

## **Daddy! Mommy Is Pregnant Again**

### **Chapter 223 Didn't Kidnap Her**

Listening to his self-blame and rejoicing words, Violet could no longer control herself to calm down. She threw herself into his arms and burst into tears.

No one knew how scared she was when the van hit the barrier and fell off the cliff.

At that moment, she really felt that she was bound to die, but fortunately, she still survived.

Feeling the woman trembling in his arms, Stanley hugged her tightly and gently patted her back to soothe her, "Cry out. Just cry out."

Violet buried her head on his chest and couldn't help crying.

After crying for too long, Violet gradually became quiet. Then the crying was completely gone.

Stanley looked down and found that she had fallen asleep tired of crying.

Stanley gently put her on the pillow, covered her with a quilt, got up and left the room. He went downstairs to find the two special police officers.

"Mr. Murphy." Two special police officers greeted him.

"Where did you find her?" Stanley asked in a deep voice, wiping his wet shirt with his handkerchief.

One of the special police officers replied, "When we were searching, we heard a discussion from nearby residents that a van fell from the mountain and fell into the river. Then we went to talk to the residents and asked the residents to take us there. At that time, Miss Hunt was knocking on the window in the van, so we rescued her."

Another special police officer added, "Fortunately, after the van fell into the river, the rear of the car didn't get into the water. Miss Hunt was at the rear of the car. The water in the van did not flood her, otherwise she would drown like others in the van."

Stanley nodded suddenly.

He had to say that Violet had always been very lucky. Although she had gone through so many hardships, she was able to turn the danger into a blessing every time, which was also God's favor.

"Are those few people drowned?" Stanley dropped his handkerchief.

"One is still alive, but his lungs have been filled with a lot of water. The captain has arranged a helicopter to take him to the hospital. I don't know if he can survive."

"If he survives, tell me. I have a lot of questions to ask him." Stanley looked at the two and said.

"Of course. Mr. Murphy, we have to go to the river to help the captain salvage the van."

Stanley nodded.

After the two special police officers left, Stanley took out his cell phone and dialed out Fraser's number. The phone was connected. Before he could speak, Fraser's voice sounded first. His tone was full of anxiety, "Mr. Murphy, are you okay? I heard the special police captain say that you have jumped off the cliff!"

"I'm fine." Stanley rubbed his eyebrows.

Fraser breathed a sigh of relief, "Well, well. How about Violet? How is she now?"

"She is fine. But she is very frightened. Now, she is asleep. I will send you a position in a moment.

Arrange my helicopter to pick us up." Stanley found a place to sit down and ordered.

"Got it." Fraser nodded.

Stanley asked again, "Did you catch Eason?"

"Yes, he's locked up by me now." Fraser replied, "As for the court, President of the Branch has also connected the court well, and the case about Phoebe will be postponed for two days."

"Good." Stanley nodded.

Two days should be enough for Violet to get out of this incident.

At the end of the call, Stanley put down his phone and waited patiently for the helicopter to arrive.

After waiting for about half an hour, the helicopter arrived and stopped in front of the residential building, which attracted the attention of many residents.

Stanley went upstairs to hug Violet and boarded the helicopter.

Fraser gave some money to the residents who took in Violet before he boarded the helicopter.

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The helicopter rose slowly and left here soon, flying directly to Henry's hospital.

Although Violet didn't have any injuries on her face, Stanley was still worried and was going to let Henry check her.

After the check, Henry came out of the room. Stanley stepped forward and asked, "How is she?"

"She's okay, but her kidney hormones are a little too high. She's frightened. Besides, her face is a little swollen. Then there is nothing else. She should rest for two days and calm her mood." Henry took off his gloves and said.

Stanley nodded slightly and felt relieved. His tight face eased a lot.

Henry stood beside him, leaning against the wall like him, took out a box of cigarettes from his white coat and shook out two of them, "Would you like one?"

Henry asked.

Stanley took a look, reached out and took one, then held it in his mouth.

Henry also lowered his head and held one, then took out the lighter, lit the cigarette for Stanley first, and then lit his own cigarette.

Then Henry smoked, and asked, "What has Violet gone through again? Why is she so scared? Did you guys go to a haunted house on a date?"

"No." Stanley spit out the smoke, flicking the ash, and replied with gloomy eyes, "She was kidnapped."

"Wha... cough, cough... What did you say?" Henry asked in a loud voice, choking on the smoke.

Some nurses and doctors passing by couldn't help but looked over curiously.

Stanley pinched the cigarette between his fingers, "Today is the day when Phoebe's plagiarism case was held. Eason refused to let her attend and sent someone to kidnap her."

Immediately afterwards, he told Henry everything that happened after Violet was kidnapped.

After hearing it, Henry swallowed his saliva, "In such a dangerous situation, she actually survived, and she's so healthy, and didn't hurt at all. It's a pity that she didn't buy the lottery. Eason has gone too far this time. Even if he doesn't like this daughter, he doesn't have to do this, right?"

Originally, he thought that it was really too much that Eason spread rumors about Violet on the Internet. Unexpectedly, he still underestimated Eason.

Stanley didn't speak and lowered his head. No one knew what he was thinking.

At this time, Fraser came over, "Mr. Murphy, Eason wants to see you."

"It's just right. I want to see him too." Stanley put out the cigarette and threw it at the top of the trash can, then left.

After Fraser nodded to Henry, he quickly followed.

Eason was locked in the reception room of the Murphy Group.

As soon as Stanley entered, Eason greeted him, "Stanley, you're finally here. You asked someone to bring me here. What's the matter?"

He stayed here for at least a few hours, unable to leave, and unable to contact the outside world, which made him panic.

He didn't know what was going on in the court right now. Had Phoebe's verdict come out? How many years did Phoebe get sentenced!

Stanley took a step back, made some distance from Eason, and looked at him with gloomy eyes, "Eason, you actually sent someone to kidnap Violet. You really opened my eyes!"

Hearing this, Eason was taken aback, "Kidnapping Violet? Stanley, what are you talking about? When did I send someone to kidnap her?"

Stanley narrowed his eyes, "Still don't admit it? Didn't you send someone to stop Violet from going to the court?"

Eason's eyes flashed with guilty conscience, "You...you know it?"

Stanley sneered, "For Phoebe, you kidnapped Violet to prevent her from going to court!"

"Stanley, I didn't do it. I admit that I did send someone to stop her, but I didn't let anyone kidnap her. I just let someone go to stare at her. When she went out, they just needed to block her at the door of the house and prevented her from going out. I didn't let them do anything else at all!" Eason spread his hands and said seriously. \_\_\_\_\_

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Chapter 224 It Wasn't Phoebe Back Then

Seeing that Eason didn't seem to be lying, Stanley was so shocked. He became serious, "You really didn't let anyone kidnap her?"

"I swear I absolutely didn't. Although I don't like Violet, I won't do such things." Eason put up three fingers and swore.

He was not so frantic yet.

"Mr. Murphy, it seems that someone else kidnapped Violet." Fraser stood behind Stanley and said with a heavy tone.

Stanley stepped forward and grabbed Eason by the collar, "No matter if you have someone kidnapped her or not, I will not let you go."

Eason's old face trembled twice with trepidation, "Stanley, what else do you want to do to the Hunt family? Three days ago, you acted on the Hunt Group and made the Hunt Group disappear from the ranks of listed companies and became ordinary small company. I accepted it, because what I said at the press conference did involve you, but this time?"

He looked at Stanley angrily, "This time it has nothing to do with you. This is our family affairs. Why should you participate in it!"

Stanley shook him off, "Why? Just because Violet is my person. Is this reason enough?"

"You...your person?" Eason couldn't believe his ears. His old eyes widened, "Are you together?"

Stanley's eyes flickered slightly, but he didn't answer.

Although they were not together yet, he felt it should be soon.

Seeing Stanley said nothing, Eason thought he had acquiesced. He was very flustered, "You are with Violet. What about Phoebe?"

He wholeheartedly wanted Phoebe to marry into the Murphy family in order to let the Hunt family rely on the Murphy family to become one of the top families in J City. Even if Stanley and Phoebe broke off the marriage contract, he was not in a hurry, because he felt that Phoebe and Stanley would be together again.

