

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

### **Chapter 411 Her Memory Came Back**

Stanley's face sank slightly, "What do you want to say?"

Violet put her hand down, "What I want to say is very simple. Stanley, since I am still your wife, I have the right to ask you to transfer her away from you. I won't let you fire her. I just want you transfer her away, far away. She can't be allowed to go here."

"Violet, you deliberately target me!" Ivy glared at her unwillingly.

Violet smiled, "Yes, I just target you. I just can't accept a woman who has dirty thoughts about my husband to stay with my husband. If you are unwilling, you can continue to oppose it. It's up to you. But don't you feel ashamed?"

"You..." Ivy was so angry.

Violet ignored her and looked at Stanley, "Do you agree? If you don't agree, juts divorce. Then I don't have to see it. You can do whatever you want. I won't care about it anymore."

Stanley pursed his lips, "Fraser."

Fraser came to his senses, "Mr. Murphy."

"Take Ivy to the personnel department and arrange another post for her." Stanley said while rubbing his temples.

Fraser nodded and responded, "Yes."

"Stanley..." Ivy looked at Stanley incredulously.

However, Stanley didn't look at her. He just walked to the office.

Violet snorted, and also walked to his office

There were only two people left, Fraser and Ivy.

Fraser made a posture of inviting, "Miss Ellis, let's go."

Ivy stomped angrily, "I just put something in Stanley's office. But she drove me away like this."

Fraser rolled his eyes inwardly.

Just put something in the office?

Except for Mr. Murphy, everyone could see her thoughts. Like what Mrs. Murphy said, Ivy just wanted to make people misunderstand the relationship between her and Mr. Murphy.

She had such a big ambition. It was no wonder that she angered Mrs. Murphy.

Ivy deserved it too!

Violet followed Stanley into the office.

Violet looked at him, "Where is the evidence?"

Stanley didn't speak, but he just turned on the computer, "See it for yourself."

Violet walked over suspiciously and looked at the computer screen. A video shot by a mobile phone was played on the screen. In the video, she saw a pair of men and women who looked similar to Stanley crossing the street hand in hand when suddenly a red car rammed into the man and woman.

The man and woman were knocked out and fell to the ground, blood spreading under them.

At this moment, the camera of the video moved forward. A mother and a daughter got off the red car and walked towards the man and woman in horror, and then the video came to an abrupt end.

"How come..." Violet took two steps back in disbelief.

She knew the pair of mother and daughter who got off the red car.

That mother was her mother, and the little girl was herself.

Her mother actually killed Stanley's parents!

Violet felt cold. She turned her neck stiffly to look at Stanley.

Stanley also looked at her, "Now you still insist that your mother didn't kill anyone?"

"I..." Violet's mouth trembled. She couldn't answer.

Because the truth was right before her eyes. What else could she say?

This video reminded her of the nightmare of last night.

The nightmare was similar to the content on this video.

So why did she have such a dream?

Or was it not a dream, but her memory?

Eason said that she had forgotten something. George also said that her headache was caused by losing

memory. So was it this memory?

But why did she forget it?

Thinking about it, Violet felt head hurt.

Twins Who Turned Child Stardom Into Two Luxury Fashion Lines

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

She held her head. Her face was full of pain.

Seeing this, Stanley was anxious and asked, "What's the matter with you?"

"My head hurts!" Violet knelt down in pain.

The headache this time was worse than before. In pain, she was gasping for breath. The cold sweat broke out on her forehead.

This was more than that. The pictures in her mind flickered more frequently. One by one constantly impacted her mind, making her completely unbearable.

Finally, Violet fainted in pain and fell to the ground.

"Violet!" Stanley was stunned. He quickly stepped forward to help her up and patted her face lightly, trying to wake her up.

But Violet seemed to be immersed in a nightmare. She frowned, but was just unable to wake up.

Stanley hugged her up with a tight face, and walked towards the sofa quickly.

After putting her on the sofa, he took out his cell phone to call Fraser.

"Call a doctor to come up." Stanley commanded in a deep voice. There was a trace of worry in his tone.

"Okay." Fraser swallowed.

Did Mr. Murphy and Mrs. Murphy have a fight in the office?

Then Mr. Murphy accidentally injured Mrs. Murphy?

If this was the case, Mr. Murphy would be a truly violent man.

Fraser didn't dare to think about it anymore. He hurried to arrange a doctor.

Soon, the doctor came.

Stanley asked him to check Violet.

When the doctor finished checking, Stanley clenched his fists and asked, "What's wrong with her?"

The doctor didn't know the relationship between Violet and Stanley, so he didn't dare to call Violet

indiscriminately. He just replied respectfully, "This lady is fine. She fainted because she got stimulated.

She will be fine when she wakes up."

Hearing this, Stanley heaved a sigh of relief, "I see. You can go out."

"Yes." The doctor replied, and walked away with his medicine box on his back.

The office fell silent again.

Stanley rubbed his eyebrows, sat down opposite Violet, and stared at her quietly.

After a long time, Violet suddenly sat up, and shouted with an uneasy face, "No!"

Stanley was startled by her. He frowned, "Do you woke up?"

Violet didn't respond, but just sat there blankly.

When Stanley saw this, a trace of doubt flashed in his eyes, "What's the matter with you?"

"..." Violet still didn't answer, but she laughed very happily.

Stanley pursed his lips, "What are you laughing at?"

This time, Violet finally reacted. She raised her arm to wipe away the tears, and replied him while

watching him, "I'm happy, so I laughed. Stanley, my mother didn't kill your parents!"

The coma just now reminded her of that memory eighteen years ago.

Yes, she did forget it. It was her mother who hired a hypnotist to make her forget it.

But just now, she remembered it all.

Stanley's face sank. He stood up, "Violet, you have seen the evidence, but you still refuse to admit it!"

"Because my mother hadn't done it. How can I admit it?" Violet also got off the sofa and stood on the

ground, staring at him calmly, "I told you yesterday I let George hypnotize me to see if there is any

problem with my memory. Now I tell you that there are indeed some problems with my memory, but it

comes back."

"What do you mean?" Stanley squinted.

Violet took a deep breath, "It means I have already recalled all the truth."

"Recall?" Stanley was startled slightly, "So you meant that you forgot the memory of you and your

mother killing my parents?"

"You're wrong. My mother and I didn't kill your parents. How many times do you want me to say it?"

Violet replied loudly.

Stanley's thin lips were a little bit cold. He pulled a long face.

Violet snorted and pointed to the computer, "The people in the video just now are indeed my mother

and me. I witnessed your parents' tragic situation that day and was terribly scared because I had never seen that kind of sight. After I went back, I kept having nightmares and my mental state was seriously affected."

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Speaking of this, she paused a bit sadly before continuing, "My mother was afraid that I might get depression or autism if I went on like this, so she hired a hypnotist to make me forget it."

In order to prevent her from feeling that there was a gap in the memory, her mother specially asked the hypnotist to make up a good memory for her, and the illusion that she hated red.

"In other words, I have already remembered everything that happened that day. I said it again! It was not my mother who killed your parents." Violet looked at Stanley. "That red car! You tell me it's not your mother's car?" Stanley swallowed. His voice was a little hoarse.

Violet closed her eyes and said, "It's not my mother's car. My mother just happened to drive the same car with the murderer. That car was a Mercedes-Benz 300, which was the hot-selling model of the year in J City. Not only my mom bought that car. You can go to the car company to check who those buyers are."

"Just according to this, you think your mother isn't the suspect?" Stanley said coldly.

Violet shook her head, "Of course not. It was the day of my elementary school dance competition. My mother drove to pick me up. On the way, my mother and Eason quarreled because of something, so she didn't watch the way.... Then she drove over your father's legs." When Stanley heard this, his face suddenly became extremely cold, "Then you still say..."

"I said she drove over your father's legs. At that time, your parents had been hit to death. My mother didn't know it at the time, so she stopped quickly and wanted to save them. But how can she save already dead people?"

Violet pointed her finger at his chest, "Stanley, tell me how to save the dead people?"

Stanley's thin lips moved but he didn't speak.

Violet put her hand down, "My mother recognized them as your parents later. She was always sorry that she couldn't save them. This is the reason why she went to find your grandfather on October 9th every year."

"No..." Stanley spit out a word from his thin lips. His face was full of disbelief.

He was unwilling to believe the truth which was completely contrary to what he saw.

Violet said coldly, "No what? You think I'm not right, so you can't accept it?"

