

Daddy! Mommy Is Pregnant Again

Chapter 394 Grabbing the Bag

No wonder Stanley had been cold to her.

Maybe he really thought that his parents' death had something to do with her mother.

But since her mother had died, he couldn't figure it out, so that was why he was cold to her.

“Violet, I know what you're thinking, but this is a matter of great importance, and we must get it straight.” Jessie looked at Violet seriously.

Violet took a deep breath and barely calmed down, “I know, I will figure it out and give an explanation to Stanley. I definitely don't believe that my mother will be involved with the death of Stanley's parents.”

“Well then, let's hire a private detective to investigate, but more than ten years have passed since the incident, it might take a long time to get the result.” Jessie suggested.

Violet squeezed her palms, “It's okay, I can wait, I'll go find the detective now!”

With that, she grabbed her bag and left the office.

Jessie reached out her hand, trying to stop Violet.

Violet's figure, however, had already disappeared.

Jessie had no choice but to put her hand down and smile bitterly as she looked at the design on the desk.

“You should tell me which of these designs are good and which are to be revised before you leave. I have to take them to the register.”

After Violet left the company, she drove to the largest detective agency in J City and paid a deposit of five hundred thousand for them to investigate the matter.

After doing this, Violet barely felt much better.

Now she just needed to wait for the result to come out.

And Violet was to do a paternity test on the two children and Stanley.

She would never believe that Stanley was not the father.

Coming out of the detective office, Violet looked up at the sky, which was a bit overcast and seemed like it was going to rain in a while.

Violet gathered her coat around her body and was ready to go to the parking lot and drive to pick up her two children.

Suddenly, a figure ran past her.

Violet only felt a pain in her shoulder, and then the bag she was carrying on her shoulder was snatched away by the man.

Violet's eyes widened as she froze, and then she came back to herself and hurriedly chased towards the man, shouting, "Help, catch the thief!"

When pedestrians on the road heard that, they all stopped to watch but none of them went to help.

Violet couldn't help but feel some chills, but she continued to shout while chasing.

She believed that there would always be people who were kind and warm-hearted.

Sure enough, with Violet's persistent pursuit, someone actually helped her go after the thief.

The man was fast and caught up with the thief a moment later and managed to snatch the bag back after a struggle with the thief.

The thief covered his stomach and let out some harsh words then ran in to the crowd and disappeared.

Violet came to the man who had helped her snatch back her bag, resting her hands on her knees and exhaling heavily.

The man handed her the bag, "Miss, here is your bag."

Violet rested for a while before catching her breath and raised a grateful smile, "Thank you."

She picked up the bag.

The man waved his hand, "It's okay, see if anything's missing."

"Ok." Violet opened her bag and started checking, her phone, evidence, cosmetics and Stanley's hair were all inside.

Violet sighed in relief and closed the bag with satisfaction, "Nothing is missing, thank you. if I am not still in a hurry to pick up the kids, I would treat you to dinner, but it's too late now, so take this money as my rewards."

After saying that, she took five hundred and handed it over.

The man waved his hand, saying repeatedly that he didn't need it.

But Violet didn't want to owe anyone a favor, and forcefully shoved the money to him before she left.

The man watched her leaving and gave a wry smile.

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Twins Who Turned Child Stardom Into Two Luxury Fashion Lines

Who Is Mark Zuckerberg's Wife? 16 Facts About Priscilla Chan

"I didn't expect that we'd get a thank you fee for putting on a show. I got hit by you, so give me a half of the money." At that moment, a man suddenly walked out from an alleyway not far away.

It was the thief just now.

The thief was looking greedily at the five hundred in the man's hand.

The man took the three hundred out, pressing his lips, "Take it."

"Good." The thief hastily took the money and stuffed it into his pants pocket, then asked, "By the way, did you switch the thing?"

The man pulled a small waterproof bag out of his coat pocket with a few hairs in it, "Of course. Let's go, get a meal, and go to the employer."

With that, the two walked away shoulder by shoulder.

Violet received the two kids. In the car, she said to them, "Calvin, Arya, give me some of your hair."

Arya didn't know why her mother wanted her hair, but dutifully pulled it off and handed it to her.

As Calvin handed it to Violet, he asked, "Do you want to do a paternity test for us and Uncle Murphy, Mommy?"

Violet looked at him in surprise, "How do you know?"

"I guess, even though I said that Arya and I weren't Uncle Murphy's children, you didn't believe me, so I guessed that you would definitely do a paternity test." Calvin said with a smug look on his face.

Violet rubbed his hair, "You are smart. Sit well, I am driving."

Both children nodded in unison.

Violet started the car, but instead of going back to the villa, she drove to a hospital.

It was not Henry's hospital, it was another one.

