

## Daddy! Mommy Is Pregnant Again

### Chapter 271 Do You Want to Divorce?

"I can see it." Stanley glanced at Eason. His eyes became cold. This old guy wanted to rely on Phoebe to get closer with the Murphy family. Now Phoebe was gone. He wanted to rely on Violet again. He was really brazen! Eason obviously didn't know that his ambitions were known by Violet and Stanley. He was still expecting, "Violet, can you give Dad a chance to compensate you?"

Violet smiled, "Mr. Hunt, you want me back? Does Talia agree?" Hearing this, Eason's old face suddenly froze, "This..." "It seems that Talia doesn't agree." Violet sneered and curled her lips. Eason heard the contempt in her tone, and only felt a little embarrassed. He cleared his throat slightly, and said, "I'm the head of the Hunt family. Why do I have to get her consent??"

"Really? But I still don't want to come back." Violet spread her hands. Stanley knew that she was teasing Eason. A slight smile flashed across his eyes. He didn't know that she still had such a naughty side. "Why?" Eason frowned. The lines on the corners of his eyes and forehead became heavier. Violet curled her lips indifferently, "Because I hate Talia. If you are willing to divorce Talia and drive Talia away just like what you did to me seven years ago, I might consider going back with you. What do you think of?"

She looked at Eason. Eason didn't expect she would say this. He was taken aback, "You really want me to do this?" "Yes!" Violet nodded and answered without hesitation. Eason didn't speak anymore. His loose eyelids drooped, as if he was thinking. Seeing this scene, Violet not only didn't feel happy, but only felt it ridiculous and ironic.

"Look, how ruthless he is." Violet tilted her head and whispered to Stanley.

Stanley nodded. Eason was indeed ruthless! Seven years ago, for the sake of Talia and Phoebe, he could drive away his wife and two other biological children. Today, for his own benefits, he was also considering giving up Talia. Such a person was ruthless! Just thinking about it, Stanley's phone rang.

He took it out and had a look. Then his eyes dimmed. He put the phone down and looked at Violet, "I have to answer a call."

"Okay." Violet agreed.

Stanley turned around and walked towards the front balcony.

As soon as Stanley left, Eason took a deep breath, as if he made a decision. He squeezed the dragon head of the cane and looked at Violet, "If I really divorce Talia, will you come back?"

Violet's red lips moved. Just when she was about to speak, a figure suddenly came in from the outside and rushed in front of Eason. She shouted at Eason with tears, "Eason! Asshole, you actually want to divorce me!"

Although Talia had no feelings for Eason, she had never thought about divorce.

The Hunt family was bankrupt, but Eason still had a large amount of money in his hands and this villa. Even if she wanted to divorce, she had to get the money from the old guy before leaving!

Eason obviously didn't expect that Talia heard what he said. He was a little embarrassed for a while. Especially the eyes of the surrounding guests watching him made him feel so awkward.

"Enough, what are you yelling at? When did I say that I would divorce you?" Eason yelled at Talia.

Talia didn't speak. Violet pretended to be disappointed, "Dad, it turns out that you didn't plan to divorce Talia. So, you didn't want me back, either, right?"

"No..."

"I won't listen!" Violet covered her ears and interrupted Eason's explanation directly, "If you really wanted me to come back, you would have agreed to divorce Talia a long time ago. You are lying to me!" "I..." Eason couldn't speak. He could only stare at Talia angrily, blaming her for coming at the wrong time. Talia's face was ferocious, "Eason, what is the look in your eyes? I tell you, don't even think about divorce!"

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10 Facts About Maria Sharapova That Will Surprise You

Unless he gave her all the property.

Otherwise, she would never divorce!

"Dad, see! Talia doesn't want to get a divorce. So let's forget it. Just keep the current relationship. That's it. I have to go." Violet smiled bitterly, lowered her head, and walked towards Stanley sadly.

Eason wanted to stop her, but was stopped by Talia. So he could only watch her back.

But the moment Violet turned around, there was no some sadness on her face, but only deep sarcasm.

She could even vaguely hear that Eason and Talia were having a fight behind her.

