

Daddy! Mommy Is Pregnant Again

Chapter 238 Phoebe Ran Away

"Yes, he thought it was me who told my parents the whereabouts of his parents, and my parents notified those people. No matter how we explain it, he doesn't believe it."

Jessie covered her face in pain, "Actually, when his parents were killed, the murderer called my parents, but it was too late when my parents rushed there. Only his parents' bodies were on the scene, and there was no murderer. Then, George came back."

Violet hugged Jessie's trembling body, "I probably understand it. The people who killed George's parents deliberately called your parents over in order to make George misunderstand that it was your parents who killed his parents, letting George hate you."

"Yes, everyone can see this clearly, but George, who is blinded by hatred, doesn't want to believe it." Jessie cried.

Violet patted her back comfortably, "What happened then? How was George?"

"Later, George stayed in the mental hospital for three years." Jessie wiped away tears, "Because there were some problems with George's mental when he saw the corpses of his parents. He almost had a split personality. But it still didn't success. However, there are also drawbacks, which is that he can't be stimulated. Once he's stimulated, he will become extreme."

Hearing this, Violet couldn't help but thought of the appearance of George that she had seen on the monitoring at the time. It was indeed very crazy and extreme.

"So in order to restrain his mental illness, George took both brain and psychology studies after he came out of the psychiatric hospital." Jessie sighed.

"It turns out that this is why he can hypnotize." Violet nodded slightly, expressing that she understood. She felt sympathy for George's past.

Because Jessie told these secrets, her mind relaxed a lot, and then she fell asleep on the desk.

Violet looked at her tired face and sighed. After covering her with a coat, Violet went out lightly.

In the evening, Violet wore a black dress and drove to Century Hotel to participate in the exhibition of Dillan.

When she arrived, there were already many people at the exhibition. They were all invited designers and well-known connoisseurs.

Violet stepped forward and greeted some designers and connoisseurs she knew, and then went to visit Dillan's works.

Dillan's design style was very similar to hers. She planned to take photos of all the works and to study them carefully. She believed she would definitely improve her design level.

Just as Violet was taking pictures, a figure suddenly appeared beside her, "When did you come?"

Hearing this familiar voice, Violet was scared and pressed the shutter suddenly. Then the picture was blurred.

But she didn't care. After deleting the photo, she put down the phone and looked to her side. Seeing the handsome and cold face of the man, she said in surprise, "Mr. Murphy, are you back?"

Stanley nodded slightly, "I just got off the plane."

"Well." Violet nodded.

At this moment, the phone in her hand rang suddenly.

Violet saw that it was someone from the detective office. She frowned, and then smiled at Stanley again, "Excuse me, Mr. Murphy. I have to answer the phone first."

Stanley noticed her movement just now, knowing that this call must be very important. So he did not say anything, and then signaled that she could go to answer the call.

In order not to disturb others watching the works, Violet walked away a little while holding the phone and walked to a place with few people. Then she put the phone to her ear to answer, "Hello, Detective Wong, is there some news about Phoebe?"

"Yes, half an hour ago was the relaxing time for the patients in the mental hospital. I found that all the patients had gone to the garden, but Phoebe did not go, so I went to Phoebe's room to check, and then

found that Phoebe was not there."

"Not there?" Violet squinted, and asked, "What do you mean?"

Stanley, who was not far away, had been paying attention to her. Seeing her serious appearance, he pursed his thin lips. Then he couldn't help walking over, "What's wrong?"

Violet didn't expect that he would come. She shook her head at him, signaling that she would tell him later.

Stanley understood, lifted his chin, and did not ask any more. But he kept his eyes fixed on her mobile phone.

On the other end of the phone, Detective Wong replied with some shame, "It means that she may have left the mental hospital temporarily. I'm sorry, Miss Hunt. I didn't notice it in time."

Violet pinched her eyebrows and didn't mean to blame him, "Never mind. You are not omnipotent, but why do you say that she temporarily left the mental hospital?"

Detective Wong pushed the glasses, "Because I have just checked her check-in information. It has not been cancelled. Her mother, Talia, is still there, so I speculate that Phoebe should leave here temporarily."