But now that Stanley and Violet were together, it was impossible for Phoebe to return Stanley's side again. According to Violet's hatred for him, she would definitely not help the Hunt family after marrying into the Murphy family. Maybe she would borrow the forces from the Murphy family to suppress the Hunt family! How could he let this happen!

"I am with Violet. What does it have to do with Phoebe?" Stanley squinted.

Eason swallowed his saliva, "It has nothing to do with Phoebe. Stanley, don't forget Phoebe rescued you five years ago. Her biggest wish is to marry you..."

"So what?" Stanley raised his hand mercilessly to interrupt Eason, "She wants to marry me, then do I have to marry her? My engagement with her was a misunderstanding. I thought she was my fiancée. If I knew from the beginning that she was not my fiancée, even if she was my savior, I would not be engaged to her!"

There were thousands of ways to repay the kindness. He didn't have to get married with her to repay.

"What's more..." Stanley looked up and down Eason, "I have been wondering all this time that a narrow-minded, selfish and vicious person like Phoebe would really be my savior? "

Hearing this, Eason was stunned, and a panic flashed across his eyes.

This panic was also caught by Stanley.

Stanley's heart sank. His hand in his trouser pocket suddenly clenched, "It seems that Phoebe is indeed not my savior."

Eason turned his head away. His eyes flickered with guilty conscience. He didn't dare to look at Stanley, "Of course she is. How could it not be her? When you woke up, there was only Phoebe by your side."

"So far you are still lying!" Stanley's face was gloomy and terrifying, "Do you think I can't see that you are lying?"

Eason's mouth opened, and he was speechless.

Stanley narrowed his eyes and asked sternly, "Say, who is my real savior!"

"I don't know!" Eason lowered his eyelids, covering the emotion in his eyes.

"You don't know?" Stanley sneered, "Is it you don't know or you don't want to say it?"

"I really don't know." Eason sighed with clenching tightly the cane, "Phoebe said, she accidentally broke into your room back then, and there was no one in your room at that time, so we don't know who you were with that night. "

It was absolutely impossible for him to tell Stanley it was Violet. That would only allow them to get married earlier. After all, the two children were still there.

If he hid it, he and Phoebe still would have a chance to separate them.

Seeing Eason's determination not to tell him, Stanley was so angry that he laughed out, "Well, you don't tell me, right? I'll check it myself. If I know you know it but don't tell me, you and your Hunt family will pay for it. I'll let you know what the consequences will be if you pretend to be my savior."

After that, he didn't look at Eason, who was pale, and turned to look at Fraser who was opposite, "Let someone to send him back, and keep an eye on him at any time."

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"Yes." Fraser on the side responded, then took out his mobile phone and called the security guards.

Soon, two security guards came up and took Eason away.

In the huge reception room, only Stanley and Fraser were left.

Fraser looked at Stanley's gloomy face, and said with emotion, "I really didn't expect that there was another secret in that incident. Phoebe not only pretended to be your savior, but also deceived you for so many years, and also relied on you and the Murphy family to get so many benefits."

Stanley snorted, "Don't worry. I will let her pay price for all the benefits she got. Get the car!"

"Go to the hospital?" Fraser asked.

Stanley twisted his fingers, "Go to the hotel five years ago."

"Yes, sir." Fraser nodded.

After half an hour, they arrived at the hotel.

Stanley stood in front of the hotel's gate, raised his head slightly, and looked at the building.

Since that night five years ago, he had blacklisted this hotel and had never been here again.

Unexpectedly, he still came now.

Stanley restrained his thoughts and walked in.

Fraser quickly followed.

The manager of the hotel knew Stanley and learned that he was coming, so he hurriedly came out to greet, "Mr. Murphy, welcome. May I ask..."

"How many years the monitoring of your hotel can be kept?" Stanley interrupted the manager's words directly, stared at him and asked.

The manager froze for a moment, and then replied, "Ten years. After ten years, they will be deleted."

Hearing this answer, Stanley breathed a sigh of relief. After rubbing his eyebrows, he said, "Very well. I need to check the surveillance system about five years ago when I stayed at your hotel."

When he woke up that year, Phoebe was next to him, so he determined that Phoebe had rescued him, so he didn't even think about checking and verifying it.

Then the result was that he misidentified the person.

"Five years ago..." The manager squinted and frowned, and began to recall the last time Stanley stayed in the hotel.

Thinking about it, he suddenly opened his eyes and let out a surprise.

"What's the matter?" Stanley frowned.

The manager quickly replied, "Two months ago, there was a lady also coming to me to get the surveillance of that night."

"A lady?" Fraser exclaimed, "Is it Phoebe?"

"I've seen Phoebe. It's not her." The manager shook his head.

"Who is that?" Stanley clenched his fists.

Was it the one who really saved him?

The manager touched his chin, remembering, "I don't know the name of that lady, but she is very beautiful."

"What?" Fraser rolled his eyes speechlessly, "There are a lot of beautiful women. How can we guess who it is?"

The manager smiled awkwardly.

Stanley pressed his thin lips tightly, "Well, why did she want to watch the surveillance of that night?"

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Chapter 225 Wake Up

"It should be the lady who suspected that she had entered the wrong suite back then, so she came here to check it." The manager replied.

"What do you mean by entering the wrong suite?" Stanley instantly narrowed his eyes.

The manager scratched his head, "The number of that lady's suite that year ended up 6, and Mr.

Murphy's suite that year ended up 9, but the 9 was loose at the time and became 6, so that the lady read the wrong number and went into your room."

Fraser gasped, "It's not right. Since it was the lady who entered the wrong room was Mr. Murphy's real savior. But why did Mr. Murphy see Phoebe after waking up? Did Phoebe also enter the wrong room?"

"Eason said that Phoebe entered the wrong room. But we can only check it then know what is going on.

Go to the monitoring room!" Stanley raised his chin towards the manager.

The manager hurriedly led the way.

The three came to the monitoring room. The manager let the staff play the monitoring of that year.

However, after the staff tapped the keyboard. His face became confused, "Manager, the monitoring of the year was deleted by others!"

"What?" The manager's eyes widened in astonishment, "It was deleted by others?"

"Yes, it was indeed deleted, and it was deleted completely and can't be recovered. It should be a hacker." The staff nodded.

The manager looked at Stanley, "Mr. Murphy, this..."

Stanley was very angry, "Very good. It seems that some people don't want me to find the person who really saved me back then."

"I think so too, but why on earth? It's just your savior. Why did they spend a lot of efforts? Is it possible that there is something else we don't know is involved in this?" Fraser guessed by touching his chin.

When Stanley heard this, a gleam of light flashed across his eyes. He said, "Maybe you're right. There are indeed things that we don't know are happening here. The more the people behind the scene erase all of this, the more I have to find it out. Ask the front desk to check the occupancy records of Suite 3,606 that year to see if they still have the records?"

Stanley looked at the manager.

The manager responded, took out the intercom and called the front desk.

About a few minutes later, a reply from the front desk came, "No!"

It was also deleted.

Stanley didn't have many surprises about this. He had already guessed that this would be the result.

Even two months ago, the trace of the woman who came here to get the surveillance and was suspected to his savior might have been deleted.

"Mr. Murphy, what should we do now? All clues are broken." Fraser asked with a sigh.

Stanley said, "No. It was Ivan who gave me the medicine back then. Phoebe was next to me when I woke up, and Eason is the insider. These three people must know what happened back then, and maybe it's one of these three who erased all of this. Send someone to keep an eye on them. Report to me if there is any news."

"Got it." Fraser nodded.

Stanley pinched his eyebrows wearily.

At this moment, his phone rang suddenly.

Stanley took out the phone, then answered, "What's the matter?"

"Stanley, Violet is awake. Do you want to come and have a look?" Henry's voice came with a grin.

Stanley's face suddenly eased a lot. His voice was no longer so cold, "Okay, I'll come over right away."

After speaking, he hung up the phone, left the hotel, and drove to the hospital by himself.

As for Fraser, he took a taxi back to the company and arranged someone to monitor Ivan and the others.