She had just deliberately made a look of regret and loss deliberately, causing Eason to mistakenly think that she still wanted to come back and wanted his love, but Talia messed it up.

Therefore, she believed that starting from today, Eason and Talia would complain each other. Then the life in the Hunt family would be very "lively" in the future.

The more she thought about it, the more she became happy. Violet couldn't help showing a bright smile on her face.

It just so happened that Stanley finished the call at this time. Looking back, seeing her smiling so happily, he raised his eyebrows, "What's the matter?"

Violet didn't hide it from him, and told the prank she had just done.

Stanley chuckled, "Good job."

His sudden compliment made Violet a little embarrassed. She stuck out her tongue.

Stanley looked at the tip of her pink tongue. His eyes darkened, and then he swallowed.

If it weren't for Phoebe's funeral and the occasion was wrong, he would hook her on the back of the head and kiss her fiercely.

"Do you want to stay here for a while?" Stanley put his fist against his lips and cleared his throat, changing the subject.

Violet glanced at the scene outside.

Although it is Phoebe's funeral now, in fact, few people were sincere. They all came here to make friends. The atmosphere was full of commercial interests.

Besides, she didn't come here to make friends or attend the funeral. She just wanted to know the purpose of Eason's invitation to her. Now that she knew it, there was really no need to stay.

"No, let's go." Violet shook her head and replied.

Stanley nodded, took her hand, and left the Hunt's.

Before leaving, Violet took off the white flower on her chest and threw it in the tray of a waiter serving wine.

Stanley did the same.

"Where to go next?" Stanley asked her when they came to the car.

Violet rubbed her temples, "The studio."

"Get in the car." Stanley opened the door of passenger seat for her.

Violet smiled and sat in.

Stanley closed the car door, walked around the front of the car, and got into the driver's seat.

An hour later, they arrived at the studio.

Violet got out of the car, stood on the side of the road, bent over and kissed Stanley on the cheek, "Be careful on the road."

"I will." Stanley smiled happily. Then he rolled down the car window contentedly, and drove away.

Violet kept watching his car go away until she couldn't see it anymore before turning around and entering the building.

When she walked into the studio, Jessie greeted her immediately, "You came back from the funeral so soon?"

"I left in the middle of the funeral." Violet put away the bag while answering her.

"Why?" Jessie followed behind her, a little puzzled.

Violet told her about Eason's idea.

After hearing it, Jessie felt disgusting, "It's too shameless!" \_\_\_\_\_

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### **Chapter 272 George's Call**

"Yeah!" Violet smiled, pulled the chair away and sat down, "Okay, what's the matter?"

"Here is the thing." Violet nodded, "Half an hour ago, Aadam called and asked me how the design of the bidding project was going. But you were not there. I don't know how to answer him."

"It's my fault!" Violet patted her forehead annoyedly, "The design was ready two days ago. I originally wanted to email it to him, but it happened that Phoebe jumped off the building that day, so I forgot it."

With that, she bent over and opened the drawer, took out a design book from the inside, and opened it. Inside were sheets of gorgeous top-notch designs.

It was the first time Jessie saw it. She was shocked instantly, covering her mouth, "God, it's so beautiful!"

Violet smiled, "It has been revised several times. You can reply to Aadam, and make an appointment with him by the way. Then give him the design drawings."

"Okay, I'll make a call now." Jessie made an OK pose, then took out her mobile phone and started calling in front of her.

After a few minutes, the call ended.

Jessie put down the cell phone, "Aadam said he would see you at Lanyun Restaurant at noon tomorrow."

"Why there?" Violet blinked, not understanding.

Jessie stretched, "I asked him. He said he would meet some customers there tomorrow, and then see us together by the way."

"It turned out to be like this. Okay, Got it." Violet nodded.

Jessie picked up the design book, "Then I will take this out and scan it. Email him to let him go through it first. If he thinks something is wrong, you still have time to change it."

"Yeah." Violet responded with a smile.

After Jessie left, Violet sighed slightly, turned on the computer and started working.

However, it didn't take long that the phone on her desk rang.