"Temporarily..." Violet squeezed her mobile phone, "It seems that she is pretending to be crazy.

Detective Wong, continue to stay there. If Phoebe goes back, immediately notify me!"

"Okay." Detective Wong nodded in response.

Violet put down the phone. Stanley frowned and asked, "What happened to Phoebe?"

Violet looked up at him, "Phoebe pretended to be mentally ill in order to avoid imprisonment. The prison transferred her to a psychiatric hospital. In order to collect evidence of her pretending to be ill, I asked a detective to monitor her. I did not expect that the detective told me Phoebe escaped from the psychiatric hospital just now."

"Really?" Stanley's face sank.

"Yeah, in order not to go to jail, she can do everything now." Violet rubbed her temples, "But what I want to know most now is where Phoebe has gone and what else is she going to do?"

"I'll let Fraser check it." Stanley took out his cell phone and contacted Fraser.

Violet didn't stop him. Because it was a good thing for her to find Phoebe earlier.

Phoebe was like a time bomb now. Who knew what she would do?

As she was thinking, she suddenly heard some excited voices coming from the front, "Dillan is here."

Then Violet's eyes lightened immediately. She tiptoed and stretched her neck to look forward.

A tall handsome old man who was surrounded by a group of people came down from the second floor with a smile on his face.

After coming down, he waved his hand in response to the enthusiasm of everyone, while looking around, as if looking for something.

Finally, the handsome old man looked at Violet, raised his eyebrows with a smile, and walked over here.

Violet's heartbeat speeded up suddenly. She couldn't help but swallowed her saliva, grabbed the man's arm next to her, and said with excitement, "I... I'm not dreaming, right? Dillan seems to be coming to me."

Stanley looked down at her hand which were holding his arm. Then he couldn't help but chuckled lightly, "You didn't dream. He did come over."

As soon as he finished speaking, Dillan stopped in front of the two of them.

He looked at Stanley, stretched out his hand, and spoke in language of H Country, "Mr. Murphy, long time no see!"

"Long time no see!" Stanley shook hands with Dillan.

After that, Dillan looked at Violet next to Stanley, "This young lady is..."

Violet was stunned for a moment. Even her excitement in seeing her idol reduced a lot.

Weird! Dillan didn't know her?

Since he didn't know her, why would he give her an invitation to come to the exhibition tonight? _____

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Chapter 239 It Turned Out to Be a Rival in Love

Seeing Violet's confused look, Stanley probably guessed what she was thinking. His eyes flashed, and he introduced Violet to Dillan, "She's Violet Hunt, a very potential designer."

"Violet..." Dillan chanted the name in a low voice. Suddenly he thought of something, and touched his gray beard, "So you are the young designer that Mr. Murphy introduced to me."

"Introduce to you?" Violet looked up at Stanley, and asked, "Dillan, may I ask what is going on?"

Dillan smiled, "Some days ago, Mr. Murphy contacted me and hoped that I would give him another invitation letter, saying that he wanted to give it to a person. So that person is you, Miss Hunt."

Hearing this, Violet opened her mouth in surprise.

It turned out that the invitation letter was not given to her by Dillan, but from Stanley. She thought she became famous in J City over the past few months so that she attracted the attention of Dillan, but she did not expect the real reason to be this way.

For a time, Violet felt a little lost.

Stanley saw through her thoughts, and tightened her hand that was still on his arm, "You don't have to be presumptuous. Dillan gave the invitation letter because your work touched him, otherwise even if I ask him, he won't give it to me."

"Yeah. I didn't promise to give Mr. Murphy the invitation letter at first, until he sent me some of your design drawings."

Dillan looked at Violet. There was some appreciation in his deep blue eyes, "Miss Hunt, your style is very similar to mine. You also have talents in this aspect. Although it is still a little immature, I believe you will surely reach my height in the future, because you have the talent which doesn't lose to me!"

Listening to the recognition and praise from her idol, Violet swept away the loss. She felt so happy.

She waved her hand with a blushing face, and replied, "I'm flattered. But I'll try my best to learn more."

