

This was the dress she designed out of her understanding of love.

Since it was a wedding dress, she could wear a veil.

The veil could not be worn in its entirety though, because the back was a suit, so the veil could only cover the front, but the back could not be left uncovered or the bandages would show.

So, she was going to add a hat to the back.

With that in mind, Violet looked around, picked up a hat and cut it in half with scissors.

Linda saw her movement and asked curiously, "Violet, what are you doing?"

Her voice was not small, other designers and models heard it and looked over.

Among them was Pennie.

Pennie looked at Violet's movements in confusion, obviously not understanding what Violet was doing either.

Violet did not answer, put the two halves of the hat on the table, then took a white yarn and cut out the shape with scissors.

Then she got out her needle and thread, sewed the white yarn and half of the hat together, and finally sewed two small flowers and diamonds on the white yarn as decoration.

In this way, a peculiar veil was born.

Although the combination of white veil and hat was mind-boggling, it looked rather unique.

Violet put this veil on for Linda.

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Angelina Jolie Health Struggles - Talk About A Dramatic Change

In Case You Want To Move To Antarctica, You Must Know This!

The veil and hat not only covered the bandages on her head, but also set off her beauty as a bride and the gentlemanly elegance of a groom.

The other designers saw it and were full of all kinds of appreciation.

"Violet, you're amazing for coming up with such a fantastic idea."

"Yes, such a sharp fashion sense, it's so enviable."

"I can guarantee you that the copyright on this veil will definitely be bought in a moment."

Violet handed the clothes to Linda and told her to go change, smiling and exchanging pleasantries with these designers herself.

Not far away, Pennie watched them talking happily to each other, and her teeth couldn't help but bite her thumbnail, and it was hard to hide the jealousy in her eyes.

Luna said grimly, "She's really popular."

Pennie narrowed her eyes.

Yeah, Violet was popular, she knew that a long time ago.

Because of Violet's talent, because of Violet's pretty.

And there was nothing like either of those that she could have.

Pennie touched her face, her eyelids dropping to hide the hatred in her eyes, not answering the words.

After a while, she put her hand down and said in a deep voice, "After the competition, you come to Violet again and piss her off."

"Ok." Luna nodded.

Ten minutes later, the catwalk began.

Violet's design was a sight to behold.

Because no one would have thought that wedding dresses and suits could still be combined.

What everyone saw, as Linda moved forward, was a bride in a wedding dress holding a bouquet and covered with a veil.

By the time she set to turn around and walk back, what everyone saw was a groom in a suit and a hat.

This was a unique, yet refreshing design that was truly amazing.

Several fashion people, fashion magazines, and clothing companies had secretly decided to buy the design after the competition was over.

In addition to Violet's design, Pennie's design was equally stunning.

It was a short halter dress with many layers, stacked together like a puffy skirt or a bubble skirt.

The dress was fluorescent pink, and to be able to use the fluorescent pink so appropriately showed that the designer was very talented.

Though the cut and stitching was somewhat unworthy of the design of this dress, it was ready-to-wear, and it could get a high point, as long as the design was good enough.

With that, Violet remained in Group A, while Pennie successfully made it into Group A.

"Miss Hunt, we're in a group, so we can finally compete in the same group." Before leaving the competition avenue, Pennie approached Violet and said to her with a smile.

Violet nodded with a smile, "Yeah."

"Then let's look forward to the next round in three days." After saying that, Pennie walked away.

Violet looked at her figure for a while before she headed to Stanley.

"The competition is over?" Stanley looked at the woman walking cheerfully with a smile.

Violet nodded, "Yes, I'm still Group A."

"I know." Stanley tidied her messy hair, "I know your strength well, and I believe you will have a good performance."

Violet leaned into his arms with a smile, "Thank you, Honey."

Stanley hugged her waist with one hand, stroked her hair with the other.

At that moment, Ayra's voice came from below the two, "Mommy, Daddy, you are hugging again."