She picked it up and took a look. When she saw the caller ID, she was a little surprised at first, and then she hesitated. Then she just let the phone rang for a long time but didn't answer it.

The phone rang for a long time and it hung up by itself. Then Violet put the phone back to where it was just now.

But before she could breathe a sigh of relief, the phone rang again. As if she didn't answer it, the people on the other end of the phone wouldn't give up and would keep calling.

In the end, Violet answered the phone.

"Hello?" Violet put the phone to her ear and said in a light voice.

The person on the other end of the phone was silent for a few seconds before speaking, "Violet..."

"George, what's up?" Violet squeezed the phone and asked.

Yes, it was George who called.

Since that night, after he stabbed Stanley and exposed his true face, they had never seen each other again.

Now he called suddenly. Violet didn't know how to face him. He really scared her.

George was wearing a blue and white patient gown, standing in front of a floor-to-ceiling window and watching the drizzle outside. The expression on his face was so calm, "I'm calling to apologize to you."

"Apologize?" Violet was taken aback.

George gave a hmm, raised his hand, and stroked the drops of water on the floor-to-ceiling window glass, "Yes, I apologize for what I did to you. I'm sorry, Violet. I really didn't know I did something like that at the time. I don't want to, but I can't control myself."

Hearing this, Violet sighed. A faint smile appeared on her face, "I've heard Jessie say it. She said that when you were a teenager, your mental state was not right."

After all, he was also poor.

"She told you?" George lowered his eyelids.

Violet nodded, "Yeah, Jessie told me that, just hoping that I wouldn't blame you."

"Really?" George put his hand down, "Violet, will you forgive me?"

Violet leaned back in the chair, "I forgive you, but the premise is that you accept the treatments well abroad, adjust your mental states, and don't be controlled by your own mind in the future."

"Okay." George's spectacles reflected the light, "I will get the treatment well. In fact, my condition has improved during this period of time."

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

"Really?" Violet asked.

George smiled. The laughter was the same as before, full of gentleness, "Really. When I heard Jessie say that you and Mr. Murphy are together now, I'm very calm."

Hearing this, Violet smiled.

Hearing that she was with Stanley, he could be so calm. It seemed that his condition had really improved. Otherwise, he should have become frantic and violent, just like that night.

"Great." The smile on Violet's face became heavier, "It seems that it won't be long before you can return to normal."

"Yes." George adjusted his glasses.

Then, he saw something from the corner of his eye. After a dim light flashed across his eyes, it was fleeting. He smiled kindly and said, "Well, Violet, my psychiatrist is here. I have to hang up. Please help me apologize to Mr. Murphy and tell him that stabbing him was not my intention. I hope he can forgive me."

"Well, I will tell him." Violet responded with a smile.

After George said thanks, he hung up the phone.

Violet took the phone from her ear, smiled, put it back on the desk, and continued to work.

In the afternoon, Stanley came to pick her up.

Violet said goodbye to Jessie and got into Stanley's car.

Stanley looked at her wearing a seat belt and asked, "In a good mood?"

Violet opened her eyes in surprise, "So obvious?"

"Yeah." Stanley nodded and started the car.

Violet rolled down the car window a bit, "Well, George's condition has improved."

Hearing her mentioning George, Stanley narrowed his eyes instantly. A sharp light burst into his eyes, "Did you contact George?"

"No." Violet shook her head, "It was he who called me and apologized to me for what happened last time. He also apologized to you, letting me tell you that it was not his intention to stab you."

After hearing this, Stanley pursed his thin lips and sneered, "Do you believe it?"

"Why not?" Violet turned to look at him, "He was indeed out of control. If he was sober, I believe he would not hurt people with the scalpel."

Stanley didn't speak. He pulled a long face, and his aura was somewhat depressed.

She really trusted George.

Violet knew he was upset, so she stretched out her hand to pull his sleeve, "Are you angry?"

Stanley still did not speak.

Violet withdrew her hand, "I know you must think that I was too gullible and believed that George did not mean it at the time, but it is indeed the case."

"Well." Stanley pinched his eyebrows, "What else did he tell you?"

