

Daddy! Mommy Is Pregnant Again

Chapter 446 Meeting

Stanley stroked his daughter's head, "Don't worry, you'll be able to see Mommy soon."

When he finished, he stopped a passing staff member and said a few words to him.

The staff nodded and turned to the avenue.

At this time, the second round of the competition had not yet started, and Violet and the designers were sitting together drinking coffee and chatting.

At this time, a staff member came to Violet, "Miss Hunt, there's a gentleman looking for you."

"Gentleman?" Violet was confused, "Who is he?"

"I don't know, but he said you'll know it when you read this."

With that, the staff member handed over something.

Violet took it suspiciously.

The staff member unfolded his hand and a delicate men's ring lay still on it.

"Oh, what a gorgeous ring."

"This is a wedding ring, right?"

"I've seen this, one of jewelry's top designers, Mr. Fendi."

The sound of other designers discussing the ring came to her ears.

Violet did not care what they were talking about, but wondered why the ring was here.

A bold guess occurred to her mind.

Violet picked the ring up and asked, unable to hide her excitement,

"Where is he now?"

"At the west gate." The staff replied.

Violet stood up with a tight grip on the ring.

A designer asked, "Violet, where are you going?"

Violet smiled at her, "My husband is here, I'm going to meet him."

"Oh, that's great, that's romantic." The designer was envious.

The smile on Violet's face intensified as she ran happily towards the door.

Pennie, who was sitting alone at a table a few rows back, saw the scene, and her eyes darkened, and tightened her hand holding the coffee cup.

Stanley came to see Violet.

For a moment, Pennie's heart was filled with jealousy, and she couldn't help but also stand up and follow her out.

Violet jogged all the way over towards the west gate, and when she arrived, she saw a man and two children sitting in the rest area.

The moment she saw them, Violet's eyes reddened she felt touched. "Stanley!" Violet sucked in a breath, holding down her rapidly beating heart, and shouted in a high voice.

Stanley heard it and turned his head.

Violet continued walking forward.

Stanley stood up, stood in the middle of the corridor, slowly spreading his arms.

Seeing that, Violet laughed out and ran into his arms.

Stanley held her tightly, with his head buried in her neck, and took two deep sniffs of her scent before he loosened his hold slightly.

"I miss you so much." Stanley leaned in Violet's ear and nibbled lightly on her earlobe, his hoarse voice telling her how much he missed her.

Violet's ear was wet from his bite, and his breath hit it, tickling.

But she didn't avoid it and let him continue.

"I miss you too." Violet hugged his waist, her voice slightly sobbed as she spoke.

She'd only been away from him for a few days, and she talked to him over the phone every day, but it was never as good as meeting in person.

Stanley chuckled, "So here I am."

Violet nodded, "I know."

It was because he was here that she could hug him.

Stanley let go of Violet.

Violet looked up at him with some confusion, as if to ask, no more hugs? Stanley's eyes darkened and he slowly lowered his head, lifted her chin and kissed her.

It dawned on Violet.

Well, he did not hug her anymore, but he kissed her instead.

15 Behind-The-Scenes Secrets Of 'Now And Then'

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

Stanley's kiss came fiercely and forcefully.

It seemed to be because he missed her so much, his kisses were harder than usual.

Violet's lips were sore from his bite, but she didn't push him away, raising her arms to hook his neck and kissing him back.

Two adults kissed like no one was watching.

The two children were watching with wide unblinking eyes.

After a long time, Ayra finally couldn't help but speak out, "Daddy, Mommy, what are you guys eating?"

Her daughter's voice instantly made Violet wake up, she blushed and hurriedly pushed Stanley away.

Stanley took a step back, his handsome face dark, obviously displeased with her pushing away.

But Violet did not bother, but lowered her head, "We are not eating anything."

"Nonsense, I saw you guys biting your mouths." Ayra said with a look of disbelief.

Calvin snickered.

Violet blushed even more, not knowing how to explain to the little girl.