Seeing Violet's shy look, Stanley raised his eyebrows

He had seen others praise her, every time she would accept it generously. He didn't expect that when facing Dillan, she actually showed such a side, which was quite cute.

"You do have to learn a lot. Your style is not completely stable. I can still see clutter from the design drawings. However, compared to other designers of your age, your clutter is less than theirs. Do you have teacher? If not, how about you to be my apprentice?" Dillan asked with a smile.

The designers and connoisseurs nearby were shocked as soon as they heard it.

Dillan had not accepted apprentice for more than ten years. There were even rumors that Dillan no longer planned to accept apprentice.

However, unexpectedly, in the exhibition tonight, Dillan actually had the plan to accept apprentices again!

Violet didn't expect that Dillan intended to accept her as an apprentice. Although she was a little moved, she still bowed and refused, "Sorry, Dillan, I already have a teacher."

Except for Stanley, others were shocked again.

Did they hear that right? The designer actually refused Dillan?

Refused!

"Oh? Who is it?" Although Dillan was a little surprised, he still smiled.

Before Violet could answer, Stanley spoke first, "You know this person, too. He is Mr. Merced."

"What?" Everyone around was so shocked.

They were really surprised this time. No wonder that designer rejected Dillan so simply. It turned out that her teacher was Mr. Merced who had the same status as Dillan.

It turned out that the geniuses were no shortage of top masters' fancy!

"It's actually him!" When Dillan heard that Violet's teacher was Mercedes, his original smile turned into a deep disgust, then he snorted and turned away.

This change was so fast that Violet was a little confused, "Why did Dillan get angry and leave?"

Hearing her murmur, Stanley leaned against her ear to explain, "Dillan and your teacher were rivals in love when they were young, and they disliked each other."

"Really?" Violet's eyes widened incredibly.

Stanley nodded, "Yeah."

Violet was speechless.

Well, since he said so, it should be true.

Unexpectedly, there was still such a grievance between Merced and Dillan. But as Merced's apprentice, she didn't know it at all. It was no wonder that Merced had connections with other famous designers, but not with Dillan. It turned out that it was because of this.

"Dillan left suddenly. Is it because of my teacher that he didn't want to see me?" Violet asked with some anxiety, looking at the direction of Dillan's departure.

Stanley sorted out the sleeves that she had just grabbed, "No, Dillan is not the kind of person who will vent his anger to others."

"Really?" Violet asked, but she was still a little worried.

Stanley's thin lips moved. Just as he was about to say something, a waiter came over and said, "Mr. Murphy."

"What's the matter?" Stanley asked expressionlessly.

The waiter replied respectfully, "A lady named Ellis is looking for you and let you go to the lounge."

"Ellis? Isn't that Miss Ivy Ellis?" Violet said while looking at Stanley.

Stanley frowned, "I see. You can go down first."

After the waiter bowed, he turned and left.

Stanley put his hand back into his trouser pocket, "I'll go there first."

"Okay." Violet managed a smile, and then replied.

Stanley walked in the direction of the lounge.

Violet looked at his leaving back, then her eyes dropped dimly. She turned around and walked to the bathroom.

In the bathroom, after Violet came out of the cubicle and went to apply her makeup, she suddenly heard the conversation from inside.

"Alisa, did you really see that woman enter Mr. Murphy's lounge just now?"

"Yeah, I saw it clearly. She is a bit familiar, as if I have seen her somewhere... Ah, I remember it. It's Phoebe who plagiarized others' works some time ago!"

Hearing this name, Violet was so surprised that her lipstick was suddenly broke off by her.

But she didn't care. She picked up the broken lipstick and wrapped it in tissue. After throwing it into the trash can, she pulled out a wet wipe to wipe the lipstick off her face. Then she stopped the two waitresses, "You just said Phoebe is here?"

The two waitresses were taken aback for a moment, and then they also recognized Violet. Knowing the grudges between Violet and Phoebe, they did not hesitate and nodded together.