An hour later, Stanley arrived at the hospital.

Stanley pushed open the door of the ward and went in. The two people inside immediately looked towards the door.

"Oh, here it is." Henry slowly got up from the chair and greeted Stanley.

Violet also supported herself, sat up from the hospital bed, and greeted, "Mr. Murphy."

Stanley nodded lightly at her and looked at her.

Her face was still a little pale, but it was much better than when she was at the resident's house before, which made Stanley's tight heart relax a bit.

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"What are you doing here?" Stanley withdrew his gaze from Violet and looked at Henry dissatisfied.

Henry raised his eyebrows and pushed his glasses, "Well, I'm leaving now and won't disturb the world of you two."

With that said, he sorted his white coat and walked out with the medical record folder.

Only Violet and Stanley were left in the ward.

Violet was a little embarrassed by Henry's words. When she suddenly remembered the kiss Stanley had given her not long ago, her face flushed. She lowered her eyelids to dare not look at him.

Although she and he had kissed, and even had a more intimate night, it was all accidental.

This time, it was different. It was Stanley who kissed her on the initiative. She didn't know what he meant.

"Do you feel better?" Stanley suddenly said, interrupting Violet's thoughts.

Violet nodded hurriedly, "I'm better."

Stanley walked to the seat where Henry was just sitting, "Good. Take a good rest these two days.

President of the Branch has told the court, and the court will be held two days later."

Hearing this, Violet blinked in surprise, "Have you already told President of the Branch, Mr. Murphy?"

Stanley raised his chin without comment.

"Thank you, Mr. Murphy." Violet smiled gratefully, "And thank you for coming to rescue me in time. If it weren't for you, I don't know where those people would take me, let alone what I would experience.

Thank you."

After speaking, she lifted the quilt and wanted to get out of bed to bow to Stanley.

Seeing her actions, Stanley stretched out his hand to press her on the shoulders, and pushed her back to the hospital bed, "You don't need to be like this. Just lie down."

He was so strong that Violet had no choice but to lie back again.

After that, she thought of something and asked, "By the way, Mr. Murphy, how are those people?"

Stanley knew that she was asking about the people who kidnapped her. His eyes narrowed, "Dead. Only one is still alive. I don't know if he can be saved."

Hearing this, Violet opened her eyes wide and gasped.

Dead...

In the same van, everyone else died, but only she survived unscathed, showing how lucky she was.

"Eason is screwed up!" Violet clenched her fists and said coldly, "Not only did he commit the crime of kidnapping, but he also indirectly killed several people, either life sentence or death sentence."

"No." Stanley shook his head and vetoed her words.

Violet stared at him blankly.

He calmly stared at her, "Those people were indeed sent by Eason, but Eason's original intention was not to kidnap you, but to prevent you from going to court. In other words, not only did those people take Eason's money, but also took other people's money to kidnap you."

"So you mean, it was not Eason who kidnapped me, but another person?" Violet tightened up, only feeling frightened.

Stanley nodded slightly, "Yes, that's what I meant."

Violet lowered her head, "Could it be her again?"

"Who?" Stanley asked immediately after hearing this.

Violet bit her lower lip, "It's that woman who hit Calvin by the car, burned down my warehouse, and

bribed the paid Internet trolls to slander me on the Internet."

Except for that woman, she couldn't think of anyone else.

Stanley pursed his lips, "Maybe it's her."

"It's so disgusting! What hatred or resentment do I have with her? She wants to deal with me like this!"

Violet was so angry that she thumped the bed.

One Vera was not enough, and other women came out again.

Why was this? \_\_\_\_\_ Daddy! Mommy Is Pregnant Again

Chapter 226 Suspect Ivy

Violet was shivering.

Seeing this, Stanley got up and walked to her, holding her into his arms, and gently holding her head to his chest, "Calm down. I will find out that person."

Violet looked up at him. Her pale lips moved, as if she wanted to say something. At this time, the door of the ward was knocked suddenly.

"Who?" Violet quickly pushed Stanley away, came out of his arms, and asked when she looked at the door of the ward.

Stanley saw his empty arms, then his eyes dimmed.

The door of the ward was pushed open. A man in a police uniform came in from outside, "Is that Miss Hunt?"

"It's me." Violet adjusted her mood and nodded.

"I am the policeman at the police station. The special police have left the follow-up investigation of the kidnapping to us, so I am here to tell you some findings." The police officer took the notebook and walked to the bedside.

Stanley looked up at him, "What findings?"

"Just now I came from the ICU. The kidnapper who was still alive has been rescued successfully and has woken up. According to his account, they have two employers. One is Miss Hunt's father, and the other is a woman called E." The police opened the notebook in his hand and replied.

"E?" Violet frowned.

"Yes." The policeman nodded.

Violet looked at Stanley, "It seems that Ms. E is the one I just guessed."

Stanley nodded slightly and asked the policeman, "Is this E the abbreviation of the last name?"

The police shook his head, "We don't know this for the time being, but we will investigate."

Stanley frowned and said nothing.

Violet lowered her head, as if thinking about something.

E! This letter made her think of a person, which was Ivy Ellis. Ivy's last name started with E, which was very consistent.

Was it really possible that it was Ivy? Ivy's family disappeared. Could she have such a powerful force and did all these without telling Stanley?

Thinking of this, Violet looked at Stanley thoughtfully.

Stanley noticed her eyes, then he asked, "What's the matter?"

Violet opened her mouth several times. But finally, she shook her head, saying that it was nothing.

Forget it!

Ivy was his lover after all. She doubted his lover, which would only make him unhappy.

Seeing that Violet wanted to say something but didn't say it finally, Stanley was a little unhappy, but he didn't force her and then asked, "Did the kidnapper have explained their purpose in kidnapping Violet?"

"Yes, the kidnapper said that Ms. E asked them to throw Miss Hunt... to a poor and backward mountain and sell her, letting she couldn't come back forever." Speaking of this, the policeman gave Violet a sympathetic look.

Violet squeezed the quilt on her body, her face gloomy.

It was really a vicious way to sell her to the mountains!

She knew that men in the mountains couldn't marry wives. They all bought wives from outside. After they bought wives, they would lock those women at home and used them as childbirth machines. They were not as good as dogs. That E was to completely destroy her!

Stanley also had the same gloomy expression on his face.

Stanley clenched his fists, "E..."

He read the letter coldly, with a strong murderous look in his eyes.

Violet felt it, and looked at him in surprise.

She didn't understand why he was so angry. This was obviously her business.

Later, after the policeman said some other things, he said goodbye and left.

Violet looked at the time. It was getting dark. She was shocked that she immediately got up from the hospital bed, "OMG! I haven't picked up the kids yet!"

"Don't worry. I've already asked someone to pick them up." Stanley chuckled when he saw her in such a hurry.

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"Really?" Violet calmed down and looked at him.

Stanley gave a hmm.

Violet breathed a sigh of relief, "Well, but I should go back too."

She was not injured, but was greatly frightened. Now she was much better and she didn't need to stay in the hospital anymore.

Stanley handed her the coat, "I will drive you back."

Violet took the coat and was about to refuse. Then Stanley said again, "It just so happens that I should go back too."

Since he said so, if Violet refused again, it seemed that she was too much. So she nodded and agreed.

After completing the discharge procedures, the two went to the elevator.

As soon as they reached the elevator door, the elevator door was opened.

Violet couldn't help being stunned when she saw the people inside.

"Ivy, why are you here?" Stanley stretched out his hand to help Ivy.

Ivy took his arm and came out from the inside, "I just heard Henry say that Miss Hunt is sick, so I came to see her. I didn't expect to see you here. Miss Hunt, you are going to be discharged from the hospital?"

She looked at Violet opposite, not only didn't let go of Stanley's arm, but instead held it tighter.

Although Stanley frowned, he did not push her away.

Seeing Ivy's possessiveness towards Stanley, Violet felt sad. But her face remained calm. She replied with a smile, "Yes, I am going to be discharged from the hospital."

"So soon? Did you recover so soon? What kind of illness?" Ivy looked Violet up and down, her eyes full of surprise.

