

**Daddy! Mommy Is Pregnant Again**  
**Daddy! Mommy Is Pregnant Again**  
**Chapter 250 Do A Paternity Test**

"Nothing." Violet shook her head, then tied up her hair, "Mr. Murphy, let's go."

Stanley stretched out his hand in front of her, "Let me see if there are any security guards outside."

"Okay." Violet stood still.

Stanley opened the door, went out and looked at both sides of the corridor. After seeing that there were no security guards, he turned around and said to the door, "Come out."

Violet lowered her head slightly, held the suit jacket and went out.

Stanley put his hand around her shoulders.

Violet stiffened a bit. Then she was about to say something.

But he spoke first, "Everyone on the TV station knows me. If you are close to me, they won't check you."

After speaking, Stanley hugged Violet and walked out of the TV station.

When they got into the car, Violet took off the suit jacket and returned it to him, "Thank you, Mr. Murphy."

Stanley took the jacket, but didn't wear it. Instead, he put it on her lap, "Your skirt is too short. Cover it. Fraser will get into the car in a while."

If there were only two of them in the car, it wouldn't matter when she wore this.

But Fraser would get in the car. He couldn't let Fraser see her legs.

Violet couldn't help but felt amused when looking at the suit covering her laps.

Her skirt was torn by him. It was a little shorter, but it wouldn't expose anything.

However, his domineering move made her feel very interesting. She felt like she was cared about.

Soon, Fraser came back, opened the door and sat down in the driver's seat. When seeing Violet, he said hello without any surprise, "Hello, Violet."

Violet smiled back, "Hello, Fraser."

Fraser nodded, and then looked at Stanley, "Mr. Murphy, it's done. I have erased Violet's figure from the surveillance. Those on the TV station will not find it's Violet."

When Violet heard this, her eyes widened. She looked at the man beside her.

It turned out that he not only helped her avoid the security guards at critical times, but also did this for her.

"Mr. Murphy..." Violet bit her lower lip and called out Stanley's name. She wanted to say something.

Stanley waved his hand, "Well, Talia and that..."

"Nate." Violet quickly reminded him.

Stanley nodded, "Where is Talia and Nate now?"

"Nate was called over by Director . After all, he commanded so many security guards at once, but they didn't catch anyone. He also made the entire TV station panic. He must be held accountable."

Fraser started the car and said while driving, "As for Talia, she has left the TV station and looks like in a hurry."

"She must be back to the Hunt's, wanting to see if the person who overheard their conversation has told the secret to Eason. If not, she can stop it in advance." Violet narrowed her eyes and analyzed.

"What's the secret?" Fraser looked curious.

Stanley glanced at Fraser, seeming to dislike him for talking too much.

Fraser suddenly cleared his throat, touched the tip of his nose, and drove seriously.

Violet took out her cell phone and dialed the number of the detective who was monitoring Phoebe, asking him to find a way to get the hair of Talia, Phoebe, Eason and Nate.

Hearing this, Stanley looked at her, "Do you want to do a paternity test for them?"

"Yeah, I want to do it for all these four people." Violet put down the phone and said.

Only in this way could she be surer whether Phoebe was the daughter of Talia and Nate.

Stanley put his hand on the car door, "Let Henry do it for you. You can get the result in two hours at the earliest."

"Okay, thank you, Mr. Murphy." Violet didn't refuse him, thanking him with a smile.

Stanley raised his chin, "Where are we going next?"

"Back to the studio. I recently took over a business. Very busy." Violet patted her own bag.

Stanley looked at Fraser, "Have you heard it?"

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"Yes." Fraser immediately responded.

Before long, they arrived at the studio.

Violet picked up the suit jacket on her laps and returned it to the Stanley.

Stanley took it this time and put it on directly.

Violet put the bag on her shoulder and opened the car door.

As soon as she stepped out with one foot, she seemed to think of something again and didn't move.

After two seconds, Violet turned around and stared at Stanley for a while, then suddenly leaned in and kissed him on the cheek.

Stanley was shocked.

Fraser opened his mouth wide, "Violet, you..."

Before he finished speaking, Violet blushed and lowered her head, then she quickly got out of the car.

After closing the car door and running into the building, she disappeared soon.

Stanley stroked his face in a daze, where Violet had just kissed him. He swallowed. No one knew what he was thinking.

Fraser looked at the direction where Violet was leaving, and then at his boss. Then he couldn't help whistling and jokingly said, "Mr. Murphy, congratulations. She finally agreed."

"Agreed?" There was a trace of doubt in Stanley's tone.

Fraser nodded, "Yeah, haven't you been pursuing Violet recently? But Violet has never agreed. However, just now Violet took the initiative to kiss you. Obviously, it shows that she is moved and is willing to be with you."

There was a confused look in Stanley's eyes. He straightened his back slightly, "Is it?"

"Yes, definitely. Otherwise, why did she kiss you?" Fraser pushed his glasses.

Although he had never been in love, he had read many romance novels.

So he still understood this.

However, Stanley didn't believe Fraser very much. He lowered his eyes and said quietly, "She may just thank me for helping her just now."

"How is it possible?" Fraser curled his lips, "Mr. Murphy, you have saved Violet so many times, right? But Violet never kissed you to thank you?"

Hearing this, Stanley opened his mouth slightly but did not speak.

Fraser persuaded, "So, Mr. Murphy, give it a try and show your attitude to Violet again. Maybe this time, you can really succeed."

Stanley lowered his eyelids, as if he was thinking about it.

After a while, he raised his head and glanced at the building in front of him. His eyes were dark, "I'll talk to her tonight. Drive."

"Yes." Fraser replied.

In the studio, Violet stood on the balcony of her office and looked down. After seeing Bentley leaving, she covered her hot face, turned around and returned to the chair to sit down.

These days, they both went to work and went home together. She had become accustomed to the way of getting along with him. The most important thing was that he always showed up for the first time whenever she was in trouble to help her and to protect her.

So she wanted to be with him, but she didn't know if he could figure it out. She kissed him, which meant that she agreed to be with him.

"Violet!" As she was thinking, Jessie opened the door and walked in.

Violet straightened her back immediately and put her hands down from her face, looking at her, "What's the matter?"

Jessie squinted suspiciously, "I still want to ask what's the matter with you. You adjust your posture as soon as I come in. Your face is still so red. Obviously, you felt guilty. Did you do anything bad just now?"

"How is it possible!" Violet glared at her, "Okay, what's up?"

"Here, the monthly draft drawings by those designers. See which ones need to be revised." Jessie passed the stack of designs in her hand to her.

Violet reached out to take them, "Okay, I see."

"In addition, there is one more thing." Jessie put her hands on Violet's desk.

Violet looked at her, "What?"

"There is a fashion magazine that is selecting the design of the cover clothes. Will we participate in it?" Jessie asked.

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Chapter 251 Be in Love

Violet asked while looking through the design drawings, "What magazine?"

"BASAR. It is a medium fashion magazine in the fashion circle." Jessie said, shrugging.

The so-called medium fashion magazine meant that it was not good, but not bad. Usually, small well-known models or third-tier and fourth-tier stars would go to shoot.

Violet put down the design drawings, "I've heard it. It's not bad, but the management is too pedantic, and the clothes they select every time are too moderate and do not conform to my aesthetics. I will not participate. Let Sherry and those designers go to participate. Their design style is quite consistent with that magazine."

"Okay, then I'll go tell them now." Jessie nodded and then went out.

Violet lowered her head again and continued to read the rest of the design drawings.

After reading these design drawings, it was time for off work.

Violet sent the design drawings to be revised, turned off the computer, got up and walked out of the office, ready to go to the kindergarten to pick up the children.

But as soon as she left the studio, the phone in her bag rang.

Violet continued to walk towards the elevator, taking out her mobile phone as she walked.

She took out her phone and saw that it was the detective's calling. Then she immediately answered, "Hey."

"Miss Hunt, I got all the hair you wanted." The detective said happily on the phone.

"So soon?" Violet opened her mouth in surprise.

The detective smiled, "They are not that kind of people with status, so it doesn't take much effort to get their hair."

"Well. Where are you? I'll come to find you." Violet said, pressing the elevator button.

The detective quickly told her an address.

Violet thought for a while and raised her eyebrows slightly. Wasn't this the cafe downstairs?

It turned out that he had already arrived.

Then she didn't need to go to find him.

Hanging up, Violet put the phone back in her bag and walked into the elevator.

A few minutes later, she came to the coffee shop.

The detective waved to Violet from a distance.

Violet nodded and walked over.

The waiter came over with the menu.

Violet ordered herself a cup of milk and another cup of coffee for the detective.

After the waiter left, Violet asked, "Where's the hair?"

"Here." The detective took out the four waterproof bags from the briefcase on the side and handed them to her.

Violet took them with both hands and saw the four waterproof bags with a label on each with the names of the four persons. She smiled, "Thank you."

"You're welcome. You paid me. It's my job." The detective waved his hand, expressing no worries.

Violet put them away. Then the waiter came up with milk and coffee.

Violet took a sip of the milk and asked, "How is Phoebe recently?"

"She was discharged from the hospital, but her condition was not very good. Her body was ruined, and she was crippled."