"Yeah, she came to apply for a waitress at night, and then she just got into Mr. Murphy's lounge. She asked Jacob to tell Mr. Murphy to go back to the lounge."

"Is there a mole on Jacob's face?" Violet pointed at the corner of her mouth.

The two waitresses nodded, "Yes!"

Violet's face sank, "It turns out that it is not Miss Ellis who is looking for Mr. Murphy, but Phoebe!"

If Stanley heard that Phoebe was looking for him, he would definitely not go there.

But if it was Ivy, it would be different.

"Do you know what she is going to do when she enters Mr. Murphy's lounge?" Violet asked, narrowing her eyes.

The two waitresses looked at each other and shook their heads, saying they didn't know.

But soon, one of them added, "But when I saw her go in, she carried something and she looked like a little crazy."

Hearing this, Violet was stunned. She couldn't help but thought of George. _____

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Chapter 240 Be Drugged

Two days ago, George held a scalpel and stabbed Stanley crazily. Would Phoebe want to do the same

things?

It was possible. In case Phoebe hated Mr. Murphy for his cancelling the marriage contract, then she wanted to do something to Mr. Murphy.

When Violet thought of this, her face changed drastically. Then she didn't dare to think about it anymore. After getting the location of Stanley's lounge from the two waitresses, she grabbed her bag and quickly walked out of the bathroom.

A few minutes later, Violet got to the lounge door out of breath. Just as she raised her hand to knock on the door, she heard something breaking inside.

Then, another scream sounded.

Violet heard it clearly. It was Phoebe's voice.

What happened inside?

Why did Phoebe scream?

Violet couldn't wait any longer. She put her hand on the doorknob, planning to directly go in.

Then when she turned the doorknob, she found that the doorknob was fixed and she couldn't twist it at all.

In other words, the door was locked.

Violet had no choice but to raise her hand to knock on the door. While knocking, she asked anxiously, "Mr. Murphy, are you okay?"

There was no response from the door, only Phoebe's painful voice.

Violet was even more anxious, and wanted to know what was going on inside.

She stomped her feet anxiously, took out her mobile phone, and was about to call someone from the hotel to open the door.

As soon as she made the call, a few running footsteps came.

Violet looked up. Then she saw Fraser running over. Then, her eyes lit up, "Fraser, here!"

Fraser also saw her and ran to her quickly, as did the security guards behind him.

"Violet, is Mr. Murphy inside?" Fraser paused, panting and asking.

Violet gave a hmm and looked at the closed door in front of her, "He's inside, but the door is locked. I can't get in, and I don't know what's going on inside."

"This is easy!" Fraser said, beckoning to the security guards behind him.

The security guards nodded, and then hit to the door with their bodies.

After a few times, the door was knocked open.

Violet walked in first. When she entered, she saw Phoebe, who was lying on the ground, disheveled and was bleeding, and Stanley, who was also disheveled on the sofa.

Seeing this scene, everyone present knew what happened.

It was obvious that Phoebe dressed in this way deliberately, trying to seduce Stanley, but she failed and was knocked down to the ground by Stanley.

Violet didn't expect Phoebe to be so bold that she escaped from the mental hospital to do this kind of thing, which really made her feel disgust.

Thinking about it, Violet glanced in disgust at Phoebe, who was lying on the ground, holding her head and shivering in pain. Then she turned her gaze to Stanley, whose head was lowered and his face could not be seen clearly, "Mr. Murphy, are you okay?"

She asked again.

Fraser also looked at Stanley, "Mr. Murphy, are you fine?"

When Fraser received the call, he heard something wrong with Stanley's voice, as if he was suppressing something.

Stanley slowly raised his head and opened his eyes, revealing a pair of scarlet eyes, which shocked everyone present.

Especially Violet, besides being frightened, she also thought of a scene that she had seen in the hotel surveillance in the previous two months.

This was how he entered the room five years ago.

"Mr. Murphy, have you been drugged by her?" Violet asked in shock.

Fraser's face also changed, "Mr. Murphy..."

"Enough!" Stanley gasped, staring at Phoebe on the ground with a gloomy face, "Since she is so short of men, Fraser, arrange a few men for her. I will ask her to pay price for what she has done today!"