Finally, she could only look to the man for help.

The man wiped his lips and spoke in a low sexy voice, "We are not eating, we are kissing."

Violet's eyes widened, "You"

She could not believe he told the kid so directly!

Stanley knew what was in her mind. He squatted down, stroking the little girl's head, "This kiss is just like

Mommy kissing you guys, the difference is that only adults can kiss like we just did, and you kids can't."

"I see." The little girl nodded her head in seeming understanding.

Stanley stood up.

Violet gave his arm a surreptitious twist, "Why said that to the kids?"

"It's nothing that can't be said, after we tell her, she will not ask again or bother us. And she will know

that we're not eating, or she'll really think we're eating and will ask for this." Stanley answered with a serious face.

Violet was speechless.

Because, he made sense.

If they did not explain to the kids, they would kiss others because of curiosity or got cheated.

"Daddy, when I grow up in the future, can I others like you and mommy did?" Ayra suddenly popped up another question.

Violet coughed right out.

Stanley's face was even darker, "No."

"Why?" Ayra pouted.

Stanley replied in a deep voice, "You are still young, don't think about that. Even when you grow up, you can't kiss others, boys are bad."

"Yeah?" Ayra cocked her head in bewilderment.

Stanley nodded seriously, "Yes, in this world, only daddy and brother are the best, all other boys are not good, understand?"

"Uh-huh, got it!" Ayra clenched her little fist and took it in her mind.

Calvin still didn't say anything and was snickering.

Violet was speechless, holding her forehead.

How had she not seen before that Stanley was still a daughter-controller and was now on guard against

Ayra having a boyfriend in the future?

If Ayra really brought back a boyfriend, wouldn't his heart break into pieces?

In the corner.

Pennie's eyes were scarlet as she looked at the family of four.

What made Violet so lucky with a unique talent for design and a pair of cute children, and even a

handsome, excellent and rich husband?

Were people really that different from each other?

She was not resigned to it.

She wasn't with Stanley back then, and in the future, she must be!

With a final glance at the family of four, Pennie turned away with a shady face.

As soon as Calvin inclined his head, he saw her departing and blinked in confusion.

"Calvin, what's wrong?" Violet saw her son looking ahead and couldn't help but look over as well, but there was nothing.

Calvin shook his head, "Nothing." __

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Chapter 447 Locked in the Toilet

It should just be a passerby.

But her back was so familiar, like he'd seen it somewhere.

Calvin squinted for a few seconds, but couldn't think of anyone who matched that back, so he finally stopped thinking about it and continued to chat with his dad, mom, and sister.

Ten minutes later, Violet put down Ayra from her arms, "Honey, it's almost time for the competition, you take the two kids back to the villa first."

"No, mommy, I want to stay here with you." Ayra hugged her leg and wouldn't let go.

Although Calvin didn't say anything, he had the same idea.

Violet looked to Stanley.

Stanley pulled the little girl away, "We'll wait for you in the break room, and after the competition, we'll go back together."

At those words, Violet's heart softened and finally she nodded, "Alright then, you guys go to the break room first, I'll go to you later."

Stanley nodded.

Violet waved at them and turned to avenue.

As she walked to the door, she saw that there were ten minutes left and planned to the bathroom.

In order to guard against cheating by the contestants, they were not allowed to the bathroom in the middle of the competition.

And with a competition going for a few hours, she should go to the bathroom first.

So Violet turned to the bathroom.

Just as she entered the cubicle, the next cubicle door opened, and Pennie came out of it, her eyes slightly narrowed as she looked at Violet's cubicle door.

Although Violet didn't say anything, when she locked the door, the door lock seemed to have some problems and Violet made a puzzled sound.

That voice was heard by her, so she instantly recognized it as Violet.

Pennie didn't expect such a coincidence that she met Violet in the toilet. In that case, don't blame her.

Pennie's mouth curled up in a sinister arc as she tiptoed to the door of the cubicle where the cleaning tools were placed. She opened the door and took out a broom from inside.