The detective stirred the coffee and said, "Moreover, the police already knew that she was pretending to be mentally ill. Her sentence was increased by two years. She should be returned to prison after she is discharged from the hospital, but the police didn't plan to bring her back, as if they were going to let her stay in the mental hospital."

Hearing this, Violet was not surprised at all.

Stanley had already told her about this. Because of his discussion with the police, Phoebe didn't have to go back to prison.

But Phoebe's days in the mental hospital would definitely not be as good as a prison.

"I see. You don't need to monitor Phoebe anymore, but I want you to check Talia and Nate. I want to know everything about their past." Violet put down the milk cup and said.

The detective nodded with a smile, "Don't worry. As long as the money is in place, everything is okay."

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After speaking, he drank up the coffee, got up and left.

Violet didn't rush away, but drank the milk slowly. Then she got up and went to the cashier to check out.

In the evening, dinner was eaten in Violet's apartment.

The two children wanted to eat hot pot, so Violet bought a lot of vegetables and made a hot pot for the two children.

Stanley also ate here. He had never eaten hot pot before. Because of the spicy food, his face was flushed. More than that, his eyes were bloodshot.

He rarely ate spicy food, which was why he became like this.

"Drink some water." Violet gave Stanley a glass of ice water with a smile.

Stanley put down his chopsticks, took it, and took a few sips before reluctantly suppressing the tingling sensation in his mouth.

"Is it better?" Violet asked while looking at him.

Stanley rubbed his temples, "It's better."

Violet laughed again when she saw him like this. Then she picked up some vegetables and put them in boiled water and rinsed off the red oil on them. Then she put it in his bowl, "Eat this. It's not spicy."

Stanley looked at the food she had picked up for him. He felt warmed suddenly, "Okay."

After the meal, the two children pulled Stanley and asked him to accompany them to play with building blocks, while Violet did the dishes in the kitchen.

When she was doing the dishes, she suddenly heard footsteps behind her. Then, a pair of arms stretched out from behind, reached to her waist, and hugged her.

Violet stiffened slightly for a moment. Her dishwashing movements slowed down. Obviously, she was not used to being embraced by someone like this, but she did not break free. Instead, she leaned back and leaned against on his chest.

Seeing this, Stanley held the woman in his arms tighter, and even put his chin on her shoulder, "Fraser said you agreed to be with me so you kissed me. He is right."

Violet looked down and chuckled, "So you just wanted to test what he said is true, then you came to hug me?"

Stanley said in a low voice, "Tomorrow, I will give him a bonus."

Violet laughed, "You indeed give him the bonus. If it wasn't for him to remind you, would you not think of this?"

"Maybe." Stanley nodded.

Violet turned her head and looked at him.

Her appearance was already extremely gorgeous and amazingly beautiful, but now seeing her, Stanley felt she was so attractive.

Stanley's eyes darkened. Before Violet turned her head away, he raised an arm from her waist, held her chin, and lowered his own head to kiss her.

Violet was stunned for a while, then twisted uncomfortably and gently pushed him away with her elbow.

She blushed and then said, "What are you doing? We're in the kitchen. I'm still doing the dishes."

She waved her hands which had foam.

Now that they were in love, she would not refuse to kiss.

But he also had to pay attention to the occasion and location.

However, Stanley didn't care about it. He looked down at her shy face. Then his Adam's apple moved slightly, "It's okay. Wash it later."

After speaking, he turned her around, held the back of her head, and kissed her again.

"Um..." Violet blinked, eyes full of helplessness.

This man was too eager.

But this time, Violet didn't push the man away anymore. She raised her hands to hold his neck, and began to respond to him.

The foam on her hand dissipated one by one and turned into drops of water, dripping on the man's neck.

The cooling feeling made man's body become tense.

But he still didn't let Violet let go, and kissed more passionately.

The two children came to the kitchen hand in hand and were stunned when they saw the kissing parents.

Their eyes and mouths widened open.

After a while, Arya pointed to Violet and Stanley, "Brother, what are Mommy and Dad eating?"

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Chapter 252 It's Related to Sam and His Family

Calvin reacted and quickly covered Arya's mouth and eyes, "Don't look!"

"Woo..." Arya grunted dissatisfiedly, trying to ask her brother to let go of herself.

But Calvin didn't do it. He pulled her out of the kitchen.

Calvin also smiled at Violet and Stanley, "Mom, Dad, go on, go on!"

When he finished speaking, he closed the kitchen door.

The two children left quickly. Violet and Stanley looked at each other embarrassedly.

After a while, Violet pushed Stanley away and glared at him with a blushing face, "It's all you. We were seen by the two children."

"Never mind." Stanley helped her straighten her hair and said.

Violet got out from his arms, "Well, you can go out now. I haven't finished washing the bowls yet."

"I'll help you." Stanley said, and began to roll up the sleeves of his shirt.

Looking at his strong forearm, Violet did not refuse. She handed him a clean towel, "Wipe the water in the bowl and put it in the cupboard."

Stanley gave a hmm, indicating that he knew how to do it.

Soon, the two of them did the dishes together. It didn't take long for them to finish it.

The two walked out of the kitchen one after the other. When the two children sitting on the carpet in the living room and playing with building blocks heard footsteps, they stopped and looked towards them.

Faced with the gaze of them, Violet couldn't help but felt awkward.

"Mommy." Arya suddenly dropped the building blocks in her hand, got up, ran to Violet, took Violet's hand, and looked up at Stanley, "What were you and Dad eating just now? Brother didn't tell me!"

She asked again. It could be seen how persistent she was with eating.

Calvin couldn't help rolling his eyes at Arya, "Foodie!"

"Arya, where is your manner?" Violet pursed her lips, glanced at him, then she lowered her head.

Looking at her daughter's curious eyes, she was blushed and cleared her throat before saying, "Mommy and... Dad didn't eat anything."

When Stanley heard the word of "Dad", he was in a good mood and smiled.

Although the two children had already called him Dad, every time she asked them to call him Uncle

Murphy.

Now that she changed it, which meant that she truly accepted him.

"I don't believe it!" Arya pursed her little mouth, "You and Dad clearly..."

The little girl hadn't finished her words, but her mouth was covered by Calvin who came over again,

"Well, Dad and Mommy were eating what only adults can eat, but we children can't eat it."

Arya blinked and seemed to be asking Calvin?

Calvin nodded seriously.

Violet smiled while covering her lips.

Sure enough, children were best suited to deal with children.

Arya believed Calvin, feeling disappointed.

Calvin let her go, "Let's go. There is a lollipop in the room. I will give it to you."

"Okay." Arya clapped her hands happily.

The two children went back to the children's room hand in hand.

The living room was quiet again. Violet turned and looked at Stanley, "Mr. Murphy..."

"Still call me Mr. Murphy?" Stanley raised his eyebrows and looked at her with a smile.

Violet was stunned. Then she suddenly realized that she was already in love with him. It was indeed a bit inappropriate to call him Mr. Murphy. It was not like a couple.

But what could she call him?

Violet bit her lip for a moment, and then took a deep breath, boldly saying the word tentatively,

"Stanley?"

Stanley responded with a gentle hmm.

Violet smiled, "Then I will call you like this from now on?"

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"Okay." Stanley nodded.

Violet breathed a sigh of relief. When she was about to say something, the doorbell rang suddenly.

She looked at Stanley while pointing at the door. Then she went to open the door.

The door was opened. Fraser stood outside with a smile on his face, "Violet, I'm looking for Mr. Murphy. Bella said he's here."

As he said, he looked behind Violet.

Violet turned sideways and let out the way, "Come in. Stanley is in the living room."

"Okay." Fraser replied and was about to step into the house. Then he suddenly realized that something was wrong. His eyes widened, "Violet, what did you call Mr. Murphy just now?"

If he heard it right, she called Mr. Murphy Stanley?

Violet had long guessed that others would be surprised when they heard she call Stanley that way. Then she smiled and replied, "Stanley."

Sure enough!

Fraser swallowed, "Violet, do you agree to be with Mr. Murphy?"

Violet nodded and handed him a pair of slippers.

After Fraser changed the slippers, he followed Violet to the living room.

"You guys talk. I'll go to the kitchen to make tea." After that, Violet turned and walked towards the kitchen.

As soon as she left, Fraser hurried to the sofa and congratulated the man sitting on the sofa,

"Congratulations, Mr. Murphy. You finally succeed."

Hearing this, Stanley was physically and mentally comfortable, but he still said indifferently, "Go to Finance Department to get a one-month bonus."

Fraser's eyes lit up, "Thank you, Mr. Murphy."

Stanley lifted his chin and asked, "What's the matter that you suddenly came to me?"

"It's about your grandfather's testament." Speaking of this, Fraser immediately became serious, "I have found the assistant of your grandfather when he was alive and asked him about the whereabouts of the testament, but he didn't know."

Hearing this, Stanley was not surprised at all. He adjusted his sitting posture slowly, "It's normal that he

didn't know it. If he knew, Ivan would have already gotten the testament."

"Yes." Fraser nodded, "I asked some other questions, but he didn't answer them. He asked me to tell you that your grandfather left you some words when he was alive."