Five years ago, Ivan drugged him, wanting to cause a scandal to him, in order to seize control of the Murphy Group. But Stanley cut off all Ivan's forces, assigned him to a foreign country and could not return for five years.

Phoebe dared to do this now! He would never spare her.

Violet shivered as she listened to Stanley's order.

Although she felt that his revenge was too serious for a woman, she did not mean to plead for Phoebe. After all, Phoebe asked for this. Since Phoebe dared to drug Stanley, she must be prepared for this.

"Yes!" Fraser replied, staring at Phoebe angrily, and then waved to several security guards, asking them to arrest her.

The security guards walked towards Phoebe.

Phoebe's eyes widened in horror, "Go away! Go away! Don't come over!"

She sat up, waved, and stepped back, trying to drive away the security guards.

But it was useless. She couldn't stop the advancement of a few security guards at all.

Phoebe was caught, her face pale. She cried out to Stanley begging for mercy, "Stanley, I was wrong. I really know I was wrong. I won't dare to do it next time. I swear! Please let me go! Please..."

Stanley ignored her. His hand on the armrest of the sofa were clenched tightly, and the blue veins on the back of his hand popped out.

He did not say a word. Violet and Fraser did not say a word, either.

Then Phoebe was carried out by several security guards. The big lounge became quiet again. Only Stanley's breathing could be heard.

"Violet." Fraser looked at Violet, "I'm going to arrange someone to deal with Phoebe's affairs. Please take care of Mr. Murphy."

"Me?" Violet was startled and opened her mouth in shock, "What should I do? Mr. Murphy is..."

"I know. Don't worry. I already called the doctor over before I came. So you only need to take care of Mr. Murphy until the doctor comes. During this period, don't let anyone approach Mr. Murphy." Fraser pleaded.

"Okay, I see." Violet breathed a sigh of relief after seeing Stanley who was panting more severely.

"Thanks a lot." Fraser thanked her and went out.

Violet looked at Stanley on the sofa. Seeing that he was so uncomfortable, she felt a little uncomfortable. She bit her lip and comforted, "Mr. Murphy, the doctor will be here soon."

"Go out..." Stanley trembled slightly, and uttered two vague words in a very hoarse voice.

"Huh?" Violet didn't hear clearly. She was a little confused and then asked again, "What did you say? Mr. Murphy, I didn't hear it!"

"Go..." Stanley said again. This time, his voice became even more hoarse.

Violet still didn't hear him clearly. Then she took a step forward, wanting to get closer to listen.

However, as soon as she got close to him, Stanley smelled the fragrance from her. Then the only trace of reason in his mind was completely broken.

He stared at Violet with his scarlet eyes.

Being stared at by him, Violet felt a little scared. Then she was about to speak.

Stanley suddenly stretched out his hand, grabbed her wrist, yanked her to the sofa, and pressed on her.

Violet was stunned. It took a while before she came to her senses. Then she tried to push the man away.

"Mr. Murphy, calm down. Don't be impulsive. See clearly who I am. Let me go first, OK?" Violet shouted while pushing.

But Stanley had no reason at the moment, and couldn't hear any of her words at all.

He stared at the red lips and squinted his eyes. Then he couldn't help it anymore, lowered his head and kissed it.____

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Chapter 241 Eason's Plan

"Hmm..." Violet was dumbfounded by his kiss. Her eyes widened so that she forgot to struggle. It wasn't until the man's hand touched her body that she suddenly came to her senses. How could it be!

Violet was flushed, and began to struggle fiercely, trying to stop the man's behavior. But the more she resisted, the stronger the man became.

As if being provoked, Stanley's actions became rude.

Violet trembled slightly, biting Stanley's shoulder to vent her anger.

Stanley also snorted in pain. Then his sanity gradually returned.

He looked down at the woman who was gasping under him. He was stunned suddenly. It was obvious that he was shocked by what he had done to her.

However, this shock did not last long. Stanley pursed his thin lips, as if to decide something. Then he dropped his eyelids, covered the dullness in his eyes, and moved his body.