She was trying to hide the paternity test from anyone, just in case someone replaced the genetic sample.

While the likelihood was small, she could be careful.

The result of the paternity test would not be available until two days later.

Violet felt that it was taking too long, but for the sake of accuracy, she could only accept it.

When she returned to the villa, Violet found that Stanley was actually there, which surprised her greatly, "Stanley."

Stanley was sitting on the sofa, and when he heard her voice, he raised his head slightly, and then lowered his head again without responding.

Violet's eyes instantly dimmed, but she still managed to squeeze out a smile and walked over, "Did you move back?"

"I came back to get my stuff." Stanley spat out faintly.

Hearing that, Violet was disappointed.

The two children beside her sensed the change in her mood and followed suit.

Arya was now quite afraid of Stanley being cold, and didn't even dare to want his hug as joyfully as before. She held Violet's hand tightly and stared at Stanley.

So did Calvin, but he asked, "Uncle Murphy, are you not going to come back in the future?"

"What did you call me?" Stanley's pupils shrank as he raised his eyes to look at Calvin.

Calvin blinked, "Uncle Murphy."

Hearing that, Stanley looked gloomy, pursing his lips.

He didn't know why, obviously these two children used to call him Uncle Murphy, but now it sounded so harsh to his ears.

It was as if they should not call him Uncle Murphy.

Seeing Stanley in a somewhat bad mood, Violet squeezed the two children's hands, "Calvin, take your sister upstairs, I want to talk with... Uncle Murphy."

Since Stanley didn't want to believe that he was the father, they shouldn't call him dad for now.

She would wait until the paternity test result to come back.

"Ok." Calvin nodded his head and pulled Arya upstairs.

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Chapter 395 Your Mother Ran Over the Car

Stanley pursed his lips and looked at Violet, his eyes held a look that Violet couldn't read.

She actually agreed with both kids to change the address to Stanley back.

What the hell did she mean?

“Stanley.” Violet took a breath and walked to him and sat down, “I'm sorry that Jessie went to make a scene in your company, but she didn't mean any harm, she just felt sorry for me.”

“So what?” Stanley's eyes remained cold.

Violet bit her lip, “I apologized to you on her behalf.”

“Not necessary.” Stanley patted the suit on his body and stood up.

Just at this time, Bella came down from upstairs carrying a bag, “Mr. Murphy, here is your suitcase.”

Stanley took it over and was to leave.

Seeing that, Violet hurried to stand up, “You're leaving, aren't you?”

“I have my things now.” Stanley said with pursed lips.

What could he do if he stayed?

Violet's nails pinched into her palms, sadness revealed on her face, "Staying in the same room with me makes you sick?"

Stanley lowered his eyes, silent, and continued walking forward.

"Wait." Violet closed her eyes and called out to him, "I already know the reason why you're cold to me. It's because of your parents, isn't it?"

Stanley's face changed slightly and he turned around suddenly.

When Violet saw his reaction, she knew that her guesses was right.

"So, it is truth. Fraser revealed that the reason you were cold to me was because my mother, so I wondered if my mother had done something wrong to the Murphy family, and then I learnt from Steven that my mother was a bit off on the ninth of October every year."

Hearing the date of October 9th, Stanley's hand, which was carrying the bag, slowly tightened.

Violet saw it, her eyes flashed, and added, "October 9th is the day your parents died eighteen years ago, and my mother began to be wrong on this day eighteen years ago, so there must be some connection. Your parents' death is linked to my mother, combined with the fact that you are now treating me so .....

"

Speaking of that, Violet's eyes trembled as she looked at the man across from her, "You suspect that my mother killed your parents."

If it was just a connection, he certainly wouldn't have been so indifferent to her.

So, she figured the biggest possibility was that her mother had killed his parents.

She did not know exactly how his parents died, and the internet only said that on October 9th his parents both died.

Stanley's face was terribly terrible, "Since you've already known it, I don't mind telling that your mother ran over my parents with her car."

"No way!" Violet subconsciously retorted, shaking her head violently, "My mother definitely didn't hit your parents with her car, she's not that kind of person."

"No way?" Stanley took two steps forward and squeezed her chin hard.

She grunted out of pain, frowning.

Seeing that, Stanley let go of his hand.

"Since you said it is impossible, why would your mother be abnormal on the ninth of October?"

"I ....." Violet was speechless.

Yeah, if her mother didn't do that, why she was in a bad mood? Why did she say sorry when she

returned from Jordan?

Seeing Violet's increasingly pale face and increasingly flustered eyes, Stanley clenched his fist tightly, "Look, you can't even refute."

"But ..... But that doesn't mean it was my mother who ran over your parents." Violet said in a low voice.

Stanley gritted his teeth and growled at her, "You're still deceiving yourself."