"What?" Stanley narrowed his eyes.

Fraser took a breath and said slowly, "The assistant said that if Sam and his family have been well-behaved and don't have any dissatisfaction with the Murphy Group and the Murphy family, then you don't need to find the testament."

"What does it mean?" Stanley clenched his fists, "Is there something in the testament that can defeat Sam and his family?"

"It should be. Otherwise, I can't explain why your grandfather left such words to you. Ivan obviously knows what is in the testament, so he wants to get it with all his might, in order to destroy it. In this way, they won't have any worries." Fraser pushed his glasses and analyzed.

Stanley squinted and snorted coldly, "If that's the case, I must find the testament. I have to see what's in it!"

"But we currently have no clues at all." Fraser looked at him helplessly.

Stanley looked down and thought about the location where Grandpa might store the testament.

However, after thinking about it for a while, he vetoed it.

Ivan could definitely think of what he could think of. Maybe Ivan even went to check.

So, the testament must be somewhere else!

"The tea is ready." At this moment, Violet came out of the kitchen with the black tea.

Stanley gathered his thoughts and looked up, "Go back first. I will try my best to think about the clues of the testament."

"Okay." Fraser nodded.

Violet was bending over to make tea, "Fraser is leaving now? But my tea has been made."

"Thank you, Violet. I still have something to deal with, then I won't bother you and Mr. Murphy." After speaking, Fraser gave a meaningful smile and turned away.

Seeing his very ambiguous gaze, Violet blushed again.

Stanley caught a glimpse. His eyes darkened, then he glanced at his watch, "It's getting late. Go to sleep?"

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Chapter 253 Forget It

"Yeah, Stanley..."

Before Violet finished speaking, she saw Stanley walking towards her room.

Violet was stunned. After reacting, she hurried to chase after him, "Stanley, you want to sleep here?"

Stanley sat on her bed, "Can I?"

Violet opened her mouth, and wanted to say "of course you can't". But seeing his deep eyes, she suddenly couldn't say any words.

Forget it. Just go to sleep together.

Anyway, they were in love, and they were adults. It would be a little hypocritical to refuse him to sleep here.

So Violet sighed, walked to the closet and took out a new bath towel to Stanley from it, "Take a shower. I'll get you pajamas."

"Okay." Stanley took the towel.

Violet left the room and went to the apartment opposite.

After learning about her intentions, Bella hurriedly went to Stanley's cloakroom to find a set of pajamas, and gave it to Violet along with the formal suit he was going to wear the next day.

Violet returned with two bags of clothes.

An hour later, she lay on the bed nervously, feeling a little stiff.

This was the first time for her to sleep with Stanley in such an awake situation, which made her feel very uncomfortable and even a little nervous.

Seeing it, Stanley knew she needed to adapt, so he didn't have sex with her that night, just hugged her and fell asleep.

But even so, Violet didn't relax. Until the midnight, she fell asleep. When she woke up again, it was already 8 o'clock in the morning.

Violet rubbed her messy hair and walked out of the bedroom. The two children and Stanley were sitting at the dining table and having breakfast.

Seeing her, the two children waved, "Mommy, morning!"

"Morning!" Violet smiled warmly at the two children, and then looked at the man who was wiping Arya's mouth, "Good morning."

Stanley nodded, "Go to wash your face and then eat breakfast."

"Okay." Violet replied and walked to the bathroom.

Soon after eating breakfast, Stanley and Violet drove the two children to kindergarten.

Only after the two children were taken away by the kindergarten teacher did they get in the car again.

Stanley asked while wearing a seat belt, "Where to go next? Studio?"

Violet touched her bag and shook her head, "No, go to the hospital first."

Hearing this, Stanley immediately understood something and looked at her bag, "Got the hair?"

"Yes, I got it yesterday afternoon." Violet said with a smile.

Stanley nodded slightly, "I will go with you."

After that, he started the car.

An hour later, they arrived at the hospital.

Stanley took Violet and went directly to Henry's office.

Looking at the hands they were holding together, Henry was so shocked that the glasses slipped off,

"You...you..."

He stood up and pointed at the hands of Violet and Stanley. It took a long time for him to speak again,

"Are you guys in love?"

Stanley glanced at him disgustingly, but didn't answer, "Well, I have something to let you do."

With that, Stanley motioned to Violet.

Violet nodded, opened the bag, and took out a few waterproof bags from inside.

Stanley took the waterproof bags in her hand and threw them on Henry's desk.

Henry sat down again, "What's this?"

"Hair." Stanley took Violet to the other side of the sofa and sat down.

Henry rolled his eyes at Stanley, "Of course I know this is hair. What I want to know is whose hair is this?"

"Phoebe and the others." Violet said, briefly telling Henry what happened on the TV station yesterday.

After listening to it, Henry pushed his glasses and exclaimed, "The Hunt family is really a shitty family.

Okay, I'll help you do the paternity test. The results will be available in half an hour."

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No Money Could Ever Give You Access To Any Of These People

"Thank you, Dr. Baxter." Violet stood up and was about to bow to him.

Stanley pulled her back on the sofa and stared at Henry coldly, saying, "You have already thanked him."

The implication was that she didn't have to bow again.

Henry was speechless, only to feel that he was innocent.

Obviously, it was not him who asked Violet to bow. But why did Stanley feel it was his fault?

Well, since he couldn't offend this couple. He could leave!

Thinking about it, Henry picked up a few bags of hair on the table and left the office.

As soon as he left, a soft and gentle voice came from outside the office, "Henry, is Stanley here?"

It was Ivy!

Violet pursed her red lips and immediately looked towards the door, "Stanley, Miss Ellis is here."

Stanley patted her shoulder, "I'll get the door."

"Okay." Violet smiled and agreed.

She wouldn't be jealous about this kind of thing. As early as yesterday after she agreed to be with



Stanley, she knew that one day she would face Ivy.

Now that Ivy came, just make it clear, lest Ivy would be even more unacceptable when she saw the intimate actions between her and Stanley. Although Ivy might not be able to accept it now, the long-term pain was worse than the short-term pain.

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

Ivy was wearing a patient gown and walked in with the help of a nurse.

But after coming in, she saw Violet in the office, then the smile on her face froze for a moment, "Miss Hunt, are you here, too?"

Violet stood up and smiled in response, "Miss Ellis."

Ivy waved her hand and motioned to the nurse to go out first.

The nurse nodded, turned around, and closed the office door.

Stanley helped Ivy to the sofa opposite Violet, frowned and said, "Why don't you rest in the ward? What are you doing here?"

Ivy held his hand and sat down slowly, "I heard the nurse say that you are here, so I want to come and see you. I haven't seen you for several days."

"I'm very busy these days." Stanley gently moved her hand away, took two steps back, returned to Violet, and then took her hand to sit down.

Looking at the movements of the two, Ivy widened her eyes in disbelief, "Stanley, you and Miss Hunt, you guys..."

"We are in love." Stanley squeezed Violet's hand.

Violet smiled and nodded.

Ivy's face turned pale in an instant. She was unwilling to believe what she heard. She shook her head and murmured, "No, no, how could you guys..."

Before she finished speaking, she suddenly fell on the sofa, and fainted.

This incident shocked both Violet and Stanley.

"Ivy!" Stanley immediately shook off Violet's hand, and quickly walked over to check Ivy's situation, rolling her eyelids and pinching her philtrum.

Violet looked at her hand which was shaken off by him, and then at how anxious and worried he was for Ivy. Although she understood, she still felt a little upset.

In the end, Ivy did not wake up and was sent to emergency room.

Violet and Stanley stood outside the emergency room

Stanley frowned as he watched the red light above the emergency room. He pursed his lips.

"Don't worry. Miss Ellis will definitely be fine." Violet knew he was worried about Ivy. After her eyes dimmed, she took his hand and forced a smile, comforting him.

Stanley turned his head and looked at her. But he did not speak.

The expression on Violet's face solidified.

What did he mean? He didn't believe her?

Or was he blaming her for making Ivy faint?

Violet bit her lip, let go of his hand, and took a step aside to distance herself from Stanley. Then she said faintly, "Mr. Murphy, Miss Ellis fainted because we were together. She couldn't stand the stimulus. How about we break up?"

"What are you talking about?" Stanley narrowed his eyes. His stern eyes fell on her face. \_\_\_\_

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Chapter 254 Have a Talk Alone

She actually wanted to break up with him!

To be honest, Violet was still a little scared in the face of Stanley's anger.

But she didn't back down. She clenched her fists, gathered courage and said, "I said just break up. You don't have feelings for Miss Ellis, but Miss Ellis has feelings for you, so she can't accept that we are together."

"When she wakes up, I will have a good talk with her. I don't want to listen to the breakup anymore!"

Stanley said coldly with a gloomy face.

He was so resolute that Violet couldn't refute him.

At this moment, Henry ran over anxiously holding a file, "What's the matter? Why did Ivy suddenly enter the emergency room?"

"Nothing serious. Has the result come out?" Stanley didn't plan to tell Henry why Ivy was fainted. He just asked, looking at the file in Henry's hand.