Stanley was stunned and then looked at her.

Violet laughed mockingly, "But this is the truth. Your video is real, but the person who filmed it is obviously has bad intentions. First of all, it's the car who rammed into your parents and the car my mother drove. Do you find that that person didn't take the picture of the license plates of the two cars?"

Stanley's face changed.

Violet said again, "More than that, the red car that hit your parents didn't stop after hitting them.

Instead, it drove away. The person who was filming didn't continue to shoot the car, but just fixed the camera on your parents. Later, my mom's car appeared."

"I just said that when my mom drove over your dad's legs, your parents had already had an accident.

Then why didn't this scene appear in the video? There are two reasons. Either the video was edited or the scene was not filmed."

These words were like a heavy hammer, which hit Stanley's heart fiercely.

His clenched fists were shaking.  
Yes, there were so many loopholes, but he never thought about it.  
"In addition, there is another most important doubt. I don't know if you have thought about it." Violet looked at him.  
Stanley said, "Say."  
"That's your grandpa. If my mother really killed your parents, do you think your grandpa would let her go? Why did your grandpa want to accept my mother as his goddaughter?" Violet said with red eyes.  
Stanley slumped back on the sofa helplessly, "Sorry..."  
He really didn't think about these.  
When he saw that video, his sanity was completely controlled by the hatred. He didn't have the mood to think about those.  
It was his fault.  
Seeing him like this, Violet felt a little uncomfortable.  
But she wouldn't pity him or sympathize with him.  
Because she couldn't let go of the harm he gave to her during this time.  
"What I said is true. If you don't believe it, please check it yourself.  
According to these loopholes, I think you should be able to find something out. In addition, I will provide you with a clue about the murderer."  
Violet picked up the bag on the sofa and put it over her shoulders.  
Stanley raised his head, "What?"  
"On one occasion eighteen years ago, I heard my mother say that your grandpa had already found out the murderer at the time, but she didn't know why he let go of the murderer, and still destroyed all the surveillance on that road and all red cars at home. There should be few people who can make your grandpa do this."

**The Criminal Minds Cast: Where Are They Now?**

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

After speaking, Violet left.

She knew that he needed to calm down.

She also needed it.

Not long after Violet left, Stanley slammed a fist on the coffee table. His hand suddenly became bloody.

But as if he couldn't feel hurt, he spit out the word from his teeth, "Sam!"

His father was dead, then Sam was the only son of his grandfather. So only Sam could make Grandpa to do this for him.

Otherwise, why would Grandpa destroy the red cars at home?

Stanley knew that Violet was not talking nonsense.

He also knew about the destruction of the red cars, but he didn't know the reason.

Everything worked out now.

It was Sam who sent someone to kill Stanley's parents for the inheritance of the Murphy Group.

Because eighteen years ago, Grandpa was sick and retired from the Murphy Group, wanting to let

Stanley's father inherit the Murphy Group.

Sam had also fought for it back then, but he was suppressed by Grandpa.

Then Sam would probably have

a grudge against Stanley's parents. Because only Stanley's father died, Sam could be the only son of the

Murphy family. Then only he could inherit the Murphy Group.

But Sam never thought that Grandpa continued to manage the Murphy Group with the illness, and didn't

give him the Murphy Group. When Stanley became an adult, Grandpa gave him the Murphy Group.

During this period, Sam protested. But every time he was firmly suppressed by Grandpa.

Stanley had never figured out one thing, which was that Sam could

defeat Grandpa several times, but in

the end he would give up. Now, Stanley knew it. Grandpa suppressed

Sam with the evidence of killing his parents.

"Haha..." Stanley raised his arm to cover his eyes, and made a frightening low laugh.

He probably knew what Grandpa's will was.

It was the evidence that Sam killed his parents, so Sam and his family desperately wanted to get the will.

Well, well! Sam, his family and Grandpa! They were really good!

Stanley's laughter gradually increased, but his laughter was full of sorrow.



He knew that Sam and Ivan were not good people, but he never thought that they were the murderers of his parents.

Sam was his father's brother! How could Sam kill his little brother!

Of course, it was Grandpa who disappointed Stanley the most.

In order to keep Sam, the only son, he chose to ignore the death of the other son.

No wonder Grandpa would say that he felt most sorry for him when he committed suicide.

"Ah!" Stanley put his hands down from his eyes, and then madly threw all the things on the coffee table to the ground, as if he was venting his anger.

Crackling.

The glass and porcelain shattered all over the place.

Fraser outside heard it and thought something was wrong. Then he hurried in to check the situation.

"Mr. Murphy, you..." Fraser was stunned. He saw Stanley standing in front of the sofa with his head down and exuding a breath of depression. Fraser couldn't help but felt a little scared.

"Mr. Murphy, are you okay?" Fraser asked.

Stanley's thin lips moved slightly. His voice was cold without a trace of emotion, "I want to see Grandpa's assistant."

"Okay, I will make arrangements." Fraser nodded immediately without asking the reason. \_\_\_\_

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Chapter 413 Moved Away

Stanley went to the place where his grandfather's assistant lived.

He stayed there for a long time and asked a lot of questions.

The final answer was almost the same as Violet said and what he guessed. The death of his parents was not caused by Lily, but by people from Sam.

This result caused Stanley to be greatly shocked. When he came out of the assistant's residence, his steps were messy.

When he went downstairs, he almost fell. Fortunately, Fraser helped him in time to avoid such consequences.

"Mr. Murphy, shall we go back to the villa?" Fraser looked at Stanley, feeling sorry.

Only then did he know that Stanley's parents were killed by Sam, not Violet's mother.

During that time, everything Mr. Murphy did to Violet became a joke and became a harm to Violet.

Therefore, he could guess how uncomfortable and upset Mr. Murphy was at this moment.

"Go back to the villa." Stanley shook his head and said hoarsely.

He was going back to see Violet and wanted to apologize to her.

He wanted her to know that he was really wrong.

"Okay." Fraser helped Stanley into the car and drove to the villa.

When they returned to the villa, it was already dark.

Stanley walked in. The villa was empty and very quiet. If it weren't for the movement in the kitchen, he

would have thought that there was no one living here.

"Bella!" Stanley shouted.

Bella in the kitchen heard the sound and ran out quickly, "Mr. Murphy, you're back!"

"Where is Violet?" Stanley asked instead of answering.

At this time, Violet should be at home with the two children. But when he came in just now, he did not

see the shoes of the three of them at the door.

Could it be that they hadn't come back yet?

Hearing it, Bella suddenly became anxious, "Mr. Murphy, please invite Mrs. Murphy back. In the

afternoon, she came back while crying. Then she moved everything

away, and moved back to the

previous apartment."

"What?" Stanley was dumbfounded, "She moved back?"

"Yeah, no matter what I said, she insisted moving away. Mr. Murphy, please persuade her to come

back." Bella nodded.

Stanley's thin lips pressed into a straight line. He was just about to say something.

Bella thought of something again and pointed upstairs, "By the way, Mrs. Murphy said that she had left

something for you in the room before she left. She said that if you come back, you must go and see it."

Hearing this, Stanley immediately walked upstairs, and soon he came to the room.

Stanley opened the door. The room was quiet, with all the furnishings inside. Everything was there, except Violet's things disappeared.

She really took away all her belongings and didn't leave them at all!

Stanley's face sank. There was a feeling of emptiness in his heart.

He stood on the spot, looked around the room, and finally saw on the bed what might have been left to him by Violet.

He walked over. It was a file bag.

This file bag reminded him of the divorce agreement he saw that day. So inside...

Stanley squinted his eyes, picked up the file bag and opened it.

Sure enough, there was another divorce agreement inside.

Stanley was very angry. He directly pulled out the divorce agreement, tore it to pieces again, and threw them into the air.

Among the pieces, his expressionless face was looming, making people feel scared.

He would never divorce.

When he thought it was Lily who killed his parents, he didn't even think about divorcing her.

Now that he knew it was a misunderstanding, how could he get a divorce?

Thinking of this, Stanley turned around and went downstairs towards the door.

Bella looked at him and shouted, "Mr. Murphy, where are you going?"

"Bring them back." Stanley replied in a deep voice, then slammed the door of the villa.

Bella smiled.

She could see that Mr. Murphy's attitude had changed. He had changed back to the previous him.

Although she didn't know what happened and made him change, she thought it was a good thing.

Stanley drove to the apartment.