"I ....." Violet's body shook as he yelled, and tears gradually came out of her eyes.

She wasn't deceiving herself, though her mother's behavior did suggest that she had something to do with the death of his parents.

But that didn't mean, necessarily, that her mother had killed them, maybe there was something else going on.

"Violet, do you know how much I regret now?" Stanley stared at her.

Violet's lips twitched, with a bad feeling in her heart.

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

Stanley closed his eyes, and when he opened them again, there was no trace of emotion in, "I regret that I fell in love with you, and I regret even more that I married you because you are the daughter of my

parents' murderer!"

Violet's face went pale, and she felt her whole world had collapsed.

He regretted falling in love with her and marrying her, because she was the daughter of his parents' murderer .....

Violet said in tears, "No, Stanley, my mother definitely did not do that. I am investigating on it and when I have the truth ....."

"There's no need to investigate, because the video of your mother hitting my parents back then is in my hands." Stanley said indifferently.

And with those words, it managed to send Violet to hell.

Her legs went limp and she sat straight down, her mind going blank with only his words.

He had, in his possession, the video of her mother hitting his parents.

So .....

Violet raised her hands and clutched her hair tightly, "No, no ....."

"Eighteen years ago, my parents went out and were hit by your mother's car, back then your mother was driving a red car, don't you remember?" Stanley stood in front of her, looking at her in a domineering way, feeling ridiculous as he asked.

She was in the car, too.

How could she not remember?

However, Violet shook her head, "A red car? No way, my mother has never had a red car, she hates red the most, there's no way she would drive a red car."

Within her memory, she really hadn't seen her mother with anything red.

Stanley's face was pale when he heard that, and his eyes held a mocking look, "You're still lying."

What did it mean to hate red and not to have a red car?

Wasn't she, back then, getting off the red car with her mother?

"I'm not lying." Violet looked up at the man, "Stanley, I really am not lying. My mother really didn't have a red car, believe me, I am not lying."

She tried to grab Stanley's leg.

But Stanley took a step back and avoided her.

And with this action, he made Violet sad.

Not only did he not believe her, and he was now avoiding her.

Violet's heart hurt, and her breath became rapid as it hurt.

"I saw it with my own eyes. Do you think I will believe you? Violet, in order to defend your mother, you really don't even know what moral is." Stanley spoke mockingly, never looking at her again as he turned to leave.

"Stanley!" Violet looked at his back and stood up, trying to pull him back.

A voice came in her mind.

Once he walked out that door, they would really be over.

So, she couldn't let him go.

But no matter how much Violet tried to stop him, Stanley was determined to leave.

Stanley drove away from the villa.

Violet sat paralyzed on the ground, looking at the direction he left with a dull face.

At that moment, Bella came out, "Mrs. Murphy, are you all right?"

She had just heard the conversation between the two.

She originally thought that Mr. Murphy held bad attitude to Mrs. Murphy was because she had done something wrong, and she didn't expect that his parents were involved.

Violet didn't answer, still looking at the place where Stanley had gone.

Bella, worried that Violet might get sick if she sat on the floor for too long, bent down to help Violet up.

The moment Violet got up, her head suddenly tingled, and several images flashed through her mind, only that they were so fast that she didn't even have time to see them clearly.

What the hell?\_\_

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Chapter 396 Pregnant

Violet held her forehead, her heart inexplicably feeling indescribable.

Why did this bizarre scenario come to her mind when she just had a headache?

"Mrs. Murphy, what's wrong with you?" Seeing Violet's pale face, Bella asked with concern.

Violet shook her head, and said in a hoarse voice, "I'm fine, I just had a sudden headache, I'm fine now."

"Let's go in first, then." Bella was relieved to hear that.

Violet nodded in agreement.

Bella helped Violet to sit down on the sofa in the living room and was to go pour her a glass of water.

Violet suddenly called out to Bella, "Bella, you heard the argument between me and Stanley just now, right?"

Bella nodded.

“Then do you think that it was really my mother who ran over and killed Stanley's parents?” Violet looked at her hopefully.

Bella's eyes dodged, “How would I know about such things?”

She had just stood watching from a short distance while the two were arguing.

She could see that Stanley wasn't lying, but likewise, Violet didn't look like she was either.

It was true that her mother did not have a red car.

Since the truth was still to be found out, Bella thought she'd better shut up.

Violet understood Bella's concerns and did not continue to ask.

After Bella left, Violet curled up on the sofa, silently lost in thought.

She thought for a moment about Stanley saying her mother had hit her parents.

A moment later, she thought about Stanley saying he regretted falling in love with her and regretted marrying her.

Both thoughts, tormenting her, were about to make her break down, and she didn't even know what to

do.