Henry was a little impatient and stuffed the file into Stanley's arms, "Yes. Read it for yourself. I'll go in and take a look at Ivy."

After speaking, he pushed open the door of the emergency room and went in.

Stanley didn't read the file, but gave it to Violet.

Violet took it and opened it.

Seeing the above content, she narrowed her eyes.

"How is it?" Stanley asked.

Violet rubbed her temples, "Phoebe is really the daughter of Talia and Nate, not Eason's."

In other words, Talia did not give any children for Eason.

Eason had only two children which were her and Steven. But Eason kicked his own children out of the house for others' children. Was this retribution?

Stanley put his hand in his trouser pocket, "If Eason finds out, he will definitely try to ask you and your brother to come back."

"Not necessarily, he hates me so much now. How could he want me back? But Steven is different." Violet closed the file, "In fact, Eason asked me about Steven a few days ago. He wants to let Steven come back to inherit the Hunt family."

"What else does the Hunt family have to inherit?" Stanley raised his eyebrows, unabashedly suspicion in his tone.

Violet shrugged, "Yes, we all know that the Hunt family has declined and there is nothing to inherit, but Eason doesn't think so. He thinks his Hunt family is so good."

Stanley sneered and said nothing.

After a while, the light in the emergency room went out.

Henry pushed Ivy out.

Stanley stepped forward, followed the pushing bed, and asked as he walked, "How is Ivy?"

"She's fine. But she's stimulated, so her heart rate is a bit high. She will wake up in a while." Henry stared at Ivy and his eyes behind the lenses were full of tenderness.

When Violet saw it, she suddenly knew that Henry liked Ivy.

These three people were really messy enough.

Henry liked Ivy, but Ivy liked Stanley. However, Stanley only treated Ivy as his sister. So the love triangle had not yet formed.

Thinking about it, Violet couldn't help but looked at Ivy.

Ivy was pale, lying on the pushing bed with her eyes closed. The wig on her head was gone. Her scalp was exposed. There were many centipede-like stitched scars on her scalp. They were long. Each of them was not less than five centimeters. It looked so scary.

Violet was frightened and took a step back, covering her lips. She almost fell.

Seeing this, Stanley immediately let go of the handrail of the pushing bed, grabbed her hand, and pulled her into his arms, "What's the matter?"

Violet watched the pushing bed that had already gone far, then she calmed down a little. She forced a smile and replied, "Nothing serious. I was scared by the scars on Miss Ellis' head."

Stanley lifted his chin in understanding.

Those scars were really scary. When he saw them for the first time, he was also taken aback.

But he saw them so many times, so he got used to it later.

"The scars on Ivy's head are left from the operations." Stanley took Violet's hand and led her to Ivy's

ward, explaining as he walked.

Violet had now recovered as before. She turned her head to look at him, "Miss Ellis has had so many operations on her head?"

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

No Money Could Ever Give You Access To Any Of These People

"Yeah, when she was a vegetative, there was a tumor in her brain, and the position was very bad. No doctors would dare to completely remove the tumor. They only dared to remove some parts of it, but the remaining part will continue to grow. As long as it grows to a certain extent, it must be removed again."

"I see." Violet nodded, "Then Miss Ellis' brain tumor has been completely removed by George?"

Stanley gave a hmm.

He had to admit that George was indeed good at medical skills.

It was just his character was not good!

While talking, they arrived at Ivy's ward.

Stanley took Violet in, but Ivy was actually awake. She was sitting on the bedside, being fed water by Henry.

Seeing the two people coming in, Ivy pulled a long face. She pushed the water glass away, saying she didn't want to drink.

Henry had to put the water cup back on the bed, then drew the straw out and threw it into the trash can.

Only then did he turn around and smiled at Violet and Stanley, "What did it take you guys so long?"

"Something happened on our way." Stanley looked at Ivy who was still pale. His tone became much gentler, "Are you better?"

Ivy shook her head without answering.

Stanley knew that she was in a bad mood now, so he pursed his thin lips, "You guys go out first. I want to have a talk with Ivy."

Violet knew what he was going to talk about. After looking at Ivy, she turned around and went out.

Henry followed behind her.

The two of them walked out of the ward and sat on the chair in the corridor.

"When were you and Stanley together?" Henry asked while holding the back of his head and leaning back.

Violet glanced at the ward, "Last night."

"Last night?" Henry blinked his big eyes, "I thought you two were together for several days. After all, Stanley didn't come to the hospital to see Ivy these days."

Stanley didn't come here these days?

Violet was surprised, but she didn't show up on her face. She twiddled her hair, "He might be too busy."

"Perhaps." Henry shrugged and said nothing. He was staring at the ground. No one knew what he was thinking.

Violet didn't know him very well, so she didn't speak, either.

After a long time, when Violet's ass was suffering from sitting, the door of the ward was finally opened. Stanley came out from inside.

Violet stood up with Henry.

"Finished?" Violet looked at Stanley.

Stanley gave a hmm and then he said, "Ivy wants to talk to you."

"Me?" Violet pointed to her nose.

Stanley nodded, "You can go in first."

"Okay." Violet answered, went past him and entered the ward.

Ivy was sitting on the hospital bed and wiping tears. Seeing Violet come in, she wiped tears quickly, and then looked at Violet with red eyes, "Congratulations."

Hearing the jealous in Ivy's tone, Violet knew that she was not really congratulating. Then she sighed lightly, "Thank you."

Ivy sneered mockingly, "What are you thanking for? What can you thank me for? Do you really think I'm congratulating you?"

Violet felt speechless, "I know you are not sincere..."

"Since you know, do you still thank me? Are you showing off with me?" Ivy clenched her fists, "Show off that you are with Stanley?"

"I didn't!" Violet frowned.

However, Ivy didn't believe Violet. She was trembling slightly, "Violet, I was wrong about you. Don't you feel sorry for me?" \_\_\_\_\_

Daddy! Mommy Is Pregnant Again

Chapter 255 Phoebe Jumped Off the Building

"What?" Violet pursed her lips questioningly. She didn't understand what Ivy meant.

Ivy looked at her angrily, "You should remember that I told you before, letting you stay away from Stanley, right?"

Hearing this, Violet nodded with a complicated expression on her face, "Yes."

That was when George had just been hospitalized in a car accident. Ivy came to see George. Violet happened to be there, and then Ivy said these things to her.

Ivy patted the quilt, and shouted, "Since you still remember, why don't you do it? Don't you feel sorry for me? I love Stanley. I love him when I was very young. You know it. But you're still with him! Do you know what your behaviors mean? You're just a stealer!"

When Violet was questioned by Ivy, she felt a little sad, and lowered her eyelids, "I'm sorry, Miss Ellis. It's not that I didn't do it, but things are unpredictable. I don't think so."

"Don't think so?" Ivy's eyes widened, "You mean you don't think you have taken Stanley from me?"

"No." Violet raised her head with a serious expression on her face, "Mr. Murphy told me that he has never loved you, he only treats you as a younger sister and you guys have never been together. So Mr. Murphy is single. Since he's single, we can be in love."

If Stanley loved Ivy, even a little bit, she would not be with Stanley.

"You...you..." Ivy pointed at Violet with trembling fingers, obviously irritated by her words.

After a few seconds, Ivy put her hand down, "Get out! I don't want to see you anymore!"

She yelled.

Violet moved her lips and wanted to say something but she still turned around and went out.

After going out, facing the gazes of Stanley and Henry, she shook her head, said nothing, and walked towards the elevator.

Stanley looked at her back and chased after her.

In the elevator, Stanley pressed the button and asked, "What did Ivy say to you?"

Violet didn't lie to him. After taking a deep breath, she said told him what Ivy had said to her.

After hearing it, Stanley gently hugged her into his arms, "Don't take Ivy's words to your heart."

Violet hugged his strong waist and leaned her face against his shoulder, "Of course I won't take it to heart. I'm right. I didn't intervene with you guys, let alone steal you from her."

It was just that she still felt a little sad.

Ivy accused her. She had agreed to stay away from Stanley, but she did not do it.

"Well, I know you didn't." Stanley chuckled lightly and kissed Violet on the forehead.

Violet rubbed against his shoulders and held him tighter, "What about you? Didn't you talk to Miss Ellis? What did you say to her?"

Stanley touched her soft hair, "I told Ivy that I don't love her. The person I love is you, and the person I want to be together is also you."

Violet blinked, "So direct? No wonder Miss Ellis was crying."

When she went in, Ivy was wiping her tears.

"Then let her give up earlier. It is good for her and us." Stanley pulled Violet out of the elevator.

Violet held his arm, "But what if she doesn't want to give up?"

Stanley obviously didn't consider it. He opened the door of the passenger seat for her, "I believe Ivy will

figure it out."

"Are you sure?" Violet lowered her eyelids, covered the emotions in her eyes, got in the car, and said nothing.

She didn't believe that Ivy would figure it out. After all, Ivy had loved Stanley for ten years. If she could let it go, she would have already let it go.

Besides, many times, even if her feelings for Stanley were gone, she would still have the obsession. The obsession was the most terrifying.

Stanley closed the door of the passenger seat, went around the front of the car and got in the driver's seat, "Where to go?"