It was fifty-minutes' drive. But he just spent half an hour. The traffic police chased him all the way.

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

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

Finally, Stanley was given two tickets before leaving.

Stanley looked at the tickets in his hand, pursed his thin lips, stuffed the tickets into his suit pocket, and entered the apartment building.

In the apartment, Violet and the two children were eating.

When the doorbell rang, they all turned their heads to look at the door.

"Mommy, I'll open the door." Calvin said and was about to climb down the chair.

Violet stopped him, "You continue eating. Mommy will get the door."

It was night. She really didn't dare to let the children open the door.

No matter how smart Calvin was, he was still a little child. He couldn't beat an adult.

Violet comforted the two children, put down her chopsticks and went to the door.

When she arrived at the door, she opened the surveillance and wanted to see who was coming.

However, when she saw that the person in the video was Stanley, she was stunned.

Why was he here?

Violet pursed her red lips, wondering if she should open the door.

Stanley outside seemed to feel her gaze. He raised his head and looked at the monitor on his head,

"Open the door."

Violet knew that he was talking to herself. She bit her lip and replied,

"No. You just go back."

"Open the door!" Stanley said again.

Violet frowned, "Stanley, what the hell do you want to do? At this time, shouldn't you go to verify what I

said during the day? What are you doing here?"

"I've checked it." Stanley said. His voice was low.

Violet was startled.

So fast?

"Really? So what about the results? Is that what I said is not true, or..."

"What you said is true." Stanley interrupted her.

Violet's eyes were red in an instant. She wanted to cry.

But she raised her head and took a breath. She didn't let the tears roll down. Then she said with sobs,

"Really? What do you want to do now?"

"I want to apologize to you." Stanley didn't hide it. He directly said his intentions.

Violet smiled mockingly, "Why do I have to accept your apology? Can the hurt and pain you bring me during this period of time be offset by an apology? I tell you it's not that simple."

"I know." Stanley looked down.

He was already mentally prepared that his apology would not be accepted by her.

But he had to apologize.

"Since you know it, just go back." Violet said.

Stanley didn't move.

Violet frowned, "Stanley, don't tell me that you want to stand outside forever!"

"I want to see you." Stanley said.

Violet heard what he meant.

That was to say if she didn't open the door and didn't let him see her, he wouldn't leave.

Violet was pissed off by him.

When did he learn such a shameless behavior?

Threaten her? Did he think she was afraid?

"Well, since you want to stand there, just stand there." After Violet said this, she turned off the surveillance and went back to the dining room.

Seeing that the two children were not eating but staring at her, Violet pulled away the chair and sat down, feeling helpless, "What's the matter?"

"Mommy, is it Dad?" Arya asked with blinking her eyes.

Although Calvin didn't speak, he also wanted to ask it.

Violet didn't want to hide the two children. She touched Arya's head and replied with a faint smile, "You

can't call him Dad anymore. You have to call him Uncle Murphy."

Although she had cleared up the misunderstanding that her mother killed his parents, she still decided to divorce Stanley.

Although Arya was reluctant to change, she still gave an obedient hmm when she saw Mommy's serious face.

"Mommy, what is Uncle Murphy doing here?" Calvin asked. \_\_\_\_\_

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Chapter 414 Come to Apologize

"I don't know. I didn't ask him." Violet looked down and lied. Calvin noticed it, but he didn't expose her. He just nodded, "Got it." "Mommy, don't you let Uncle Murphy come in?" Arya asked after taking a sip of soup with a spoon. Violet shook her head, "No. You guys are not allowed to open the door. Got it?" "Yeah." Arya replied and stopped asking. The dinner was still going on. Stanley also continued to stand outside. He knew that Violet wouldn't open the door, and it would be in vain to wait here. But he still didn't plan to leave. In his opinion, it was her business whether she would open the door or not. But if he didn't stand here, it would mean that his apology was not sincere.

Since he came here to apologize, he would naturally show his sincerity. Stanley leaned against the wall to smoke. He was smoking one by one. Soon, there were several cigarette butts piled on the ground. At this time, his phone rang. Stanley threw away his cigarette butt and took out his cell phone to look at it. It was Henry who called. "What's the matter?" Stanley's voice was still a little hoarse at the moment because he smoked too much.

"Staley, you have to come to the hospital for the last checkup. Why haven't you come yet?" Henry asked on the phone. Stanley rubbed his eyebrows, "I forgot it." He really forgot it. "I just know it. When will you come?" Henry checked his watch. Stanley turned his head and glanced at the closed apartment door, pursing his lips. Then he said, "I can't go to the hospital today."

"Why?" Henry was puzzled.

Stanley raised his head slightly, put the back of his head against the wall and looked at the ceiling. His

eyes were full of guilt, "I have to apologize to Violet."

"Apologize?" Henry was dumbfounded, "What happened? Did you do something to her?"

"No, it's about my parents' business. I wronged my mother-in-law."

Stanley pursed his lips and said softly.

Henry stood up from the chair all of a sudden, "What? Wronged?"

"Um."

"How could you get her wronged? How are you sure?" Henry was very curious.

Stanley briefly told Henry what Violet said to him during the day.

After Henry heard it, it took a while before he came back to his senses, "Wait a minute! What you mean

is that Violet lost that memory before, but she suddenly remembered it during the day, and then told

you everything that year. Then you went to find your grandpa's assistant to check and confirmed that it's

someone else who killed your parents?"

"Yes." Stanley nodded.

Henry took a sigh of relief, "God! It turned to be like this. So unexpected! It seems that the person who

sent you the video aims to make you and Violet break up. But why does that person want you two to

break up? What good is it for that person if you two break up?"

Stanley closed his eyes. When he opened them again, his eyes were full of coldness, "I want to know it,

too."

If the person behind the scene had a grudge with him, he could directly attack him or the Murphy Group.

Why did he start with Violet first?

"Have you found out who sent the video?" Henry asked.

Stanley shook his head, "No."

"I remember there was a super hacker next to you. The last time when Violet was kidnapped by Ivan, it

was the hacker who helped you. If you ask the hacker to help you again, you will definitely find out the

person who sent that email. "Henry suggested. Stanley squinted, "It's useless. I have looked for another hacker to investigate. He found out that the email was sent from an Internet cafe." "Uh..." Henry was speechless, "It seems that the person behind the scene is quite cautious." Stanley didn't speak. For some reason, he felt his head a little dizzy. Then his vision became a little blurred. "Stanley, are you still there?" Henry called out a few times when there was no voice on the phone. Stanley shook his head, barely sobering his dizzy brain, "What?" "Nothing. You suddenly stopped talking. I thought something happened to you." "I'm fine." "Okay. I have to hang up first. I will accompany Ivy to have dinner later." Henry said.

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Stanley gave a hmm and then hung up the phone. He rubbed his temples and stuffed the phone into his pocket. But his dizzy head again made his hands and feet weak, and the phone couldn't be stuffed into his pocket. Finally, the phone fell from the edge of the pocket and fell to the ground with a clatter. Stanley frowned, bent over and stretched out his hand to pick it up. However, just before he bent to get the phone, he suddenly couldn't see anything. Immediately afterwards, Stanley thumped to the ground and fainted. Violet, who was washing the dishes in the kitchen, suddenly heard the sound. She subconsciously stopped the movements in her hands. "What sound?" She murmured, feeling a little uneasy. Afterwards, she washed away the foam in her hand and came out from the kitchen. Seeing the two children watching cartoons on the sofa, she asked softly, "Sweeties, do you hear any noise?" "Yeah." Calvin nodded.



Arya described in detail, "It was the sound of hitting the wall, coming from outside."

She pointed outside.

Violet looked towards the door, with a slight worry on her face.

Did Stanley make it?

If he left, it should not be him.

But if he didn't leave...

Violet didn't think about it anymore. After hesitating for a while, she walked towards the door, ready to

open the door to see what was going on outside and whether he was still there.

The two children looked at each other, quickly got off the sofa and then followed Violet.

The door was opened. Violet looked out and saw the unconscious man lying on the ground. Her face changed drastically.

"Stanley!" Violet hurried out to check his condition.

Stanley had a fever. His forehead was very hot, and his breathing was short.

Violet was angry and worried.

He had a fever but still ran out and had been standing outside for so long.

Didn't he know that the weather was getting colder now?

"Mommy, what's wrong with Uncle Murphy?" Arya asked with red eyes while grabbing the door frame.

"He is okay. It's just that he has a fever." After Violet answered the little girl, she helped Stanley up from the ground.