Violet lost sleep this night, because as soon as she closed her eyes, her mind was filled with these thoughts, and she couldn't sleep peacefully at all.

The next day, she got to work after dropping her two children off at the kindergarten.

Jessie excitedly pushed open her office door, holding a very high-end looking magazine, "Violet, here is the Century magazine, come and take a look."

Violet forced a smile, but in the next second, she fell onto the desk, unconscious.

"Violet?" Jessie was startled and threw the magazine in her hand away, rushing up to check on Violet's condition.

Seeing that Violet was unconscious, she was even more anxious and shouted, "Someone, call an ambulance."

Soon, Violet was taken to the ambulance.

Jessie went up with her as a chaperone.

Coincidentally, the ambulance was from the same hospital where Violet did her paternity test yesterday.

As Violet was wheeled into the emergency room, Jessie stood outside the emergency room, pacing worriedly.

After an unknown amount of time, the emergency room finally opened.

A doctor came out from inside and Jessie hurried to come forward, "Doctor, how is my friend?"

"She is fine, she just got not enough rest lately, coupled with mental stress and malnutrition, she passed out. Luckily the baby in her belly is all right, but she has to take care of it in the future." The doctor said as he took off his mask.

Jessie was confused before she found her voice, "What did you just say? A baby in her belly? She is pregnant?"

"Yes, exactly one and a half months." The doctor nodded, turned to leave regardless of the dumbfounded Jessie.

Jessie blinked and looked at the emergency room and then in the direction the doctor had left, finally accepting the fact that Violet was pregnant.

Jessie forced a smile on her face, "Why are you pregnant at this time?"

It was only logical that she should be happy that Violet was pregnant.

But the timing of Violet's pregnancy was not right, because Mr. Murphy's attitude towards Violet changed drastically. What should the baby do if they separated?

What a headache!

Jessie patted her head and then she saw Violet being pushed out.

Jessie followed along and went to the ward to take care of Violet.

By the time Violet woke up, it was already two in the afternoon.

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

Violet propped herself up and sat up, "Jessie."

"You're finally awake. Your sudden coma scared me to death." Jessie got up and gave Violet a pillow, "Are you all right?"

"Yes." said Violet, "But I am dizzy, by the way, what happened to me?"

"You have not enough rest, but get mental stress and malnutrition." Jessie replied.

Violet nodded, not surprised by her current situation, for she knew very well that she did not rest well or eat well.

However, Jessie's next sentence completely froze Violet.

"Violet, besides all that, you're pregnant." Jessie pointed at her belly.

Violet's pupils shrank and she subconsciously touched up her belly, "I ..... I'm pregnant?"

“Yeah, a month and a half.” Jessie nodded.

Violet looked down at her belly, her mood mixed with joy, excitement, and bewilderment.

Jessie poured her a glass of water, “Well, the baby is all right. I have ordered some food for you and it will be here in a while.”

“Thanks.” Violet was moved and took the glass of water over.

Jessie smiled, “What are you thanking me for? I'm your best friend, but what are you going to do about this baby?”

“What do you mean?”

“I'm asking you, are you going to have this baby born, or .....”

She stopped at this.

But Violet understood her words.

Jessie asked her if she wanted to get abortion.

The feeling of joy in Violet's heart about being pregnant disappeared without a trace, and was replaced by panic and anxiety.

Seeing that her face got paler and paler, Jessie became nervous, “Violet, what's wrong with you?”

“Jessie, what exactly do you think I should do?” Violet bit her lower lip and said in a trembling voice.

Jessie was confused, “What happened?”

Violet told Jessie about her argument with Stanley last night.

Jessie was surprised to hear that, “So Mr. Murphy thinks that your mother ran over his parents and that he has evidence in his hand?”

“Yes.” Violet nodded her head.

Jessie sighed, “How could this happen? Did your mother really do that?”

“No, but I can't come up with any evidence.” Violet shook her head.

Jessie rubbed her cheeks and mocked, “How come you are involved in all these feuds with the parents of the person you like?”

Violet felt into silence.

Jessie took a sign before she said, “So Violet, you have not decided to have the baby born or not, right?”

Violet's eyes flashed and she acquiesced.

“Since Mr. Murphy said so, he is determined to break up with you, and ...”

Jessie looked at her, "If it was really your mother did that, Mr. Murphy would definitely separate from you, let alone the child in your belly, after all, no one can accept the daughter of their enemy."

George couldn't.

Naturally, Stanley couldn't either.

How could Violet not know that?

And therefore her heart ached.

If she had the baby born, it would have no father be around.

But if she had abortion .....

Violet grabbed her clothes, not daring to think about it anymore, for her heart hurt so badly.

