

Daddy! Mommy Is Pregnant Again

Chapter 400 Meet Vera Again

What could Ivan do with his arms and legs broken under the cliff?

And he believed that Violet wasn't that kind of person either.

But for Ivan's care for Violet, Stanley had to admit that he minded.

Ivy lowered her head and stopped talking.

She didn't mean anything else by saying this, she just wanted to tell him that Violet and Ivan might have something.

He'd have a dilemma in his mind even if he didn't believe it.

When that happened, he would have a problem with Violet.

Thinking of that, Ivy raised the corner of her mouth.

Stanley rubbed his temples, "Alright, you go first."

"Ok." Ivy nodded her head and lifted her feet to leave.

Stanley's head was slightly raised as he leaned against the back of the sofa, closing his eyes wearily, only to open them after a long time and get up to go to the bathroom.

The next day, Violet went to the police station.

Miranda was waiting for her at the gate of the police station, and when she saw Violet coming, she hurriedly came over, "Mrs. Murphy."

"Just call me Violet." Violet smiled.

Miranda just listened to it and did not change her address.

After all, Violet was just being polite.

"Mrs. Murphy, the application from the police station has been approved, and a car will come and take us to the prison later." Miranda said.

Violet nodded her head.

The two then went into the police station, signed some document, and then got into the police station car and headed to the prison.

At the same time, Stanley received a call from the police station, and his brow furrowed when he learned that Violet had gone to see Vera.

The case of Vera had been closed.

Why did she go and visit Vera?

And she was there with Vera's mother.

"Fraser." Stanley put down his pen and called Fraser in.

Fraser stood next to his desk, "What can I do, Mr. Murphy?"

"Get the car ready and go to the prison." Stanley ordered.

Fraser was surprised before he nodded, "Ok."

After Fraser was out, Stanley got up, put on his jacket and left the office after he signed the contract.

Half an hour later, he arrived at the prison.

When Stanley entered, he saw Violet and Miranda sitting together talking about something.

Before Violet saw him, Miranda saw him first and shouted in surprise, "Mr. Murphy."

Stanley knew Miranda, after all, the Chambers family had cooperation with him before they went bankrupt.

If Vera had not done that, Stanley wouldn't mind giving her a response.

But now, he did not.

Therefore Stanley pretended he didn't hear it and put his eyes on Violet.

Violet stood up, "Stanley, what brings you here?"

Instead of answering, Stanley asked, "You came to see Vera?"

"Yes." Violet nodded, "But the time for visitation hasn't come yet."

Stanley pursed his lips, "Why do you want to see her?"

Violet lowered her eyes and didn't answer.

She had wanted to tell him yesterday the purpose of her meeting Vera, but thinking about that she met Ivy when she knocked on his door yesterday, she didn't want to say anything.

And it was supposed to be her business, and there was no need to tell him.

Seeing that Violet didn't answer, Stanley's face turned even colder and darker.

On the side, Miranda looked at him and then at Violet, suddenly realizing that the two might have a quarrel.

Mr. Murphy was indifferent to Mrs. Murphy.

But she, an outsider, did not feel right to answer. She spoke, "Mr. Murphy, here is the thing, yesterday"

Miranda told Stanley what happened yesterday.

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Stanley's pupils shrank, "You're saying that the murderer isn't your daughter?"

"Yes." Miranda nodded with red eyes.

Stanley narrowed his eyes at Violet, "Why didn't you tell me?"

Violet laughed at his words, "Was it me who didn't want to tell you? It was you who refuse to give me the chance to meet you."

Thinking about Ivy yesterday made her feel diabolical.

Stanley looked at the mockery and anger on her face, his brow furrowed.

Just as he was about to say something, a prison guard approached, "Visiting hours for 257."

Number 257 referred to Vera.

In prison, names were not used but numbers.

Miranda looked to Violet, "Mrs. Murphy, you can go see Vera now."

"Ok." Violet nodded her head and was about to follow inside.

Unexpectedly, she saw Stanley following behind her.

She looked at him sideways, "You want to see her too?"

Stanley ignored her, his face cold.

Violet laughed to herself, feeling really stupid.

Why asked since he was cold to her?

And she shouldn't think he'd treat her any better until the results of the investigation came out from the detective agency.

So Violet stopped paying attention to Stanley, and her face went cold.

The two were husband and wife, but now they looked like they were strangers.

Stanley knew that his attitude towards her was bad and wrong, but he couldn't get past over, that was why he ignored her.

Instead of him holding a grudge against her now, it was more like, he didn't know how to get along with

her.

But now when he saw Violet treating him in the same way as he treated her, he didn't feel comfortable in his heart.

With such a contradiction, Stanley's face looked grim.

Soon, they arrived.

Violet saw Vera once again.

At this moment, Vera, compared to when Violet first met her, was haggard, and had lost much weight. Her long hair had been cut, leaving less than two centimeters in length.

Miranda covered her mouth and cried on the spot.

Seeing that, Vera tried to go to comfort her, but her lips moved and her voice could not come out.

Violet sighed and picked up the microphone, "Hello, do you remember me?"

She asked.

Stanley stood behind her, squinting and gazing at Vera behind the glass.

This woman really was not the murderer?

Vera looked at Violet in a listless manner and picked up the microphone as well, "I do."

Her voice was unmistakably raspy and dry, as if she hadn't had a drink of water in a long time.

But Violet knew that she hadn't spoken for too long that caused her voice to become strange.

"Yesterday, I heard from your mother that you were taking the blame for someone else, is that true?"
Violet softened her tone as much as she could.

Vera burst into tears at once, "How can she cheat me? How can she cheat me? She said she would pay the debt for my family, why doesn't she do it?"

Her brother had been bullied and her mother had been constantly intimidated.

She regretted that she had been so innocent to believe that woman's words.

But more than that, she hated that woman not keeping her word!

Violet caught the hatred in Vera's eyes and was already completely convinced in her heart that she was really innocent.

Stanley saw that too, his fists on either side clenched tightly, his breath around him cold and terrifying.

That murderer had fooled him.

"Who is she?" Violet stared intently at Vera, desperate for news of the true culprit.

Knowing that Violet was the person her mother had called to help her, Vera forced herself to stop crying and after settling her emotions, she replied, "I don't know who she is, I haven't seen her once, but I've

heard her voice, it's somewhat familiar. I just can't remember where I've heard it before."

"Familiar?" Violet pursed her lips, "Since you find it familiar, it must be someone you know." _____

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Chapter 401 Test Results

Vera nodded, "I also think it's someone I know, if I'm right, it should be someone from the circle, for only someone from the circle can promise that much money."

Violet raised her eyes to look at the man beside her, and then withdrew her gaze, "Which rich ladies have you befriended in the circle before?"

They could check them one by one.

She was sure that she would be able to find that woman out.

In fact, Violet already had a suspected candidate in mind.

That was Ivy.

Ivy had completely revealed her true face and was not the gentle girl she had seen in the hospital before, but a true snake.

So Ivy was possible to kill her, and what happened on the stairs that night was proof of that.

Vera followed Violet's words and spoke out the names of those ladies she used to know, whether they were familiar or unfamiliar.

Violet recorded because there were many names for her to remember.

Stanley took all these names to his heart and decided to have Fraser look them up.

Soon, Vera finished.

Violet, however, frowned.

There was no Ivy.

Of these people, Vera didn't mention Ivy.

In this case, there were only two possibilities.

Either Vera didn't know Ivy, or it wasn't Ivy who did it.

But her gut tells her that there was a high probability that the murderer was Ivy.

Violet asked with doubts, "That is all?"

Vera nodded, "Yes."

There were only them she knew in the circle.

Violet was disappointed.

If Stanley wasn't here, she would have asked Vera if she knew Ivy.

She could only wait for the next chance.

Time was up and they had to leave.

After walking out of the prison, Miranda solemnly bowed to Violet and Stanley, "Mr. Murphy, Mrs. Murphy, please find the murderer out."

Violet helped her up and was about to speak.

Stanley spoke in a cold voice, "It's her own fault that your daughter has ended up in this situation."

Miranda froze.

Violet probably knew what Stanley meant, and her eyes flashed, not speaking for Miranda.

Miranda snapped back to her senses, tears flowing again.

Stanley stuck his hands in his trouser pockets, "It's true that your daughter is not the murderer, but have you ever thought that if she takes the blame for someone else and lets the murderer continue to get

away with it, the murderer will continue to kill people. You are debt free, but should others deserve to die?"

Violet looked at Stanley and her eyes softened.