The sound she heard just now was probably from when he fell to the ground.

Fortunately, she came out in time to check. Otherwise, he would lie here until tomorrow morning.

A patient with a high fever was lying on the cold ground all night. Either he became a fool or died.

Fortunately, she came out.

Violet felt lingering fear. Then she helped Stanley into the room, put him on the bed, and covered him with a quilt.

"Calvin, call the property and ask them to arrange a doctor to come up."  
Violet touched Stanley's

forehead and said to the two children who followed in.

Calvin nodded, "Got it."

After speaking, he turned and went to the living room to make the call with the landline.

Arya was his shadow, so she naturally followed him.

Violet took away her hand from Stanley's forehead. Her pretty face was full of worry.

It was so hot. Obviously, he had a fever for a long time.

Didn't the people around him notice it?

Violet sighed, went to the kitchen refrigerator to get ice cubes, wrapped them in a towel, and put them

on Stanley's forehead to cool him down.

She hoped this could alleviate his discomfort a little bit.

After that, she could do nothing but wait for the doctor to arrive.

The doctor came quickly. After giving Stanley an injection and an infusion, he prescribed a lot of

medicine.

Violet felt terrible when she just looking at it. \_\_\_\_\_

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Chapter 415 High Fever

"Doctor, is he okay?" Violet glanced at the less painful man who didn't frown and then asked.

The doctor closed his medicine box and said, "He's okay. After finishing the infusion, his fever will almost

go away. Let him rest. I think he is a little weak and hasn't rested much recently. Besides, it's cold

outside, so he has a fever."

Didn't rest much?

Violet's eyes flashed.

It turned out that it was not just herself who didn't have a good rest. He hadn't taken a good rest either.

After all, no matter who encountered such a thing, they couldn't sleep well in peace of mind.

"I see. Thank you, doctor." Violet forced a smile and walked the doctor out.

After that, she returned to the bedroom.

The two children were taking off their shoes and crawling onto the bed.

Seeing this, Violet quickly put a finger against to her lips, "You two behave well. Don't disturb Uncle Murphy. He's sick, and has to take a good rest."

"I see. We won't disturb him. We just want to take a look." Arya sat beside Stanley, staring at Stanley's face and replied.

Violet smiled, "Well, come out in a while. Don't disturb Uncle Murphy's rest. I have to wash the dishes."

"Yeah." The two children nodded together.

Violet went to the kitchen.

When she finished washing the dishes and came out, it was already nine o'clock in the evening.

When it was time for the two children to go to bed, seeing that they had not come out of the bedroom,

Violet planned to call them out for a bath.

Unexpectedly, when she opened the door and went in, she saw that the two children were already lying obediently beside Stanley and fell asleep. Their sleeping faces were very cute.

Violet looked at this scene and felt so soft.

But soon, she felt sorry again.

Neither of her children was actually Stanley's.

Sighing slightly, Violet didn't wake up the two children. She just let them sleep here.

Anyway, Stanley would definitely sleep until the next day. She didn't worry that the two children would disturb him when they fell asleep.

So Violet gently closed the door, walked out, and slept in the room of the two children all night.

When Stanley woke up the next day, he saw a lovely face.

It was Arya.

Seeing him wake up, Arya jumped out of bed in surprise, ran out of the room, and shouted as she ran,

"Mommy, Uncle Murphy is awake."

When Stanley heard Arya call him Uncle Murphy, the gentleness in his eyes completely disappeared. He was flustered instead.

After Calvin, Arya now also called him Uncle Murphy.

He... really hurt the three of them.

Stanley pursed his lips. There was a lonely and depressed breath exuding from him.

"Wake up?" Suddenly, Violet's voice came from behind.

Stanley sat up and turned his head to look.

Violet brought in a water glass and the two children also followed in.

"Are you still dizzy?" She asked Stanley while passing over the water glass.

Stanley took the water glass and shook his head. His voice was hoarse, "A little."

"Drink some water." Violet reminded.

Stanley gave a hmm, raised his head and drank a few sips of water.

The water was warm, with a little salty taste.

Stanley looked at her in confusion.

Violet explained, "After the high fever, you will definitely dehydrate. I put some salt in it, which is good for you."

Stanley nodded, "Thank you."

"You're welcome." Violet took over the water glass, "In the morning, I already called Fraser. He will come to pick you up in a while. Get up to freshen up yourself and eat breakfast first, and then take your medicine after breakfast."

After speaking, Violet went out with the water glass.

The two children didn't follow her out, but stood by the bed and looked at him together.

Stanley looked at the two children, feeling very uncomfortable.

If it was in the past, the two children would rush over enthusiastically and let him hug whenever they saw him, especially Arya.

But now, Arya just stood here, and even called him Uncle Murphy.

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

Will Admitted That Hearing His 15-Year-Old's Confessions Was Hard

This made Stanley feel so upset.

"You..." Stanley's throat moved. He wanted to say something.

Calvin held Arya's hand and spoke first, "Uncle Murphy, get up quickly.

The breakfast is going to be cold."

Then, he took Arya out.

Stanley looked at the backs of the two children, with mocking smile on his face.

Now his wife alienated him, and the two children were not close to him. He seemed like so lonely.

He asked for it!

Stanley leaned on the bed, closed his eyes, and pinched the bridge of his nose.

After a while, he opened his eyes again. A trace of determination flashed in his eyes.

No matter what, he must ask Violet to forgive him and let the three of them go back with him.

Stanley lifted the quilt, put on his shoes and walked out of the bedroom. Violet was sitting at the dining table and taking care of the two children for breakfast. When she saw him

coming out, she pointed to the bathroom, "All the toiletries are in it. You can just go in directly."

Stanley gave a hmm and walked towards the bathroom.

Violet stopped looking at him, turned her gaze back, and continued to urge the two children to have breakfast.

By the time Stanley finished washing, the two children had finished breakfast.

Violet picked up their little schoolbags, helped them to put on, and then took a look at the time.

She was wondering why Jessie hadn't come yet, then the doorbell rang. "It should be Jessie. Go." Violet took the two children and walked towards the door.

Stanley hesitated and followed.

Hearing his footsteps, Violet knew that he was also coming over. But she just ignored him.

The door was opened. Jessie stood outside, "Hi, good morning."

"Morning." Violet greeted with a smile back.

The two children also greeted Jessie sweetly.

Jessie touched the foreheads of the two children, only to see that there was another person behind

Violet. Then she asked in surprise, "Mr. Murphy?"

Stanley nodded slightly as a response.

Jessie looked at him suspiciously, then at Violet, "Violet, did you and Mr. Murphy get back together?"

"No." Violet directly shook her head and replied.

Stanley's eyes dimmed for a moment, but he didn't refute it.

After all, they really didn't get back together.

"Then why are you..." Jessie pointed at them two, still wanting to ask some questions.

Violet pushed the two children into Jessie's arms, "Well, it's getting late. They will be late for school.

Jessie, thank you so much today. I will go to the company later."

"Okay." Jessie nodded and took the two children towards the elevator.

Violet closed the door.

Stanley asked, "Are you busy today?"

"Yeah, the international competition is about to start in one week. I'm going to Design Association for a meeting, so I don't have time to drive the two children to school. I asked Jessie for help." Violet explained quietly.

Stanley didn't ask anymore.

Violet walked to the dining table and began to clean up the dishes for herself and the two children. "Mr.

Murphy, your breakfast is here. You haven't eaten it. You can eat it first."

"What did you call me?" Stanley said in a harsh voice.

Violet lowered her eyes and repeated, "Mr. Murphy!"

"I'm your husband." Stanley pursed his thin lips and looked at her, feeling unhappy.

He was her husband, but she called him so politely and was so alienated to him.

Violet put down the dishes and looked at him calmly, "You won't be my husband soon. I left a new

divorce agreement for you in the villa room. I think you should have seen it. Even if you didn't see it,

Bella should also tell you."

"I tore it." Stanley spit out these three words in a calm voice.

Violet frowned, "Why bother? Since we have come to this point, I don't think there is another way apart from divorce."

"No. I know that my previous mistake made you sad. There is nothing wrong with you asking for a divorce, but now that the misunderstanding has been cleared up. Why do you still insist on divorcing?"

Stanley clenched his fists. He couldn't figure it out.

Daddy! Mommy Is Pregnant Again  
Chapter 416 Long Road to Chase Her Back

"It's very simple." Violet took a breath, with a bitter smile on her face, "Because the harm is still in my heart. I can't pretend that nothing happened. I can't! After this incident, I also understand something."