Violet's eyes flickered. Just when she was about to answer Ivy, Stanley's phone rang.

He pulled out his arm and took out the phone to have a look. His thin lips pressed slightly, "I'll go to answer it."

After speaking, he walked towards the corner.

Violet looked at his back. Suddenly, Ivy blocked her eyes, cut off her sight, smiled coldly and said, "Miss Hunt, you haven't answered what I asked just now."

Violet lowered her eyes and said quietly, "It's cured. It's not a serious illness. Dr. Baxter didn't tell you about my condition?"

"No." Ivy shook her head, "Henry only said that you were sick, but nothing else."

"That's it..." Violet nodded and said nothing.

She thought Ivy was a little weird. There was no friendship at all between them, but when Ivy heard that she was sick, she would come up to see her, as if how close they were.

Moreover, Ivy kept inquiring about her condition, which was obviously very abnormal. It reminded Violet of the speculation not long ago.

Thinking of this, Violet squinted at Ivy.

Being stared at by Violet like this, Ivy was a little uncomfortable. She smiled, "Miss Hunt, is there anything on my face? Why are you looking at me like this?"

Violet pursed her red lips, "No, I'm just thinking about one thing. Have you heard of a woman codenamed E?"



"E?" Ivy blinked in confusion, "Why does it sound like an agent? Miss Hunt still knows this kind of person?"

Ivy opened her mouth wide in surprise.

Violet couldn't see if Ivy really didn't know or was acting deliberately. Then she shook her head, "I don't know, either. It's just that this person seems to have some hatred for me. She has been targeting me lately."

"Miss Hunt, you are too unlucky." Ivy patted Violet sympathetically on the shoulder.

Violet glanced at Ivy's skinny hands, and gave a wry smile, "Yes, it's quite unlucky."

"Miss Hunt, you will be more careful from now on." Ivy withdrew her hand.

Violet forced a smile, "I will. Thank you for reminding."

"Remind what?" Stanley asked. He came back after finished calling. \_\_\_\_\_ Daddy! Mommy Is Pregnant Again

Chapter 227 Ivan's Reminder

"Nothing. I'm chatting with Miss Hunt. Isn't it, Miss Hunt?" Ivy looked at Violet with a smile.

Violet saw some warning in her eyes.

Violet didn't know why Ivy was unwilling to tell Stanley the content of the conversation, and did not allow her to tell him.

But it didn't matter, as long as she knew Ivy was suspicious.

Thinking of this, Violet lowered her eyelids to cover the emotions in her eyes, "Yes, we are chatting."

"Really?" Stanley didn't doubt her, and put the phone away.

Ivy held his arm again, "Stanley, who were you calling just now?"

"It's from the company. There will be a meeting tomorrow morning." Stanley replied and then moved her hand away from his arm, "Well, Ivy, it's late. We should go. "

After that, he took out the car key and handed it to Violet, "You go to the car and wait for me. I have to bring Ivy back to the ward first."

Violet looked at the car key in front of her. Originally, she didn't want to take it, but then thought of the suspicion, she felt that she could sound out Ivy. Then she reached out to take the key.

"Okay, I see. I'll go to the car to wait for you." When Violet took the key, her fingertip touched Stanley's palm. Meanwhile, she glanced at Ivy.

She wanted to see how Ivy would react when she saw her "seduce" Stanley.

However, Ivy didn't seem to see her actions. She didn't show the slightest strangeness on her face, and she still maintained a gentle smile.

This made Violet feel a little frustrated.

She had originally thought that if Ivy was the E, the reason E would deal with her was because she was close to Stanley. So when Ivy saw that Violet 'seduced' Stanley, she would definitely reveal something.

It was a pity that Violet's plan failed. It seemed that Ivy's mind was deeper than Violet thought.

Stanley didn't know Violet's tactics. He stared at his palm for a while before putting his hand down. He said to Violet in a mild voice, "Go ahead."

"Okay." Violet replied, took another look at Ivy, and turned away.

Regardless of whether Ivy was E or not, she couldn't let her guard down on Ivy.

Ivy was by no means simple.

Violet left the hospital and went to the parking lot. After finding Stanley's car, she opened the door and sat in.

Not long after sitting, her cell phone rang.

This phone was bought by Jessie after she woke up. Even the phone card was newly created, but the number had not changed.

Violet looked at the name "Ivan" on the screen, and couldn't help but raised her beautiful eyebrows, wondering why he called.

But she didn't think too much. She answered it and then put it to her ear, "Hey, Director Murphy."

"Violet, long time no see." Ivan's voice came over the phone.

Violet rubbed her temples and replied politely, "Long time no see."

After helping him deal with the blind date, she had never seen him again.

It had been almost half a month.

"What's up? Do you want me to pay back the favor?" Violet asked, turning her stiff neck.

Ivan shook his slender index finger, "No, no, not now. I'm here to tell you that Stanley was investigating that matter."

"What matter?" Violet frowned and didn't react for a while.

"Of course it was five years ago, the night you and him were in the hotel." Ivan said with a grin.

Violet couldn't laugh. Her face changed drastically, and the hand holding the phone was tightened, "Is... is he investigating that matter?"

With his ability, he could definitely find it out right away.

At that time, the identities of the two children would be exposed!

A Pakistani Man Has Accidentally Found A Way Of Earning More

A 25-Year-Old Becomes The Richest Man In His City

As if Ivan knew what she was thinking, he pushed his glasses lazily, "Don't worry. He is indeed investigating that matter, but he can't think of you."

"Why?" Violet frowned suspiciously.

Ivan yawned, "Because someone erased all the monitoring and clues that year."

"Who?" Violet bit her lip.

Ivan curled his lips, "There are several people. Of course, I am one of them."

Hearing this, Violet breathed a sigh of relief, "Well, thank you, Director Murphy."

No matter what his purpose was for erasing those, but the result was what she wanted. She should thank him.

"No need. I also do it for myself. I called to tell you about this. I just want you to be mentally prepared and won't let him find anything." Ivan waved his hand disapprovingly.

Violet nodded, "I know. I won't let him find out, but why did he suddenly want to check that?"

"Because Phoebe exposed herself." Ivan shrugged.

Violet became more confused as she listened, "Why does this have to do with Phoebe?"

"This has to start from five years ago. Five years ago, Stanley was drugged by that kind of medicine. Without you, he might die on that kind of medicine. But the next day you left, Stanley woke up and found that Phoebe was his side, so he regarded Phoebe as his savior."

"It turned out to be like this..." Violet opened her mouth in astonishment.

It turned out that this was so-called Stanley's savior.

Phoebe actually seized another stuff that originally belonged to her, which was really ridiculous!

On the phone, Ivan continued, "Then now Stanley knows that Phoebe isn't his savior but someone else, so he starts the investigation."

"I see. Thank you for telling me this." Violet rubbed her cheeks, adjusted her mood and thanked him.

Ivan turned the office chair leisurely, "Well, I have said everything that should be said. You have to be careful. I said half a month ago that I would take you to a place. Do you remember it?"

"Yeah." Violet nodded.

"That's good. I'll pick you up in two days." After that, Ivan hung up the phone.

"Hello? Hello?" Violet originally wanted to ask where he was going to take her, but she didn't expect that he would hang up the phone so quickly.

"Who are you talking to?" Stanley opened the door and got into the car, and then he saw Violet staring at the phone, looking depressed.

Violet's eyes flashed. She put down her phone and shook her head, "A friend of mine abroad hasn't seen me for a long time. So she just called and chatted with me a few words."

"Really?" Stanley believed her. Then he raised his chin and started the car.

Back to the apartment, it was completely dark.

Violet took out the key card. As soon as she opened the door, the two children greeted her and hugged her legs, "Mommy, you finally came back. Why are you so late? We are all hungry."

Violet looked back at Stanley, "Mr. Murphy, you didn't tell them about my stuff, right?"

Stanley shook his head slightly, "No."

"Thank you." Violet breathed a sigh of relief and thanked him.

Calvin squinted his eyes which were similar to Stanley's, "Mommy, what are you talking to Dad? Why didn't you tell us?"

"Arya wants to know too." Arya tilted her head and said.

Violet was speechless when she heard what they called Stanley.