She looked at the long pole of the broom, then at the width of the cubicle door.

After Pennie gave a dark cold hum, she walked to Violet's cubicle door and gently placed the broom across the hook outside the cubicle.

After doing that, Pennie took a step back and clapped her hands, laughing coldly in her heart.

Now, she would see how Violet would come out.

Ten minutes were to go until the competition.

As long as Violet didn't make it back within ten minutes, she would immediately be kicked out by the organizer.

By then, Violet would be the first designer in the history of international competitions to be kicked out for being late, and even the country behind her would be disgraced because of her.

She could already imagine what would happen when Violet was hacked by the nation's netizens all over the internet.

Thinking of that, Pennie left with a smile.

From the beginning to the end, her movements were in so low voice that Violet didn't even hear them.

By the time she was ready to open the door and go out, she found that she could not open the door.

That meant the door was either broken or tampered with.

The former was impossible because the door was still in good shape when she came in and the lock wasn't broken.

So the biggest possibility was that the door had been tampered with.

Violet's face went grim.

She hadn't actually noticed it at all when she'd been locked in.

She was too careless.

Taking a deep breath, Violet suppressed the anger in her heart, took out her phone, and called out to Linda.

Linda's voice soon came, full of anxiety, "Violet, where have you been? The competition starts in five minutes, everyone is here. What are you doing?" Violet sat on the toilet, her face gloomy, "I am locked in the toilet."

Angelina Jolie's Shocking Health Struggles Over The Years

Twins Who Turned Child Stardom Into Two Luxury Fashion Lines

"What?" Linda's volume raised and she became angry, "Who did that?" "I don't know. Come over here right now and open the door for me, be quick."

"Ok, I'll be right there." Linda nodded repeatedly, then hung up the phone and rushed out from the backstage.

She resented the heels on her feet getting in the way of running, so she carried them in her hands and ran barefoot towards the bathroom.

Luckily, she was tall and leggy, so she ran quickly, and in less than a minute, she was in the bathroom.

"Violet?" Linda called out as she entered.

Violet stood up and rapped on her door, "I'm here."

Linda saw the vibration of the door panel and walked over, taking the broom off the door, "There."

Violet inside the door heard it and pulled the door inward, and it did open.

She saw Linda outside with a broom.

So it was the broom blocking the door.

"Damn, who the hell put the broom across the door?" Linda tossed the broom to the floor in disgust.

Violet's face was grim, "I will figure it out, Linda, please take the broom away and go for an appraisal to see if there are any fingerprints on it."

She came to the bathroom out of the blue, so there was no conspiracy to have someone plan ahead to keep her in the bathroom.

The biggest possibility was that someone in the bathroom was using the toilet in the first place, and only after noticing her coming did he lock her inside on a whim.

As for the reason, well, it could be to make her late. After all, it was only a few minutes before the competition, so if that person really intended to keep her in there for a long time, why not grab the phone she could use to contact the outside world? So she guessed that the person was thinking of shutting her down temporarily, just to make her late, and was extremely confident that even if she had a cell phone and could get someone to open the door, so that she wouldn't be able to get back in time.

"Linda, check the surveillance, see how many people have come in the toilet and how many have gone out before I went in." Violet looked to Linda.

Linda nodded, "I will, get your ass to the competition."

Violet said thank you, and without further delay, she quickly ran towards the competition avenue.

She literally ran with all the speed she could muster, and luckily that God favored her in the end.

She managed to get there in the last ten seconds.

The host couldn't help but frown at the sight of her sweating and panting.

He disliked such contestant, not late but enough to make a bad impression.

"Get to your seat." The host said in a somewhat cold manner.

Violet knew she was wrong and forced a smile, rubbing her somewhat vaguely aching stomach as she walked towards her seat.

Other designers looked at her with concern, indifference, and amusement.