"What?"

Violet lowered her head and smiled, "It's the trust. We do have feelings, but Stanley, don't you think there is a lack of trust between us? In many things, you actually don't believe in me. This is the case this time."

"I really don't trust you enough this time, but there is no next time in the future." Stanley stepped forward and took her hands.

Violet took a step back and avoided him, "Don't promise it too early. Who can predict what will happen in the future? If there is a misunderstanding again, I think you still won't believe me, at least you won't fully believe me."

But what she wanted was just the full trust.

She believed that he couldn't give it to her because of his character and the education he had received since childhood.

Being in the Murphy family, he faced intrigue and conspiracy since he was a child. Except for himself, he would not completely trust anyone. Because he didn't dare to take the Murphy Group to risk. She understood him, so she would not force him to change.

So the best choice for her was to leave him. Then she wouldn't feel sad because her lover didn't fully trust her.

He didn't need to entangle back and forth between believing her and not believing her.

Thinking of this, Violet looked at Stanley and smiled, "So Mr. Murphy, let's divorce. I think we were too impulsive when we got married. We got married as soon as we were together. We didn't even

understand each other. Once there is a conflict, it will cause a huge harm to each other. It's too painful."

"No, I won't divorce!" Stanley took a step forward and hugged her into his arms very tightly, as if to integrate her into his body.

Violet felt a little hurt, but didn't push him away. She just let him hug her.

"Mr. Murphy, just move on! Maybe it's a good thing for us to separate."

Violet said with her chin putting on his shoulder.

Stanley buried his face in her neck. His voice was dull, "No, it's not a good thing. I just know that I can't live without you. If you really want to separate, just kill me. Do you dare?"

He raised his head and looked at her gloomily.

Violet sighed, "Why do you push me?"

"I didn't push you. I just wanted to be with my wife. What's wrong with it?" Stanley tightened her shoulder and said.

Violet closed her eyes tiredly.

Just as she was about to talk, her phone rang.

She pushed him away, took a look at the phone, and quickly answered, "So sorry. I'm coming. Okay, bye!"

Putting down the phone, Violet finally looked up at Stanley, "Mr. Murphy, I have already said so much. I

hope you can think about it. Marriage not only needs love, but also requires courage and trust. We just

lack trust. If the marriage continues, the final ending won't be good."

She picked up the handbag on the sofa, "After you finish your breakfast, you can leave straightly. I will

clean up the dishes at night when I come back."

After speaking, she walked towards the door.

But as soon as she took a step, she was pulled back by Stanley.

"What are you doing... Um..."

Before she could finish her words, her lips were kissed by Stanley.

Violet was taken aback for a moment, then reacted. She was angry, and hurriedly pushed the man away.



The man had expected it a long time ago. He pressed her head tightly so that no matter how hard she struggled, she couldn't get rid of it.

Violet had no way, so she could only bite the man cruelly.

The man let go of her with a grunt.

Violet backed away quickly, staring at the man in shame, "You..."

"You want all the trust? Okay, I can give it to you." Stanley wiped his lips with his thumb and interrupted her.

Violet's eyes widened slightly, but soon she returned to the calm,

"Impossible! You can't do it."

"I can." Stanley pursed his lips. He looked so serious.

Violet felt moved, but she laughed mockingly on her face, "Actions speak louder than words."

"I know. I'll show it to you with actual actions. So don't divorce, okay?"

Stanley looked at her deeply, with a very obvious begging in his tone.

He was begging her!

Such a proud man would beg her not to divorce!

The Criminal Minds Cast: Where Are They Now?

Let's Dive Into J. Lo's Long And Drama-Filled Dating History

At this moment, Violet couldn't deny that she was moved.

But she clenched her fists and reminded herself with pain so that she didn't let herself agree.

However, she didn't refuse, either. She turned and left.

Stanley didn't stop Violet. He watched her leave.

He actually knew that it was the best result that she didn't refuse or agree.

At least, he wouldn't be urged to divorce for the time being.

As for the rest, it depended on his actions.

Maybe he could make her touched one day, then everything would be fine.

Violet left the apartment and drove to Design Association.

On the way, she pursed her lips, wondering whether the chance she gave Stanley was right or wrong.

Yes! The chance!

Stanley's seriousness moved her.

Although she didn't give up the idea of divorcing him, her mind had been swayed.

Therefore, she didn't refuse him but just gave him a chance to make up for the harm to her during this time.

If he did it well, she could forgive him for the sake of the child in her belly.

But if he didn't do it well, she would never sway her idea of divorce.

Because it proved that they were not suitable for being together.

'Stanley, will you disappoint me?'

Violet's eyelashes trembled. She thought without any confidence in her mind.

At noon, Violet came out after the meeting, grabbed a bite outside, and went to the embassy to apply for a visa.

She would go abroad to participate in the competition next Wednesday.

If she applied for the visa now,

she would be able to get it before next Wednesday.

After finishing applying, Violet drove back to the company.

As soon as she entered, the staffs inside looked at her excitedly.

Being stared at like this, Violet was a little uncomfortable. She looked down curiously, thinking that there

was something on her body. But she didn't see anything. So she couldn't help asking, "What's wrong?"

Why are you all looking at me like this?"

"Boss, go to your office to see. There is a surprise." Someone reminded.

"Surprise?" Violet was confused, "What kind of surprise?"

She walked towards her office curiously. The employees behind her were all staring at her.

Under the gaze of everyone, Violet opened the door of the office. Then she was immediately startled by the scene inside.

Her office was filled with bright red roses everywhere. She almost had no place to stand. The whole office became a sea of flowers.

Violet covered her mouth. It took a long time to come back to her senses, "What's going on? Who gave it?"

"Who else can it be? Your husband!" Jessie walked behind Violet with a document.

Violet turned around, "Stanley?"

"Yeah." Jessie nodded, then closed the folder and pulled her aside, "Violet, what the hell is going on with you and Mr. Murphy? Didn't he still give you emotional abuse before? Why did he give you such a lot of flowers?"

Give so many flowers! Besides, he also gave a small gift to every employee in the office. Everyone knew he was chasing Violet.

Violet felt speechless, "Because the misunderstanding was cleared up."

"What?" Jessie blinked, and then asked in surprise, "Your mother is innocent in that incident, right?"

Otherwise, why would Mr. Murphy chase you again?"

Violet nodded, "Yeah."

"What's going on?" Jessie eagerly pulled Violet into her office. \_\_\_\_\_

Daddy! Mommy Is Pregnant Again

Chapter 417 Birthday Gift

Violet felt so speechless, but still told Jessie what happened.

After hearing it, Jessie sighed for a while, "It turned out to be like this.

Fortunately, you found your

memory back in time. Otherwise, it will be just like me and George."

Although, she had been investigating the truth of the year. She wanted to tell George that her parents

had never done anything to harm his parents.

But so far there was no result.

If it weren't for the innocence of herself and her parents, she sometimes wanted to give up.

"I believe that one day, the truth will come to light." Violet calmly patted Jessie on the shoulder.

Jessie smiled and nodded, "I hope so. By the way, are you still planning to divorce Mr. Murphy?"

Violet leaned on the edge of the desk, "I don't know. Before going out this morning, I was actually very determined to get divorced, but Stanley begged me not to divorce him. Then I relented."

"This is love. You love him. That's why you feel relented. In fact, subconsciously, you don't really want to get divorced." Jessie said out Violet's deepest thoughts at once.

Violet didn't deny it. She tucked the hair around her ears, "Perhaps! Did you see the flowers in my office?"

Based on Stanley's own personality, he can't think of such a way to beg me for forgiveness. There must be people around him to help him. If he gives me a few surprises like this, can I hold on not to forgive him?"

"Definitely not." Jessie shrugged, "Women are all sentimental animals. If the man is romantic a few more times, you will be moved. Then you will naturally jump into his arms obediently."

"Huh." Violet smiled.

Jessie chuckled, "Actually, I think you don't have to get divorced. Just be indifferent to him for a few

days. But it can't last too long. Otherwise, it will be counterproductive."

"Got it. But it still depends on how sincere he is." Violet nodded.

Jessie said again, "What about the child?"

"Tell him after a while." Violet replied, touching her belly.

Jessie shook her head, "No, I didn't mean this child. This one is definitely Mr. Murphy's. I'm talking about

Calvin and Arya. Will Mr. Murphy re-accept the two children?"