Three days ago, the two children had been calling Stanley Dad. They didn't change it no matter how hard she corrected them.

This made her very helpless. \_\_\_\_\_

Daddy! Mommy Is Pregnant Again

Chapter 228 The Verdict About Phoebe

"Well, don't ask so much. You'd better think about what food you want to eat?" Violet pinched the faces of the two children.

"I want to eat the meat balls cooked by Bella." Arya raised her little hand and said first, her little tongue still licking her lips.

Calvin's eyes also lit up, knowing that it was useless to see Violet, so he looked at Stanley, "Dad, is that okay?"

Stanley smiled, "Of course."

"Great!" The two children jumped up happily, and then ran past Stanley and Violet to the opposite apartment.

When they reached the door of Stanley's apartment, they began to knock on the door.

Violet flushed with the cheeky behavior of the two children, "I'm sorry, Mr. Murphy. I will call them back!"

With that said, she was about to call for the two children to come back.

But before she could make a sound, Stanley raised his hand to stop her, "Never mind. They like Bella's cooking. Bella herself is also very happy."

"But..." Violet wanted to say something else.

Stanley turned around, "Well, you can come too."

After speaking, he walked into the apartment opposite.

Violet listened to the lively movement from the apartment opposite, and then looked at the empty house behind her. Finally, she sighed and followed in.

Two days later.

The case of Phoebe plagiarism reopened.

This time, Violet came over in advance and joined President of the Branch.

Seeing she was fine, President of the Branch nodded, "I heard Mr. Murphy say that you were kidnapped two days ago, and I'm so worried. Fortunately, you are fine, otherwise our design circle will have to lose a genius."

Violet smiled embarrassedly, "I'm flattered."

"In recent years, the Western design circles have been suppressing Eastern design circles. They believe that fashion was first developed by the West, and Eastern designers simply can't compare with them."

Speaking of this, President of the Branch sighed, "So I really don't hope that you capable designers have an accident. Well, the court time is up. Let's go in."

"Yeah." Violet nodded and walked in behind him.

As soon as she entered the court, Violet felt a rather complicated gaze watching her.

She looked over. Seeing Eason sitting in the audience, Violet looked indifferent.

Then, she withdrew her gaze directly, not looking at him.

Although Eason was not the one who kidnapped her, those people were found by Eason, so that E could take advantage of it. She would not forgive Eason!

The trial began. Phoebe was brought in under the order of the judge.

She was still sitting in a wheelchair, but she had lost a lot of weight. Her mental state was also very bad, and she looked extremely embarrassed.

Violet kept staring at Phoebe. Of course Phoebe noticed it. She looked up and then met Violet's gaze.

She looked at Violet, who was as glamorous as ever. Compared to her now so desolate, the hatred in her eyes was about to turn into a knife, wishing to stab Violet to death.

Violet knew what Phoebe was thinking about. She smiled, and then raised her hand, "Judges, the defendant threatens me!"

Phoebe's eyes widened.

Phoebe didn't expect that Violet was so shameless that she even told the judge!

The judge picked up the small hammer next to him and knocked it, "The defendant threatens the plaintiff. Warning once. Does the defendant have any objections?"

Phoebe clenched her fists unwillingly, gritted her teeth and squeezed out the word from her teeth, "No!"

"Since the defendant has no objections, I declare that the trial has officially begun. This case..."

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These Strange Ways Will Keep Your Relationship Strong Day To Day

The trial lasted for two full hours before it finally came to an end.

With the solid evidence, the original designer and Violet were both present. Even if Eason hired a lawyer for Phoebe, it would be of no avail.

In the end, Phoebe was sentenced to six years because of plagiarizing so seriously and the amount of profit she obtained. All the assets under her name had to pay to the original designers.

In other words, Phoebe would not only have to be in prison for six years, but she would also lose everything.

Although Phoebe couldn't accept this result, she couldn't resist. She could only be taken away by the bailiff sadly.

When she was leaving, she passed by Violet and then stopped, "Violet, are you happy that I ended up like this?"

Violet arranged the hem of her skirt and smiled faintly, "Of course, because I don't have to see you for six years."

"Don't get too proud of you too early. Even if I go to the prison, do you think you can have a peaceful life? I tell you, it's impossible! That woman won't let you go!" Phoebe smirked.

Violet's face sank. She stood up from her position, "That woman? E?"

Phoebe curled her lips, "It seems that you knew something about her."

"Sure enough, it is E. You know her! Who is she?" Violet stepped forward and asked harshly.

Seeing Violet so anxiously wanting to know, Phoebe smiled, "You want to know? I won't tell you. I can only say that that woman is a lunatic. The person she hates will never end well."

After speaking, Phoebe slid her wheelchair and walked forward.

Violet looked at Phoebe's back, clenched her fists, and shouted, "Is she Ivy?"

Phoebe didn't respond and didn't even stop the wheelchair. There was nothing unusual about her back.

Violet lowered her eyes and murmured, "She didn't react at all to the name of Ivy. Is it really not Ivy?"

She didn't think about this problem for too long, because it was interrupted by Jessie's call.

"Violet, I have seen the news. The trial is over. Phoebe's sentence has come out. Let's go for a drink in the evening to celebrate?" Jessie excitedly said on the phone.

Violet didn't want to refuse her or made her unhappy. So she nodded, "Okay."

"Deal. See you at the old place at seven o'clock in the evening. Okay, I'm going to go through the discharge procedures for George." Jessie clapped her hands and laughed.

"Discharge procedures?" Violet was taken aback for a moment, "Can George get discharged?"

"Yeah, his ribs get straight back. He only needs to recover slowly later. He doesn't need to be hospitalized anymore. Besides, he still has patients waiting for his operation." Jessie glanced back at the ward and said.

Violet nodded, "Well, let's hold a party for George in two days."

"Okay, then we will discuss it then."

Violet gave a hmm and hung up the phone.

Walking out of the court, Violet came to the car, took out the car key and was about to press. Eason suddenly stopped her.

Violet looked at this person who seemed to grow older about ten years. There was no fluctuation in her heart, no sorrow or joy. Violet was very calm, "What's the matter? If you come to me for Phoebe, no

need. Because I don't care about you."

"Phoebe's verdict has come out. Is it useful for me to come to you?" Eason smiled mockingly.

Violet tucked her hair, "Then what do you want to do?"

"How is Steven now?" Eason looked at her.

Hearing him asking about her younger brother, Violet suddenly narrowed her eyes, "Seven years ago, you disliked Steven because he has congenital heart disease. Then you suspected that Steven was not your son. Now you ask about Steven? What do you want to do?"

Eason was a little embarrassed. But thinking of his purpose, he became serious again, "I want to train Steven to become the heir of the Hunt family."

"What?" Violet thought she had heard it wrong and then she rubbed her ears, "Train Steven to be your heir?" \_\_\_\_\_ Daddy! Mommy Is Pregnant Again

## **Chapter 229 Annoying**

"Yes." Eason nodded.

Violet was amused, "Mr. Hunt, are you kidding me? Let Steven be your heir? What about your favorite Phoebe?"

Eason clenched the dragon head on the cane, "I never thought about letting Phoebe be my heir. After all, Phoebe will marry others. I can't give her the Hunt family as her dowry, letting others take advantage of it."

What he wanted had always been to carry forward the Hunt Group.

Seeing the ambition in Eason's eyes, Violet sneered, "So you mean, you want your son to inherit the Hunt family, right?"

"Yeah!" Eason replied, rubbing his cane.

Violet curled her lips in disdain, "Mr. Hunt, why does it have to be Steven? Just let Talia have another son for you."

Eason was embarrassed. He cleared his throat with some guilty conscience, "She is not young anymore and can't give birth."

"That's not necessarily true." Violet shook her finger.

But Talia had a child with another man. That kid was even more than two years older than Calvin. So how was it possible that she couldn't give birth?

The person who really couldn't give birth was himself.

Thinking about it, Violet looked at Eason meaningfully.

Eason understood the look in her eyes. She felt that she was laughing at him. Suddenly, he became furious, "Why are you looking at me like that?"

Violet shrugged, "Nothing."