Violet flushed and she gently backed out of Stanley's arms, looking down at her daughter, "You are up."

The little girl was still asleep on the couch when she came over just now.

"Yes, I heard your voice and I woke up, brother isn't up yet, so am I more diligent than brother?" Ayra looked at Stanley and Violet with bewildered eyes.























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Chapter 453 The Cheeky Man

Violet and Stanley looked at each other and smiled.

"Yes, yes, yes, you're the most diligent." Violet rubbed the little girl's head in amusement.

The little girl's eyes were bent with happiness.

"Alright, go get your brother up, we're going back." Violet took her hand away from the little girl's head.

The little girl nodded and went inside.

Outside, Stanley and Violet stood together waiting quietly.

In a few minutes, the two kids came out.

Then the family of four, hand in hand, walked towards the front door.

"Violet." At the door, Violet was called out by a designer.

She stopped in her tracks, "What can I do for you? Belle."

This designer, named Belle, was relatively close to Violet and would usually greet each other when they saw each other.

Belle walked over, her eyes glowing as she glanced at Stanley and the two children, "Violet, this is your husband and children?"

"Yes." Violet nodded with a smile.

Belle gave Violet a thumb up, "Nice, in my opinion, all oriental men look the same, but now that I see your husband, I realized that there are oriental men who are very handsome looking and not inferior to our western men in height and figure, and your two children are very cute."

"Thank you for your compliment." Violet replied.

Belle waved her hand, "I gotta go, wish you happy."

"Okay." Violet nodded.

Belle then left to rendezvous with the other designers waiting for her.

Violet looked to the man, "Let's go, Honey."

Stanley nodded and led her and the two children towards the parking lot.

"So those two are Violet's children, they look too much like Mr. Murphy." Not far away, Belle spoke, looking at the back of the family of four.

Pennie narrowed her eyes and bit her lips, "Alright, why don't you go?"

With that, she turned and walked towards the front.

Belle looked at her in confusion, not understanding what she was mad about.

Was it because she hadn't pissed off Violet?

At this thought, Belle felt aggrieved.

It wasn't like she did not want to, but after the competition, Violet had left, and she couldn't find her even if she wanted to go and get angry at Violet.

Now she was there, but her husband was around. If she went to piss off Violet, her husband would kill her.

Violet didn't know about the tricks between Pennie and Belle, she got into the car and craned her head towards the window.

Stanley asked while fastening his seatbelt, "What are you looking at?"

"Linda, she hasn't come out yet." Violet replied.

Stanley's thin lips twitched slightly, and when he was to speak, Violet's phone rang.

"It's Linda calling." Violet answered the phone, "Hello."

"Violet, I'm not going back tonight." Linda's voice came.

Violet was puzzled, "Why?"

"I just got a job to shoot for a magazine." Linda replied.

Violet responded, "All right, I see, take care of yourself."

"Ok, bye." Linda hung up the phone.

Violet put down her phone, "Let's go, Linda isn't going back."

Stanley's thin lips were slightly hooked, seemingly not surprised by this at all, he nodded and started the car.

He had wanted to tell her that he was the one who had had a job arranged for Linda.

Because he did not want to his family to be disturbed.

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Angelina Jolie's Shocking Health Struggles Over The Years

The Unique First Lady, Not Only Because She's Black

Soon they arrived at the villa.

The maids in the villa had known that they were coming over, so they had the dinner ready.

After eating dinner, Violet sent the two children to bed before returning to her bedroom.

Stanley had changed into pajamas and was standing on the balcony talking to someone on his cell phone.

Violet didn't bother him, but took her pajamas and headed to the bathroom.

"How is she doing?" Stanley asked over the phone.

Fraser's voice came, "Don't worry, Mr. Murphy, Miss Ellis is being watched and won't commit suicide again, but she's not in a good mood and hasn't eaten all day."

"Not eating?" Stanley narrowed his eyes.