Miranda cried with a face full of guilt, "I know, I criticized Vera when I learned the truth, but Vera sat in jail for a few months and was considered punished. Mr. Murphy, Mrs. Murphy, I beg you to forgive Vera, I'm really sorry."

She took another bow.

Violet helped her up again, "Forget it, she was punished, so I am fine with it."

Vera was already on the verge of collapse, having the bruises under her neck.

Maybe Vera was having a bad time in prison.

This punishment was indeed enough for Vera.

Stanley looked at Violet though the corner of his eyes. Since she had said so, he remained silent.

And Miranda, which was immensely grateful, bowed to both.

After that, Miranda left.

Violet had wanted to go along, but was told to stop by Stanley.

Violet got into Stanley's car and didn't say a word to him, looking out the window quietly.

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Stanley took a glance at her and pursed his thin lips, "Don't get involved to catch the murderer, I'll do it."

"No, it's my business, I won't bother you." Violet lowered her eyes and said in a light voice.

Stanley frowned, hearing the detachment in her tone and feeling uncomfortable.

But he knew that she would be like this solely because of him.

"You don't have enough power to get the murderer out." Stanley faintly stated the facts.

Violet bit her lower lip, unable to refute.

It was true that she was not as powerful as he was.

But Violet still refused, "No need, don't you hate me now? So you don't need to interfere in my affairs."

Stanley narrowed his eyes and didn't speak anymore.

Violet took a deep breath, "Mr. Murphy, I think we should reconsider our relationship."

"What do you mean?" Stanley stopped the car unexpectedly.

She had changed her address to him too.

Violet turned to him, "You have decided that my mother is the murderer of your parents, then I am the daughter of your enemy, and you surely can't do to live with the daughter of your enemy, right?"

Stanley's eyes flickered, and his hands that rested on the steering wheel couldn't help but grip.

Violet saw it, sneered before she continued, "So you can think about it, Mr. Murphy, it can be like this always."

When she finished, she unbuckled her seatbelt, pushed open the door and got out of the car, then hailed a cab and left.

Stanley looked at the distant taxi, his face went gloomy.

He admitted that he really couldn't do it without a problem with her.

But divorce was something he hadn't even thought about.

But it he knew that such a relationship as a couple was a torture for her and for himself.

At this moment, Stanley only felt overwhelmed.

Likewise, Violet, who was in the taxi, was in a bad mood.

Although she had asked the detective to look into what happened eighteen years ago, Stanley said he had evidence of her mother hitting his parents.

That meant the detective she hired probably would not find out anything useful.

That was why she asked Stanley to think about their relationship, because once the detective failed to find anything out, she couldn't clear her mother's name, and in the eyes of Stanley, she'd always be the daughter of his enemy.

She might as well have made it clear to him sooner and asked him to reconsider their relationship.

It was hard to let go, but it was possible, and it was better for both parties to let go sooner.

As he was thinking, his phone suddenly rang.

Violet sorted out her mood and took out her phone.

Seeing that it was the hospital calling, she hurried to answer it for she had sensed something, "Hello!"

"Hello, is this Miss Hunt?" On the other end of the phone, came the gentle and polite voice of a woman.

Violet nodded, "Yes."

"Hello, Miss Hunt, the result of the paternity test you had done at our hospital two days ago has come out, do you have time to come and get it?" The nurse asked.

Violet gripped her phone tightly, "Yes, I'll be right over."

"Okay."

After hanging up the phone, Violet told the driver to turn to the hospital.

Soon, she arrived at the lab department in a nervous state and found the doctor who did the test.

The doctor recognized her.

She was so beautiful that it was hard to forget.

The doctor handed her a file folder.

She took it and did not open it on the spot, but went to the hospital garden. Sitting on a cool chair, she took a deep breath to press down the tension in her heart, and only then, with trembling hands, took the document out.

Violet took it out and directly flipped to the last page to check the result.

However, her face froze and her hands and feet went cold. _____

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Chapter 402 Memory Fragments

No, it said that Stanley was not the father!

How did this happen?

Violet's hand holding the paper was shaking, and her body was trembling violently. She was in disbelief.

Although both Stanley and Calvin had said that they were not related by blood and were not biological father and son.

But in her heart, she had always been convinced that they were related, because Calvin's face that looked just like Stanley's was proof of that, and the surveillance she had in her hand back then showed that the one she spent the night with back then was Stanley.

But now the test result made her body feel icy.

What the hell was going on?

Violet bit her lower lip hard and her eyes grew red.

Stanley was not the father of the two children, so who exactly was the man that night? Was it really the 50 year old man Phoebe arranged?

At this moment, Violet almost collapsed, feeling like the world was spinning in the sky.

She swayed, blacked out as her body plummeted forward.

Seeing that she was about to fall to the ground, a man in a white coat walked over and took her wrist, pulling her into his arms.

"Violet, what's wrong with you?"

A familiar voice came from overhead.

Violet looked up and was surprised to see it was George, "George?"

She couldn't have been mistaken, could she?

"It's me." George looked at her with gentle eyes, "Violet, why are you in this hospital? Are you sick? Why didn't you go to Henry's hospital?"

By definition, she was Stanley's wife, and Henry was Stanley's only friend.

If she wanted to see a doctor, she should have gone over to Henry, not here.

Violet bit her lip and shook her head, "I don't want to go over there, and I'm not sick, I just came"

Violet looked down at the test result in her hand and had not finished her words.

George's eyes flashed, "Can I see it?"

He wanted to know what it was that had her in such a state of emotion.

Violet handed it to him.

A hint of surprise flashed in his eyes, "Paternity test? With Mr. Murphy's?"

Violet nodded, "I always thought that Calvin and Arya were Stanley's children, but"

"They aren't." George said, "Actually, I didn't tell you that a long time ago, Calvin had me do one for him and Mr. Murphy, and the result was the same as this."

Last time, he deliberately switched Stanley's hair, so the result said that Calvin was not Stanley's son.

But this time, he was out of it, but the result in Violet's hand showed the same.

It seemed that there were others who didn't want Violet and Stanley to know the truth.

Who was it? Ivy, or Ivan?

"George, what's wrong with you?" Seeing George was contemplating, Violet asked suspiciously.

George pushed his glasses up and smiled, "Nothing."

He gave her back the paper, "Actually, what does it matter if Mr. Murphy is not the father? He loves the kids."

The corners of Violet's mouth curled up in a self-deprecating arc, "He did, but now"

"Now what?" George asked, his gaze fell on Violet's face, then he noticed that she looked haggard, he couldn't help but frown, "Violet, haven't you rested well lately, why are you so thin?"

Violet shook her head, "I am fine, by the way, George, how come you're here? When did you come back?"

George smiled, "Two days ago, I've been jet lagged, and I came to this hospital today."

Violet was surprised, "So you're a doctor at this hospital from now on?"

"That's right, it was arranged by my mentor." George nodded.

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Twins Who Turned Child Stardom Into Two Luxury Fashion Lines

The Criminal Minds Cast: Where Are They Now?

"Then Dr. Baxter"

The smile on George's face faded, "The contract with Henry is over, and the one I signed was a temporary contract, not official."

"So that's how it is." Violet enlightened and then she thought of something and asked, "George, should I tell Jessie that you are back?"

George narrowed his eyes, "No need, she already told me last time that she won't waste her feelings on me again, so there's no need to inform her."

Violet nodded, thinking the same.

Since Jessie had given up, it was indeed inappropriate to tell her that George had returned.

Otherwise, she would be in a mess again.

Thinking of Jessie's abandonment of George, Violet subconsciously clenched the paper in her hand.

Should she end her marriage with Stanley too?

The biggest reason she married him in the beginning, besides her love for him, was her two children. She felt, as a father, he should be responsible.

But now it showed that he was not the father, how could she be so brazen to continue to let him raise the kids?

Violet let out a bitter smile, having a decision in her mind.

She was waiting for the results from the detective before she could fully make up her mind.

Thinking of that, Violet took a deep breath, put the paper away, "Well, George, it's late, I gotta leave, see you next time."

With that, she moved forward.

After just two steps, her head suddenly hurt again, and once again images flashed through her mind that she couldn't see clearly.

Violet grunted out in pain, and a look of agony surfaced on her face.

Seeing that, George hurried to support her, "Violet, what's wrong with you?"

"I have headaches and something weird jumped into my mind." Violet said in a hoarse voice as she leaned into his arms.

George touched her forehead and did not feel a fever, so how could she have a headache?