The doctor outside the door heard the sound coming from inside, then his face couldn't help but turned red. In the end, he didn't have the courage to raise his hand to knock on the door.

After a while, Stanley got up from Violet.

"You..." Violet glanced at him with wet and red eyes, trying to say something. But in the end, she didn't have the strength to speak. Then she fainted.

Stanley was stunned. Then he quickly picked up the clothes on the ground to cover her, picked her up, and quickly walked out of the lounge.

The doctor who had been waiting outside saw the two of them coming out. He quickly got up from the ground, shouting, "Mr. Murphy!"

"Follow me!" Stanley turned his face slightly. After saying these two words, he kept walking towards the elevator.

Back to the apartment, it was early morning.

Stanley took Violet into his apartment.

Bella was not asleep yet. She was watching TV. When she heard movement outside the door, she went to open the door immediately.

Seeing Stanley and Violet in messy clothes outside the door, she couldn't help but opened her mouth, "Mr. Murphy, you and Miss Hunt..."

"Let's talk about it later. Follow me to the bathroom first." After speaking, Stanley walked past Bella with carrying Violet towards the bathroom.

Bella first signaled the doctor to have a seat, and then went to the bathroom with Stanley.

In the bathroom, Stanley filled the bathtub with water, then put Violet in.

As soon as Bella came in, she saw there were so many hickeys on Violet's body. She was shocked, and then she looked at Stanley, who also showed several hickeys on his neck. She instantly understood everything, "Mr. Murphy, you and Miss Hunt..."

Stanley knew what she was going to say, so he gave a noncommittal hmm and admitted.

Bella was so happy that she laughed, "Congratulations!"

She had long seen that Mr. Murphy had feelings for Miss Hunt. Otherwise, how could he go to Miss Hunt's apartment every day, and also drove her children to school and picked up her children after school?

Although Bella felt that it was not very good that Miss Hunt had two children and was not worthy of Mr. Murphy, since Mr. Murphy liked her and her two children were also very cute, she thought this was okay as long as Mr. Murphy was happy.

Hearing Bella's congratulations, Stanley raised his eyebrows, "Okay, help her take a bath first. I'll go out to see the doctor."

Maybe it was because of the drug, he was dizzy now.

"Okay." Bella nodded repeatedly without asking why he wanted to see a doctor. She took off the towel beside her and sat down by the bathtub.

Stanley glanced at Violet in the bathtub, rubbed his sore temple and went out.

When he came to the living room, he sat down and nodded to the doctor, indicating that the doctor could diagnose.

The doctor stepped forward and touched Stanley's pulse. Then he looked at Stanley's pupils again, retracted his hand and said, "Mr. Murphy, although it has been antidoted, there are still some residues in your body. You have to get injected."

"Okay." Stanley said with a drowsy head.

Getting the permission, the doctor opened the medicine box, and took out the syringe.

Stanley rolled up his sleeves and put his arm on the coffee table when the phone rang.

He took out the phone with his other hand and looked at it. It was Fraser's call. After swiping the answer button with his thumb, he put the phone to his ear, "Is it done?"

"It's done. Phoebe also confessed. She said that she ran out of the mental hospital with the help of Eason. The purpose is to drug you and have sex with you. Because in this way, you have to be responsible for her."

"Be responsible for her?" Stanley narrowed his eyes, "She wishes!"

Fraser nodded in agreement, and the eyes behind his glasses were full of contempt, "It's more than that. The father and daughter came up with this plan together, because Eason hopes that Phoebe will be pregnant with your child, so Phoebe not only does not need to go to jail, but Eason can also use the child to coerce you to marry Phoebe. It kills two birds with one stone."

"Go to the hell!" Stanley squeezed the phone tightly and smiled coldly.

Five years ago, he was set up by Ivan, but he did not expect to be set up again by the shameless father and daughter now.

They were quite smart, knowing to use Ivy as an excuse to trick him into the lounge. After he drank the glass of water unsuspectingly, Phoebe appeared in front of him.