Fraser nodded, "Yes, the maid said that Miss Ellis is on hunger strike, but I don't know if she is pushing you or she is really in a bad spirit."

He felt the both.

Stanley sneered, "Never mind."

"Mr. Murphy, you don't care about that?" Fraser was surprised, "Miss Ellis may starve ....."

"There's plenty of nutrient solution waiting for her." Stanley pursed his lips and said faintly.

So many patients in hospitals unable to eat survived on nutritional solution.

Then surely Ivy could too.

Fraser was speechless at that.

Well, he was shortsighted, no wonder Mr. Murphy now was reluctant to appoint him as a subsidiary president.

"I see." Fraser replied.

Stanley sipped his red wine, "Ask Henry to get a ward, if Ivy really passes out from hunger, send her directly to the hospital and have Henry give her nutritional fluids."

"Ok." Fraser answered.

Stanley put down the wine and asked, "How's it going at Collin's family?"

"His family has been being suppressed by the Pearce family recently and has become a mess, I believe that in less than two or three months, his family will disappear from the ranks of the powerful in the capital, and at that time, the Pearce family should give you the evidence that Collin is harboring Miss Ellis." Fraser replied.

That was what happened when the offspring made mistakes.

Collin's family was so powerful back then, but from the generation of Collin's son, his family had gone

downhill, simply because his offspring were not capable. Collin wanted to train an heir, but there was no suitable candidate.

So much so that when Collin retired, his family fell even further behind, and was able to continue to thrive until now. Because other powerful families saw the contribution Collin made to the country when he was young, so they never took a shot at his family, otherwise his family would have been gone long ago.

Because of this, the Pearce family, who was his political enemies, never took a move at him, until some time ago, when one of his family member molested one of the Pearce family's young ladies, coupled with the investment help that Mr. Murphy offered to the Pearce family, the Pearce family naturally would no longer tolerate it and began to devastatingly suppress his family.

But Fraser didn't sympathize with his family at all.

His descendants did many intolerable things, and he, Collin, harbored Miss Ellis.

"Two or three months ....." Stanley took stock of the situation.

Two or three months later, Violet's international competition would come to an end.

When Violet returned home, she could see that Ivy and Colin would be exposed.

It was sort of a gift to her.

"Keep an eye on Ivy, don't let her die, and call me if anything wrong." Stanley spoke in a deep voice.

Fraser nodded, "Got it."

The call ended, and Stanley picked up his glass and turned to the room.

Listening to the sound of the water clattering in the bathroom, Stanley paused as a dark light flashed in his eyes.

He then placed the glass on the bed side and lifted his feet towards the bathroom.

The bathroom door was not unlocked, so Stanley opened it easily.

Violet stood beneath the shower, the sound of rushing water obscuring the sound of the man's footsteps as he entered.

It wasn't until the man wrapped his arms around her waist from behind that she was startled to realize the man had entered.\_\_\_

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Chapter 454 The Crazy Magazine

Violet turned her head and gave the man a blank look, "You scared me to death."

The man grunted cheekily and lowered his head to nibble on the back of her neck.

He didn't nibble too hard, so Violet didn't feel any pain, just an itch.

She couldn't help but scowl, "Okay, get off me, I'm still in the shower."

Stanley released her neck and approached her ear, saying in a hoarse voice, "Go ahead."

There was no conflict between washing and kissing.

Violet rolled her eyes, "How can I concentrate on washing when you're sticky here?"

Hearing that, Stanley paused, dropping his eyelids as if he was thinking about her words.

After a couple of seconds, he removed the showerhead from her head, "I'll wash you so you don't have to worry about distractions."

"....." Violet was speechless, good-natured and amused, "So you don't want to go out?"

Stanley was noncommittal, "It's been a long time and I miss you."

Violet looked at him and actually saw a bit of eager in his eyes.

She rubbed her forehead with a smile, "I'd love to spend some time with you, but I'm pregnant now, so I can't, or ..... Why don't you work it out for yourself?"