"..." Violet was stunned. She really hadn't thought about it.

Violet bit her lips, feeling a little upset.

She was not sure whether Stanley would accept the two children again.

Even if Stanley accepted them, would Calvin accept him?

After all, during this period of time, both children experienced Stanley's indifference personally. It was

impossible for them to pretend that nothing happened.

Seeing Violet not speaking, Jessie sighed, "It seems that the biggest problem between you and Mr.

Murphy is the two children."

"Yes." Violet smiled bitterly, "Maybe. I can't just pay attention to Stanley's sincerity, but also notice his

acceptance of the two children. If he is unwilling to accept them, it is better to divorce. After all, I can't

leave two children alone."

In fact, if Stanley didn't accept the two children, she wouldn't blame him, nor would she think he was

wrong.

After all, the two children were not his own. It was normal that he didn't accept them. But as a mother, she couldn't abandon them.

"Sounding him out. Before, Mr. Murphy was angry at you and your two children because of your mother.

It's not that he doesn't like the two children. Now that the misunderstanding is cleared up. I think Mr.

Murphy will accept the two children." Jessie drank a cup of water and then said.

"Let's talk about it later." Violet took a breath, "I'll go back to the office first. You arrange a few people to move out the flowers in my office. Take some to decorate the company. Take the rest to give away passers-by downstairs. We can't waste them."

"Okay." Jessie nodded, and then arranged for someone to do it.

Soon, Violet's office was empty. Only a few bouquets of roses were left in the corner.

Violet didn't go to see it. She just walked straight to the office.

There was a letter on the desk. She raised her eyebrows and opened it.

It was a poem of love, which was not Stanley's masterpiece at first glance.

Violet didn't know who helped him write it. It was so cliché.

He must have never read it himself. Otherwise, how could this love poem be in her hands?

Shaking her head amusingly, Violet put the love poems in the drawer and started to work.

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

#### Will Admitted That Hearing His 15-Year-Old's Confessions Was Hard

In the following days, Stanley had been trying to please Violet and beg her for forgiveness. The sincere attitude made others feel moved.

Jessie was moved by Stanley, and even persuaded Violet to forgive him.

Although Violet still didn't express anything, her attitude had softened a lot. At the very least, when

Stanley was about to stay overnight, she didn't drive him away. It was just that she didn't sleep in the same room with him.

Although Stanley was disappointed, he didn't force Violet. It was already progress to be able to live in.

"Mommy, Daddy's birthday is tomorrow." That night, Violet was contacting a suitable model in the study, planning to invite the other party to participate in an international competition with her.

Because this international competition temporarily modified one of the competition rules, which was that every designer must bring his or her own model to display the designed clothes. The sponsors didn't provide models.

So Violet was contacting models, but she couldn't find the one that she fancied.

"Oh? How did you know?" Violet raised her eyebrows in surprise as she looked at the daughter who came in.

She remembered that she had never told the two children that tomorrow was Stanley's birthday.

"Daddy told me." Arya said while holding Violet's leg.

In the past few days, in addition to pleasing Violet, Stanley was also pleasing the two children.

Now, except for Calvin, Arya had already called Stanley Dad again as early as the first day.

Although Violet felt very speechless about the fickleness of the little girl, she also understood that Jessie was right. Stanley was re-accepting the two children.

This made her breathe a sigh of relief.

"Dad told you?" Violet was speechless.

What did Stanley mean? How could he tell others his birthday directly?

Was he implying others to prepare gifts for him?

"Yeah." Arya nodded.

Violet supported her forehead helplessly, "Then what gift do you want to give Dad?"

Arya put a finger in her mouth. "I don't know. I don't have money."

"Puff!" Violet laughed, "Why don't you dance for Dad?"

"Okay." Arya's eyes lit up. She immediately nodded.

Then, she blinked at Violet, "What does Mommy want to give Dad?"

"Mommy doesn't know, either." Violet looked at the little girl, "What do you want Mommy to give to Dad?"

Originally, the birthday present she was going to give Stanley was to tell him the identity of the two children.

But...

Violet shook her head and smiled, not thinking about it anymore.

"Mommy, I know what you can give to Dad. Dad will like it best." Arya lowered her voice, with a mysterious look.

Violet raised her eyebrows and felt interested, "Oh? Then can Arya tell Mommy what Dad likes the best?"

"Mommy, lower down." Arya beckoned.

Violet smiled and lowered her head, "Go ahead. No one can hear it now."

Arya stood on tiptoe, attached to Violet's ear and said, "Mommy, Dad likes Mommy. Dad said he wanted

Mommy to give him the forgiveness. Mommy, what is forgiveness?"

Violet didn't answer her daughter what the forgiveness was, but felt very speechless about her daughter's "Dad said".

She took a deep breath, forced a smile, and asked, "Baby, is Dad telling you to ask me to give him the forgiveness?" \_\_\_\_\_

Daddy! Mommy Is Pregnant Again

Chapter 418 Revenge on Sam

"Yes, Dad said it!" The little girl didn't know that she had exposed Stanley. She just nodded obediently.

Violet rubbed her eyebrows, feeling angry and funny.

She really didn't expect Stanley to be so shameless. He actually asked a little girl to let her forgive him.

However, during this period of time, she also saw his sincerity, and the little girl also accepted him again.

Although Calvin hadn't yet, it seemed that he also intended to accept Stanley.

In this case, Violet planned to forgive him tomorrow. After all, he was also a victim. If it were her, she might treat him that way too.

He was indifferent her for a few days. She was also indifferent to him for a few days. It should be even.

Thinking about it, Violet patted the little girl on the shoulder, "Okay, go to tell Dad that on his birthday

tomorrow, Mommy will give him the gift he likes."

"Okay." The little girl replied and left the study.

"Did you tell Mommy?" In the living room, Stanley saw the little girl coming out and asked the little girl

while picking her up into his arms. His tone was very urgent.

The little girl gave a hmm, "Yeah."

"What did Mommy say?" Stanley looked at her. There was a trace of tension on his always cold face.

The little girl replied sweetly, "Mommy said that tomorrow she will give you the gift that you like."

"Really?" Stanley's eyes flashed sharply.

The little girl was sure and nodded, "Really."

Stanley smiled and felt relieved.

He knew that Violet was ready to forgive him.

"Dad, the stuff?" When Stanley was in a happy mood, the little girl stretched out a hand towards him.

Dad said just now that as long as she went to tell Mommy, he would give her the toys she liked.

Now that she had already told Mommy, Dad should give her toys, right?

Stanley was amused by the cute look of the little girl. He bent over, picked up two bags from his feet and

handed them over, "The pink one is yours, and the blue one is your brother's. Take it to your brother."

"Okay." The little girl took the toys with bright eyes, ran towards the room, and gave it to her brother

who was practicing French.

Soon, Stanley was alone in the living room.

Stanley stood up and walked towards the study.

When the little girl came out, she didn't close the door, so he pushed it slightly and then the door was

opened.

Violet was sitting behind her desk, holding a mobile phone in her hand, and was talking to the phone.

He didn't know what the person on the other end of the phone said. He just saw Violet was a little



disappointed.

"What's wrong?" Stanley asked softly.

Violet looked up at him, "I was contacting the models, but they all rejected me."

There were few well-known domestic models. The quality and temperament were also uneven, far inferior to foreign models.

After all, the innate condition of the height of oriental women was indeed not as good as that of foreign

women, so it was too difficult to find a suitable model.

She contacted a few well-known and good-temperament models, but they all had schedules and had no time at all.

As for the new models, she hardly considered them.

First of all, the new models hadn't walked the runway several times, let alone the major international

runway. She was worried that the new models would be nervous and make mistakes, which would ruin

the temperament of the clothes.

"Don't worry, the Murphy Group has a lot of models' information. I can ask Fraser to send it over. You

can choose the right one. Then I will ask Fraser to contact the other party. If she has a schedule, I can use

other resources to make up for her." Stanley said.

Violet shook her head, "Once some schedules are missed, they won't be back again in the future. I'll look

for other ones. There are still two days left."

"Is a small model okay?" Stanley asked suddenly.

Violet looked at him, "Small model?"

Stanley nodded slightly, "A new model, but she has received training abroad. She just returned at the

end of last month and walked several shows for the Murphy Group's jewelry exhibition and clothing

exhibition. She's not bad. I am going to hire her and let her be the exclusive model of the Murphy

Group."