She did not want to have an abortion! \_\_\_\_

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Chapter 397 Concealing Pregnancy

Jessie knew what Violet was thinking, and she sighed, "Forget it, you should now consider your relationship with Mr. Murphy instead of the baby now."

Violet bit her lip, "You didn't tell him about my pregnancy, right?"

“No.” Jessie shook her head, “I was so worried about you and I had no intention to tell him. Should I?”

“No.” Violet closed her eyes, “Let’s keep it to ourselves for now.”

She was actually afraid that if she told Stanley now that she was pregnant, he would tell her to get an abortion.

To him, she was the daughter of his enemy.

So it was better to wait until the detective found out the truth, and by then she should be able to take a decision on whether she should have an abortion.

“Ok, then.” Jessie shrugged her shoulders.

At that moment, a knock on the door came.

Jessie turned towards the door, “I think the food is here.”

With that, she went over and opened the door, and she was right.

Jessie came in carrying a packed box, put it on the bed and opened it, with a smell of soup coming to her nose.

Jessie took out a bowl and handed it to Violet, “Here, drink some, you are malnourished, it is good for you.”

“Thank you, Jessie.” Violet took the bowl with a smile.

Jessie sat next to her and watched her drink.

When Violet was done drinking, Jessie went to complete the discharging formalities.

Violet was too tired and malnourished, and after the nutrient infusion, she was basically fine to be discharged.

It happened that Violet didn't want to stay in the hospital, which would easily expose her pregnancy, so she discharged and followed Jessie back to the company.

However, when she was discharged from the hospital, Jessie has asked the doctor to prescribe a bunch of tonic for Violet.

In the afternoon, Violet left the office to pick up her children.

The two children ran towards her joyfully.

If it were usual, Violet would have just stood still and let the two children bump into her.

But she was pregnant now and she was afraid that the kids would hit her belly, so she stopped them before they reached her.

“Mommy?” Arya cocked her head, not understanding why Mommy wouldn't let herself be hugged.

She wondered if her mother did not like her like her father did.

Arya pouted and her eyes grew red.

Calvin, who was observing carefully, saw that Violet had one hand covering her belly and her eyes lit up, "Mommy, are we having a brother or a sister?"

Violet looked at him in surprise, "How do you know that?"

Calvin chuckled, "I am smart, and I've started studying knowledge of senior school."

"Awesome!" Violet scratched his nose with a smile.

Only then did Arya come to herself, "Mommy, am going to be an elder sister?"

"Yeah, are you happy?" Violet looked down at Arya.

Arya nodded her head repeatedly, "Yeah, I am!"

She jumped with joy.

Fearing that she might fall, Violet asked Calvin to stop her.

"Well, it is a secret between the three of us, don't tell others, ok?" Violet bent down and whispered.

Calvin didn't ask why but nodded, "Ok."

But Arya asked, "Why, can't we tell Daddy?"

"No, we can't." Violet looked at her seriously.

"I know, Mommy, I won't tell Daddy." Arya answered.

Violet took the hands of the kids, "Come on, let's go home."

The two children nodded.

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

Twins Who Turned Child Stardom Into Two Luxury Fashion Lines

Suddenly, Calvin saw something.

"What's wrong?" Violet asked.

Calvin pointed ahead, "That's Jason, and he's followed by those bad guys again."

Violet turned and saw Jason, as well as the few bad kids who had beaten him up that day.

Violet couldn't help but frown.

Those kids were following Jason. They definitely didn't have good intentions and might want to hit him again.

She couldn't leave it alone.

“Calvin, go bring Jason over here.” Violet let go of Calvin's hand.

Calvin knew that Mommy was going to help Jason, so he nodded and ran towards Jason.

Soon, Jason came over after Calvin, looking at Violet with a rosy face, and greeted in a soft voice, “Hello, Madam.”

“Hello, boy.” Violet stroked his hair and helped three kids into the car.

Before driving, Violet took a glance towards the bad kids, who were hanging their heads, obviously regretting not having bullied Jason.

These kids, they were bastards!

Shaking her head, Violet withdrew her gaze and started the car.

Soon, they reached the neighborhood where Jason lived.

Just as he got out of the car, Jason's eyes lit up and he ran towards a middle-aged woman in a wheelchair with greens vegetables on her lap not far in front of him, “Mom.”

The middle-aged woman smiled and picked him up. Seen that he was sweating from running, she took a tissue from her pocket to wipe his sweat.

Jason pointed to Violet and said something to the middle-aged woman.

The middle-aged woman was first surprised, and then came towards Violet in her wheelchair.

Violet had wanted to leave, but seeing that the woman had already come over, it was rude to leave, so she got out of the car.

“MiSS, thank you for helping Jason.” The middle-aged woman gratefully bowed towards Violet.

Violet couldn't help but be surprised.