When they looked at Violet, Violet was also secretly watching them. Because she wanted to find the person who put her in the toilet. Usually, the guy wanted her to be late would be uneasy if he saw that she came back in time.

Once she found the one who reacted differently, she would almost certainly know who it was.

However, Violet scanned around and didn't see anyone suspicious. It made her upset.

It seemed that that person was composed, and didn't even act in some perverse way when he saw her return.

Violet pulled out a chair and sat down, a somewhat bad expression on her face.

A few rows back, Pennie watched her sit down, and a hint of grimace finally appeared on her expressionless face.

Violet actually rushed back in just a few minutes!

How the hell did she get back in time?

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Chapter 448 Understanding Love

Pennie held the pencil tightly, and the next moment, the pencil snapped, startling the designer next to her.

"What's wrong?" The designer asked.

The sound was not small and some people looked over.

That included Violet.

Violet narrowed her eyes and stared at Pennie, her red lips pursed up.

Could it be her?

Violet was unsure.

Although she and Pennie didn't have a big feud, Pennie obviously didn't treat her very well either.

If it was Phoebe, it made sense.

"Sorry, my pencil broke." Knowing that someone was watching her,

Pennie apologized with an embarrassing smile.

The designer looked at her broken pen and didn't say anything, sort of accepting her apology.

The other designers averted their eyes.

Only Violet was left still staring at Pennie.

Pennie felt it, but pretended not to notice it. She took out a new pencil and sharpened it carefully, with a very calm look.

Violet still didn't see anything from Pennie's face, plus the competition had started, she couldn't afford to continue watching, so she turned her head back.

Pennie felt the disappearance of Violet's sight and sighed with a faint and unbearable relief, but in her heart, she was depressed.

It seemed that Violet was already suspecting her.

Pennie bit her lower lip, touched her earring and lowered her voice, "There's something that I want you to help me out with first, otherwise we won't be able to continue the game."

"Go ahead." A raspy voice came out of her earring stud. Pennie looked around, covered her lips, and gave her order.

It was only when she heard the man say yes that she felt relieved.

The competition was officially underway, and today, instead of a preliminary round, it was time to start eliminating people.

So every designer acted seriously, so the atmosphere in the large competition avenue was extraordinarily depressing.

After all, after this round, twelve would be eliminated.

No one wanted to be one of those twelve.

Like last time, the designer drew the design, made the dress, and then the model walked the runway wearing it.

The only thing that was different was the theme.

Last time, the designers were given free rein, this time it was a unified theme, which was fairer to the contestants as well.

And this time the theme was love.

This theme was not like the 'flower' 'starry sky', which could be designed directly and literally, but one must understand what love was, and only when one understood what love really was, could one draw the design accordingly.

Otherwise, they would not get points for designing a dress that was unconventional and deviated from the theme of love.

This was a huge problem for some single designers who hadn't had relationship before.

"As expected of an international competition, the first official round after the grouping comes with such a difficult theme." Calvin stood in front of the TV and rubbed his chin, analyzing it with the look like an adult.

Stanley glanced at him as he hugged the drowsy Ayra, "How do you know it's difficult?"

"Look at their expressions, those designers are all depressed and haven't moved their pens until now,

that already says it." Calvin pointed at a black designer on the TV.

Stanley smiled, "Not bad, you have very careful observation."

"Yes." Calvin grunted in triumph, "I've been reading criminal investigation books lately, and micro-expression analysis is quite interesting."

"Oh?" Stanley raised his eyebrows, "Why do you want to read this kind of books?"

"I want to be a criminal profiler in the future." Calvin winked.

Originally, he wanted to be like his dad, standing at the top of the building, being the one in control,

looking down on all the people.

But later on, he suddenly understood that he was not his father's biological child and it was better not to

have extravagant hopes for his father's company, which was why he decided to change the direction of his future development.

Stanley's eyes darkened slightly as he looked at Calvin, seemingly pondering the truth in his words.