"He said that his current treatment is very useful, and he can barely stabilize his mental state." Violet said.

Stanley sneered, "You believe it again?"

Violet looked away with a guilty conscience, "I can feel his state has indeed stabilized a lot..."

"I hope so." Stanley turned the steering wheel.

He didn't believe that George could be cured in such a short period of time.

Violet also knew that Stanley didn't believe her, so she sighed inwardly and stopped saying anything. She looked out the window and closed her mouth.

In the car became quiet. Neither of them spoke. It was not until the arrival of the two children that the oppressive silence was broken.

"Mommy, Dad, have you quarreled?" Calvin looked at Stanley in the driver's seat and at Violet in the passenger seat, then he asked curiously.\_\_\_\_

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Chapter 273 The Children's Biological Father

Violet turned her head and smiled at him, "No."

"Then why don't you two talk?" Arya blinked and asked.

Violet looked at Stanley, "Mommy and Dad are thinking about things."

"Well." The two children nodded, indicating that they knew.

Stanley finally spoke at this moment, "Sit down. I have to drive."

Violet also urged the two children quickly, "Sit down quickly and don't move around."

"Yeah." The two children responded obediently, and sat down in the child seat without moving.

Stanley started the car and drove towards the villa.

When they arrived at the villa, the two children happily got out of the car and ran towards the gate of the villa. They quickly ran through the gate and entered the villa.

Violet was not in a hurry, but stood at the gate, waiting for Stanley. He wanted to wait for him to park the car and went in with him.

Therefore, when Stanley came from the garage, he saw her. He was a little surprised, "Why don't you go in?"

"I'm waiting for you." Violet rubbed her cold hands.

It was mid-November now. J City had entered early winter. It was very cold. After staying outdoors for a while, her hands and feet were frozen.

Seeing Violet curling up but still waiting for him here, he frowned. Then he pulled her hand, "Go in."

"Yeah." Hearing the tension and concern in his tone, Violet knew that he was no longer angry with her.

She finally laughed and went into the villa with him.

However, when they walked into the living room, Violet heard a gentle female voice, "What are your names?"

It was Ivy!

She was here!

Violet looked at Stanley immediately, wondering if Ivy was called by him.

But after seeing Stanley's frowning brows and a bit of surprise in his eyes, she understood that Ivy's arrival had nothing to do with him, which made her feel a lot more comfortable.

Violet and Stanley continued to move forward, and finally saw the scene in the living room.

Ivy was sitting on the sofa and looking at the two children with affection. It was obvious that she was just asking the two children.

The two children sat across from her, one alert and the other curious.

It was Calvin who was wary, and Arya who was curious.

Arya tilted her head and looked at Ivy, as if wondering who she was.

Before Arya could ask, Calvin noticed that Violet had come in with Stanley. He quickly pulled Arya off the

sofa and ran towards the two of them, "Mommy, Dad!"

Ivy's eyes dimmed for a moment when she heard the two children call Stanley Dad, but soon she returned to normal. No one saw it.

Violet bent over and touched the heads of the two children, "Slow down."

"Mommy, who is that lady?" Arya turned around and asked while pointing at Ivy.

Violet glanced at Ivy and smiled, "Okay, don't ask. Go upstairs with brother. Calvin, take care of your sister."

Calvin nodded, "Okay, Mommy."

After speaking, he took Arya upstairs.

Stanley walked to the sofa opposite Ivy and sat down, "Why are you here?"

"I heard from Henry that Miss Hunt and her two children moved to your villa. I am curious about Miss Hunt's two children, so I come here and have a look." Ivy looked at Violet, "Miss Hunt, your two children are so cute. What are their names?"

Violet also walked towards the sofa, but instead of sitting with Stanley, she chose to sit alone.

When Stanley saw it, his eyes dimmed. He was a little unhappy, but he didn't say anything.

After Violet sat down and put the bag down, she answered, "Brother is called Calvin, and the sister is called Arya."

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A Pakistani Man Has Accidentally Found A Way Of Earning More

"Calvin, Arya... So good. Especially Calvin, not only does the name sounds nice, but he also looks unusual. It's too similar to Stanley. If it weren't that I knew it's impossible, I would really think Calvin is Stanley's child." Ivy said with a deep smile while holding the water glass.