She was a middle-aged woman living in a run-down neighborhood, but she was elegant, which was weird to Violet.

“Madam, you don't have to be so polite, I'm also a mother, naturally I can't see children being bullied, that's why I helped Jason.” Violet smiled at Jason.

Jason blushed and lowered his head.

He felt Violet was so pretty.

“Anyway, if it wasn't for you, Miss, Jason might have come back with injuries again, for I am useless.” The middle-aged woman looked down at her leg, a flash of pain in her eyes.

Violet sighed in her heart, “Have you ever considered transferring Jason to another school?”

The middle-aged woman nodded, “Yes, but I don't have the money, kindergartens are too expensive.”

“That's true.” Violet had no more words to say.

“Never mind.” A smile resurfaced on the middle-aged woman's face as she spoke, “Miss, come and have some water as my way of thanking you for taking care of Jason.”

Violet wanted to refuse, but seeing the anticipation in Jason's eyes, she agreed, “Well, thank you.”

“My pleasure.” The middle-aged woman waved her hand.

Jason gave a big smile.

Violet opened the door of the back seat and carried the two children out.

The middle-aged woman saw Arya first, and then Calvin.

At the moment she saw Calvin, the middle-aged woman opened her eyes wide, “Mr. Murphy?”

Hearing that, Violet opened her mouth in surprise, “What?”

The middle-aged woman looked at Calvin with complicated eyes, “This boy looks like a person.”

“Stanley Murphy of the Murphy Group?” Violet asked, fixing her eyes on the middle-age woman.

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Chapter 398 The Murderer is not Her

A trace of surprise flashed in the middle-aged woman's eyes before she realized something and asked tentatively, "Miss, are you Mr. Murphy's wife?"

"Yes." Violet nodded, and then asked rhetorically, "Madam, how do you know Stanley?"

An ordinary woman in a civilian district, by definition, couldn't know Stanley.

But she had guessed Violet identity directly through Calvin, which was a surprise to her.

It seemed that this middle-aged woman was not simple.

The middle-aged woman lowered her eyelids, seemingly torn about something, and after a few seconds, she suddenly cried, "Mrs. Murphy, I beg you, save my daughter."

"What?" Violet was confused.

Weren't they talking about how she knew Stanley? What was going on?

Calvin suddenly remembered something and pulled the corner of Violet's shirt, "Mommy, he has the same last name as Vera Chambers?"

Hearing that, Violet's face changed, "So you guys are ....."

“Yes, Vera Chambers is my daughter and is Jason's sister.” The middle-aged woman Miranda took Jason's hand.

Jason didn't know what was happening, and bewilderment was revealed on his little face.

Violet's face turned embarrassed as she took the two children's hands, “Calvin, Arya, let's go!”

She really didn't expect that they were actually Vera's family.

For the family of a woman who had nearly killed her twice, she thought there was no need to make acquaintance.

However, as Violet and the two children were to leave, Miranda suddenly fell out of her wheelchair and sat down on the floor.

But Miranda didn't bother with her appearance and hurriedly reached out her hand to stop Violet, “Wait a minute, Mrs. Murphy, you misunderstood, my daughter didn't kill you. She was wrongly accused, she took the blame for someone else!”

“What?” Violet's pupils shrank as she jerked to a halt and turned back, “She took the blame for someone else?”

Miranda nodded repeatedly with tears in her eyes, “Yes, my daughter is innocent. She only took the blame for others for our sake.”

Seeing that Miranda wasn't lying, Violet held her forehead, only to feel her mind in a state of confusion.

She needed to sort it out.

A few months back, Vera almost drowned her in the bathroom, but she got lucky and was saved by two women who came in to use the bathroom.

Later, Vera broke the elevator again and tried to get her killed, but still didn't succeed, and then she was absconded before being caught.

But now Vera's mother exclaimed that Vera didn't do any of these things and that she was taking the blame for someone else.

Violet only felt her scalp tingle and a cold air came up from her back.

If that was true, the real murderer had not been caught yet.

“Madam, what is going on here?” Violet helped Miranda up.

What happened next was not for a few kids to hear.

Violet asked the kids to go into the car.

Only Violet and Miranda were left outside.

Miranda wiped her tears and after stabilizing her emotions, she spoke, “Actually, on the day my daughter was arrested, I felt like the whole world collapsed, the police officer said that my daughter went to kill Mr. Murphy’s woman, that is, you, Mrs. Murphy, under jealousy, but it is impossible because .....

“Because of what?” Violet looked at her.

Miranda sobbed, “Because my daughter doesn’t like Mr. Murphy, but the boy from the Wong family, so she would not have tried to kill you because of jealousy, but my daughter didn't explain and didn't want me to complain, so she was sentenced.”