"Studio." Violet fastened her seat belt and said the address.

A Pakistani Man Has Accidentally Found A Way Of Earning More

No Money Could Ever Give You Access To Any Of These People

Stanley twisted the car key and drove.

Half an hour later, they arrived at the studio building.

Violet waved her hand and watched Stanley drive away. Until she couldn't see the car, she put down her hand and turned back into the building.

When she came to the studio, she was ridiculed by her best friend, "Oh, who is this? So happy."

Violet glared at her angrily, walked past her into her own office, took the bag off her shoulder, and hung it on the shelf in the corner.

Jessie followed Violet in. She was standing at the desk and watching that Violet was busy with the work,

"Violet, I just saw it. Mr. Murphy drove you here. You kissed him. Are you...?"

"Low-key, low-key!" Violet put up a finger and made a quiet gesture.

Getting the answer, Jessie jumped up, "Holy crap! How low-key could it be? It's such a big thing! No, Violet, you have to treat me a meal. We have a deal. The one of us who has the boyfriend has to treat the other to a meal."

Violet pulled out the office chair and sat down, and replied, "Okay, I'll treat you a meal."

"Great." Jessie smiled.

Violet turned on the computer, "By the way, don't tell others that I'm already with Mr. Murphy. Don't tell my mother and George, especially George. I'm afraid it will stimulate him."

George's obsession was her.

If he knew that she and Stanley were in love, his mental state might be getting worse again. As for her mother, she would tell her when she returned next time.

"Don't worry. Got it!" Jessie smiled, but her eyes dimmed.

Violet sighed and then changed the subject, "I remember yesterday was the day that our new clothes went to the market. How about the sales?"

"I'm about to tell you this." Jessie slapped her hands, "I saw the sales, which is 60% higher than last month."

Violet opened her eyes in shock, "Sixty percent?"

"Right!" Jessie nodded in excitement, "It's mainly because of the competition and the public opinions caused by your scumbag Dad, which made your reputation soar, so we made a lot of money this time."

"Then I really have to thank Eason." Violet smiled helpless, "Well, print out the sales, and then inform them that a party will be held tonight to celebrate."

"Okay." Jessie responded, and then went out.

Violet opened the drawer, took out the design book inside, and started working.

At noon, Jessie had ordered the takeaway. Violet stretched herself and got up. When she was about to eat, the phone on the desk suddenly rang.

She stopped and took a look at the phone. Seeing it was the detective's call, she immediately answered.

"Miss Hunt, something big happened!" The detective's anxious voice came from the phone.

Violet's face also became serious, "What happened?"

"Phoebe...Phoebe committed suicide by jumping off the building!"

"What?" Violet was so shocked. Her face changed drastically, and even her voice became sharp.

Jessie who was outside heard it all. Then she quickly came in and checked, "Violet, what's the matter?"

"Phoebe jumped off the building!" Violet squeezed her phone and quickly answered.

All the chopsticks in Jessie's hand fell to the ground, but she didn't care about picking them up. She walked quickly to Violet and stopped, "Really?"

"I want to know too." Violet bit her lip.

She said it to the detective on the other end of the phone.

The detective looked at the crowd not far in front, replying with a very serious voice, "Really. I saw Phoebe jump out the window of her room with my own eyes. Now the ambulance, the police, and the media have all rushed over. There is news on the Internet." \_\_\_\_\_

Daddy! Mommy Is Pregnant Again

Chapter 256 Is She Really Dead?

"Holy crap!" Jessie's ear was close to the phone. Hearing this, she immediately went to Violet's computer to search.

Violet also walked over, stood behind Jessie and asked, "So how is Phoebe now?"

"I don't know. I didn't check it, but judging from the faces of the police officers and medical staff, it doesn't seem very good. It may have been..."

The detective didn't say anything after that.

But everyone knew his meaning.

Violet clenched her fists.

Phoebe's room was on the twelfth floor. With an average height of three meters per floor, the twelfth floor was thirty-six meters.

If Phoebe jumped out from such a height, she would definitely die!

"Here!" At this moment, Jessie searched out the news that Phoebe jumped off the building.

Violet immediately looked at the computer screen. There was a video on the screen. The video was shaking and blurred. It should have been taken by a passerby with a mobile phone.

In the video, a woman wearing mental hospital gown with a disheveled hair and blurred face was sitting with her back facing outside on the window on the twelfth floor. Then the next second, the woman suddenly fell backwards and fell out of the window, falling at a very fast speed.

After a few seconds, the woman smashed to the ground. Her body shook violently twice, and then there was no more movement, only the bright red liquid flowed out from under the woman.

This scene scared Jessie into screams. She immediately covered her eyes and dared not look at it again.

Violet was also very frightened. Her face turned pale, and she tremblingly turned off the computer.

"Violet...Is that really Phoebe?" Jessie put her hand down off her eyes and asked with a trembling voice.

Violet recalled the scene of the woman jumping off the building. Then she replied, "I don't know. I can't see her face, but her figure is very similar to Phoebe, and the window is indeed the window of Phoebe's room."

"So it is really Phoebe? She actually jumped off the building!" Jessie swallowed, sighing in disbelief.

Violet couldn't believe it, but the facts were right before her eyes. She had to believe it even if she didn't believe it.

Later, she remembered that the phone hadn't been hung up. Then she put the phone back to her ear, and took a few deep breaths before she managed to stabilize her emotions, "Hey, how is the situation at the scene?"

"Wait a moment. I'll come closer and take a look."

With that, the detective walked forward.

After he walked out ten meters, a car stopped in front of him.

The detective saw a man in a white coat getting out of it and walking quickly towards the scene.

Looking at the white coat in that man, the detective stopped immediately, knowing that there was no need to go there anymore.

"Miss Hunt, Phoebe is dead, and the forensic doctors just came." The detective put the phone to his ear. Violet moved her lips. It took a long time before she spoke, "I see."

After hanging up the phone, Violet put down the phone and sat weakly in the chair.

Jessie looked at her, "Really dead?"

"The forensic doctors just came." Violet nodded.

Although forensic doctors were also doctors, they didn't save people, but did autopsy.

Only the corpse could the forensic doctor be dispatched.

Jessie was also silent. After a long time, she spoke again, "Why did she die? Although I hate Phoebe, I never thought of letting her die."

Violet was the same.

Although she hated Phoebe, she never thought of letting Phoebe die.

Islamabad Janitor Became A Millionaire Almost Overnight!

Royal Family Is In Trouble: Markle's Embarrassing Family Moments

"But I can understand her quite well." Jessie sat down and sighed, "She was raped by so many men. Her body was ruined, and she was crippled. If I were her, I might also commit suicide."

Violet didn't speak. Her eyes fell on a document on the table. It was Phoebe and Eason's paternity test. She had just figured out that Phoebe was not Eason's daughter, but she didn't expect Phoebe to commit suicide.

So what was the use of keeping this document? People were dead and the grudges were gone. Even if she told Eason that Phoebe was not his daughter, it was meaningless!

Just as Violet was thinking about whether to destroy the documents, Jessie took a breath, "Phoebe's death is too miserable."

"Huh? People on the Internet are so bold and dare to post photos? You're not afraid of it?" Violet recovered, frowning and looking at Jessie in amazement.

Jessie rolled her eyes at Violet, "Of course there are no pictures on the Internet. The Internet police must pay attention to it on the Internet. Those pictures will be deleted as soon as someone post them. I just listened to a reporter's description."

Jessie pointed to her mobile phone, "The reporter said that when Phoebe fell on the ground, she was face down. Her entire face was ruined and couldn't be seen at all, so I said she died in a terrible state!"

"Wait a minute! You said she was face down when she was falling?" Violet narrowed her eyes suspiciously.

Jessie nodded, "Yes, that's what this reporter said."

"But don't you find it weird?"

"Why is it weird?" Jessie looked at Violet.

Violet looked down, "Of course it was Phoebe's face down. Do you remember when we watched the video, she was sitting with her back to the window?"

"Remember." Jessie nodded.

"So when she fell, she should have her back face to the ground. How could she be face down? She couldn't turn over in the air, right? Who can do it?" Violet squeezed her fist and said in a deep voice.

"This..." Jessie also reacted. This was indeed not quite right.

Violet stood up, "There is a problem with the corpse!"

Hearing that, Jessie felt chill. She felt goose bumps all over her body and couldn't help rubbing her own arms, "Violet, don't say it. It is too scary. Is it possible that the corpse was changed by others?"

"It's impossible. The body fell to the ground and so many people saw it. Who would dare to change it?"

Violet shook her head, "In addition, there is another doubt!"

"What?" Jessie asked quickly.

Violet closed her eyes. When she opened eyes again, there was a dignified look in her eyes, "It's the actions about Phoebe's jumping off the building. Jessie, if you jump off the building, will you choose to face the window or the back?"

"Of course I will face it. Who will turn his back to the window and jump out! Anyway, I never..."

Speaking of this, Jessie seemed to realize something. Her eyes widened in horror, "No way! Violet, you mean that Phoebe might not have committed suicide, but was put in such a posture and was pushed

down?"