She'd just have to let him work it out for himself, for she could not let him find another woman.

Stanley's eyes flashed slightly, "You help me."

"....." When Violet was just about to refuse, she saw the anticipation in his eyes.

At once, she couldn't say anything else.

She did owe him a bit, for she could not have sex with him now.

So never mind, she would help.

Having worked through her thoughts, Violet took a deep breath, reached out her hand, and pulled the strap around the man's waist.

The man's eyes lit up instantly.

After an unknown amount of time, Violet shook her sore, aching wrists and looked at the man sulkily, "I'm exhausted, and you took a long time."

The man laughed softly, "Don't you like it?"

Violet choked for a moment, having no more words to say.

Well, she kind of liked it during sex.

She couldn't help but blush at the thought, then coughed lightly and nudged the man, "Alright, you're done, get out, I have to take a shower."

"I'll wash with you." Stanley was clingy and still refused to go out.

The corners of Violet's mouth twitched and she didn't bother to care anymore, letting him go.

The bath that could originally be finished in half an hour, after having him in there, it took two hours before they went out.

Violet laid down on the bed tiredly, not wanting to move again.

In the end, her hair was dried by Stanley.

And she had gradually fallen asleep during his hair blow-drying.

Stanley looked at her sleeping face, his eyes so gentle.

Afterwards, he turned off the hair dryer and bent down, kissed Violet on her forehead and covered her with the blanket, "Good night."

Violet's mouth twitched as if in response.

Stanley chuckled, put the blow dryer aside, turned off the light, and took her into his arms.

The next day, after breakfast, the family of four headed out for a day of fun outside.

Since Violet didn't have to compete today, Stanley didn't have to be busy with work, and the two kids didn't have to go to school, so time was available.

The two kids were overjoyed and were excitedly chattering in the car about where and what they were going to do.

Finally the two kids decided on the first stop, which was the square, to feed the pigeons.

Stanley's brow even furrowed, clearly he did not want to be there.

It seemed to him that those pigeons were dirty, pooping everywhere, excrement all over the ground, and maybe when they flew in the sky, they pooped down from the air and landed on their bodies.

Still, seeing the expectant looks of his two children, he did not refuse.

Luckily, after feeding the pigeons, it wasn't as bad as he thought, he didn't step on their excrement, and they didn't poop on him. Other than the air was stinky, everything else was fine, so Stanley's face, after leaving the square, soon looked better

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Angelina Jolie's Shocking Health Struggles Over The Years

What Happened To The Actors Of The Cult Saga 20 Years Later?

"Let's eat lunch first, the kids are hungry." Violet took a tissue, wiped the sweat on Stanley's forehead, saying.

Stanley nodded, "Ok."

Violet nodded her head.

Half an hour later, the family of four arrived at a cozy restaurant.

This restaurant wasn't very big, so there were no private rooms and they all had to sit in the lobby.

Stanley chose a table by the window, from which he could see the old medieval buildings outside with a very nice view.

"What do you want to eat?" Stanley handed Violet the menu.

Violet gave the menu to the two kids, "Let the kids order first, I'm going to the bathroom."

"OK." Stanley said as he looked at her.

Violet smiled and got up to leave.

After using the bathroom, she headed back to the restaurant.

Just as she walked into the restaurant, she suddenly glanced out of the corner of her eye and saw a familiar figure at a table not far away.

Pennie!

She could not believe Pennie was there too.

And there was someone else with her, a woman with a wide hat and a long black cape dress, whose face could not be seen.

Who was that woman?

Violet wrinkled her eyebrows and stared in the direction of Pennie and the woman.

After watching for about ten seconds or so, the woman and Pennie checked out and got up to leave.

From start to finish, Violet never saw the woman's face.

But didn't think much of it, just assumed she was Pennie's friend and withdrew her gaze back to Stanley and the two children.

"Here." Just as she sat down, Stanley handed over a cup of hot milk.