Stanley crossed legs, "Now Calvin and Arya are my children."

"I'm talking about his biological father." Ivy looked at Stanley, then looked at Violet, "Miss Hunt, is Calvin really Stanley's son?"

"Of course not!" Violet replied with a smile, but she felt so shocked inwardly. She looked down to cover the panic in her eyes.

Damn it! Maybe Ivy doubted the relationship between Calvin and Stanley!

If Ivy really thought so, would she investigate secretly, or do a paternity test or something?

"What is Miss Hunt thinking about?" Ivy took a sip of water and asked again.

Violet shook her head, "Nothing."

"Well." Ivy nodded, and suddenly leaned forward, "Miss Hunt, I want to know who the two children's biological father is and why his two children are so similar to Stanley."

Hearing this, Stanley also looked at Violet.

In fact, he always wanted to know who she had been with before. He didn't mind it. He just wanted to know her past.

Why couldn't he find out the information about the biological father of the two children?

Violet noticed Stanley's gaze. She was in a dilemma for a while. Ivy was deliberately forcing her.

But she couldn't tell them. Because she didn't plan to tell Stanley at this time.

She and Stanley had just been together not long, and their relationship had not stabilized. How could she say it?

"Does Miss Hunt not want to say?" Seeing Violet not speaking, Ivy flashed a shrewd look in her eyes.

Violet stood up and lowered her head, making her face unable to see, "I'm sorry, Miss Ellis, I don't want to mention more about the biological father of the two children for the time being. Sorry."

When she finished speaking, she got up from sofa and went upstairs.

Stanley looked at her figure. He pursed his thin lips. His eyes darkened like an ancient well.

Seeing that he paid so much attention to Violet, Ivy narrowed her eyes, then bit her lip, grinning reluctantly, "Stanley, did I say the wrong thing and mentioned the pain in Miss Hunt's heart?"

Stanley retracted his gaze and turned to her, "Well, you should go back to the hospital."

"But I come here just now." Ivy pursed her mouth, somewhat reluctantly.

Stanley stood up, "It's not time for you to leave the hospital. It's no good for you to leave the hospital for too long. I'll drive you back."

Ivy also helped the sofa to get up, "Stanley, I am about to be discharged from the hospital. After I am discharged, can I live here?"

She looked at him expectantly.

Stanley frowned, "Live here?"

"Yes!" Ivy nodded.

Stanley said, "Haven't I already transferred the Ellis' to you?"

"I don't want to live alone." Ivy grabbed his arm and shook it twice, "My parents are gone. If I face the villa alone, I will be very sad. You should be able to understand me, right?"

Hearing this, Stanley didn't speak, as if he was thinking of something. He pulled his arm out, "Well, after you leave the hospital, I will arrange a room for you."

"Thank you." Ivy smiled happily.

Stanley helped her and walked outside the villa.

Upstairs, Violet stood on a balcony, watching the two leave, feeling somewhat jealous.

But soon she calmed down.

After all, she could understand Stanley. After all, Ivy was sick. If he didn't drive her back, he would not be relieved.

"Mommy, are you looking at Dad and that Miss Ellis?" Calvin came out, standing next to Violet. Then he suddenly said. \_\_\_\_\_

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Chapter 274 Ask Around

Violet was surprised, "Miss Ellis? Baby, do you know her?"

She seemed to have never introduced Ivy to the two children.

Calvin nodded, "Yes, I heard her voice in Godfather's ward that time."

Violet nodded, "Yes, she is Miss Ellis."

"She has a good relationship with Dad?" Calvin asked when he looked up at her.

Violet hesitated for a while, and said, "They're childhood sweethearts."

"Oh." Calvin clenched his small fist, indicating that he knew it.

But the next second, he pouted his mouth again, "I don't like her."

"Why?" Violet looked at him.

If she remembered correctly, this was the second time that Calvin said he didn't like Ivy.

The first time, it was in George's ward.