“So you feel she didn't do it, but you don't know she was convicted, right?” Violet narrowed her eyes.

Miranda nodded, “That's right, until last month when I went to see her in prison, she asked me if the debt collectors were still coming for us. You should know that our family used to be rich, right?”

“I know.” Violet responded.

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So when she saw Miranda just now, she felt that she was elegant.

“After our family went bankrupt, we owed a lot of money that we simply couldn't pay back, so those people often came to our door to urge us to pay back the money, and even said they would kill us.” Miranda smiled mournfully, “That's why Vera took the blame.”

“The real murderer promised to help Vera pay off your debts?” Violet wrinkled her brow.

“Yes, so she agreed to take the blame, that's why she asked me last month if the debt collectors were

still coming.”

“Did they come?” Violet asked.

A hint of hatred surfaced on Miranda's face, “Of course, because the murderer didn't pay our debts, that's why Vera told me the truth when she found out. I always wanted to save Vera, but I didn't know how until I saw you today.”

Saying that, she grabbed Violet's hand, “Mrs. Murphy, for the sake that Vera is innocent, help me, save my daughter, please, please!”

She sobbed uncontrollably.

Violet sighed, “I know, I'll help, the murderer is still out there, probably still waiting for the chance to kill me. I can't let it go, once the real murderer is caught, your daughter will naturally be released.”

“Thank you, thank you!” Miranda was grateful.

Violet drew her hand back, “Your daughter dealt with it, so she should know something the murderer. I want to go see your daughter tomorrow.”

“Okay, I'll apply for a visit tomorrow using my identity.” Miranda said.

Violet took out her own business card from her bag, “Call me when it is done and I'll go over there right away.”

“Ok.” Miranda held the business card tightly in her hand like a treasure.

Violet then drove off in her car, taking the two children with her.

On the way, she kept a heavy heart.

She didn't realize that the real murderer was still on the loose.

She suddenly remembered when she first met Vera when she was arrested, and wondered if a girl with a soft and innocent appearance could really be a murderer. It always felt like something wasn't right.

Now she knew that her instincts were right at the time.

Also, the one who burned down her warehouse and ran over George and Calvin appeared to be this same person.

How could she have so many enemies?

All along the way, Violet didn't say anything.

The two children, seeing that she was pondering, did not disturb her.

After Violet sent the two children upstairs, she came to the kitchen, "Bella, I want to know where Stanley lives?"

Bella turned around when she heard Violet's question, "You want to see him?"

"I have something to say to him." Violet replied.

Bella thought Violet wanted to continue talking to Stanley about last night, so she gave Violet the address.

Anyway, he did not prevent her from telling Violet.

Violet got the address and smiled gratefully at Bella, "Thank you, Bella, I'll go find him now, please look after the two kids."

"Don't worry, Mrs. Murphy, I'll take care of them." Bella nodded her head.

Violet turned away and drove off.

An hour later, she got the place where Stanley lived.

Violet stepped out of the elevator and smoothly found Stanley's door, then rang the doorbell.

The door opened soon and Ivy asked suspiciously, "Who is it?"

"Why are you here?" Violet looked at Ivy and her face changed as a wave of anger rose up in her heart.

Daddy! Mommy Is Pregnant Again

Chapter 399 Ivan Likes Violet

Instead of telling her, his wife, the address, Stanley told Ivy.

No wonder she returned to the villa and didn't see Ivy, so Ivy had come here.

Ivy didn't expect the person at the door to be Violet, she first froze and then smiled, "Miss Hunt, what are you doing here?"

She asked, sounding like a hostess.

Violet squeezed her palms.

She had come here to tell Stanley that they were wrong about the murderer.

But now it didn't seem like it was necessary.

Violet didn't reply, dropping her eyelids to hide the sadness in her eyes as she turned away.

Ivy didn't speak a word but smiled smugly and simply closed the door.

Henry came with a glass of wine, "Ivy, who were you talking to?"

"It's the property management staff." Ivy replied with a smile, and then took his arm, "Hasn't Stanley back yet?"

"No, he has just finished his meeting and told us to wait here for him."

"Ok." Ivy nodded.

Violet returned to her car, physically and mentally exhausted, slumped over the steering wheel, eyes

slightly closed.

She came over in high spirits, wanting to tell Stanley about the murderer, so that she could have a talk to him and make them closer.

But she didn't expect the truth to be so ironic. She came here and instead of seeing him, she saw Ivy, who acted like a hostess.

Since the moment Stanley's attitude towards her had cooled down, he had become close to Ivy again, just like when they weren't married.

What, exactly, was he thinking?

Violet could not figure out and drove off.

No sooner had she left than a black Maybach pulled up.