15 Behind-The-Scenes Secrets Of 'Now And Then'

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

After a moment, Stanley rubbed Calvin's head, "You're still young now, we will see what happens."

Calvin nodded and added, "Mommy won't be stuck, will she?"

Stanley sniffed, his eyes falling on the TV.

Although Violet wasn't caught in the camera right now and he couldn't see her, he was sure that this

theme, in no way, would be difficult for her.

Sure enough, just as Stanley had expected, while the other designers were still pondering what love was

and looking for inspiration, Violet was moving her pen with a smile.

Love, in her opinion, could be understood in a very broad sense.

The budding youth of adolescence, the boldness and passion of youth, the blandness of middle age, and

the mutual support of old age were all love.

Love was different for every age group and for every couple of lovers.

But one thing was the same and was recognized worldwide, and that was marriage.

Marriage did not mean love, but love must mean marriage.

So her best understanding of love was marriage.

Soon, Violet's design was finished. It was black and white, very time saving.

"Okay." After finishing the painting, Violet got up and went to the fabric area.

Everyone else was stunned.

Some of them hadn't even started painting yet, some had only just painted, some were only halfway through, so how come she had done?

When Pennie saw that Violet had finished painting, she was nervous for she had not begun to draw yet.

At this rate, would she have time to make clothes?

Pennie bit her lip and touched her earring, "Have you come back yet?"

"Yes," The voice on the other end was husky with a bit of urgency.

Pennie didn't care what she was rushing about and sighed in relief,

"Then start drawing, hurry up, I'm

already slow. The theme is love, it has to be done within half an hour, you must scan the design over, do you hear me?"

"Got it." The man on the other end replied.

Pennie patted her chest and cut off the conversation.

In the break room, Calvin stared at her with narrowed eyes, "Dad, this woman is weird."

He pointed at Pennie.

Stanley withdrew his gaze as he did not know her.

"How come?" He asked.

Calvin shook his head, "I don't know. I've seen her before, right there in the hallway at the west door. I

thought she looked familiar, but I couldn't remember where I'd seen her before."

"Oh?" Stanley raised his eyebrows.

Calvin felt familiar, and it must be true.

"I'll go over to the competition organizing committee later to check her information." Stanley said.

Calvin nodded, "Make sure you check, I have a feeling she's treating mom badly."

"What do you mean?" Hearing that, Stanley's face immediately sank.

Calvin gazed at Pennie, "Just now when the camera panned to Mom, I saw the way that woman looked at Mommy, it was very unfriendly."

"I got it." Stanley narrowed his eyes and said something to a staff.

The staff was informed that he was one of the investors in the competition, so he immediately went to do as he was told respectfully.

Soon, Pennie's information was in Stanley's hands.

When Stanley flipped through it, there was nothing strange about it. It was a very ordinary resume.

It seemed that Pennie's unfriendliness towards Violet should be out of jealousy.

She was jealousy of Violet's talent and strength.

Such a person must be watched closely, or there was a high risk of destroying the opponent out of jealousy.

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Chapter 449 Linda Is Gone

Pennie didn't know that she had been targeted by Stanley, and was holding her pencil, anxiously waiting for the person to send over the design.

After waiting for about twenty minutes or so, Pennie saw a holographic projection on her glasses, on which was none other than a piece of design drawing.

When she saw the design, Pennie was first amazed, and then she smiled. With this design, she could definitely get into Group A, even if her cutting and making skills were bad, this design alone would already make her be able to make up for it.

Pennie hurriedly copied down the design on the holographic projection, and then went to choose the fabric.

By the time she returned from her selection, Violet's dress had already produced a rough outline.

Pennie glanced at it as she passed by, with an undisguised gloominess on her face.

Although Violet's dress was not yet finished, the silhouette already showed the novelty of the design.

The final product would come out amazing.

"Miss Hamilton, what can I do for you?" When Violet saw Pennie staring at her clothes, she couldn't help but narrow her eyes.

Pennie's, clutching the fabric, gave a smile on her face as she answered, "No, your design is really good, Miss Hunt."