Violet smiled and took it, "Thank you, honey."

Stanley gave her the menu, "Okay, order."

Violet nodded and took a sip of milk before starting to order.

In the afternoon, the family of four went back to the villa after a stroll through the old medieval streets and a shopping trip to the mall until it was almost dark.

Linda came back in the afternoon and had been waiting for Violet.

When she saw Violet return, she hurriedly got up, "Violet, Mr. Murphy, you're back."

Stanley nodded slightly in response.

Violet looked at Linda, "Is your head better?"

"It's better, the swelling is half gone, I'm sure I will get well soon." Linda answered, touching the bandage on her head.

Violet nodded, "That's good."

"By the way, Violet, I have something to tell you." Linda suddenly said.

Stanley took the two children's hands, "I'll take them upstairs."

Violet knew that he wanted to leave the room to them, so she responded with a smile, "Okay, I'll go up to you guys when we're done."

Stanley nodded, and then took the two children upstairs.

Linda opened her mouth, "Violet, Mr. Murphy is so considerate."

Violet laughed out loud, "Well, get down to business."

"Here's the thing, I took a magazine shoot yesterday, it's a very prestigious magazine in the music industry, and recently it is going to undertake a daring project, which is to gather the top twenty popular singers in the world and create an unprecedented issue out of it."

Violet nodded.

So the magazine intended to aggregate the top 20 artists in the world into one magazine.

"This magazine is ambitious enough." Violet raised her eyebrows.

With the top 20 artists rounded up, the magazine would be sold out soon. \_\_\_\_\_

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Chapter 455 New Cooperation

"Yeah, but the magazine paid a big price for inviting these singers, including the clothing, the magazine needed it to be inclusive, so the magazine wanted to find a clothes designer for the magazine shoot. Originally they found a few top designers, but ....."

"They were rejected?" Violet asked.

Linda nodded, "Pretty much, because there was an exchange meeting between the top designers and they don't have time to design clothes for the magazine, so they turned it down."

"I see, the annual exchange meeting of top designers. The time is not right." Violet laughed.

Linda took a sip of water, "So the magazine backed off and tried to find a designer with good strength, and when they approached me, I was walking in a dress you designed, so after I shot the magazine, they contacted me and tried to get me to pull strings for you and them."

"Wait a minute." Violet raised her hand, "So they want me to design clothes for them?"

"Yeah, they said your designs were great and they want you to design for them, Violet, what do you

think?" Linda looked at her.

Violet's heart inevitably fluttered.

Linda took her hand, "Violet, try it, the chance to design clothes for so many top singers at once is almost non-existent, you must try it."

Listening to her encouragement, Violet took a deep breath before nodding, "Okay, I'll try."

"Great, I'll reply to the magazine right now." Saying that, Linda took out her phone and made a call out.

Violet just quietly drank her tea.

After two minutes, Linda finished the call.

"They asked me to bring you over tomorrow to talk about the collaboration in detail." Linda said.

Violet responded with a smile, "Okay."

"Uh-huh." Linda nodded her head repeatedly.

Violet put down her teacup and got up, "Well, I'm going upstairs first."

"Go ahead, go ahead." Linda waved her hand.

Violet smiled and headed upstairs.

The two children stayed in their room to play, and Violet didn't bother them, but gently closed the door and went back to her bedroom.

"You are back." Stanley's low voice came.

Violet nodded, "Yeah."

"What did you talk about?" Stanley walked over to her.

Violet stretched out and spilled the beans.

Stanley raised his eyebrows, "This magazine is famous, it's one of the several authoritative magazines in the world. If you design clothes for their singers, you will be famous too, and there will be other actors and singers will want you to design clothes for them in the future."

"I know, so I am in." Violet replied.

Stanley asked again, "When are you going?"

"Tomorrow."

Stanley frowned, "I'm going back home tomorrow with two children."

"I know, the day after tomorrow is Monday." Violet buried her head on his chest.