Eason handed over his mobile phone, urging impatiently, "Well, give me Steven's phone number. I will tell him myself!"

Violet looked at his mobile phone but she did not take it, "Mr. Hunt, what gives you confidence that makes you think I will give you Steven's phone number?"

"You won't give it to me?" Eason glared at her.

Violet tucked her hair to her ears, "No, I will not give it to you. I will not let Steven inherit the Hunt family. The Hunt Group is not even a listed company and is wandering on the verge of bankruptcy. Why do I let Steven inherit such a company?"

"You..." Eason was so angry that his hands were shaking.

Violet pressed the car key, "Also, I clearly remember that seven years ago, when Steven had a heart attack, you looked disgusted and said that he was not your son. Now you are in trouble and want to recognize Steven to be your son. Mr. Hunt, do you think it's possible?"

After saying this, she ignored Eason who was so angry, opened the car door to sit in, and drove away.

Half an hour later, Violet came to the downstairs of the Murphy Group. After parking the car, she took out her mobile phone and dialed Stanley's number.

Stanley answered the phone quickly. A deep and sexy voice came into her ears, "What's up?"

"Mr. Murphy, I've finished the clothes of the game characters. Are you free now? I can show you them now." Violet rolled down the car window, looked up at the top floor of the building and said to a certain

window.

Stanley stood up from his office chair, "Are you downstairs?"

"Yeah." Violet said.

Stanley walked toward the balcony, standing by the floor-to-ceiling windows on the balcony and looking down. He saw the red Mercedes parked on the side of the road. Then his face eased a lot, "Wait a moment. I will let Fraser come down to pick you up."

"Okay." Violet nodded.

Stanley put down the phone, turned back to the office, called Fraser in, and asked him to go downstairs to pick up Violet.

Soon, Fraser came with Violet.

Violet pulled away the chair opposite Stanley's desk and sat down. She opened the file bag, took out the stack of design drafts inside, and handed them to Stanley with both hands, "Mr. Murphy, have a look!"

When Stanley took over the design drafts, he said to Fraser, "Go to make some tea."

"Okay!" Fraser replied and turned around to make tea.

After Fraser left, Stanley read the design drawings one by one.

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After reading it, he frowned slightly.

Violet was a little stunned. The confident smile on her face slowly faded, "Mr. Murphy, is there anything wrong?"

"There is no problem with the design, but the material you marked above seems to be too costly. It is not necessary for the game." Stanley said with a long index finger pointing to one of the design drawings.

Violet smiled embarrassedly, "It turned out to be like this. Sorry, I don't know much about games. When I designed these, I only thought of using the best materials so I didn't consider other things..."

This was also a common problem for designers.

Every designer hoped that his work would be made with the best cloth. So Violet got used to it over time.

"It's okay. Just change the material." Stanley crossed his fingers on the table and said in a low voice.

Violet bit her lips worriedly, "But what kind of material should be used? If it's changed to other material, the clothes may not be able to achieve the exquisite effect of the picture. It may be very rough."

When Stanley heard it, he looked down and thought, then opened the drawer and took out a piece of information from it, "This is the game details sent to me by the game company. There are optional materials for character modeling and clothing modeling. You can see if there is any substitute."

"Okay." Violet took the information and looked through it.

Fraser also made tea and came in. He put the black tea in front of her, "Violet, please have the tea."

"Thank you." Violet smiled politely at him and stretched out her hand to get the tea cup.

But what she didn't expect was the tea cup slipped from her hand.

Then the teacup was knocked over. All the hot black tea in it flowed out and soaked some papers on the table.

Violet's palms and the backs of her hands were also scald. Her face turned pale. Some cold sweat came from her forehead and she was trembling slightly.

But she bit her lip, letting her tears roll in her eyes, but she didn't scream.

This incident shocked both Stanley and Fraser.

Stanley was the first to react. Then he pulled Violet's wrist tightly with a gloomy face, "Follow me!"

"Where to go?" Violet asked with sobs.

Stanley didn't answer, but just opened the bathroom door.

After entering, he directly put Violet's hand under the faucet, and then turned on the faucet to let cold water cool her scalds.

The cold water poured on Violet's hands, and it soon had a cooling effect. She clearly felt that the hot pain in her hands was alleviating. Then she couldn't help but breathed a sigh of relief.

"Mr. Murphy, I'm really sorry for causing you trouble again." Violet lowered her head and apologized

with embarrassment on her face.

She didn't expect that she was so stupid that she couldn't even hold a teacup securely.

Stanley adjusted the water down a bit to prevent the water from getting her clothes wet, "No worries. Just be careful next time."

"But those files..."

"It's just some not-so-important documents. Just let them send it again." Stanley leaned against the sink and said lightly.

Violet moved her lips, feeling even more ashamed.

How could it be unimportant? Those documents had already sent to his desk!

He said this only because he wanted her not to have burdens.

"Mr. Murphy, I got the cooling patch from the infirmary." At this moment, Fraser's voice came from outside the bathroom.

Stanley stepped forward to open the door. After getting the blue cooling patch from Fraser, he returned to Violet and said to her, "Give me your hand." Daddy! Mommy Is Pregnant Again

Chapter 230 Celebrate

Violet looked down at her hand that was still under the faucet. Then she hesitated for a moment, and finally handed it over.

After all, it was not easy for her to apply it with one hand, so it would better to let him help her.

Seeing that Violet was so obedient, Stanley felt gentle. After turning off the faucet, he took off the towel on the side shelf, dried her hand, and gently peeled off the cooling patch and put it on her hand, "Done."

"Thank you, Mr. Murphy." Violet touched the cooling patch on her hand and thanked him.

Stanley threw the wrapping paper into the trash can, "Let's go out."

"Okay." Violet nodded and followed him out.

Fraser was cleaning up Stanley's office. Seeing the two came out, he quickly stopped to apologize, "I'm really sorry, Violet, it was all my fault. I poured a cup of hot tea and scalded you."

Violet waved her hand, "It has nothing to do with you. The tea cup slipped from my hand. I should say sorry."

"Well." Stanley walked to the desk and interrupted the two apologizing, "It is an accident. Just be careful next time. Go down and print out those documents again."

"Yes." Fraser nodded, picked up the wet documents and went out.

Only Stanley and Violet were left in the office.

Violet picked up the previous information and read it. After reading it, she pushed the information to Stanley, pointed to a certain place and said, "Mr. Murphy, this material is not bad. You can use this to make models. Although it is not as good as the material I originally marked, they are not much different."

Stanley looked down, then nodded slightly, "Okay. I will contact the game company in a while. The balance will be transferred to you before tomorrow noon."

"Okay." Violet nodded with a smile.

Then Stanley was sorting out the documents.

Violet glanced at the lower right corner of his computer, then she got up to say goodbye, "Mr. Murphy, it's getting late. I have to leave first. It's time to go to the kindergarten to pick up kids."

"Let's go together." Stanley closed the drawer and said, looking at her.

Violet was taken aback for a moment, "Mr. Murphy, you haven't got off work yet, right?"

These days, in the morning, he would drive two children to school.

But in the afternoon, it was her who picked them up.

Stanley picked up his coat, "I want to go back to the apartment to get my ID and apply for a visa to go abroad tomorrow, so I can go with you."

"Going abroad?" Violet opened her mouth in surprise.

Stanley put on his coat and stood up, "The jewelry company has recently lacked a batch of rough jadeite stones. I am going to the place of origin to have a look."

"So it's like this." Violet nodded.

Stanley walked to the office door, and said as he walked, "So in the next two days, I can't drive them to

school."

"It's okay. I can drive them by myself. Besides these days, it's you who drive them to school. The kids in kindergarten have seen you. No one will say that they don't have Dad anymore." Violet followed him and chuckled lightly.

Stanley stopped abruptly, "Have you thought about my suggestion last time?"

"What suggestion?" Violet didn't expect that he would stop suddenly, then she almost ran into him.

Stanley turned around, "Finding a Dad for the two children!"

Violet's face froze. Then she lowered her eyelids to hide the self-deprecating look in her eyes, "I have been too busy these days. I don't have time to think about this. Just talk about it later."