"What jumped into your mind?" George inquired as he felt her pulse.

Suddenly, his pupils shrank slightly, "Violet, you're pregnant?"

"Yes, a month or so." Violet rubbed her belly and her face turned flushed as she spoke.

George's eyes darkened when he saw that, "So you already know about it."

"I learned about it two days ago." Violet replied.

George nodded, "Since you know, I'm relieved. Although I don't know about obstetrics and gynecology, I still know some basic common sense. Be careful in the first three months during your pregnancy."

Violet lowered her eyes, "I know."

She hadn't decided whether she would keep this baby yet.

"By the way, what just popped into your head?" George looked at her.

Violet rubbed her temples as she answered, "It's some familiar images, but they were not clear."

George's pupils flinched.

If he were an ordinary doctor, he would think she was hallucinating.

But he was different, he was also a psychological hypnosis doctor in addition to being a brain doctor, who had a relatively deep knowledge of the aspect in human memory.

So for what Violet had just said, he probably understood what the reason was.

It was a sign that her memory was coming back, and the images she saw were fragments of her memories.

She had lost her memory, but she was not aware of that.

She did not lose her memory accidentally, but artificially.

But he did not know when and why.

Thinking of that, the corners of George's mouth curled up and he got interest.

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Chapter 403 Perfume of Other Men

Violet's heart fluttered when she saw George reveal a smile, inexplicably remembering the scene she had seen in the surveillance that time.

When he stabbed Stanley with a knife, the smile on his face was similar to the one he had now, but the difference was that his smile was more terrifying that time.

And now, it was more mildly.

"George, what is going on with me?" Violet shook off her head and said, "During this period of time, I often had headaches from time to time like now, and then these images came to my mind, but they soon disappeared and my head didn't hurt anymore."

Now her head didn't hurt anymore.

George lowered his eyes and smiled, "I'm not sure, why don't you do a head check and see if there's something in there."

Violet nodded in agreement, "In some days, I don't have much time right now."

"Okay, contact me then." George responded.

Violet gave a smile and then walked away.

After leaving the hospital, Violet didn't go back to the company or to the villa, but to her apartment.

The apartment hadn't been lived in for a long time, and she hadn't been back since her mother died, and a thin layer of dust had poured over the house.

When Violet went in, she could still smell the dust.

Violet looked at the apartment and nostalgia passed through her eyes.

She had always thought that for the rest of her life, she might never move back here.

But now it looked like she had to move back soon.

Violet touched her bag, with a gloomy face.

She then took out her phone and called a cleaner to clean the apartment, so that she did not have to clean the house when she moved back with two kids.

After doing that, Violet left and went to the copy shop downstairs and printed out a divorce agreement.

When she and Stanley got married, she signed a property notarization, just in case people said that she married him for Stanley's money, which would have a bad impact on the two children, so the divorce agreement was now simple and did not involve any property.

All it took was for Stanley to sign and then go to get a divorce certificate.

Taking the divorce agreement, Violet put it in a file bag and drove back to the villa, ready to put these back and go to the office.

What she didn't expect was to see Stanley and Ivy there when she went back.

The two of them were together again.

Violet's eyes sank, subconsciously squeezing the file bag in her hand, she planned to ignore them and go upstairs.

However, Ivy called out to her, "Miss Hunt, why are you back so early?"

Stanley also looked at her, his eyes dark, but didn't say anything.

"Is it related to you?" Violet's heart tingled when she saw Stanley's indifference, and then her gaze shifted to Ivy and replied in a cold voice.

Ivy feigned aggravation, "I was just greeting to you, why are you so rude?"

Violet sneered, "I didn't want to pay attention to you guys and wanted to leave the place for you to get emotionally attached, but you don't cherish it and waste the opportunity yourself."

Hearing that, Ivy was stunned.

This woman was crazy to try to set her up with Stanley.

Could it be that it was really Stanley's indifference that had disheartened this woman?

Ivy clenched her palms and forced down the excitement in her heart to keep it from being seen.

On the other hand, Stanley's face was grim as he looked at Violet, cold air spreading around him, "What did you just say, let's get emotionally attached?"

Violet smiled and locked eyes with him, "You are now inseparable, in and out together, outsiders will

think you are a couple, and now Miss Ellis is often in and out of your room and your apartment, isn't that just like your girlfriend? So I'll let you get emotionally attached."

With that, she ignored them and went upstairs.

Stanley clenched his fists, his teeth gritting.

She actually pushed him towards another woman!

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Twins Who Turned Child Stardom Into Two Luxury Fashion Lines

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

"Stanley" Seeing the bruises on the back of Stanley's hand, Ivy called out to him.

However, he ignored her and went straight upstairs.

Upstairs in her room, Violet was changing her clothes, suddenly the door opened and Stanley walked in.

Violet hurriedly lowered the hem of her dress and frowned, "Why did you come in?"

"This is my room too." Stanley said with pursed lips.

Violet laughed, "So you still know that this is your room, I thought that the room you stayed in with Ivy was your room."

"Violet, don't be so unreasonable, there's nothing between Ivy and I." Stanley wrinkled his eyebrows, his voice cold and deep.

Violet pulled at the corner of her mouth, "Nothing? Ivy came into your room in the middle of the night and went in and out of your apartment, and now you're back together, you're telling me that there's nothing between you? Stanley, do you think I am a fool?"

Stanley's brow knitted tighter, "I do not."

"Alright, I don't want to argue with you about this, get out." Violet rubbed her brow, only to feel her head start to hurt again.

Stanley was nervous when he saw the pain in her eyes, and he immediately went up to her to find out what was wrong with her, only to smell the scent of men's perfume on her.

It wasn't the mint scent he always used, but an oceanic one.

She actually had perfume of another man.

Stanley's eyes went red, he grabbed Violet's wrist and pinned her down on the bed, "Who did you go to see?"

"What?" Violet looked at him in confusion and bewilderment, "What are you talking about, I haven't seen anyone!"

Stanley smiled coldly, "If you haven't seen anyone, then on you, how come you smell like another man's perfume!"

The smell of perfume?

Violet froze, and then lowered her head to smell herself.

It was true.

And the smell was like George's.

So she got it when George helped to support her when she had a headache.

"It's none of your business." Violet looked away, not wanting to answer.

If she had said it was George, he would have been even angrier.

After all, he hated George the most.

What Violet didn't know, however, was that by not saying anything, she had also made Stanley even more furious.

His grip on her wrist tightened so hard that Violet grunted out of pain.

If it had been before, he would have let her go when he saw she was in pain.

But Stanley, who was now overwhelmed by jealousy and anger, not only didn't let go, but also took her hand and pressed it even harder towards the bed.

"Violet, you want to cheat on me?" Stanley's voice was incomparably cold as he said that.

Violet opened her eyes wide, "Stanley, you actually think of me like that?"

"So tell me, why do you smell like another man's perfume on you? If you hadn't had physical contact with that man, you wouldn't have had it on you at all." Stanley exclaimed.

Violet was sad and angry, "Yes, I did have physical contact with him, but that was when I was about to fall down, he was worried about me and help support me. It was clean between us, not as nasty as you think, but it's not sure if you and Ivy are clean or not."

Looking at the sad and exasperated look in her eyes, Stanley gradually calmed down.

For he realized that she was not lying, and indeed he had misunderstood.

Stanley slowly released her hand with some strength, his voice low and husky, "Between me and Ivy, it's clean too."

Violet gave a cold heave and turned her head away, not believing it at all.

The anger that Stanley had just suppressed rose again, "What exactly do you need to believe it?" _____

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Chapter 404 Divorce Agreement

Violet shook her head, looking at him, "I wouldn't believe it any way, it's like you don't believe me, did you believe me when I said that my mother could never have hit your parents?"

When Stanley heard that, his eyes darkened and he got up from her, "That's different, I have proof, I saw it with my own eyes."

Violet sat up, "In that case, show me the proof."

"No." Stanley refused.

Violet snorted, "Does it mean that you have no proof?"

"You really think so?" Stanley stared at her.

Violet calmly locked eyes with him, "It's okay to make me think otherwise, show me and make me believe."

Stanley pursed his lips without saying anything.

He didn't want to show her because he didn't want her to witness the perfect mother she had in mind bumping into people.

But she was so insistent

"Okay, come to the Murphy Group tomorrow and I'll show it to you." Stanley said in a deep voice.

Violet's heart stuttered.

There was really evidence?

"What, no more talking?" Stanley narrowed his eyes.

Violet pursed her red lips, "Okay, I will be there."