Calvin looked outside, "She is not a good person. When she was just downstairs, she looked at me and Arya. Her eyes are cold and annoying. She hates me and Arya."

Listening to this, Violet didn't feel too surprised. She squatted down and gently hugged the little guy into her arms, "It's normal, because that she likes your Dad, so she doesn't like you."

Calvin leaned in her arms obediently, "It turned out to be so. I don't like Dad being close to her."

Violet touched his hair, "Okay. This is our adult's business. You kids don't have to worry about it. Go play with Arya for a while. The teacher will be here in a while."

Stanley had already found some teachers for Calvin's elite education yesterday.

Calvin would study today. She hoped the little guy could stick to it.

Calvin went back to the room to find Arya.

Violet didn't stay on the balcony for long. After all, it was a bit cold, so she stood for a while and went back to the room.

At this time, Bella came up and let them go downstairs for dinner.

Violet took the two children downstairs to eat, but Stanley had not yet returned.

It was the first time that they had eaten without Stanley since they moved here. So they felt quite unaccustomed.

After the meal, Calvin's teacher came.

Violet took Arya to listen to the class in the study for a while. Then she felt a headache, so she went out, preparing to bathe Arya.

When she came out after bathing Arya, she heard a car engine outside the villa.

"Mommy, Dad is back?" Arya asked, who had just laid on the bed.

Violet covered her with a quilt, "It should be. Go to sleep. Mommy will go and have a look."

"Yeah." Arya nodded obediently.

Violet gave Arya a kiss on the forehead, gently left the room, and went downstairs.

As soon as she came downstairs, she saw Stanley walking into the living room, wearing only a black shirt, but the original suit was gone.

Seeing this, Violet was a little stunned, guessing the suit's whereabouts. It should be Ivy's side.

It turned out that she wasn't the only one who could get his coat.

"What's the matter? Why are you standing there?" Seeing Violet standing under the stairs and thinking about something, he pulled on his tie while taking the initiative to speak.

Violet shook her head, "Nothing. Why did you come back so late?"

"I stayed with Ivy in the hospital for a while. Then I got to know her condition by the way." Stanley threw his tie on the sofa. After sitting down, he rubbed his eyebrows and replied.

Looking at his somewhat tired face, Violet walked over, stopped behind him, stretched out her hand across the back of the sofa, and massaged his temples for him.

Stanley was startled for a moment, and then he reacted. She was massaging him. His face suddenly softened. Then he closed his eyes and began to enjoy.

Violet saw his cold face become relaxed. Then she asked curiously, "How is Miss Ellis' condition?"

"She is fine, just the eyes!" Stanley said, "Her eyes have to do operation."

Hearing that, Violet paused for a while, but quickly continued to massage his temples again.

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Islamabad Man Earns Thousands Of Dollars Via This App

"The corneas?" She asked again.

Stanley gave a hmm.

Violet remembered what George had told her before that Ivy wanted her corneas. Then her heart sank.

She tentatively said, "When is Miss Ellis planning to have the operation? Does she have corneas?"

"Yes, she will have the operation next month." Stanley opened his eyes.

Violet's heart tightened and then she asked, "Whose corneas?"

"I don't know. The donor's information can't be leaked. I didn't ask Henry." Stanley shook his head lightly.

Violet breathed a sigh of relief and didn't ask.

Ivy would have the operation next month, and there was the donor. It seemed that she had been thinking too much.

But before, she heard Henry said that Ivy had been dissatisfied with the corneas arranged by the hospital, and chose them in person.

"What are you thinking about?" Seeing that Violet hadn't massaged for a while, but her hands were still on his temple, he felt a little weird. He turned to look at her and saw that she was lost in thoughts again.

This was already the third time she was lost in thoughts.

Violet's eyes flickered. Then she came to her sense quickly, "I felt a little tired."

"Sleepy?" Stanley raised his eyebrows.

Violet yawned, "It's kind of."

"Then go upstairs and rest."

After that, he took her hands away from his temple, then got up, took her upstairs.

It was another night of sex.

The next day, Violet came to the studio with soreness. She was teased by Jessie.