"This is just my guess, because I think both the posture of her jumping off the building and the posture of her body after falling are very abnormal, so I have this suspicion. Of course, it may be that I think too much. But no matter what, I want to take a look at the scene."

With that, she stood up and walked to the shelf to take the bag.

Jessie also got up, "Don't go. The dead person is Phoebe. Whether she was murdered or committed suicide, it has nothing to do with us. Just leave it alone. Also, don't you eat anymore? "

Violet covered her mouth and retched, looking unwell, "Do you think I can still eat after watching that video?"

When Jessies heard this, her face changed again. Then she didn't mention eating again.

Violet walked out of the studio and towards the elevator.

Jessie was right. Phoebe's death really had nothing to do with her. She didn't have to worry about it, but she still had a doubt in her mind that she didn't tell Jessie. It was the one who died was really Phoebe? Although the dead was very similar to Phoebe, there were too many people with similar physiques, and the most important thing was that she couldn't see Phoebe's face before or after falling. So she suspected no matter Phoebe's weird jumping posture or the corpses with the face down, they were used to cover up the face of the dead.

Just when she was thinking about it, the phone in her bag rang.\_\_\_\_\_

Daddy! Mommy Is Pregnant Again

Chapter 257 The Angry Talia

She kept walking to the elevator while answering the phone.

"Hey, Stanley." Violet glanced at the caller ID before putting the phone to her ear.

Stanley's low voice came to her ears, "Do you know about Phoebe jumping off the building?"

"Yeah, I'm going to the scene now." Violet pressed the elevator button.

Stanley frowned slightly, "Why are you going to the scene?"

"Because I suspect that Phoebe was not the dead."

With that said, she walked into the elevator, and then told him several points that she suspected.

After hearing it, Stanley got up from his office chair, "Then I will go with you."

"Okay, I'll wait for you there. Call me when you get there." Violet nodded.

Stanley gave a hmm, hung up the phone, opened the drawer, took out the car key from inside, and strode towards the office door.

About an hour later, Violet came to the scene.

But she was one step late. The body at the scene had been taken away. Only a small number of police people remained here to investigate the case.

Violet didn't walk over. She stood outside the warning zone and watched it from a distance, for a while to see where the corpse fell, and for a while to look up at the window of Phoebe's room. Her face was full of contemplation.

One policeman noticed her and walked towards her, "This lady, we are working on a case here. If nothing else, please leave."

Violet smiled politely at the police officer in front of her. When she was about to ask something, a crazy figure ran over from not far away.

It was Talia!

Talia was like a mad woman at the moment. Her hair and clothes were messy and also stained with a lot of dust. Her eyes were red. She had obviously cried for a long time.

She stared at Violet with hatred, "What are you doing here?"

"You guys know each other?" The police officer looked at Talia and then at Violet.

Violet nodded, "Yes, she is my Dad's second wife."

"Well." The police officer said and recognized Violet.



'Isn't she the very popular fashion designer during this time?'

Talia pointed to Violet and roared, "Police officer, it is her. She killed my daughter!"

Violet frowned, "I killed your daughter?"

"Mrs. Hunt, you can't talk nonsense like this!" The police officer looked at Talia with a serious face.

Talia clenched her fists, her eyes full of resentment, "I didn't talk nonsense. It is because of her that my daughter was raped. Then my daughter couldn't stand it and jumped off the building. All of this was caused by her. What are you guys doing? Get her up soon!"

Seeing that the police officer didn't move, Talia started pushing him.

The police officer's uniforms were all messed up.

He held on to the police cap and shouted angrily, "Enough, I will sue you for assaulting the police if you're still like this!"

Talia was stunned by the roar. It took a long time to react. Then she slapped her thighs and cried,

"Unfair! Unfair! The murderer is in front of the police officer, but he didn't catch her..."

Looking at Talia who was making trouble without reason, Violet felt extremely speechless.

The police officer was also very speechless. Then he ignored Talia and turned his head to look at Violet,

"This lady, she said you were the murderer of Phoebe. Can you explain it?"

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

Islamabad Man Earns Thousands Of Dollars Via This App

Violet had expected that she would be questioned as early as when Talia said those things. After

laughing, she calmly replied, "Here is the thing. There is indeed a grudge between Phoebe and me. As long as you read the public opinions on the Internet some time ago, you will know it."

"I've seen it." The police officer nodded.

Violet glanced at Talia, who was still crying, "Because Phoebe and I are at odds, every time something happened to Phoebe, her mother and she will think of me. It is no exception this time. She said I caused her daughter to be raped, then her daughter couldn't stand it and jumped off the building. In fact, it's not real. Phoebe asked for it."

"Can you elaborate on it?" The police officer took out his notebook and pen from his uniform pocket, preparing to make a record.

Violet nodded slightly, "Of course. It has to start from a week ago."

"Don't say it!" Talia screamed, trying to stop Violet.

But Violet ignored Talia. Then she told the police officer how Phoebe escaped from the mental hospital to the hotel to set up Stanley.

Of course, she also had selfish intentions. She concealed that Stanley retaliated against Phoebe and threw Phoebe to several men. She just told the police officer that Stanley did not drink the cup of medicine. That cup of medicine was drunk by other men, so Phoebe was raped by other men.

"This incident was very famous in the hotel at the time, and both the hotel and Mr. Murphy can prove it." Violet looked at the police officer.

The police officer understood, and said with contempt, "She really asked for it. She didn't succeed in setting up others but got herself involved."

"What nonsense are you talking about? She asked for it?" Talia yelled at the police officer with a blushing face.

The police officer leaned his neck back and said, "What are you shouting at? You just said that Miss Hunt caused Phoebe to be raped, so Phoebe couldn't stand it and jumped off the building. But now it turns out that it has nothing to do with Miss Hunt, so what you just said constitutes a crime of defamation!"

Upon hearing this, Talia was startled at first, and then sneered again, "Don't use such a crime to suppress me. Even if Phoebe's jumping off the building has nothing to do with her, she still has the responsibility."

As she said, she glared at Violet fiercely, as if she wanted to tear Violet into pieces, "If you hadn't returned, Phoebe would still be the fiancée of Stanley. She would never have come to where she is today!"

"So is it my fault? I shouldn't come back?" Violet was so angry that she laughed.

The police officer was also shocked by Talia's logic. He straightened the cap on his head and said impatiently, "Well, go away quickly. I still have questions to ask Miss Hunt."

"I won't leave. My daughter was killed by her. I must ask her to pay price!" Talia answered with a distorted face, and then she was about to punch Violet, rolling up her sleeves.

Upon seeing this, the police officer wanted to stop her.

But Talia, who was so furious, was very strong at this moment. She directly pushed the police officer away and rushed towards Violet.

Violet was shocked. For a moment, she forgot to dodge.

At this moment, a strong arm stretched out, took her shoulders, led her to turn around, and walked aside.

Talia rushed into the air. She lost her balance and fell to the ground. There was only painful look on her face at this moment. She was obviously hurt.

The police officer looked at her miserable situation, saying that she deserved it inwardly. But he still went forward and helped her up. After all, wearing this police uniform, he had to do so.

On the other side, Stanley let go of Violet's shoulders and looked at her up and down, "Are you okay?" Hearing the nervousness and concern in his tone, Violet replied with a smile, "I'm fine. Fortunately, you came in time."

"As long as you're okay." Stanley's tight face eased. Immediately, he narrowed his eyes, and coldly swept towards Talia.

Talia shrank her neck subconsciously, avoiding his sight with some fear.

Seeing her so embarrassing, Violet laughed sarcastically, and held Stanley's arm, "Well, Stanley, leave her alone. Let's get down to the business."

Stanley raised his chin slightly, and took his gaze back from Talia.

After Talia felt the pressure disappeared, she felt relieved. Then she heard Violet say, "Police officer, in fact, I came here because I suspected that Phoebe didn't commit suicide!" \_\_\_\_\_

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

#### **Chapter 258 Provide Clues**

"What?" The police officer was startled by her words.

Talia pointed at Violet angrily, "Bitch, what are you talking about? It wasn't Phoebe who committed suicide? Could the dead be someone else?"

"You are right. I suspect it is someone else." Violet looked at her.

Stanley didn't speak, and arranged some messy hair for Violet.

Talia saw the intimate behaviors of them two.

Then her eyes widened in disbelief, "You...you..."

Before she finished speaking, the police officer interrupted her, "Miss Hunt, do you have any evidence for what you said?"

The police officer stood in front of Talia, looking at Violet with a serious expression on his face.

Violet shook her head, "I don't have any evidence, but I have a few doubts."

She uttered those suspicious one by one.

The more the police officer listened, the more serious his face became, and then he called his captain over.

The captain reached out to Violet, "Miss Hunt, thank you for providing us with such an important clue. If what you said is real, then this case will probably not be a simple suicide case."

"You're welcome. Because I also want to know whether Phoebe is dead or not!" Violet reached out to shake hands with the captain as she was answering.

But before she could shake hands with the captain, a big hand reached out before her and shook hands with the captain.

Seeing this, Violet and the captain were stunned at the same time.

But soon Violet laughed.

Because she knew that this was Stanley's possessiveness. He didn't want her to shake hands with other men.