"Thanks, yours too." Violet's eyes fell on the fabric she was holding. Pennie chose a fluorescent cloth, which had the smallest range of use. This kind of fabric looked good, but if the design was not good, the clothes would be rustic and ugly, and the model would go from a fashionable girl to a country village girl when she wore it.

So few designers used fluorescent cloths in the competition.

Pennie chose fluorescent cloths, so she was confident in her design.

"Thank you for your compliment, well, Miss Hunt, I won't take up your time, and I have to start making the clothes." Pennie finished speaking and walked away with a slight nod.

Violet watched her back and then withdrew her gaze and continued making clothes.

Two hours later, the dress came into shape.

After getting permission, Violet carried the clothes to the backstage where the models were and was ready to do Linda's makeup.

However, Linda was not there.

"Where is she?" Violet muttered in confusion before asking a model, "Hello, may I ask if you've seen my model?"

This model knew Violet and knew who Violet's model was.

After all, Linda had been a big hit during this time, getting a lot of fashionable people like her, and her future success was already predetermined.

So many models had come forward to befriend Linda.

Now when this model heard Violet's inquiry, she immediately replied,

"Three hours ago, she answered a phone call and went out, and she hasn't come back yet."

Three hours ago?

Violet pursed her lips.

Wasn't that when she was locked in the bathroom and called Linda to come rescue her?

So Linda hadn't been back since then?

Was it possible that she hadn't returned from her trip to get her fingerprints identified?

Violet put her clothes down and took out her phone to dial Linda's number.

The phone went through, but there was no answer.

Violet's heart sank to the bottom, wondering if Linda hadn't heard the phone, or if the phone wasn't with her, or if something had happened.

Either way wasn't good for the current situation.

"Three fifty." Violet looked at her watch, there was still an hour before the runway show would start,

and she didn't know if Linda could make it back within that hour.

Violet rubbed her hair with some annoyance and sat down in her chair to wait.

She planned to wait for Linda, in case she was already on her way back. However, after waiting for about half an hour, the other designers had come over one after another with their clothes in their arms and dressed the models, while Linda hadn't returned yet.

Violet couldn't help but get anxious, not wanting to wait any longer, so she stood up.

Angelina Jolie's Shocking Health Struggles Over The Years

15 Behind-The-Scenes Secrets Of 'Now And Then'

Just as she was about to go out and look for Linda, Pennie's puzzled voice rang out behind her, "Miss

Hunt, where's your model?"

Violet stopped in her tracks and looked at Pennie.

Pennie blinked, "Didn't you finish making your dress long ago? Why are you still here? Is Linda missing?"

With that, she looked around.

Violet pursed her red lips and nodded, "So I'm going to look for her."

"Look for her?" Pennie was surprised, "So Miss Hunt, you don't know where your model has gone?"

"Sort of." Violet answered indifferently, clutching her clothes and exiting the dressing room.

She wouldn't dare leave something as important as her clothes in there.

In case someone ruined it, her effort would be in vain.

Watching Violet's departing figure, Pennie rubbed her chin, seemingly thinking about something.

After a couple of seconds, she took out her phone and made a call, "Linda hasn't come back by now, did you do something?"

"Yes, when I went to the surveillance room to help you destroy the surveillance, I bumped into Linda, she came to get the surveillance too, so I knocked her out. I don't know if she's awake now." On the other end of the phone, the woman spoke hoarsely.

The corners of Pennie's mouth hooked up, "Not yet probably. You did a good job, as long as Violet can't find Linda, she will be disqualified for this competition."

She had thought that by making Violet late, she would be able to get Violet disqualified from the competition, but she didn't expect that Violet would actually come back in the end with an auspicious return.

But now Violet's model had been knocked out, and she would not necessarily be able to come back in time, in that case, she could achieve her goal.

Pennie hung up the phone contentedly and returned to Luna's dressing room to do Luna's makeup.