Even if he claimed that he had proof, even if her mother had an anomaly every year on October 9, she would never believe that her mother had actually hit someone.

And although the Murphy Group eighteen years ago wasn't as powerful as it was today, it was still one of the top ten companies in J City.

At that time, the Hunt Group had just made a fortune, and for the Murphy Group to bring down the Hunt Group was as simple as crushing an ant.

By the same token, it wasn't difficult at all for the Murphy family to find the murderer who had run over Stanley's parents, and if it was really her mother, why hadn't they arrested her back then, and instead Jordan had to accept her as his goddaughter?

So there must be something in here that neither she nor Stanley knew about.

Thinking, Violet took a deep breath and stood up.

When she got up, she accidentally dropped the file bag on the bed to the floor.

It was unsealed and the papers fell out.

Stanley subconsciously looked down and saw the words of divorce agreement. His pupils suddenly

shrank, his face changed, and the aura around him suddenly became appalling to the extreme.

He bent down to pick up the divorce paper on the floor and held it up in front of Violet, "You want a divorce?"

Violet didn't expect to be seen by him now, her eyes flashed, and she didn't deny it, "Yes."

Anyway, if she didn't admit it now, she would probably offer to give him the agreement to sign later.

Stanley clenched the agreement in his hand, "Who gave you the guts?"

He didn't want to divorce her even though he was angry with her because of Lily.

But she actually thought about it and even got divorce paper out!

Violet bit her lip, a bitter smile on her face, "That's a good question, Mr. Murphy, isn't it you who gave it to me?"

Stanley's eyes narrowed, "Me?"

"Yes, you!" Violet looked at him, "Stanley, ask yourself how you're treating me now. You're bent on thinking I'm the daughter of your enemy, so you treat me coldly, you ignore me, but we're husband and wife, is this what a husband should do? You make me feel, as if I had no husband."

"....." Stanley's thin lips twitched, wanting to say something, but no words came out.

Violet took a breath and added, "Stanley, I've been living a very painful life this time, it is so painful that I don't even have passion for my career anymore, even Jessie said that I'm like a different person, not the

previous Violet who was bent on becoming a top designer."

Because of love, she became tied up.

Because of love, she was to collapse.

It wasn't the life she wanted.

"So Stanley, I think, let's separate. Because of my mother, you have a stigma in your heart, you can't live happily with me like before, and I understand, but I can't be tolerant."

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Angelina Jolie's Shocking Health Struggles Over The Years

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

Violet looked at him with moist eyes, "So, let's separate, okay? For your sake, for my sake, and for the sake of the two children."

Stanley's heart seized pain as he listened to her sobbing words, and his throat went dry, but still he said, "Impossible, I won't get a divorce."

Violet smiled bitterly, "Why? You are forcing the daughter of your enemy to stay with you, which was torturing yourself and torturing me."

Stanley clenched his fist and didn't say anything.

Violet exhaled a breath and took the file bag, "Actually, it's not just the divorce agreement in here, but

also the paternity test of you and the two children."

Paternity test?

Stanley narrowed his eyes.

Violet took out the paternity test under the divorce agreement, "Jessie came to you that day and pulled a few hairs from your head, with the purpose of trying to get me to do the test."

So that was it.

Stanley's thin lips pursed tightly.

He felt strange that, Jessie was afraid of him, but that day she had the guts to pull his hair.

If she hadn't been saying that she vent anger for Violet, he definitely wouldn't have let her go.

Violet turned the paternity test to the last page and held it in the air, "You are not the kids' father. I always thought you were, but I was wrong, so how can I continue to let you raise the two children? You may have an opinion about the two children in your heart, right?"

Because they were her children, her mother's grandson and granddaughter.

He relented even to her, let alone two children who were not related to him by blood.

Stanley couldn't refute Violet's words, for he did have a problem with the two children as well.

However, he never wanted to give up to raise two children, he could still give them the best life he could, he just wouldn't love them anymore.

Seeing that Stanley didn't say anything, Violet was tired and put the paternity test down, "Mr. Murphy, think about it, I really think that there is no need for us to continue. After I see the proof, I will move out."

After saying that, Violet stopped paying attention to him and walked towards the bathroom.

Stanley watched her figure disappear into the bathroom, his face incomparably gloomy.

After a moment, he tore up the divorce paper and murmured coldly, "I told you, I'm not getting a divorce!"

He would stay with her even if he didn't love her anymore!

Stanley turned to leave.

In the bathroom, Violet's entire body soaked in the bathtub, the warm water stimulating her skin and effectively dispelling her fatigue.

She rubbed her brow and leaned back against the edge of the tub, closing her eyes and letting the massager behind her press against her back.

Suddenly, she muffled a grunt and her head hurt again.

As in the morning, a picture began to come to her mind again.

But this time was different, the images flashed by much slower, and Violet could barely see something.

Red

Young Mom and her

Violet frowned, trying to see more clearly, but the headache got even worse.

"Ahhh!" Violet whimpered in pain, holding her head in her hands and shaking, her face very pale and cold sweat coming out.

Why did this one hurt so much?

Just because she wanted to see what those images really were?

Violet's brain throbbed with pain, just as if there were worms gnawing at it.

She didn't dare continue to think about the images and stopped in a hurry, the pain in her head eased.

Violet sighed in relief.

Something was really wrong with her brain and she should go to the hospital to see what was going on!__

Daddy! Mommy Is Pregnant Again

Chapter 405 Findings

Violet decided to call George later to make an appointment for him to diagnose her.

After an unknown amount of time, the water in the bathtub cooled down, Violet stood up, took the bath towel on a side shelf and wrapped it around her, and then walked out of the room.

Stanley was gone.

Violet's eyelids dropped, hiding the disappointment in her eyes, and she smiled to herself, "He left in such a hurry."

She told him to go, and he did.

Violet walked over to the bed and saw the divorce agreement that had been torn into pieces on the floor. She pursed her lips.

She could only go get more copies.

Violet sighed and squatted down, picking up the pieces on the ground.

At that moment there was a knock on the door, "Mrs. Murphy, come out to dinner."

"Ok." Violet answered and then went to the cloakroom to change her clothes.

After changing, she came downstairs to the dining room and was surprised to see the sumptuous meal on the table, "Bella, how can I finish so much?"

Bella smiled, "I have cooked for Mr. Murphy and Miss Ellis too, I thought they would stay for dinner, but I didn't expect them to leave anyway."

Violet frowned.

So, Ivy left with him?

Well, they were so inseparable.

"Are you ok, Mr. Murphy?" Seeing Violet did not look well, Bella asked with concern.

Violet shook her head, "I'm fine."

She gave a smile and picked up her forks for dinner.

Suddenly, she saw the steak, and a wave of nausea hit her.

Violet hurriedly put down her forks and bent down to cover her mouth.

She vomited so hard her face went pale.

Bella was frightened, "What's wrong with you, Murphy?"

"Bella, serve away the steak, and all the meat dishes." Violet waved her hand and said in a weak voice.

"Oh, ok." Bella hurriedly did as she was told and brought away all the meat.

Soon, the smell of meat dissipated and Violet's nausea finally eased a lot.

She took the glass of water handed to her by Bella and took several sips of water, and she then felt much better.

"Murphy, are you okay?" Bella asked as she took the glass of water.

Violet shook her head, "Yeah."

"What happened to you, are you sick?" Bella looked at her.

Violet rubbed her belly with a smile, "No."

"Well" Bella watched her movements and realized something. In surprise, she raised her voice, "You You're pregnant?"

Violet nodded, "Yes, a month and a half or so."

"You have it checked?" Bella asked.

After all, last time there was a faux pregnancy.

This time, naturally, she had to double-check.

Violet nodded heavily, "Yes, and it's true."

"Wonderful." Bella's eyes warmed with excitement, "Mrs. Murphy, this is wonderful."

Violet smiled and didn't answer the question.

Bella hurriedly took out her phone.

Violet was nervous, "Bella, what are you doing?"

"I'll inform Mr. Murphy and tell him the good news, and he'll be happy to know about it." Bella said with a smile.

Violet sank her face, "Bella, are you sure Stanley will be happy?"

"..... Mrs. Murphy, what do you mean by that?" Bella was confused.

Violet bit her lower lip, "Stanley is now bent on thinking that I'm the daughter of his enemy, that's why he's so cold to me, if he now knows about the child in my belly, do you think, he'll keep it? He now even thinks that marrying me was a mistake, so naturally, this child in my belly is also a mistake."