Violet patted Jessie, "Okay, don't laugh. Let's go to Lanyun Restaurant and meet Aadam."

"Okay." Jessie said so, but the smile in her eyes couldn't hide.

Violet didn't bother to care about Jessie, picked up the design book and left the studio.

Jessie hurried to follow.



Soon, they arrived at Lanyun Restaurant.

The waiter led the two to a private room, "Mr. Adam is now seeing other customers next door. He will be here in a while."

"Okay." Violet nodded and then came into the private room with Jessie.

After serving tea to the two of them, the waiter left.

Only two of them were left in the room.

Jessie took a sip of black tea, "Violet, I have something to tell you."

"What's the matter?" Violet was looking at the design drawings. Hearing Jessie's words, she raised her head to glance at Jessie and then quickly lowered her head.

Jessie hesitated for two seconds, "I heard that our country wants to create a luxury clothing brand of our own."

"What?" Violet was startled by her news, "Really? Is it reliable?"

"I don't know. I heard about it." Jessie shook her head.

Violet looked at her, "Where did you hear about it? Why haven't I heard of it?"

Jessie rolled her eyes at Violet, "You don't talk about business everywhere. Where can you hear about it?"

"You're right." Violet was speechless

Jessie took another sip of tea, and continued, "Because whether it is clothing, jewelry, shoes, bag or cosmetics, these top luxury brands are basically foreign, but our country only has the Murphy Group. For the clothing, the Murphy Group has not reached Lanshe, either."

"Well, then?" Violet closed the design book.

The clothing company under the Murphy Group had only been established for more than a year. After the show of 'Born of Fire', it was barely established. However, because there were no good designers, the clothing company relied on the Murphy Group to reluctantly let the brand have reached Hongshe, which was far from Lanshe.

Only Lanshe was the real luxury brand. \_\_\_\_\_

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Chapter 275 Investment

"Then the country wants to fully support a clothing company and then turns it into our own luxury brand." Jessie said while turning her teacup.

Violet understood, and nodded, "So it's another competition between major clothing companies, right? As long as it wins, it will be supported. With the support, it can become a luxury brand in a short time."

"Yes, my Violet is smart." Jessie gave Violet a thumbs-up.

In the next door, Stanley, who was talking with a customer, heard this sentence. Then he frowned.

The customer on the opposite side saw him suddenly distracted, and couldn't help but asked in confusion, "What's wrong, Mr. Dixon?"

"Nothing. Go on." Stanley condensed his thoughts, and continued.

Neither Violet nor Jessie knew about this scene.

Violet smiled, supported her head and said, "But why do they have to decide which company by using such methods? Why not directly support the clothing company of the Murphy Group?"

She didn't understand this point.

The clothing brand of Murphy Group was currently Hongshe, which was only one step away to become Lanshe.

With less effort, the clothing brand of the Murphy Group could be turned into Lanshe.

"I have inquired about this. There are two reasons. One of them is that the Murphy Group is a family business and it is impossible for the government to let it participate in the shares. The second is that the Murphy Group's clothing brand is backed by the Murphy Group. There are several good designers, so it can become Lanshe at any time." Jessie replied with a shrug.

Violet nodded, "They wanted to create our first domestic Lanshe clothing brand before the clothing brand of the Murphy Group becomes Lanshe."

"Yes." Jessie took another sip of tea, and then asked, "Violet, are we going to participate in it?" Violet also wanted to, but the next second, she shook her head again, "As you said just now, it's a campaign between companies. We are just a studio. How can we participate?" Of course, she also wanted the support of capital. After all, if she had the support of capital, some people did not dare to ruin her studio. The most important thing was that her studio did not have its own background like the Murphy Group. If her studio wanted to develop well in the country, she could only rely on capital.

"Yeah." Jessie's eyes dimmed in an instant, "I was so excited to inquire for a long time." Violet patted the back of Jessie's hand to comfort her. Jessie suddenly thought of something. She was cheered, "Violet, what if we now transform our studio into a company?"

Violet glanced at Jessie, "Don't blame me for not reminding you. We didn't have any money. The registered capital for opening a studio was 20 million. To transform into a company, the registered capital must be doubled. We can't afford it."