Perhaps because she was convinced that Violet would be disqualified, she was in a good mood, and even looked at Luna pleasedly.

Violet walked out of the large dressing room and continued to call Linda while walking towards the break room where Stanley was.

Linda's phone was still unanswered, and Violet was almost certain that something might have happened to her, so she was anxious.

"Calvin." Violet knocked on the break room's door.

The door soon opened and Stanley's tall figure appeared in the doorway. Seeing her, his eyebrows raised

slightly, "Why do you come over? Aren't you in a competition?"

"I have no time to explain, where's Calvin?" Violet asked.

Stanley sidled, "He is inside."

Violet entered the room.

Stanley's eyes narrowed as he watched her anxious look.

Was something wrong?

With this in mind, Stanley closed the break room's door and followed her.

"Calvin." Violet called out as she walked into the break room.

Calvin was playing rock-paper-scissors with Ayra when he saw her coming, his eyes lit up, "Mom."

"Mom, you're back, can we go home now?" Ayra climbed straight off the couch and ran towards Violet,

hugging Violet's legs and raising her head happily as she asked.

Violet rubbed the little girl's hair, "Good girl, I have not finished the competition yet, I can't go home yet."

"Ok." Ayra lowered her head in disappointment.

Violet patted her shoulder, "Baby, go play, I have something to talk to brother."

"Okay." Ayra obediently moved out of the way.

Calvin looked at Violet and asked, "Mom, what do you want to say?"

"Do me a favor." Violet said.

Stanley walked over, "What's the favor?"

"Linda is missing, so I want Calvin to check where Linda is currently, here is Linda's phone number." After

saying that, Violet handed the phone number to Calvin. _____

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Chapter 450 Linda is Found

After reading it, Calvin born it in mind and accessed a mysterious website with his phone, then

connected to the satellite system and locked Linda's location based on her phone number.

As long as Linda's phone was with her, no matter where Linda was, she couldn't escape Calvin's tracking.

Now Violet was worried about Linda's phone not being with Linda.

Violet clasped her two hands together tightly and looked at Calvin nervously.

Stanley gently took her in his arms, "What happened? Why is Linda suddenly missing?"

It was the middle of a competition, and Linda, being a model, shouldn't be running around, nor would

she be that unaware of the importance.
So there was definitely something going on.
Violet rubbed her cheeks when she heard the man's query, "It's my fault, I went to the bathroom before the competition and then got locked in the bathroom. Someone tried to make me late for the competition and get disqualified."
"What?" Stanley's eyes froze.
Was that really happening?
Violet sighed and added, "Then I called Linda and asked her to help me out, and after I got out, I asked Linda to do a fingerprint identification on the broom that was against the door as well as go to the surveillance room to check the surveillance to find out who locked me in the bathroom, however Linda never came back after she left."
"Something may have happened to her." Stanley spoke in a deep voice.
Violet nodded, "I feel the same way."
At first, she thought it was because Linda was still on her way to get an appraisal and didn't get back in time.
But it was almost time for the walk, and Linda couldn't have kept from checking her phone and calling her.
So later she understood that Linda might have had an accident.
"Stanley, if something really happens to Linda, I really don't know what to do." Violet grabbed Stanley's arm, worried.
She wasn't worried about her own race, but Linda's safety.

If Linda had died or been injured, she would have been in a deep state of guilt for the rest of her life.

"It's okay, I will take care of it." Sensing that Violet was in fear, Stanley patted her back gently.

Violet's body was trembling, and her eyes were gradually moistening.

'Linda, where the hell are you?'

"Found it!" Calvin suddenly spoke up.

Violet immediately pushed Stanley away and turned towards her son.

Stanley watched her movements and raised his eyebrows in amusement.

"Calvin, where is it?" Violet asked.

Calvin handed his phone to Violet and pointed to the small red dot on it,

"It's in the security hallway, but

I don't know which floor it's on, and the flat 3D map won't show the floors."