"Well" Bella calmed down completely, "It can't be, can it?"

"There's nothing that can't be, because I'm the daughter of his enemy, he won't necessarily keep this child, and even if he does, will he love him?" Violet asked rhetorically, looking at Bella.

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Angelina Jolie's Shocking Health Struggles Over The Years

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

Bella opened her mouth, unable to say anything, and only after a long time did she say, "Then then what should we do now? When we shall tell him? We can't keep it from him forever, right?"

"No, let's wait" Violet said as she lowered her eyes.

Tomorrow, she was going to see his so-called proof.

After that, she could basically decide whether she would have an abortion, and whether she should continue this marriage.

And she should urge detective to get the result.

"Ok, but I still want you to tell Mr. Murphy as soon as possible." Bella said.

Violet nodded and didn't say anything else.

Bella went back to the kitchen, ready to cook something suitable for pregnant women.

After eating, Violet rested in the living room for a while before leaving for the office.

By the end of the afternoon, she drove over to the detective's office to inquire about the findings.

The detective told her, "Miss Hunt, we've found out something about that incident eighteen years ago."

"Really, then my mom"

Knowing what Violet was going to ask, the detective replied, "We didn't find out that your mother had a record of hitting people."

Violet was greatly surprised, "Great, I told you, there's no way my mom would hit someone."

Yet there was something strange about the detective's expression.

Violet saw it, her face slowly solidified, and her heart grew uneasy, "What's wrong?"

"Miss Hunt, it's true that we didn't find out that your mother hit someone, but eighteen years ago at the scene of the car accident between Mr. and Mrs. Murphy, we found out that your mother was indeed present."

Violet's pupils shrank and her lips quivered, "Just being present doesn't mean it's a bump, right?"

"Yes, but at the time, your mother was indeed testified by witnesses to hit someone and was also taken away by the police officers for investigation, only for Jordan Murphy to step in later and bail your mother out, that's why there is no record of the hit on your mother's file." The detective said.

Violet's body was cold.

The lack of a hit record was due to Jordan's bail.

So they were not sure if her mother had hit someone or not.

Suddenly, Violet thought of something and asked again, "Then did you guys find out what kind of car my

mom was driving back then? Since that witness said that my mom hit someone, my mom must have been driving a car at that time, right?"

"Yes, your mother was driving a red car." The detective said.

Violet's brain suddenly felt like it had been struck by lightning, and she sat there dumbfounded and motionless.

Red

Right up there with what Stanley said.

Violet suddenly burst into tears, "My mom hates red so much, how come she drove a red car?"

When the detective saw her like this, he had some sympathy, but still replied, "Miss Hunt, what makes you think your mother hates red? Eighteen years ago, your mother's favorite color was red, it's only later that she hated red, we learned that from our investigation, and it wasn't difficult to find out."

Violet was confused by the detective's words.

Yeah, why would she think her mom hated red?

She didn't remember her mom saying anything about hating the color red, but she just felt like she hated it, why was that?

Violet suddenly felt that something was wrong, giving her an inexplicable sense of panic.

But she couldn't say what was wrong, and her heart was very heavy.

"These are what our firm has found out so far, because it's been a long time, the rest is not clear yet. If you want to know more, she can ask your father, he should know a lot of things." The detective suggested.

Violet clenched her palms.

It wasn't that she didn't know that Eason probably knew about what happened back then.

But she didn't want to see him, so she didn't consider going over to ask him.

But now

Violet took a breath and stood up, "I know, thank you."

"You're welcome."

The detective sent Violet outside.

Violet stood downstairs and looked up at the sky.

The sky was bright and clear, but she felt cold, not just physically, but mentally.

'Mom, 18 years ago, did you really run someone over?' __

Daddy! Mommy Is Pregnant Again

Chapter 406 Eason's Reaction

Violet closed her eyes in pain, a tear slipped down. Dragging her somewhat tired body, she left the place at a heavy pace and drove to the Hunt's.

The butler expressed his surprise at seeing her arrival, "Miss Hunt, are you here for your father?"

Violet nodded, "Where is he?"

"He is not at home, so please come another time." The butler said politely.

Violet pursed her lips, "No, I have something to ask Eason Hunt."

"But Mr. Hunt"

"He's not here, I'll wait inside, call him right now and tell him to come back or don't blame me for what I will do." After giving a threatening sentence, Violet went straight into the villa with a cold face.

The butler couldn't stop her, for she was the wife of Stanley Murphy in addition to being Eason's daughter.

He could not provoke her.

The butler sighed and resigned himself to taking out his cell phone and calling Eason, telling Eason who went go fishing to come back early.

Violet entered the villa and as she walked to the living room, she heard a child's clear laughter and Talia's gentle voice.

Violet narrowed her eyes and looked towards the source of the sound, only to see Talia holding a little boy, a little bigger than Calvin, who was sitting on the sofa playing with a toy.

The little boy sat in Talia's arms, and Talia pinched and kissed the little boy's face.

Seeing that, Violet raised the corners of her mouth.

Wasn't this Filip, born to Talia and Nate?

Since Talia brought this child to the house, she was really bold.

"Talia." When Violet saw that Talia hadn't noticed her arrival yet, she simply opened her mouth and called out.

The motherly love on Talia's face instantly disappeared and she twisted her head towards her, her face looking grim, "Why are you here, who told you to come?"

"I've come to see my dad." Violet walked towards the sofa and went to sit across from Talia and her son.

Talia snorted, "See your dad? Didn't you say you disowned him? What do you want?"

"That's none of your business." Violet ruffled her hair.

Talia's eyes rolled, giving a gloating smile, "I heard that recently you and Stanley had relationship problems, since you came over, did Stanley abandon you, so you came for your dad's help?"

Violet knew that Talia was deliberately stimulating her, and she didn't get angry but smiled with her cheeks in her hands, "I don't need that, I can fix my problem by myself."

Talia pressed her lips, for she failed to stimulate Violet.

"By the way, the child you're carrying is" Violet asked though she knew the answer.

Talia panicked as she hugged Filip in her arms tightly and answered with feigned calmness, "This is my distant cousin's child."

"Is that so? But he looks a lot like you." Violet's eyes darted back and forth between Filip's and Talia's faces.

Filip looked like Talia and even Phoebe.

Hearing that, Talia panicked even more, and the expression on her face could not be maintained. She barely squeezed out a smile, "My distant cousin and I are relatives, we are related by blood, so we look alike."

"You are right." Violet smiled and didn't say anything else.

Talia was relieved, but didn't dare to stay here much longer, but went upstairs with the child in her arms.

Violet picked up her teacup and took a sip of tea, and not long after, Eason returned with a black face and an unhappy expression.

"What do you want from me?" Eason asked in a cold voice as he put down a large bag of fishing rods.

Violet then realized that he had gone fishing and couldn't help but be surprised.

He could actually fish?

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Without much thought, Violet put down her teacup and said, "I came to find you because I want to know if my mother had hit anyone on October 9th eighteen years ago."

Hearing that, Eason's face changed dramatically, "What are you asking this for?"

"Someone tried to frame my mom and sow discord between Stanley and me as a couple, so I'm going to find out the truth." Violet looked at him and said.

Eason's eyes flashed, and then he stood up, "I don't know, you can leave now."

"No, you know it." Violet also stood up, "The look on your face just now tells me that you know what happened back then. Eighteen years ago, you and my mother didn't even get divorced yet, so you must know about it."

Eason squeezed the top on his cane, "So what?"

"I want you to tell me, if my mom hit someone or not." Violet bit her lip.

Eason sneered, "Isn't this something that you know best?"

"What do you mean?" Violet was stunned.

She knew it the best?

How did she know about what happened 18 years ago?

Although she was eight years old at that time, she was sure that she really didn't know what happened on the ninth of October eighteen years ago.

Eason looked at the bewildered Violet for a moment, his eyes were somewhat complicated, and after a long time, he suddenly spoke sarcastically, "You really can't remember at all, can you? It's really pitiful. Go away, I have nothing to say to you, unless"

"Unless what?" Violet clenched her palms.

Eason's old eyes flashed, "Unless you let Steven return to me."

During this period of time, Talia said Phoebe had died and suggested him to adopt a child and even recommended him her distant cousin's son, and after that she even brought that child over.

Well, he knew that Talia just wanted her distant nephew to inherit his property, when he was still alive! But he was not stupid to leave his property to an outsider.

So, he had never dismissed the idea of bringing Steven back.

Violet sneered as she looked at Eason, "You wish, I won't let Steven come back. It doesn't matter you don't tell me, I don't hold too much hope any way."