The captain also realized this, and took his hand back in embarrassment.

At this time, Talia suddenly took the captain's hand and asked eagerly, "What do you mean by what you just said? Phoebe is not dead, so it was not Phoebe who committed suicide?"

"Sorry, we didn't say that. It's just a kind of suspicion." The captain took his hand back with a stern face. Talia shook her head violently, "This is impossible. When Phoebe jumped off the building, I was returning from getting the food. She was still saying goodbye to me through the door of the ward."

"So, you saw Phoebe sitting on the windowsill at that time?" The captain narrowed his eyes.

Violet and Stanley also looked at her.

Talia's lips moved, "I didn't see it. The door was closed at the time. I only heard Phoebe's voice. Then when I opened the door and went in, Phoebe had jumped out of the window."

Speaking of this, she suddenly squatted down and covered her face, crying very sadly.

Violet could tell that Talia didn't lie.

In other words, Talia didn't know if it was Phoebe.

But it was not surprising. Phoebe hated Talia. If this was really Phoebe's plan, it would be normal that she didn't tell Talia.

"She didn't see Phoebe, which means that it is still impossible to determine whether Phoebe jumped off the building. As far as I know, the body is completely unrecognizable. Besides, it has no way of distinguishing its appearance, so the best way to confirm whether the corpse is Phoebe is to do DNA comparison." Stanley looked at the captain and said in a cold voice.

The captain nodded, "Yes. I will notify the forensic doctor. After the results come out, I will inform the two of you."

Stanley gave a hmm and looked at Violet, "Let's go."

"Okay." Violet smiled at him, took his arm, and left with him.

As for Talia, none of them paid any attention, and didn't even glance at her.

Coming to the side of the road, Stanley took out the car key and pressed it, "Get in my car. I'll let others drive your car back in a while."

"Okay." Violet shrugged and got in his car.

Stanley also opened the door, fastened his seat belt, and started the car.

On the way back to the studio, her stomach made a sound, and it was extremely loud in the car.

She blushed suddenly, and then she was embarrassed to cover her belly, "Um, I..."

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"You didn't eat at noon?" Stanley frowned and interrupted her.

Violet shook her head and gave a hmm softly.

"Why don't you eat?" Stanley pulled a long face, obviously disapproving of her behavior of not eating lunch.

Violet rolled down the car window slightly, and replied in a cold wind, "When I was about to eat at noon, I heard the news of Phoebe jumping off the building, and then I watched a video on the Internet. I felt disgusted."

"I will take you to eat now. What do you want to eat?" Stanley looked at her from the corner of his eyes.

Violet rubbed her eyebrows, "Whatever."

Stanley saw that she still had no appetite. Then he pursed his thin lips but said nothing. He drove the car to an elegant western restaurant.

Stanley behaved like a gentleman and pulled away the chair for Violet.

Violet smiled and sat down.

Then he pulled away the chair opposite her and sat down, pushing the menu in front of her, "The food in this western restaurant are relatively light, which should suit you."

"Let me take a look." Violet opened the menu and looked at it. The food on it was indeed as he said. It looked light, but it made people want to eat it.

Violet ordered a spaghetti with mushrooms and a salad.

Stanley ordered the same food as her. When he closed the menu and returned it to the waiter, he

suddenly thought of something, and said to the waiter, "A plate of sour plum."

"Okay." The waiter responded with a smile, turned and left.

Not long after, the food was served.

Violet picked up the napkin and shook it away. When she was about to tie it around her neck, she saw Stanley pushing a plate of black sour plum to her, "Don't you have any appetite? Eat this, then you should be much better."

Violet looked at the sour plum and then at the man opposite, only to feel warmed. She felt so moved. It turned out that he ordered the sour plum for her. She thought he liked it.

Unexpectedly, he even noticed the detail of her lack of appetite.

"What's the matter?" Seeing Violet staring at the sour plum and her eyes suddenly reddened, Stanley felt anxious. Then he quickly asked her.

Violet wiped the corners of her eyes with the napkin, then smiled and replied, "Nothing. I'm just so happy. Thank you, Stanley."

Hearing this, Stanley felt relieved. He smiled, "Eat quickly. Aren't you hungry?"

"Yeah." Violet nodded, took the napkin, picked up the knife and fork, and started to eat.

After dinner, it was almost four o'clock in the afternoon.

Violet decided not to return to the studio and went directly to the kindergarten to pick up the children. Stanley had no objections. He called Fraser and asked him to send the rest documents to the apartment, and then drove Violet to the kindergarten.

When they arrived at the kindergarten, it happened that the school was over.

The two children came out of the kindergarten hand in hand. When they saw Stanley's car parking on the side of the road, their eyes lit up, and then they ran to the front of the car quickly.

Violet opened the car door.

When the two children saw her, they shouted in surprise, "Mommy."

"Good boy. Good girl." Violet got out of the car and touched the heads of the two children.

Stanley in the driver's seat raised his hand from the steering wheel, put it against his lower lip, and coughed lightly, as if to remind something.

The two children looked at each other, laughed, and then called him sweetly, "Dad!"

There was a trace of satisfaction in Stanley's eyes. He raised his chin, "Okay, get in the car."

The two children climbed into the car with Violet's help.

But just when Violet was about to get in the car, she suddenly felt something, put away the smile on her face, turned her head and looked back.

"What's the matter?" Stanley couldn't help asking when seeing that she hadn't come up yet.

**Daddy! Mommy Is Pregnant Again**

**Chapter 259 Moving Back to the Villa**

"I feel as if someone is watching me." Violet frowned and turned back.

"Someone is watching you?" When Stanley heard this, he rolled down the car window and looked in the direction where she was looking.

However, apart from the two trash cans, there were only two stray dogs.

Violet retracted her gaze and turned her head back, "Maybe it's my illusion."

"Well, get in the car quickly." Stanley rolled up the window.

Violet gave a hmm, and got into the car.

When they got to the apartment, Bella had already prepared the food.

Violet took her two children into Stanley's apartment.

Now that she was with Stanley, she naturally didn't have to care about it.

At the dinner table, after serving a bowl of soup for each of the two children, Bella suddenly looked at Stanley and said, "Mr. Murphy, since you are with Miss Hunt now. It's troublesome for you to run two places, or let's move back to the villa together with Miss Hunt?"

"Villa?" Arya blinked blankly.

"I know." Calvin raised his little hand, "It's the place where Uncle Murphy lived before. I've been there once. It's big and beautiful."

"Really?" Arya's eyes lit up.

Calvin nodded, "Really. There are gardens and a swimming pool."

"Great! Dad, can Arya go there?" Arya climbed off the chair, ran to Stanley's chair, and pulled Stanley's arm.

Stanley put down his chopsticks and gently touched her hair, "Of course, then move back together."

With that, he looked at Violet on the opposite side.

Violet's face flushed.

Move there?

Wasn't that cohabitation? Was it too fast?

"Mommy..." Seeing Violet's refusal, Arya ran to Violet again, shaking her hand and was spoiled like a child.

Violet cleared her throat a little awkwardly, and said to Stanley, "I remember Bella said before that your villa is being renovated and it will take a long time, won't it?"

"I also remember it." Calvin also said.

Bella looked away with a guilty conscience, "Have...have I said it?"

Violet's eyes widened in disbelief, "Bella, you forgot?"

Bella smiled embarrassed, "Maybe I forgot."

"Well." Stanley pinched his eyebrows, "Actually, the villa has not been renovated at all. That is just an excuse for me to move here."

"Excuse?" Violet was taken aback, and tilted her head in a daze, "Why did you make an excuse for moving here?"

"Because of you." Stanley said.

Violet pointed at herself, "Me?"

"Miss Hunt, it's like this." Bella couldn't stand it anymore and took the initiative to explain for Stanley, "Since that Vera was arrested, Mr. Murphy has decided to pursue you. The first step is to get closer to you. But it would seem to be so abrupt if he moves over suddenly, so I found such an excuse."

"It turned out to be like this." After listening to Bella's words, Violet looked at Stanley a little bit dumbfounded.

She really didn't expect that he would have such a naive side.

Being looked at by Violet, Stanley felt a little uncomfortable. He pursed his thin lips, and changed the subject, "Do you want to move over?"

Calvin and Arya also stared at Violet quickly.

Violet lowered her head tangledly.

Upon seeing this, Bella persuaded, "Miss Hunt, just move in. Anyway, you and Mr. Murphy are in love. You have to move in after you two get married. Now it's just ahead of schedule. Besides, the security is good. When you are away, you don't have to worry about the safety of your two children."

Hearing this, Violet's eyes flashed, and she was suddenly moved.

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Indeed, sometimes she would leave her two children in the apartment if she was busy. Even if the security system of this apartment was not bad, if someone wanted to come in, they could still get in, like those men who kidnapped her last time.

But Stanley's villa was different. His villa was built halfway up the mountain. Besides, it was only one. It could be said that without his permission, the security at the foot of the mountain would not let anyone in. If the two children lived there, she wouldn't have to worry about security issues at all.

Thinking of this, Violet took a deep breath and compromised, "Okay, move over."

Stanley smiled.