He couldn't wait for to let her find a man?

Stanley didn't know what Violet was thinking. So after hearing her say that, he didn't ask any more. Then he opened the door of the office and went out.

In the evening, Jessie called Violet and urged, "Violet, are you on your way?"

Violet was standing in front of the closet, choosing clothes. Hearing Jessie's words, she quickly replied, "It's not yet. I'm changing clothes."

"Okay, hurry up. George and I are here." Jessie said while looking through the wine menu.

Violet thought she had heard it wrong. She asked, "What did you say? George went there too?"

"Yeah, what's the matter?" Jessie looked at George who was opposite the booth.

Violet got a red skirt out and threw it on the bed, frowning, "George has just been discharged from the hospital, but you let him drink?"

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Jessie laughed, "You misunderstood. Of course I won't let him drink. Don't worry. Just let him drink juice. We're celebrating for you."

Hearing this, Violet breathed a sigh of relief, "Okay, I'll come over right away."

Then she hung up the phone, took off her pajamas and put on her skirt, then applied a light makeup and walked out of the room.

"Calvin, Arya." Violet shouted toward the children's room.

The two children opened the door hand in hand and came out, "What's the matter, Mommy?"

Violet sorted her bags and said, "Mommy is going out to have dinner with Godfather and Jessie. You two stay at home and don't go out. Go to bed early. Do you know?"

"Got it." The two children nodded.

Violet stepped forward, kissed each of them on the face, changed shoes and left.

Then she came to the bar.

Under the guide of the waiter, Violet came to the booth reserved by Jessie.

Seeing Violet, Jessie waved at her, "Violet, we are waiting for you for a long time."

"Sorry, sorry, traffic jam." Violet put down the bag and apologized with folded hands.

"So drink a glass for your being late!" Jessie handed Violet a glass of wine.

Violet smiled. Just when she was about to take it, she was stopped by George, "What's wrong with your hand?"

George looked at Violet's hand with the cooling patch. His always gentle face was full of seriousness.

Jessie also looked at Violet's hand. She asked, "Violet, what's wrong with your hand?"

Violet shrugged her shoulders and replied disapprovingly, "Nothing serious. I was scalded by black tea."

"Let me take a look." George took her hand and looked at it. After confirming that what she said was true, he let go of her hand. His tone was rather helpless, "Why are you so careless?"

Violet smiled embarrassedly.

"Well, well. Let's not talk about it. Just drink. Today is a happy day. Come on! Let us have a drink to celebrate that Phoebe went to jail!" Jessie raised her glass and stood up.

Violet and George also got up and clinked her glass with their respective glasses.

After drinking the wine and juice, the three were seated again.

Jessie picked up the wine bottle and poured it for Violet and herself.

As for George, he couldn't drink, so Jessie didn't pour it for him.



George was sitting in his seat and watching Violet and Jessie drinking. The shrewd look flashed in his eyes.

After a long time, Jessie burped and fell on the sofa, getting drunk.

Upon seeing this, Violet quickly put down the wine glass and went over to check her situation, "Jessie."

"Don't worry. She's okay. She's just drunk." George said, shaking the glass of juice.

Violet turned over Jessie and found that it was so, and then she felt relieved, "George, since Jessie is drunk, let's go back."

George raised his head to drink the juice up and stood up, "Not in hurry."

"What's the matter?" Violet looked up at him suspiciously.

His glasses were taken off sometime, which revealed a pair of deep, bottomless fox eyes.

Violet looked at his eyes. Somehow, she suddenly felt that her vision gradually became blurred, and even she was a little dizzy.

She felt that she might also be a little drunk. Then she closed her eyes and rubbed her temples, trying to sober herself up.

However, when she opened her eyes again, she found that George was missing, and the person standing in front of her was actually Stanley.

"Mr. Murphy, why are you here?" Violet asked in surprise.

## **Daddy! Mommy Is Pregnant Again**

### **Chapter 231 Hypnosis**

George's eyes flashed, "I came here to pick you up."

"Pick me up?" Violet shook her groggy head, "How did you know I am here?"

George didn't answer, but raised both hands and patted in the air.

Hearing this crisp clapping sound, Violet felt her mind became even more dizzy. She staggered and fell back on the booth.

George stepped forward and helped her up, "Let's go back."

"What about Jessie?" Violet turned back, looking at Jessie who was lying on the sofa.

George lowered his eyes and said quietly, "Don't worry. George has gone to the bathroom. When he comes back, he will drive her back."

When Violet heard this, she was relieved immediately and nodded, "Okay."

George helped her walk to the bar counter.

Along the way, Violet was dizzy so badly that she couldn't even see the road. She staggered.

She didn't know why she was so drunk all of a sudden. Obviously, she was okay just now.

Moreover, what they drank was not that kind of spirits.

George helped Violet to the bar counter, and handed over the bank card and the note with Jessie's address.

The bartender glanced at him, understood what he meant, and nodded at him, indicating that he would arrange someone to drive Jessie back.

George gave a hmm, took back the bank card, and helped Violet out of the bar.

When they came to the car, George asked Violet, "Violet, where's the car key?"

Violet was taken aback for a moment, and squinted at him, "Mr. Murphy, what did you call me just now?"

George didn't panic. Instead, he smiled, "I call you Violet. Don't you like it?"

Violet looked at his eyes which were as deep as an ancient well. Her mind blurred. Then she opened her red lips, "I like it."

"Well." George didn't say anything. He took out the car key from her bag.

After the car door was opened, Violet was helped into the car by George like a puppet.

George touched her face when he fastened the seat belt for her.

During the whole process, Violet didn't make any resistance at all, as if she couldn't feel anything. Her eyes were dull.

George saw that she was so well-behaved now, and the eyes behind the lenses were filled with morbid madness.

He bowed his head and kissed Violet's forehead. Then he muttered to himself, "Violet, if only you could be so behaved forever."

Then he didn't need to hypnotize her to make her think he was Stanley.

Because she would not resist Stanley. If she was sober now, if he kissed her and touched her like this, she might have avoided him so far long ago.

Thinking of this, George sneered, but it was fleeting.

Then, he closed the door of passenger seat, got into the driver's seat, and drove towards the apartment.

He wanted to get her. He must get her tonight. Even if he had to use Stanley's identity, it didn't matter.

When she woke up the next day, he told her that she was drunk and treated him as Stanley. Even if she didn't accept it, she had to accept it.

Because he didn't want to bear it anymore. The two children had already started calling Stanley Dad, and even said that they wanted to match Violet with Stanley. How could he allow it happen? Violet could only be his!

George squeezed the steering wheel and stepped on the accelerator with a distorted face. In less than twenty minutes, the car arrived downstairs the apartment.

"Violet, here we are. Let's get off." George parked the car, regaining a gentle smile on his face. After unfastening the seat belt, he turned his head and said to the woman in the passenger seat.

The woman nodded blankly, opened the door and got out of the car.

George took her hand and led her into the apartment building.

As soon as they entered, a black Bentley stopped at the building.

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Fraser rolled down the car window and looked at the entrance of the building, then turned to look to the back seat, "Mr. Murphy, I just seemed to see Violet and Dr. Joe."

Hearing this, Stanley frowned, "Are you sure?"

"Yes." Fraser nodded.

He could never see the face of Violet wrong.

Stanley pursed his thin lips. He opened the car door and got out of the car. His eyes were rather gloomy when he looked at the entrance of the building.

It was so late. What did she bring George back for?

Stanley's face sank. Then he walked in.

A few minutes later, he walked out of the elevator and came to the door of Violet's apartment.

The apartment door was closed. He couldn't see the situation inside, but he heard a voice from inside, "Violet, who am I?"

George!

Stanley instantly narrowed his eyes and stared at the door of the room in front of him.

The next second, Violet's voice also sounded, but her voice was strange, with no pitch fluctuations, and seemed very mechanical, "...You are Mr. Murphy."

"Bingo!" George looked at the woman below him and smiled lowly.

Although he also hated himself being regarded as Stanley by her, it didn't matter, as long as he could get her!

George pressed Violet on the shoe cabinet, raised her chin, and lowered his head to kiss her.