After saying that, she walked straight away.

The moment she walked out of the house, her head started to hurt again.

She couldn't help but crouch down, her hand tapping her head lightly, with a stony face.

She had had so many headaches today, and at this rate, the pain could go on all day.

She could no longer wait.

Violet made a call to George.

"Violet?" George's gentle voice came.

Violet closed her eyes slightly to ease the pain in her head, "George, are you in the hospital?"

"Yes, what's wrong?" George asked with concern.

Violet tried not to look at the flashing images in her head, and her voice was weak as she spoke, "I have another headache, and I want you to help me see what's going on."

George was surprised to hear that.

"Okay, come, be safe." George reminded.

Violet nodded, "Okay, I know."

The call ended and George put down his phone.

He had been very interested in that part of her memory ever since he had learned that she had a memory that might have been hypnotically forgotten, wondering what, exactly, it would take for her to forget those memories. _____

Daddy! Mommy Is Pregnant Again

Chapter 407 Hypnosis

He believed the answer to this should be known in a moment.

Violet drove towards the hospital.

When she arrived at the hospital, she went straight to George.

Henry saw her and was confused, "Isn't that Violet? Why is she here?"

He had originally come to this hospital to get a batch of anesthetics, but he hadn't expected to see Violet.

And she was heading for

Was she here for George?

Henry was aware of George's return.

George went to him and asked him to transfer the in-service information at his hospital to another hospital.

So, there was a real possibility that Violet was here to find George.

Thinking, Henry hurriedly took out his cell phone and dialed Stanley's number.

Stanley was in a meeting when he heard his phone ring, and after glancing at it, he simply hung up, not intending to answer it.

Henry bristled, "Well, you will call back."

With a nasty smile, Henry sent a text message to Stanley: Your wife is with George.

When Stanley saw it, his face suddenly darkened, and the air pressure around him plummeted.

People in the large conference room sensed that he was angry, but did not understand what he was angry about.

They didn't seem to have angered him.

"The meeting is suspended." Stanley blurted out in a cold voice. He took his phone out and made a call to Henry.

Henry answered it with amusement, "Hello."

"You're saying Violet and George are together?" Stanley's voice came out coldly.

Henry nodded, "Yes, she's now at the hospital where George is working, and made a special trip to the brain department, so I think she is here to find George, do you want to"

Henry twitched the corner of his mouth, looking at his phone, "Well, you can't wait to hang up, can you?"

He would be there soon.

Henry smiled playfully.

Violet had found George.

George was giving Violet a brain check.

While he was tempted to peer into her blocked memories, he was also worried if there was really something in her head, so he opted to give her a normal examination before peering in.

George was sitting behind his desk with the brain CT film in his hand and was holding it up in the air to look at it carefully.

Violet sat across from him, both hands clenched on the desk, in a very uneasy mood, "George, how is it? Am I growing something in my brain, like a brain tumor or something?"

She'd heard that the occasional pain in her brain was probably growing something.

If it was benign, it could be surgically removed, but if it was malignant, it could recur even after removal and may even turn into brain cancer.

At the thought that she might get brain cancer, Violet's heart sank to the bottom and her hands and feet were cold.

It wasn't that she was afraid of dying, but worried what would happen to her two children if she died?

"Don't be afraid, nothing is growing in your brain, it's healthy." George put down the film and softly calmed the restless Violet.

Violet's eyes lit up, "Really?"

"Yes, trust me." George nodded and smiled.

Violet nodded, "I trust you, I'm just so excited and happy. I thought I was going to get brain cancer."

She cried tears of joy.

George handed her a clean tissue, "Nothing in there, don't think too much about it."

"I know, I won't think much about it, but what is the cause of my headache if nothing is growing in my brain?" Violet looked at him.

George's eyes were obscure, smiling, "I don't know, but my guess is that it might have something to do with your memories."

"My memories?" Violet's eyes widened as she suddenly thought of Eason's words before she came, "You really can't remember anything".

So, did she really forget something?

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"George" Violet looked at George with some trepidation.

When George saw this helpless look on her face, his eyelids dropped to hide the darkness in his eyes, and he soothed her, "Don't be afraid, I know what you're going to say, and if you want, I'd like to hypnotize you to try to find out if there's something wrong with your memory, how do you think?"

If it was before, Violet would refuse.

After all, being hypnotized was not good and it might cause after effects.

But now she wanted to know if she really had forgotten something.

"Okay." Violet agreed with slightly red eyes.

George froze, not expecting her to agree so readily.

But that was good, no need for him to think of other ways to pry into her memories.

"Then you lie down on the couch." George pointed to the couch.

Violet took a deep breath, stood up, walked towards the couch, and laid down.

George walked up to her, head down, looking down at her, "Are you ready?"

"Yes." Violet clenched her fist and cheered herself up.

George took off his glasses, "Well then, look at me, don't avert your eyes, and do as I say."

Violet looked at him with wide eyes.

"Don't think about anything right now, relax, and yes, you're sleepy and want to sleep."

"I want to sleep." Violet's eyelids fluttered and her pupils gradually lost focus.

George's voice became softer with compelling sense, "Well then, good girl, have some sleep, you're too tired, sleep."

Violet's eyelids blinked a few more times, growing heavy.

Eventually she closed her eyes completely.

Seeing that Violet had been hypnotized by herself, George bent down and got close to her, ready to lure her into her own world of memories.

Just then, the door to the office was suddenly and forcefully opened.

Stanley and Henry came in from outside.

Seeing George and Violet's posture, Stanley's pupils shrank, and in the next second, anger surged to his heart, his face incomparably gloomy, "George, how dare you!"

He clenched his fist and strode to George and punched him.

George dodged with a smile, "Mr. Murphy, do you think I'm easy to be hit?"

Stanley's thin lips pressed into a straight line, looked at George morosely, "Go and see her."

Stanley said to Henry.

Henry came back to his senses and hurriedly went up to check on Violet's condition.

Well, they got there in time.

Or George would succeed.

He really didn't expect that George would be so shameless as to do nasty things to Violet while she was asleep.

And why Violet came to George, knowing that George was a psychopath? And she was even sleeping here!

Didn't that make it a chance for him to get his way?

"Hey, wake up." Henry gently nudged Violet, trying to wake her up.

However, Violet was still sleeping deeply, without the slightest intention of waking up.

Henry realized that something was wrong. He frowned, looked toward George, who was still confronting Stanley, and asked in a serious voice, "Did you give her the knockout drops?"

Stanley's eyes narrowed as killing intent rose in his eyes.

George took his glasses out of his left pocket and put them back on, answering unhurriedly, "Do you think I need something like that when I want to knock someone out?"

Henry froze, and then thought of the other kind of medicine he practiced, "You hypnotized her?"

George smiled in acknowledgement.

"You" Stanley gritted his teeth and was about to open his mouth to say something.

George interrupted him, "Mr. Murphy, than you ask me why I did this, I think, you should ask me first why Violet came to me."

Daddy! Mommy Is Pregnant Again

Chapter 408 Ruined by You

Stanley wrinkled his brow.

Henry thought it made sense, "Stanley, he's right, there must be some reason why Violet suddenly came to him, otherwise with what he did to Violet last time, I'm sure Violet wouldn't have come here."

As he was saying that, he suddenly saw the brain CT on George's desk, his face changed and he hurriedly went to pick it up, "Violet is here to check her brain?"

Stanley's pupils twitched violently.

Check her brain?

He immediately turned his head and looked towards Violet on the couch, still panicking inside.

Henry was looking at the film, and although he was a surgeon, he could read a CT of the brain.

After that, he blinked in confusion, "But Violet is fine."

"Are you sure?" Stanley looked at him.

Henry nodded with certainty, "Yes."

With that, he put down the film and looked at George, "So you hypnotized her, trying to do something to her, right?"

George grinned, "Who knows."

Seeing that, Henry felt powerless, "Alright, I'm not going to ask what you're really up to, just wake Violet up."

"Don't worry, I only hypnotized Violet for an hour, after an hour, she will wake up on her own." George shrugged his shoulders, "If you guys don't believe me, you can see another psychiatrist."

After saying that, George sat back behind his desk.

"Today's matter will not end so simply." Stanley gave him a cold glance and then walked out carrying Violet.

Henry rested his hands behind his head and followed leisurely out.

Stanley put Violet in the car and didn't drive away, but sat in the driver's seat and kept staring at her, quietly waiting for her to wake up.