"Mr. Murphy, now Phoebe has been admitted to the hospital, and those men have seriously injured her. I also notified Eason. He is on his way." Fraser said again.

Stanley came to his sense and said, "After her rescue is over, throw her back to the mental hospital. Isn't she trying to escape imprisonment and pretend to be mentally ill? Then let her become a real mentally ill." Stanley said with a very cold face.

The doctor who gave him the injection heard it and shuddered involuntarily.

"As for Eason..." Stanley glanced in the direction of the bathroom, and was silent for two seconds before speaking again, "Within one day, I want to see the Hunt Group go bankrupt!"

He probably knew why Eason did this. Eason had always been very ambitious. He had always wanted to develop the Hunt family into one of the top families in J City. However, Eason did not have that ability. So in the past five years, Eason had been hinting Stanley to promote the Hunt family, but Stanley never agreed.

Now the Hunt family was dying. It was not even a listed company, and was about to disappear in the upper circle, so Eason became anxious. Then he came up with such an idea with Phoebe, thinking that this would allow Stanley to marry Phoebe and promote the Hunt family. So whimsical!

"Got it!" Fraser said. But the next second, he hesitated and asked, "If we make the Hunt family go bankrupt, Violet..."

"She shouldn't care." Stanley lowered his eyes and said quietly.

He remembered that she said that she didn't care about Eason anymore.

"I see. I'll make arrangements now." Fraser nodded.

When the phone was hung up, Stanley rolled down his sleeves. As soon as he walked the doctor out, Bella's voice from the bathroom, "Mr. Murphy, Miss Hunt finished taking the bath." _

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Chapter 242 Let's Get Married

Stanley walked towards the bathroom, took the bathrobe from Bella's hand and put it on Violet. Then he carried Violet to the room and put her on the bed.

After that, he went to the bathroom to take a shower by himself.

After coming out of the shower, Stanley blew his hair casually, went back to the room, and fell asleep with Violet in his arms.

The next morning.

Violet woke up and opened her eyes. Seeing the strange room, she was stunned.

"Where is this?" Violet blinked, making a puzzled voice. Then she propped up and wanted to sit up.

Unexpectedly, as long as she moved slightly, a huge pain came up to her, as if she was run over by a car. She fell back on the bed in pain and hissed.

At the same time, she had memories of last night in her mind.

She remembered what happened to her and Stanley last night.

So here was Stanley's home?

Just when she was thinking about it, the door was opened.

Violet turned her head reflexively and looked towards the door.

Stanley stood at the door, wearing a simple home clothes, "Wake up?"

Violet opened her mouth and made a hoarse voice, "We...we..."

Stanley seemed to guess what she was going to say. His eyes flickered, and then he walked to the bed and reached out to her.

"What are you going to do?" Upon seeing this, Violet subconsciously leaned back and looked at him vigilantly.

Stanley pursed his thin lips, "I will hold you down."

"No...no need. I can do it myself." Violet shook her head quickly and rejected him.

Stanley stood up and withdrew his hand, "If you can, then try."

Just try it!

Thinking, Violet opened the quilt and got out of bed.

As soon as she moved her leg, she pulled somewhere, and the pain made her gasp.

Seeing it, Stanley felt both funny and distressed. Finally, he still reached out and hugged her up.

Suddenly being hugged by him like this, Violet exclaimed and subconsciously hugged Stanley's neck.

Stanley hugged her and walked out.

Outside in the living room, two children were sitting at the dining table and eating breakfast. Bella next to them was wiping their mouths lovingly.

When the two children saw Violet being held by Stanley, they waved their little arms together.

"Mommy, you slob. We almost finish eating, but you just got up." Calvin said.

"Yeah. You still have Dad to hug you." Arya also said.

Violet was trying her best not to think about what happened last night. But now when she heard the two children say this, her face was blushing. Even the root of her neck was red.

Stanley put her on the opposite side of the two children. He pulled away the chair next to her and sat down. Then he said the two children, "Well, eat quickly. When you're done, let Bella drive you to school."

"Okay, Dad, just stay with Mommy at home." Arya nodded.

Stanley smiled and gave a hmm.