Just when his lips were about to fall on Violet's lips, the apartment door was suddenly kicked open.

George was taken aback, and immediately raised his head to look at the door.

Seeing Stanley outside the door, George was furious, "It's you again. Why do you come here to ruin my things every time?"

Stanley ignored George's words. Then he slowly retracted his legs and entered the house with a gloomy expression on his face. He pulled Violet to his side, looked her up and down, and checked her situation.

Seeing her clothes were still on her body and there was no trace of being bullied, he felt relieved.

But soon, Stanley discovered something wrong with Violet.

She didn't say a word and there was no expression on her face. Even her eyes were hollow, like a puppet without a soul.

"What did you do to her?" Stanley glared at George. His voice was so cold.

But George was not afraid at all. Instead, he smiled madly, "Guess!"

Stanley's temples bulged. He stepped forward to pinch George's neck, and slowly tightened his strength, "I don't have the free time to play word-guessing games with you. What did you do to her?"

George didn't expect that Stanley would actually act on him and would be so ruthless. So he was a little stunned.

But soon, after he reacted, he glanced at Violet behind Stanley and smiled even more crazily, "Even if you ask it a few more times, the answer is the same. I won't tell you. If you dare, just kill me."

Stanley frowned when he saw George like this. Suddenly, he remembered that George was a lunatic with a mental illness.

Such lunatics were not afraid of death, so such threats were useless to George.

Thinking of this, Stanley threw George off in disgust.

George fell on the ground, coughing violently while covering his neck. The blue veins on his neck were all exposed. His face was flushed, and his glasses were crookedly hanging on the bridge of his nose, but it couldn't fall off.

Stanley pulled the dull Violet to him and looked at George condescendingly, "I won't kill you, but I won't make you feel better!"

After speaking, he took out his cell phone and dialed Henry's number.

Henry was on the night shift, so he answered quickly, "What's up?"

### **Daddy! Mommy Is Pregnant Again**

#### **Chapter 232 George Wants to Kill Stanley**

Stanley looked at Violet and told Henry about her situation.

After hearing it, Henry's listless face suddenly became serious, "According to you, Violet should have been hypnotized."

"Be hypnotized?" Stanley narrowed his eyes.

Henry nodded, "Yes, except for this reason, I can't think of anything else."

Stanley clenched his phone tightly and looked murderously at George who had stood at the shoe cabinet, "How to wake her up?"

"It's very simple, just let the person who hypnotized her wake her up." Henry pushed his glasses and said.

"Got it." Stanley put down his phone, then stepped forward to grab George by the collar, dragged him to Violet, and ordered, "Wake her up!"

George smiled, "What if I say no? Look at her now, how obedient! She will do whatever I say. This is the scene I dream of!"

Listening to these words, Stanley tightened his hands, "The scene you dream of is to turn her into a puppet?"

"So what? Only in this way, I am the only one in her eyes!" George stretched out his hand and looked at Violet longingly, wanting to touch her.

Seeing this, Stanley was so angry. He pushed George aside, and then pulled Violet behind him.

George became furious. He roared with a distorted face, "What are you doing? Who let you touch her? Give her to me! She is mine, mine!"

"Yours?" Seeing George's violent and crazy look, Stanley squinted his eyes. He smiled mockingly, "If she is yours, you still have to pretend to be me and hypnotize her? What qualifications do you have to say that she is yours?"

As soon as Stanley finished speaking, George calmed down suddenly, lowering his head. No one knew what he was thinking.

But after a while, he raised his head and smiled terribly. His shoulders were shaking, "Yes, it's all because of you. Your appearance affects Violet. If there is no you, Violet will be mine sooner or later. So Stanley, just go to the hell!"

As he said, he suddenly reached into his pocket, and then took out a small scalpel.

Looking at the scalpel, Stanley was stunned a little and subconsciously pushed Violet away.

"Stanley, go to the hell. When you die, I will erase Violet's memory. At that time, Violet will no longer remember you. You will never affect her again!"

After finishing speaking, George squeezed the handle of the scalpel and was about to pierce into Stanley's heart with a grin.

"Lunatic!" Stanley took a step back with a sullen face, and dodged the sharp scalpel.

Then George was about to stab Stanley again after adjusting his direction.

Stanley was afraid that George would hurt Violet, so he didn't dare to dodge too much. After a little distance from George, Stanley clenched his fists and squatted out the moment George rushed over.

Then his fist accurately hit George's abdomen. George stepped back for several steps, then knelt on the ground. He covered his stomach in pain. Then he fainted after vomiting.

The scalpel in his hand fell to the ground, and the blade was stained with some blood.

Stanley slowly retracted his fist. Feeling hurt, he covered his left arm with cold sweat, "Damn it!"

Just now when he punched, George's scalpel cut his arm.

The scalpel was too sharp. So his sleeve was cut open and the scalpel cut his flesh directly.

Moreover, the wound was very deep, and it kept bleeding, oozing out through the gaps of the fingers, falling drop by drop to the ground, soaking the carpet red.

But Stanley ignored these. He came to Violet to check if she had been injured.

After finding that she was okay, Stanley was slightly relieved, then took out his mobile phone and dialed Fraser's number, asking Fraser to bring the doctor over.

Fraser came very quickly in less than forty minutes.

When he entered the house, he saw George lying at the door. He couldn't help being startled, "OMG, what's going on?"

In the living room, Stanley heard Fraser's voice, pursed his thin lips, and shouted impatiently, "What are you doing there? Where is the doctor?"

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"Here!" Fraser replied, and then led the two doctors into the living room.

After entering, Fraser saw Stanley sitting on the sofa and his face turned pale. Stanley didn't look well.

Most importantly, there was a pile of blood-stained tissues on the coffee table in front of him.

What was it going on?

Fraser walked over quickly. Seeing Stanley holding his arm, he was so shocked, "Mr. Murphy, are you injured?"

Stanley took his hand away, "It's just a skin injury."

Through the torn sleeves, Fraser saw the flesh inside, then he took a breath, "This is a skin trauma? If it gets deeper, I will see the bones. Doctor Lowe, hurry up and bandage him!"

"Yes." When the youngest of the two doctors heard Fraser's words, he responded, put down the medicine box on his shoulder, and stepped forward to bandage the wound for Stanley.

Another older doctor still stood there, waiting for instructions.

"Mr. Murphy, what the hell is going on? How did you get hurt?" Fraser helped Doctor Lowe bandage Stanley, while asking.

Stanley did not answer. After the wound on his left arm was bandaged, he looked at the older doctor,

"Are you a psychologist?"

"Yes, Mr. Murphy, you can call me Doctor Khan."

"Can you hypnotize?" Stanley stood up.

Doctor Khan nodded, "Yes."

"That's good. Come with me." Stanley finished speaking, walked around the sofa and led him into the master bedroom.

Fraser also followed curiously.

In the bedroom, Violet stared at the ceiling with two big eyes open, like a rag doll without a soul. She even seldom blinked.

Fraser swallowed, "Mr. Murphy, what's wrong with Violet..."

"She was hypnotized. Can you wake her up?" Stanley looked at Doctor Khan and asked.

Doctor Khan didn't give an answer immediately, but after checking Violet's situation first, then he said, "Yes. She is not deeply hypnotized. I can wake her up."

Stanley felt a little relieved. His tight face improved a lot, "Leave it to you."

"Okay, Mr. Murphy." Doctor Khan smiled.

Stanley took two steps back and gave the place so that Doctor Khan could have more space to operate. After about a few minutes, Doctor Khan put away his pocket watch, bent over and clapped his hands in Violet's ear. Then Violet's open eyes suddenly closed.

"Is it okay now?" Fraser pointed at Violet.

Doctor Khan wiped the sweat from his forehead, "Yes, this lady will wake up in a while."

"It's so amazing." Fraser exclaimed and raised his eyebrows.

"Well, since she's all right, let's go out first." Stanley finished speaking, turned around and took the lead to leave.

Fraser and Doctor Khan followed him.

The three came to the door.

Stanley looked down at George, who was still lying on the ground, "Check him. How serious is his mental illness?" \_\_\_\_\_

Next chapter