Because floors were overlapping, the 3D map would only be one place no matter how it was displayed.

"So mom, you'll have to send a few more people to each floor to find Linda." Calvin said.

Violet nodded.

Stanley volunteered, "I'll do it, I'm one of the investors of the competition, I can mobilize more people."

"Yes, please Stanley." Violet squeezed her palms and nodded heavily.

Stanley rubbed her hair and took out his phone.

Soon, a few minutes later, Linda had been found in a large trash can on the stairs on that floor of the surveillance room.

Linda was still unconscious, the back of her head swollen, obviously she was knocked out by someone.

Violet was relieved but furious when she knew that.

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She was relieved because Linda had been found and she was alive.

She was furious because Linda was knocked out and thrown in the trash.

The trash cans was only picked up by the cleaner at 8pm every night.

If Calvin hadn't found Linda's location, Linda might not have been found until 8pm.

And at that point, Linda would be dangerous.

"Linda, are you okay?" Linda was sent to the break room. Violet took her hand, her eyes moist as she asked.

Linda was still dizzy at the moment. She leaned back on the couch for a moment before making a sound,

"Violet?"

"It's me, it's me." Violet nodded, her eyes moistening even more.

"It's really you." Linda made sure she wasn't blurry-eyed and her spirits improved slightly.

Violet nodded again, "It's me."

Linda burst into tears, "It's really you, great, Violet, I'm alive"

Hearing that, Violet's heart was filled with self-blame and guilt, and she hugged Linda directly, "I'm sorry, Linda, I'm sorry."

Stanley's face darkened when he saw the scene of Violet hugging Linda, and his eyes were even more unconcealed with jealousy.

Although he was upset, he didn't stop them but turned to go out.

Outside the break room, the competition host saw Stanley come out and bowed respectfully to him,

"Mr. Murphy, I'm sorry that such a thing happened in the competition hall, we will definitely investigate it and give you an explanation."

He really didn't expect that the designer who was almost late today was actually the wife of the president of the Murphy Group.

His wife's model was viciously knocked out and thrown in the trash can.

Clearly, someone didn't want his wife to continue the competition.

Whoever that person was, he had to find it out. It did not only do harm to Violet, but also it ruined the reputation of the international competition.

So no matter what, he had to find that person out.

A hostile light flashed in the host's eyes at the thought.

Stanley caught it and nodded in satisfaction, "Good, I expect you to give me a satisfactory result. If not, I will withdraw my investment and have my woman withdraw from the competition."

The host froze, and in the next second, he nodded solemnly, "Don't worry, I won't let you down."

He must not let Stanley withdraw his investment. His company held a high position in the international arena, if he withdrew his investment, other investors would wonder if their organizer had offended him, and other investors, too, might withdraw their investment.

And having Violet withdraw from the competition was something he didn't want to see; a contestant withdrawing voluntarily and the organizers making the contestant withdraw were two different concepts.

The latter may be the fault of the contestants, while the former, would make outsiders wonder if the organizers of the competition were shady, the integrity of the organizers would be questioned, and status of the competition would be diminished.

So either way, it wasn't what he wanted to see.

"Good." Stanley lifted his chin, "My wife's model has just been found and still needs to be diagnosed by a doctor, so the catwalks postponed by an hour, can that be done?"

"Sure." The host nodded immediately.

It was just a matter of getting the walk postponed, so naturally he could arrange it.

Stanley nodded, "Go ahead, and get a doctor by the way."

"Okay." The host nodded and left.

Stanley went back to the break room.

Violet happened to be asking how exactly Linda had been knocked out.

Linda held the hot water and replied with some trepidation, "When I went to get the surveillance, there was no one in the surveillance room, so I planned to go out and look for it, but as soon as I went out, I felt footsteps behind me and someone was following me. I was ready to have a look, but"

"But what?" Violet took Linda's hand in hers.

The Novel will be updated daily.

Come back and continue reading tomorrow, everyone!

Next chapter