Violet looked up at him in surprise.

Stanley noticed it, turned his head and looked over, "What's the matter?"

Violet quickly turned her gaze back, "No, I'm just wondering why the two of them are here."

"I brought them over for breakfast." Stanley put a cup of hot milk in front of her and explained.

Violet looked at the milk in front of her but she didn't speak. No one knew what she was thinking.

At this time, Bella came with the breakfast, "Miss Hunt, this is your breakfast. Enjoy yourself."

Violet smiled at Bella, "Thank you, Bella."

Bella waved her hand, saying never mind.

Soon, the two children finished their breakfast and climbed down the chairs. Each of them carried their own small schoolbags, and waved their little hands to Violet and Stanley, "Mommy, Dad, we are going to school."

"Okay, have a good day." Before Violet could respond, Stanley nodded and answered.

The two children gave him a look, and then took Bella's hands to leave.

In the huge dining room, there were only Violet and Stanley.

Violet put down the knife and fork in her hand, "Mr. Murphy, I want to talk to you about last night."

"Okay, I want to talk with you, too." Stanley wiped the corners of his mouth gracefully with his napkin, and put down his knife and fork.

Violet took a deep breath, "Mr. Murphy, just forgot..."

"Let's get married!" Stanley interrupted her, looking at her eyes very seriously.

Violet's eyes widened in astonishment. The first reaction was that she had heard it wrong, "Mr. Murphy, what did you just say?"

"Let's get married!" Stanley put away the napkin and said again.

Violet was panicked and startled, waving her hands. She was so shocked that she couldn't say anything clearly, "Get...married?"

She pointed to herself in disbelief, and then to him.

Stanley nodded slightly.

Violet swallowed, "Mr. Murphy, are you kidding me?"

"No." Stanley replied in a deep voice.

Violet stood up supporting the table, took a step aside, and distanced herself from him, "Sorry, it's too much information. I want to calm down."

Stanley nodded, "Okay."

After that, he continued to eat breakfast slowly.

Violet stood by the table, biting her lower lip. It took her a long time to stabilize her mind, and then she calmly said, "Mr. Murphy, why did you suddenly say you want to marry me? Do you want to be responsible for me?"

"Almost." Stanley took a sip of coffee.

This was one side. Most importantly, he himself planned to marry her.

"I'm sorry. I can't agree." Violet pursed her red lips, and her tone became cold.

Stanley frowned, "Why?"

"Because..." Violet looked down and thought, "Because the two children won't agree."

Upon hearing this, Stanley felt relieved, "If you are worried that the two children don't agree, it will be not necessary. The two children wanted us to get married from the beginning. They called me Dad.

Besides, we slept together last night. Do you think they don't know? They didn't say anything, because they acquiesced it."

Hearing this, Violet was startled.

Yes, the two children were not surprised when they saw her being carried out by Stanley.

Stanley wiped his hands and threw the napkin on the plate, "So have you agreed now?"

Violet shook her head, "Although the two children want you to be their father, I still won't marry you, because I never plan to marry someone who doesn't love me, so Mr. Murphy, you don't need to be responsible for me and marry me. It is not fair to me and it is not fair to Miss Ellis."

"What does this have to do with Ivy?" Stanley frowned.

Violet took a deep breath, "It doesn't have anything with Miss Ellis? Aren't you and Miss Ellis in love? If you marry me, what about Miss Ellis? I will also become a mistress."

To put it bluntly, what they did last night already hurt Ivy.

Stanley raised his eyebrows and stood up, "Who told you that I and Ivy were in love?"

"Isn't it?" Violet looked at him.

Stanley pursed his lips, "No, I have never loved Ivy. I love you!"

Violet was so dumbfounded and her face was filled with disbelief, "What...what did you say? You love me?"

She was startled again so that she stammered.

Stanley nodded, stretched out his hand to hold her hand, "Yes, I love you."

"How is it possible!" Violet shook his hand away and smiled in disbelief, "Mr. Murphy, don't tease me. You said on the cruise ship that you don't like me. Now you said you love me! Who will believe it? ?"