Stanley stroked her hair, "I'll have Fraser book a flight for the afternoon, and I'll go there with you in the morning."

He wanted to spend time with her in his final hours before he was back home.

Because they could not see each other again for a long time after this separation.

Violet didn't refuse, and agreed with a nod.

The next day, Stanley and Violet left the two children at the villa and drove to the magazine company, together with Linda.

After some negotiations, Violet smoothly signed the contract with the magazine.

Since she still had to participate in the competition, the magazine gave Violet half a month to draw out her design.

As for the dress making, the magazine company would not bother Violet but take the design to the tailor to make it.

This was something that Violet naturally had no objection to, after all, she really didn't have much time.

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After signing the contract, Violet left the magazine company.

In the car, Stanley received a call from Fraser, "Mr. Murphy, Miss Ellis is in the hospital."

Stanley wasn't surprised by the call.

Ivy's hunger strike, coupled with the fact that she wasn't particularly well, it was only a matter of time before she ended up in the hospital.

"I know." So Stanley faintly said.

Fraser coughed, not knowing what to say, and finally spoke up, "Dr. Baxter seems to be very angry."

Stanley nodded, "He is calling me."

When he finished, he hung up on Fraser and picked up Henry's phone.

Henry questioned loudly, "Stanley, do you know that Ivy is hospitalized?"

"I know." Stanley replied with one hand on the steering wheel.

Violet sat on the passenger seat and glanced at his phone without speaking.

Linda, who was in the back seat, naturally didn't dare to speak up.

Henry added, "Stanley, you said you wouldn't take Ivy's life and would only keep her locked up, what about now? She passed out from starvation and she has such a long cut on her wrist."

"And?" Stanley was expressionless.

Henry's eyes widened in anger, "And? What's your attitude? Ivy is in the hospital now ....."

"She asked for it." Stanley interrupted him, "I just had her locked up, other than that, nothing more was done to her, the injury on her wrist was caused by her suicide attempt, and the starvation fainting was because of her hunger strike."

"What?" Henry froze, "Ivy did it herself?"

"Do you think I would have someone slit her wrists and prevent her from eating?" A touch of mockery crossed Stanley's eyes, "I won't use such untoward methods to get back at someone. If I'm going to get back at someone, I'll just knock her into the abyss and she will never get up again, do you understand?"

"....." Henry was speechless.

After a few seconds, he asked in a dumb voice, "Why did Ivy kill herself?"

"It's just a trick." Stanley sneered.

Henry heard that and instantly understood what was going on.

Ivy forced Stanley by committing suicide, to earn Stanley's forgiveness, or to force Stanley to divorce Violet and to be with her.

But by Stanley's attitude, he guessed that it would be the second one.

So Ivy was still obsessed.

"Do you have anything else to say?" Stanley asked faintly as he saw Henry's hesitation to speak.

Henry responded, "No, sorry, I thought it was you that did that to Ivy."

Stanley coldly chortled, "Alright, since you broke up with Ivy, you should leave her alone."

"..... Ok." Henry nodded his head.

Stanley cut off the communication, and then before Violet could ask, he told her about the call.

Violet skimmed her lips, not bothering to say anything more other than to look down on Ivy even more.

Linda couldn't help but speak up, "Violet, Ivy is narrow-minded, since she knows Mr. Murphy, she must also be a luxury family's daughter, but she actually only has men in her eyes, and for the sake of a man, she made herself inhuman, it's really sad."

She hadn't met Ivy though.

But hearing Stanley's description just now, she learned that Ivy valued only men.

When Violet saw Stanley's darkening face, she covered her mouth and chuckled, "Linda, the man you're talking about is your boss, my husband."

"What?" Linda was confused and looked towards Stanley incredulously.

Seeing Stanley's cold face, Linda spat out, smiling dryly with cold sweat, "Mr. Murphy, I don't know that. You did not make it clear and I thought you were talking about another man."

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