Fraser looked ahead in confusion, "Mr. Murphy, I think I saw Mrs. Murphy's car."

The man in the back seat, who had his eyes closed, opened his eyes and looked ahead, yet he didn't see anything, and the look in his eyes couldn't tell if he was disappointed or not.

"Pick me up at eight tomorrow morning." Dropping this, Stanley opened the door and got out of the car, walking towards the building.

Back at the house, it was Henry who opened the door.

Remembering what Fraser had just said, Stanley asked in a deep voice, "Violet came by?"

"No." Henry subconsciously replied "What makes you think she was here?"

Stanley didn't say anything anymore and walked straight to the living room.

Ivy saw him and got up joyfully, "You're back, Stanley."

Stanley nodded.

Ivy poured water for him and was very enthusiastic.

Henry saw that and his eyes darkened.

Ivy was really still in love with Stanley.

Whenever the three of them were together, she completely ignored him as her boyfriend.

He was even wondering why she was with him.

Henry lowered his eyes and walked over, with a smile on his cute face, "Stanley, what did you call us over for?"

Stanley pinched his brow, "I called you here for Ivy's recovery banquet."

"Didn't you say your grandpa would arrange it?" Henry was puzzled.

Stanley nodded, "He had a sudden stroke a few days ago and was admitted to the hospital, so he can't do that."

"What, he is hospitalized?" Ivy stood up in surprise.

Stanley frowned, "You don't know?"

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Ivy's eyes flickered, she forced a smile, "He didn't tell me, probably because he was afraid I'd worry, after all, I'm not feeling well."

That was true.

Stanley didn't doubt it and returned his gaze, "Now that he can't make the arrangements, you're Ivy's boyfriend, so it's up to you to make the arrangements, and I'll assist you."

"Ok." Henry nodded his head in response.

Ivy lowered her head with resignation.

She didn't want Henry to arrange it, but Stanley had said that Henry was her boyfriend.

If she refused, Stanley and Henry would doubt her.

Henry had been watching Ivy and he had seen discontent in her eyes. He clenched his fist, but said nothing.

After that, Henry took a call to have surgery and left.

He had wanted to send Ivy back before he left, but Ivy refused on the pretext that she wanted to go shopping.

Henry wasn't sure if she was to go shopping or just didn't want to leave Stanley, his face looked gloomy as he walked away.

Ivy didn't love him, so naturally she couldn't be concerned about him.

"Stanley, can you go shopping with me?" Ivy looked at Stanley with expectation.

Stanley frowned, "I have two video conferences later, I'll ask the driver to accompany you."

Hearing that, Ivy lowered her head with a gloomy look, "Forget it, I'll just go by myself."

With that, she stood up.

Stanley suddenly thought of something and called out to her, "Wait a minute."

Ivy was happy, thinking that he was going to accompany her, and she turned around in a hurry.

Stanley was expressionless, "Did you contact Ivan?"

He had wanted to ask a long time ago, but he had forgotten about it until now because he had been thinking about how to get along with Violet.

When Ivy heard Stanley's words, her pupils contracted, she was panicked, but on the surface, she tried to remain calm, "Yeah, how did you know?"

Without telling her how he knew, Stanley pursed his lips and asked again, "Why?"

He and Ivy had grown up together, but she and Ivan hadn't.

She had been somewhat afraid of Ivan, so he didn't know why she contacted Ivan.

Ivy waved her hand and answered with an innocent look, "He came to me, not I came to him."

She was telling the truth.

It was indeed Ivan who had called her the other day, and she had been surprised at the time.

"What did he say to you?" Stanley gazed at Ivy.

Ivy ruffled her wig, "Asked me something about Miss Hunt."

"Violet?" Stanley's face was grim.

Ivy nodded, "Miss Hunt seemed to ignore him, so he contacted me, just to ask me if Miss Hunt has got well. They fell off the cliff together, so I talked to him ....."

She stopped and looked at him.

Stanley's brow furrowed, "What?"

"Stanley, don't you think Ivan paid too much attention to Miss Hunt, and he sounded worried at that time. Does he fall in love with Miss Hunt?" A sly glint flashed in Ivy's eyes.

Stanley didn't see it and he felt silence, with a grim face.

Ivan kidnapped Violet and tried to die with her.

However, after that, Ivan spared Violet and even informed Stanley to find Violet, which clearly showed that Ivan cared about Violet and didn't want Violet to die.

Ivy raised the corner of her mouth and lowered her eyes as she added, "I wonder what happened between them at the bottom of the cliff. Ivan never did such a thing before, but as soon as he returned, he started to care about Miss Hunt, so there must be something between them that we don't know about."

"That's enough!" Stanley clenched his fist and interrupted her in an angry voice, "There's nothing between them!" \_\_\_\_\_

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