Soon, an hour passed and Violet woke up on time as George had said.

When Violet saw Stanley, she thought she was mistaken and rubbed her eyes, realizing that he was still there.

"Why are you here?" Violet asked.

She then realized that she was in his car and was even more confused.

Wasn't she in George's office, having her hypnotized, and how

Thinking of something, Violet looked at the man, "You brought me out of George's office?"

Stanley's thin lips pursed, "What did you come to George for?"

Violet's lips twitched, "Nothing to do with you."

"Nothing to do with me?" These words angered Stanley, he clenched his fist, his voice cold without a trace of emotion, "Do you know that if I hadn't appeared in time, you would have been raped by George?"

"No way!" Violet immediately retorted.

Stanley said coldly, "No way, didn't he try to do that before?"

Violet's eyes flickered and she lowered her head, "Yes, that was before, but it is different."

"What's difference? He hypnotized you, didn't he"

"I got him hypnotized me." Violet interrupted her.

Stanley was stunned, "What? You had him hypnotized you?"

"Yes." Violet answered.

Stanley's brow furrowed, "Give me a reason."

Violet rubbed her temples and sighed, "These days, my head hurts from time to time, especially today, and the pain is more frequent, so I came to find George to give me a checkup, and George said there's nothing wrong inside my head, maybe there's something wrong with my memory, so I asked him to hypnotize to see what's going on."

So that was it.

That was why there was brain CT film on George's desk.

The anger in Stanley's heart gradually dissipated, and his voice was a bit hoarse, "Why didn't you tell me about your headache?"

"What can you do if I tell you? We're in such a foul mood, should I expect you to care about me?" Violet gave a cold smile.

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Stanley pursed his lips, displeased.

Violet closed her eyes and said with some tiredness, "The memories in my mind haven't changed in the slightest, it seems that George stopped it because of you before he could do anything. You're really good at sabotaging."

When she finished, she opened the car door and got out.

Stanley narrowed his eyes, "Where are you going?"

"I'm going to see my mom, are you coming?" Violet stood outside looking at him.

Stanley lowered his eyes and said in a faint voice, "No."

Violet didn't say anything and closed the door behind her.

Of course she knew he wouldn't go, how could he go with her when he'd decided her mother was a murderer?

Violet walked towards her car, being really intent on going to see her mother.

As for why she didn't go back to the hospital and continue to have George hypnotized, that was because she knew that it was best not to hypnotize multiple times in a day, for there would be easy to have a

problem, so she had to wait till tomorrow.

After buying a bouquet of flowers, Violet went to the mausoleum and stood in front of Lily's tombstone for a long, long time, until a phone call came, which pulled back her thought.

"Mommy, where have you been? Why haven't you come to pick me and brother up?" Arya's soft voice came from the phone.

Violet took a deep breath, barely gave a smile, "Sorry baby, I will come over to pick you up right away, wait for me, ok?"

"Well then, we will be good." Arya nodded.

Violet put the phone down, took one last look at Lily's picture, and turned to leave.

"Mommy." An hour later, Violet drove outside the kindergarten.

The two children and Jason were squatting together in front of the kindergarten and were muttering something.

Violet honked the horn twice.

When Calvin heard it, his eyes lit up and he hurriedly pulled Arya to her feet, "Mommy's here."

"Mommy." Arya broke away from Calvin's hand and ran happily towards Violet.

Calvin and Jason followed behind.

"Madam." Jason called out sheepishly to Violet.

Violet smiled at him, "Steven."

"Madam, this is for you." Jason took out a box from his school bag.

Violet bent down and took it with both hands, her voice gentle as she asked, "What is this?"

"Baked cookies from my Mom." Steven answered.

Violet opened her mouth in surprise, "Why are you giving it to me?"

"My Mom gave it to you, saying that she appreciates your concern for my sister." Jason said with a smile.

Violet showed a smile, "Thank you, Steven, and please say thank you to your mother for me."

After seeing Vera last time, she had spent money to donate a batch of police supplies so that the prison staff could take care of Vera.

If someone bullied Vera, they could help Vera and prevent her from getting beaten up.

So that was what Miranda was supposed to be thanking her for.

"Alright, get in the car." Violet took the cookies in her hands and told the three kids to get in the car.

By the time she sent Jason back and returned to the villa with the two children, it was already late.

Bella served dinner, and after they had finished dinner, they went upstairs to take a bath and were to go to bed.

Late at night, Violet lay in bed tossing and turning, unable to fall into asleep, all in her mind was that she would go to the Murphy Group to see the proof and what the detective had said to her.

All this made her have a bad mood, and it was not until two in the morning that she barely got some sleep.

But she didn't sleep well and even had nightmares. _____

Daddy! Mommy Is Pregnant Again

Chapter 409 Ivy's Stuff

In Violet's dream, she was wearing a very nice dress, sitting in the back seat of a car and playing with a cute teddy bear.

Her mother was driving and was talking on the phone.

Violet didn't know who the person on the other side of the phone was, let alone what the person said. She just heard that her mother quarreled with the person. Then her mother's face was very gloomy. Immediately afterwards, her mother's face changed. Her mother stepped on the brakes in time and stopped the car.

Afterwards, her mother took her out of the car. They saw the bloody man and woman behind the car. She was shocked.

"Ah!" Violet screamed in horror and sat up from the bed. Her face was very pale. The sweat on her forehead was falling down. Even her clothes were wet with sweat and were stuck on her back. She felt

very cold.

Violet panted heavily, trying to calm down the fear.

After a while, she calmed down a bit. Then she drank some water on the head of the bed, leaned on the bed and rubbed her temples.

"Why did I have such a nightmare?" Violet murmured with lingering fear.

This dream was so clear.

It was so clear that she even thought it happened just now.

In this way, Violet kept sitting on the bed until dawn, then she lifted the quilt to get out of the bed and went to wash. After that, she went downstairs.

On the weekend, the two children didn't have to go to school.

After breakfast, Violet let the two children stay at home obediently, and drove to the Murphy Group.

Today she had made an appointment with Stanley. She wanted to see the so-called evidence.

Therefore, she must go.

Violet came to the Murphy Group, parked the car, went directly into the building, took Stanley's exclusive elevator, and went up to the top floor.

Fraser just came out of Stanley's office. Seeing her, he was stunned slightly. But he smiled and said hello, "Mrs. Murphy."

Although Mr. Murphy was indifferent to her now, he couldn't. He should treat her as usual.

Violet nodded slightly to Fraser, "Is he in there?"

Knowing that she was asking about Stanley, Fraser pushed his glasses and replied, "Mr. Murphy is not here for the time being. He's having a meeting in the conference room. Mrs. Murphy, you can go in and wait for a while."

"Okay." Violet forced a smile, "When his meeting is over, please let him come here directly."

"Okay." Fraser replied.

Violet pushed open the door of the office, walked over to the sofa and sat down.

After sitting down, she looked around Stanley's office slightly and found that his office was different from what she saw last time.

There were a few other things in the office, especially toy dolls and snacks.

Seeing the toy dolls and snacks on the opposite sofa, Violet was a little unhappy. Her face suddenly sank.

She hardly brought Calvin and Arya here, so it was absolutely impossible for Stanley to put the stuff that Calvin and Arya liked here.

She had seen that toy dolls, and they belonged to Ivy.

So this snack should also belong to Ivy.

Violet pursed her lips. She felt so upset.

Stanley was really good to Ivy! He actually allowed Ivy to use his office as a lounge!

For a while, the picture that Ivy was lying on the sofa, playing with toy dolls and eating snacks popped into Violet's mind, which made her feel angry.

Just thinking about it, the office door was opened. Ivy who wore a professional suit came in with a tray.

"Miss Hunt, I heard Fraser said that you are here. It turns out to be true." Ivy walked over with a smile on her face and then put the coffee in front of Violet, "Have some coffee."

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Violet glanced at the steaming coffee, and said coldly, "No need. I don't dare to drink what you poured, for fear of poison."

Ivy didn't expect Violet to say so. Then her face sank, but she still smiled again, "Miss Hunt must be kidding me. How could I do such a thing?"

"You will." Violet looked at her, "Intuition tells me that you will."

Ivy was stunned slightly.

Had this woman known anything?

No, it shouldn't! This woman was just mad at her.

Thinking about this, Ivy calmed down and continued to laugh, "Miss Hunt is really humorous."

Violet snorted coldly and ignored Ivy.

Ivy was not angry. She put the tray on the coffee table and sat down.

Violet squinted, "If I remember correctly, Miss Ellis should be the secretary?"