The two children jumped up happily, "Great, we can live with parents in the future."

Seeing the smiles of the two children, Violet couldn't help but softened the expression on her face.

Bella looked at this warm scene and smiled very kindly.

She felt that she could foresee how lively that deserted villa would become.

"Then move over tomorrow. Now, let's eat first." Stanley picked a piece of tender beef and put it on Violet's plate.

Violet smiled and also picked up some food he liked for him.

After the meal, Stanley went to the study to read the documents.

Violet took the two children back to her apartment and bathed them.

After the bath, the two children went back to the room obediently, ready to go to bed.

In terms of sleeping, Violet had never worried about the two children. So after Violet covered the two children with quilts, she went out.

It was still nine o'clock.

Violet didn't feel sleepy. She opened the door of the study and went in, planning to make the clothes for Stanley.

The clothes were actually almost finished. It was just the last few steps. She believed she could finish it in two hours.

So soon, Violet was immersed in work.

When Stanley opened the door, she didn't notice it.

It wasn't until Stanley walked behind her and hugged her from behind that she came to her senses.

"Why did you come in without making any sound? It frightened me!" Violet turned to look at the man, patted his chest somewhat in fear.

The man held her waist tighter, "I knocked on the door. But you didn't hear it."

Violet actually heard a bit of grievance from his tone, "Is it? Maybe I'm too focused and didn't hear it. Have you finished reading the files?"

"Yes, so I came to find you and found that you were not in the bedroom, so I came here." Stanley lowered his head and rubbed his forehead against her neck.

Violet felt a little itchy. Then she smiled while hiding him, "Okay, stop. I have something to tell you."

"What?" Stanley stopped and looked up at her.

Violet moved his hand from her waist, picked up the suit on the table, then turned around and held it in front of his eyes, "Try it?"

Stanley looked at the suit in front of him with a startled expression on his face, "You did it for me?"

"Yes!" Violet nodded.

Stanley's thin lips moved. Only a huge sense of joy surged in his heart.

He thought that she did it for her client.

"Try it quickly." Seeing the man standing still, Violet couldn't help but urged.

The man gave a hmm and began to unbutton his suit.

Soon, his expensive suit was taken off and left on the table at will.

Violet unfolded the suit she had just made and lifted it up a bit to make it easier for him to wear.

After Stanley put it on, Violet lowered her head to help him fasten the buttons, and then took a step back, touching her chin to observe the effect carefully.

After watching it, she went up to tidy the collar for him, "What do you think of? Do you feel any discomfort? Tell me, I can alter it immediately." \_\_\_\_\_

**Daddy! Mommy Is Pregnant Again**

**Chapter 260 The Corpse Is Phoebe**

"No." Stanley shook his head, then added, "Very appropriate."

"That's good." Violet smiled relievedly, "This is my first time to make men's clothes. I'm afraid it will be not appropriate."

"The first time?" Stanley raised his eyebrows, feeling happier.

Violet nodded, "Yes, I have only made the sample before, and it's my first time to make the ready-to-wear clothes. I'm a genius."

She couldn't help but complimented herself.

Seeing her proud look, Stanley smiled, then raised her chin and kissed her, "This is a reward for the genius."

Violet blushed suddenly. She was looking at him with two big eyes open, which was very cute.

Stanley's eyes darkened. He swallowed, and then he kissed her again.

This time, it wasn't just a quick kiss anymore. He opened her lips with his tongue. Then his tongue got in, and danced with her tongue.

"Hmm..." Violet couldn't help but snorted. Stanley lifted the back of her head, kissing more deeply.

Gradually, Violet was turned on. She couldn't help but put her arms around Stanley's neck.

Stanley noticed her response. His eyes flashed. Suddenly, he picked her up and put her on the table.

Violet knew what he was going to do, and pushed him away with great effort. She blushed, panting and saying, "Don't be here... Go back to the room!"

"Okay!" Stanley responded with a hoarse voice, put her two legs on his waist, then carried her out of the study, and walked to the room.

This night! It was so happy.

Violet didn't know how long they had sex for. No matter how she begged for mercy, Stanley would not let her go, so that in the end, she fell asleep in exhaustion.

When she woke up again, it was already over ten in the morning the next day.

Violet turned her head to look at the place beside her. There was no one there. If it weren't for the sunken pillow, Violet would think that no one had ever slept there.

Violet couldn't help but stretched out her hand to touch where Stanley had lay down.

It had become cold there, which obviously showed that he had been away for a long time, but she didn't feel it at all.

Violet endured the soreness of her whole body and sat up. Then she opened the quilt and looked at herself. She saw that she was clean. She knew that after she fell asleep, Stanley washed her up.

"Not bad!" Violet murmured shyly after taking the clothes on the bedside, already forgiving Stanley's unreasonable request last night.

After that, she put on her clothes and got out of the bed. Then she walked towards the bedroom door.

Walking out of the bedroom and coming to the living room, Violet saw the breakfast on the dining table and a note under the milk glass at a glance.

Violet walked over, picked up the note and looked at it. It said, "I will drive two children to kindergarten first, and I also called Jessie and asked leave for you. Don't worry. Breakfast is on the dining table.

Remember to eat!

The signature was Stanley.

Seeing these short dozens of words, Violet felt warmed.

Immediately, she folded the note and put it aside, pulled out the chair to sit down, and started having breakfast.

When she was eating, the phone rang suddenly.

Violet had to put the bread back on the plate, picked up the phone and took a look. Seeing that it was from the police station, the expression on her face suddenly became serious. She hurriedly answered,

"Hey, is that Captain James?"

"It's me, Miss Hunt. Morning." Captain James nodded and asked.

Violet took a sip of milk, swallowed the bread, and replied, "Morning, Captain James, have Phoebe's affairs been investigated?"

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"Yes, I'm calling you for this."

"Is the dead Phoebe?" Violet asked.

Captain James looked at the DNA test report in his hand, and replied in a deep voice, "It's her!"

Violet was stunned, "It is really Phoebe?"

"Yes, the DNA test report has come out. We compared the previous physical examination data of Phoebe and found that they are completely consistent, so the body is indeed Phoebe." Captain James said.

Violet's lips moved several times before she could barely make a sound, "But if it's Phoebe, how do you explain the doubts I proposed?"

"We have the answer. First, Phoebe jumped off the building with her back to the window. We inferred that she knew that Talia was back at the time, so she wanted to say goodbye to Talia. As for why the corpse fell face down."

Captain James breathed a sigh of relief, and then continued, "We have investigated it. Phoebe was pulled by someone during the falling, but she was not saved in the end, which caused her to turn over in the air."

"It's impossible!" Violet shook her head, "I watched the whole process of Phoebe jumping off the building, but I didn't see anyone pulling her."

"There was someone pulling her. It's just that the distance is too far, so that camera didn't get it."

Captain James said with his eyes dodging.

Violet naturally didn't know his abnormality. She just frowned, "How can such a conspicuous scene not be taken? Besides, if someone really grabs Phoebe, she would definitely stop in mid-air for a while, but Phoebe's descent was very smooth, without any stagnation..."

"That video was edited." Captain James interrupted her.

"Edited?" Violet bit her lower lip. Her face was filled with disbelief.

She didn't think the video had been edited. The time when the video was posted online and the time when Phoebe jumped off the building was only a few minutes. Just in a few minutes, how could there be time to edit it?

Besides, the video was taken by a passerby with a mobile phone. Although the mobile phone could edit the video, it was very troublesome and the operation was very complicated.

As Violet was thinking, Captain James on the other end of the phone spoke again, with a very busy tone, "Okay, Miss Hunt, I have already told you what I should say. I have something to deal with. So I have to hang up."

After speaking, he immediately hung up the phone.

Violet originally wanted to ask him another question. But seeing that her phone jumped back to the main menu interface, she could only give up.

But she didn't want to let it go so easily. She planned to download yesterday's video on the Internet and to find a professional staff to check it out to see if it had been edited.

However, after Violet searched it out, she found that the video was no longer there, which was obviously deleted by the Internet police.

"Damn it!" She rubbed her eyebrows and sighed.

But soon Violet was relieved.

Regardless of whether the video was edited or not, it didn't matter anymore. What was important was that the body was indeed Phoebe. That was enough. Phoebe didn't pretend to die, so Violet didn't have to worry that Phoebe would suddenly jump out to make trouble in the future.

The reason why she wanted to know so eagerly whether the corpse was Phoebe was that she was afraid that Phoebe would suddenly appear in the future, and would hurt her or the people around her. But now she was finally relieved.

Thinking about this, Violet smiled, picked up the bread that hadn't been eaten up just now, and continued to eat it.

After eating, she tidied up, put on some makeup, and went out with her bag and drove to the studio.

After arriving at the studio, Violet saw Jessie's playful smile. Jessie teased her, "You're finally here?"

Violet gave a hmm and walked towards the office.

Jessie followed her behind, "It's so late. It seems that the battle last night was very fierce. Mr. Murphy is really good. He made you wake up at about noon twice. Tsk-tusk..."

"Okay, shut up. Get down to the business. What are you doing with following me?" Violet was blushed, interrupting Jessie. \_\_\_\_\_



Next chapter