"So we can't go to campaign?" Jessie looked sad.

Violet shrugged, "No, unless we can get investment."

"Hehe, how much investment can we get in our current situation?" Jessie rolled her eyes.

Violet chuckled, "So, let's stop thinking about it. Take it easy."

Jessie sighed and said nothing.

What else could they do if they didn't take it easy?

At this time, the door was suddenly opened. Aadam came in from the outside, with an apologetic smile on his face, "Sorry, sorry, I'm late."

"Never mind." Violet stood up, smiled and made a gesture of inviting, "We have just been here not long. Please have a seat, Aadam."

Jessie pulled out the chair for Aadam.

Aadam thanked her and sat down.

Violet also sat back and handed him the design book, "Aadam, this is the design of the last bidding. Please see if there are any problems."

"I don't need to read it. Mr. Dixon has read the scanned copy yesterday. He is very satisfied." Aadam smiled and put the design book in front of him, without intending to open it.

Violet felt relieved with such trust, and her smile was no longer so polite, so alienated, and became a lot gentler, "It's good if Mr. Dixon is satisfied, then follow-up..."

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"Don't worry. The balance will be transferred to you tomorrow." Aadam replied.

Violet waved, "No, I'm not referring to it. I'm referring to the catwalk."

"Oh, I'm sorry." Aadam scratched his head awkwardly, "I misunderstood. I thought..."

Jessie poured a cup of tea for him, "It's not your fault. Normal people will think that way. Okay, Aadam, let's talk about the catwalk first."

Aadam straightened his tie, "Okay. Regarding the catwalk, we will make some arrangements. Only after the catwalk clothes are made, we will invite you to the scene."

"Okay, I see." Violet nodded.

From the corner of Aadam's eyes, he glanced at the opposite wall, "By the way, Violet, I just heard you talking with Miss Robinson in the next room that you want to transform the studio, right?"

"Yes." Violet paused while drinking tea, "Aadam, what do you ask this for?"

"That's the case. Mr. Dixon said he can invest in you and help you transform." Aadam said with a smile.

Violet's eyes widened in disbelief.

Jessie even exclaimed, "Investment?"

"Yes." Aadam nodded.

Jessie stood up excitedly, "Really?"

"Of course, Mr. Dixon values the talent of Violet very much, so we want to support you." Aadam said.

Jessie excitedly took Violet's hand, "Violet, did you hear it?"

Violet nodded blankly, "I heard it."

She also didn't expect that the dream would come true so quickly.

Just now, she was still telling Jessie that she had no money to transform the studio, and she couldn't attract investment. But the next moment, the investment came to her. Was she too lucky?

"Great, this is really great. Thank you Aadam." Jessie happily jumped twice.

Aadam wiped the sweat, "Miss Robinson, if you want to thank someone, just thank Mr. Dixon. I'm just a secretary. It's useless to thank me."

"Yes, yes, I made a mistake." Jessie was reminded by him and patted her forehead, "Then Aadam, can you take us to see Mr. Dixon? We want to personally thank him."

"Yes." Violet looked at Aadam and also wanted to thank Mr. Dixon in person.

However, Aadam coughed uncomfortably, "Mr. Dixon is still talking with customers. He doesn't have time to see you guys. The next time."

"Well." Violet nodded without any doubts. She only felt a little regretful.

Jessie also sighed regretfully, "Okay. But it's about investment..."

"As for the investment, Mr. Dixon has given me full authority. The initial investment is this amount."

Aadam raised a finger.

Jessie blinked, with a subtle expression, "Ten million?"

Aadam shook his head.

Violet flashed a glimpse of light in her eyes, and boldly guessed, "A hundred million?"

When Jessie heard Violet's words, she stared at Aadam quickly, wondering if it was true.

Aadam smiled and nodded, and then put his finger down, "Yes, it is 100 million. If it is not enough, we can add more."

"It's enough!" Without waiting for Violet to speak, Jessie jumped up excitedly again, "We don't need 100 million. Just 50 million is enough." \_\_\_\_\_

Next chapter