"Oh? Who is it?" Violet became interested.

Stanley was picky, but he was full of praise for this model.

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

Let's Dive Into J. Lo's Long And Drama-Filled Dating History

It could be seen that this new model was really outstanding.

In this way, if she invited the new model to go to the competition, she wouldn't have to worry about the other party to make a mistake.

"It's Linda. You also know her." Stanley replied.

Violet opened her mouth, "It's her."

"Yeah." Stanley nodded.

Violet patted her forehead, "I actually forgot her. She is a natural model.

If she comes to be my partner, it will be better."

"I will let her go to your company tomorrow." Stanley looked at her.

Violet said, "Okay, thank you."

"We are a couple. We should share each other's worries. You don't need to thank me." Stanley pursed his thin lips and said in a deep voice.

Violet opened her mouth but she didn't say a word.

Suddenly, Stanley's cell phone rang.

He took it out and had a look. It was Fraser's call.

"What's the matter?" Stanley put the phone to his ear to answer.

Fraser's anxious voice came, "Mr. Murphy, Sam has slandered you on the Internet, saying that you even drive away your uncle. He and the paid Internet trolls said you turned your back to your family. Now some small shareholders of the company are also beginning to be restless and doubted whether it was not right to support you."

Stanley squinted his eyes and snorted tauntingly, "It seems that Sam is forced to the corner. He thought it can hurt me?"

Violet raised her eyebrows.

It seemed that he was doing something to Sam.

"Mr. Murphy, what are you going to do?" Fraser asked.

Stanley's voice was cold, "Didn't Sam say that I turned my back to them? Then I will let everyone know who did those dirty things first. Publish the evidence that Sam drugged me back then."

A person who could drug his nephew would even make others shocking. What he did to Sam, in the eyes of others, was just a revenge against Sam. In the end, Sam would be

notorious.

"I understand. It's just..." Fraser hesitated for a moment, "Should the reason and purpose be announced together?"

Stanley was full of anger, "What do you think?"

Fraser smiled, "Don't worry, Mr. Murphy. I promise that I won't disclose it. I won't let people know you..."

"I'm recovered!" Stanley calmly corrected.

He just needed to take medicine to keep it.

Violet looked at him suspiciously.

Recover?

Was he sick?

"Yes, yes, you are recovered." Fraser nodded quickly, and then asked,

"What about the small shareholders of the company?"

Stanley pursed his lips, "Don't care about those small shareholders.

Since they feel uneasy about working

for me, just buy their shares at twice the market price."

He didn't need such shareholders who had no confidence in him and who were not firm.

Because such a person would destroy the company for their own interests someday.

"Got it! I will do it now." Fraser nodded.

After the call, Stanley put down the phone.

Violet looked at him, "What did you do to Sam?"

It was only two days ago that she learned from him that it was Sam who actually killed his parents.

At that time, she was still shocked for a long time. Because she only guessed that the murderer might

have a special relationship with the Murphy family, so Stanley's grandfather sheltered the murderer.

Unexpectedly, the murderer was Stanley's uncle. \_\_\_\_\_

Daddy! Mommy Is Pregnant Again

Chapter 419 Birthday

"I just ruined his small company and cut off his chance to make a comeback." Stanley said calmly.

But Violet took a sigh of relief. "No wonder I just heard Fraser say that he was forced to the corner and

began to discredit you."

"He killed my parents. I will naturally not let him go." Stanley clenched his fists. His eyes were filled with hatred.

Seeing him like this, Violet felt very uncomfortable, "I know you want revenge, but now we haven't

found Grandpa's will. I hope you don't mess around."

What she worried most was that Stanley was eager to take revenge and then he would kill Sam.

Although Sam deserved to die, she didn't want Stanley to do this.

Because in this way, he also broke the law and had to go to jail.

So this method of revenge was not worth it. She hoped that he could calm down and found out his

grandpa's will. As long as it was confirmed that the will was indeed the evidence of the year, then Sam

could be sent to prison completely. If he felt that it was not enough just to send Sam into prison, he

could also bribe the people in the prison and taught Sam a lesson.

In short, she didn't want him to retaliate against Sam and got himself involved.

Seeing the worry in Violet's eyes, Stanley knew what she was thinking about. He said, "Don't worry. I

have you and two children. I won't be that stupid."

If he got himself involved just because of revenge, it would be not revenge but a fool.

Real revenge was that after making the enemy pay the price, he could watch the enemy suffering.

So he would not kill Sam with a tooth for a tooth, but he still had to do some small revenge.

"That's good." Violet breathed a sigh of relief when she heard what he said.

Stanley hesitated for a few seconds. Finally, he summoned the courage to step forward and hugged her into his arms.

He thought she would still push him away.

But it turned out that he thought too much. Although she didn't hug him back, she didn't push him away,

which was already very good.

Stanley buried his head in Violet's neck. After a few deep sniffs, he let go of her, "I'll go back to the company first, and then come back at night."

Violet pretended not to hear his last sentence. She just waved her hand, "Okay, I won't walk you out."

Stanley smiled and turned away.

That night, Sam's discreditation of Stanley on the Internet was easily solved by Stanley.

Moreover, what Stanley released directly caused Sam's reputation to be discredited.

Drugging a nephew was really shocking the netizens.

So the netizens naturally all went to curse Sam, and no longer talked about Stanley.

After all, Sam first attacked Stanley. So Stanley only fought back. It was Sam who was cruel and cold-blooded.

Seeing these comments, Stanley smiled coldly. He directly asked Fraser to take a few people to the old house and read the harshest words on the Internet in front of Sam.

Then Sam passed out with anger and was taken to the hospital.

The next day, the news of Sam's stroke spread on the Internet.

After Violet saw it, she smiled, "He deserved it!"

"Violet, Linda is here." Just as Violet turned her phone off, Jessie pushed open the door of her office and came in.

Violet smiled, "Okay, let her in."

Jessie said okay, then waved backwards.

Linda tilted her head and came in, "Hello! Violet, I knew it was you."

"Oh?" Violet stood up and walked around the desk towards her.

Linda took off her sunglasses and said, "Yesterday, Fraser asked me to be a model for Mrs. Murphy. You

must know that I am the model for the Murphy Group to hire. The boss of Fraser is Mr. Murphy. Then

Mrs. Murphy must be you."

Violet smiled and nodded, "Yes, it's me. Have a seat."

She made a gesture of inviting. Then she looked at Jessie, "Jessie, pour some water. Just water. She is a model, so she can't drink anything else."

Linda said, "Violet, why are you like my manager? You also don't allow me to drink anything else."

"This is responsible for your figure." Violet replied with a smile.

Linda stopped talking.

But soon, she swept away her depression again and became happy,

"Violet, you are so amazing. You are actually going to participate in an international competition. I know this competition is one of the most authoritative competitions in the international clothing industry. Many models wanted to go, but I didn't expect that I could go there."

Twins Who Turned Child Stardom Into Two Luxury Fashion Lines

Let's Dive Into J. Lo's Long And Drama-Filled Dating History

She said excitedly.

Going to the show in this competition was her most brilliant resource.

Some top supermodels were not necessarily invited. She was just a young and new model. But she

actually had the opportunity to go there. She could imagine how much resources would wait for her in the future.

It was only a matter of time to become an international supermodel.

Thinking of this, Linda looked at Violet so gratefully.

Violet had all the goose bumps when being stared at by her like this. She couldn't help but stepped back

a little bit, "Linda, are you okay?"

"Ahem, I'm okay." Linda also knew that she was too much. She cleared her throat embarrassedly, and quickly adjusted the expression on her face.

Violet laughed again, and then handed her a document, "These are the rules of the international

competition and the arrangements for the model show. Take a good look. Tomorrow afternoon, we will

go abroad to participate in the opening ceremony of the competition."

Originally, the opening ceremony of the competition was after Ivy's rehabilitation banquet.

However, due to an earthquake in the competition city, the competition was advanced by half a month.

Although there was a rush in time, it was a good thing for Violet.

Because she didn't need to attend Ivy's

rehabilitation banquet.

"Okay, I'll read it carefully when I go back later." Linda said, holding the file in her arms.

Then she thought of something again and frowned.

Violet asked suspiciously, "What's the matter?"

"It's about Luna. She seemed to be an invited model too. She is going to participate in the international competition. Yesterday she called me to show off."

Violet was surprised, "She? Why is she qualified? Who invited her?"

It was not that she looked down on Luna. Indeed, Luna was tall.

But she had absolutely no temperament. Even if Luna wore an expensive dress, it felt like a cheap

bargain. Which designer was so innocent and invited Luna?

Moreover, did a designer with this vision really understand design? Was she not afraid that her work was ruined by Luna?

"I don't know it, either. I heard that it is Pennie." Linda thought for a while and replied.

A figure suddenly appeared in Violet's mind, "Pennie Hamilton."

"Yes, it's her!" Linda nodded immediately.

Violet frowned.

It turned out to be Pennie.

She only saw Pennie once, which was the previous interview with Century Magazine.

She didn't have a good impression on Pennie. She felt Pennie was weird, but she couldn't tell where the weirdness was.

"Violet, what are you thinking about?" Linda waved her hand in front of Violet.

Violet came to her senses and shook her head, "Nothing."

"Since it's nothing, let's have a meal. It's noon." Linda checked her watch.

Violet did not refuse. She nodded.

After the meal, Linda went back with the rules of the competition.

Violet also left work early, ready to go back to celebrate Stanley's birthday.

Bella was very happy to see her return to the villa, "Mrs. Murphy."

"Bella." Violet put the gifts and cakes she bought for Stanley on the sofa.

Bella followed her and asked, "Mrs. Murphy, when will you move over?"

Violet smiled, "Tomorrow."

She had decided to officially forgive Stanley tonight.  
Naturally, there was no need to live outside. \_\_\_\_\_  
Daddy! Mommy Is Pregnant Again  
Chapter 420 Not A Good Person

"Great." Bella clapped her hands and was very happy.  
She also knew that the misunderstanding between Stanley and Violet  
was cleared up. She had long  
wanted to see they two get back together.  
Now that there was a sign of getting back together, she was naturally  
happy.  
"Well, I'm going to the kitchen to prepare dinner for the evening." Bella  
said.  
Violet nodded, "Okay."  
After Bella left, Violet put the cake in the refrigerator, and then took out  
her mobile phone to call  
Stanley.  
This was the first time she called him since the matter.

When Stanley saw it was Violet's call, he was a little flattered.  
"Hello." Stanley's deep and sexy voice came.  
Violet cleared her throat slightly, "Happy birthday."  
Stanley was taken aback for a moment, then smiled.  
Violet was silent for two seconds before asking, "When will you come  
back in the evening? Bella is  
preparing dinner and wait for you to come back."  
"What about you? Won't you wait for me?" Stanley asked back but not  
to answer.

Violet was blushed and lowered her head, "I'm not waiting for you. If  
you don't want to come back, just  
don't come back."  
After speaking, she hung up the phone.  
Stanley looked at the phone screen that had jumped back to the main  
menu, smiled in a low voice, then  
put the phone down and called Fraser in.  
"Mr. Murphy." Fraser stood at his desk.  
Stanley handed over a stack of papers on the desk, "Handle these. I have  
to go back early this  
afternoon."



Fraser felt speechless, "Yes."

This was the first time that Mr. Murphy left the work to him.

In the past, whether it was birthdays or the New Year, Mr. Murphy didn't celebrate it.

Sure enough, it would be different after Mr. Murphy got married.

Fraser looked down at the stack of documents in his arms. For the first time, he began to consider

whether he should also find a girlfriend.

Violet put down the phone after finishing the call.

Suddenly, Ivy's voice came from the upstairs, "Miss Hunt, are you going to celebrate Stanley's birthday?"

Violet frowned, raised her head, and looked at Ivy faintly, "I am his wife. If I don't celebrate his birthday, who will celebrate it for him?"

Ivy's eyes dimmed. Then she smiled again, "Miss Hunt, I didn't mean that. I was just thinking about it.

Aren't you planning to divorce Stanley? Why..."

"I don't want to divorce now." Violet crossed her arms on her chest and looked at Ivy coldly, "Also, it's none of your business. Oh, I know. You can't wait that I get divorced, and then you can take the opportunity to be the hostess here, right?"

Ivy seemed to be very hurt, biting her lips, "Miss Hunt, is it too much that you think of me that way?"

"Is it not your real thoughts in your mind?" Violet pointed at Ivy's head, "There are only two of us here.

We just speak straightforward. I know why you agreed to be with Henry.

It's nothing more than to make

Stanley and I lower our vigilance against you. Then you can hide yourself and find another chance to get rid of Henry and to get Stanley, right?"

Ivy was anxious. She trembled subconsciously, looking at Violet in disbelief.

Violet actually guessed so accurately!

When Violet saw Ivy's reaction, she knew what she said was right. Then she sneered, "Even if you hid it

well, there will be someone who knows it. You want to be the hostess here? You wish!"

The sneer on Violet's face became more and more intense, "You want me to divorce Stanley?"

Impossible! I will sit in the position you want most even if I die, so that you can only see it but can't get it.

Think about the feeling, it must be so cool."

After speaking, Violet smiled while covering her lips.

Suddenly, she felt that she seemed to be a villain in TV.

But to deal with Ivy, such a cheeky and unruly person, she couldn't be like before.

What she should do was to fight back.

Ivy was trembling with anger. Her face was distorted when she heard Violet's mocking laughter.

She didn't expect that Violet now looked like a different person.

Could it be Stanley's indifference some time ago changed Violet's character?

Angelina Jolie's Shocking Health Struggles Over The Years

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Thinking about it, Ivy squinted her eyes, "Miss Hunt, don't say that too early. Things are fickle. Who

knows what will happen next second!"

It was okay that Violet didn't get divorced. But Stanley could be widowed.

As long as Stanley had no wife, she had a chance to get him.

Violet heard something in Ivy's words and pressed her red lips, "Miss Ellis, what do you want to do by

saying this? Do you want to kill me?"

Ivy's eyes flickered slightly. But her smile on her face remained unchanged, "How come! How dare I do

that kind of thing."

"No, I think you dare. I think you have already done it." Violet looked at her.

Ivy was stunned suddenly.

What did Violet mean?

Did she know that it was her the previous two times?

Or, Violet knew that Stanley's parents...

Ivy clenched her fists, feeling very uneasy.

In either case, it was not a good thing anyway.

It seemed that she couldn't keep Violet alive anymore.

Otherwise, once the things she did were exposed, she was really screwed up. Stanley would never let her go and Colin wouldn't let her go, either. Ivy's face turned pale, but she tried her best to force a smile, "I don't understand what Miss Hunt said."  
"It doesn't matter if you don't understand, but you just need to remember that I will check it out."  
After speaking, Violet got up and walked towards the door. It wasn't until Violet's figure disappeared that Ivy felt weak and sat down on the floor. Her back wetted with sweat. She shivered. Violet didn't know how Ivy reacted after she left. She came to the prison and met Vera again. Last time, she forgot to ask Vera if she remembered Ivy's voice. This time, she must ask. She must confirm as soon as possible whether Ivy was the murderer who wanted to kill her. Only in this way could she better monitor Ivy.  
"Mrs. Murphy." Vera looked at Violet excitedly. Violet was also looking at her. Compared with the last time, Vera gained some weight on her face this time. Her eyes were no longer dull, but there was a little light. Maybe it was because she knew she might have a chance to come out. "Mrs. Murphy, is my mother okay?" Vera asked, clutching the landline microphone with both hands tightly.  
Violet nodded, "Don't worry. She's fine. Your mother sold me the last set of jade jewelry and has already paid off the debt. Your mother is considering transferring your brother to another school. Then no one will bully your brother in the future."  
"Really? Great." Vera shed tears, "Thank you, Mrs. Murphy."  
"Never mind." Violet waved her hand, then she became serious, "I'm here this time just to ask you a question."  
"Mrs. Murphy, I'll tell you everything I know." Vera quickly wiped away her tears and said.  
Violet pursed her lips and fixed her eyes on Vera, "Are you familiar with Ivy?"

"Ivy?" Vera was stunned for a moment, "It is that the daughter of the Ellis family who went bankrupt ten years ago?"

"Yes."

Vera shook her head, "I don't know her well. Because we're not all in the same circle. But we talked several times."

"Then what kind of person do you think she is?" Violet asked again. Vera thought for a while, "Ten years ago, we were both young and in our teens. But I don't think she is a good person to get along with, um...it should be said that she is not a good person. My other friends don't want to make friends with her."

"Why?" Violet squinted. \_\_\_\_\_

The Novel will be updated daily.

Come back and continue reading tomorrow, everyone!

Next chapter