Ivy didn't know why Violet suddenly mentioned this. She nodded and answered, "Yes."

"Since you are a secretary, please do the work that a secretary should do. Now, it is working time. It is okay that you come in to deliver coffee. But after delivering the coffee, you just sit down like a host instead of going out to continue working. Do you think it is appropriate?" Violet looked at her coldly.

Ivy's face became stiff. She clenched her fists, "Miss Hunt..."

"Please call me Mrs. Murphy. I am Stanley's legal wife." Violet corrected her.

Ivy's face was distorted for a moment, but she still managed to maintain the smile on her face, "Yes, Mrs. Murphy, I thought you and I were friends, so I sat down and chatted with you. I didn't expect you..."

"Are you qualified to chat with me?" Violet interrupted Ivy again.

She didn't want to target Ivy as she did now.

But Stanley and Ivy were so intimate during this period, which made her feel ironic.

However, even so, she still didn't question Ivy.

But now Ivy's things were in Stanley's office. Now, they were just dolls and snacks. Would they be clothes and personal items next time?

Therefore, she couldn't bear it anymore. Even if she was about to divorce Stanley, she was still his wife now. So she must exercise her rights as his wife. She would never let Ivy just bully her like this.

Violet didn't want to be like her mother, who could only bear it when facing a mistress and then be driven out by Eason.

Facing Violet's repeatedly aggressive, Ivy stopped pretending, with a sneer on her face, "I'm not qualified?"

"Am I wrong?" Violet stared at her, "Here, you are an employee. I am your boss' wife. Have you seen any boss' wife chatting with employees? Even if there is one, it should be that the boss' wife asks the employee to chat, instead of be asked to chat by the employee. Do you understand?"

"You..." Ivy didn't know what happened to Violet today and why she suddenly become so domineering. Ivy was pissed off.

"Those are yours, right?" Violet didn't intend to let Ivy go. Pointing to the toy dolls and snacks opposite, she said again.

Ivy looked at Violet warily, "What do you want to do?"

Violet curled her lips coldly, "As an employee, you put your own stuff in the boss' office. I want to ask you what you want to do! Do you want to tell others that you have a different relationship with the boss, or want to tell everyone that you are the boss' wife?"

Ivy's face changed. She opened her mouth but she couldn't speak.

Seeing this, Violet had sarcasm in her eyes, "It seems I am right."

"My office is so small that it couldn't have so many things, so I put them here. Besides, Stanley is my brother. What's wrong with me putting things here?" Ivy talked back.

Violet tucked her hair, "Well, I really haven't seen a sister has feelings to her brother. Don't you feel sorry for Dr. Baxter by doing this?" _____

Daddy! Mommy Is Pregnant Again

Chapter 410 Violet's Anger

Violet was now more and more sure that Ivy definitely didn't really want to be with Henry.

To dispel her vigilance, Ivy agreed to be with Henry and then approach Stanley with the identity of Henry's girlfriend

After all, no one would treat a person who had a boyfriend as a rival in love anymore.

Ivy bit her lips, "Miss Hunt, if you say that, I can sue you for defamation."

Violet sneered, "If you want to sue me, just go. Just see if you can win. But before that, you must take your stuff away now. This is my husband's office. Why can you leave your things here? You're just an employee!"

"Miss Hunt is so jealous of me. I just won't take them away. What can you do to me?" Ivy crossed her arms on her chest and looked at Violet provocatively.

Violet narrowed her eyes, "What can I do to you? You will know it immediately."

After speaking, Violet stood up. After grabbing the toy dolls and snacks on the sofa, she walked towards the door.

Seeing this, Ivy hurriedly shouted, "What do you want to do?"

Violet ignored her, opened the door of the office, and threw these things out.

Ivy rushed over to take a look, and suddenly screamed angrily, "Violet, you dare to throw my things!"

"Why don't I dare? You put them in the wrong place. Besides, you have some thoughts that you shouldn't have. I'm just teaching you a lesson." Violet said coldly.

The people in the secretary's office next to them heard the movement and opened the doors one after another.

Seeing Violet and Ivy confronting each other, they couldn't help being confused.

"Miss Ellis, what's wrong?" Someone asked.

Some people looked at Violet and recognized her, "Aren't you Miss Hunt?"

Violet smiled, "It's me."

"Miss Hunt, you are..." The woman pointed at the stuff on the ground, then pointed at Ivy.

Violet replied with a cold snort, "This woman put her things in my husband's office. She wanted to use this method to tell others that the relationship between her and my husband is unusual."

Hearing it, several secretaries were shocked.

Husband?

They had seen Ivy's stuff every time when they went to Mr. Murphy's office. They guessed what the relationship between Ivy and Mr. Murphy was.

After all, Mr. Murphy was married, but he had never revealed who his wife was.

Now that Ivy could put her things in his office and Mr. Murphy had not refused yet, they thought it was very likely that Ivy was Mr. Murphy's wife. So in private, they were more polite to Ivy.

Unexpectedly, Mr. Murphy's wife was not Ivy but Miss Hunt.

So the current situation was Miss Hunt discovered Ivy's ambition, so she threw Ivy's things out in a fit of anger.

After several secretaries figured this out, the look in their eyes when they looked at Ivy became weird.

Ivy trembled with anger. She glared at Violet fiercely, "How dare you!"

Violet not only threw her things out, but also exposed her thoughts.

She could already imagine what these people would say about her, and what those people in the company would think of her.

Violet was not afraid of the hatred in Ivy's eyes, but calmly looked at her, and said indifferently, "Why don't I dare? I originally didn't want to tell them. But you've gone too far. You have your boyfriend, but you still approach my husband. So don't blame me for being ruthless."

When several secretaries heard this, they all gasped.

It turned out that Miss Ellis had a boyfriend.

But she still seduced Mr. Murphy!

Ivy felt these people around her gossip her. She was trembling with anger.

Just when Ivy was about to be possessed by anger and shame, the elevator not far away was opened.

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Stanley and Fraser came out immediately.

Seeing Violet and others surround there, Stanley frowned, "What are you guys doing?"

Several secretaries heard his voice and then stood straightly.

Ivy looked at him with red eyes.

Only Violet turned around and glanced at Stanley faintly, "Nothing. Teach shameless people!"

Shameless person?

Stanley raised his eyebrows, and then felt that he had kicked something. When he looked down, it was a pack of snacks.

He recognized that it was the snack Ivy had put in his office.

Now that the snacks and toy dolls fell on the ground, with Ivy's obvious aggrieved appearance, Stanley already understood who Violet was teaching.

"You all go back." Stanley narrowed his eyes and glanced at the secretaries.

The secretaries replied again and again and returned to the office.

They couldn't wait to share the gossip they had heard into their chat group.

There were only four people left.

Stanley looked at Violet, "What did Ivy do that you have to teach her a lesson?"

Violet laughed mockingly, "What did she do? Don't you know she has never given up the idea to be your wife? These things under your feet are the evidence."

Speaking of this, she looked at Ivy again, "For the sake of Dr. Baxter, I have been tolerating you, and I didn't do anything to you before. But who knows you've gone too far! So I won't show any mercy to you."

"And you!" Violet turned around again and looked at Stanley, "Even if you are indifferent to me recently, we have not divorced yet. I am still your wife. You have been with Ivy these days and even indulged her to put things in your office. What do you want to do?"

She poked him in the chest, "Do you want to give her a chance?"

Stanley glanced down at her slender and fair finger, then he frowned, "Could you not be so unreasonable? Ivy is already with Henry. Your so-called robbing of your position is just your illusion."

"Is it an illusion or true? I see it more real than you." Violet's face was full of coldness. She replied loudly, "Stanley, if you want to divorce me, just sign the divorce agreement I gave you. Don't always take her by your side. I feel disgust and I have had enough!"

Ivy did not give up the idea of getting Stanley all the time.

Among them, Stanley gave Ivy the greatest support. Because every time Ivy approached him, he never pushed her away, which also made her ambitions growing.

Before, Violet loved him, so she always tolerated, and believed that he would not make mistakes. But during this period of time, he was so close to Ivy! Besides, with his indifference, Violet felt exhausted and didn't want to endure it like a fool.

Maybe Ivy was still scolding her for being stupid.

Ivy and Fraser were taken aback when they heard it.

Fraser was surprised that Violet took the initiative to ask for a divorce.

But Ivy was excited and overjoyed.

She had always been very angry that Stanley didn't divorce Violet since he was already indifferent to Violet.

Unexpectedly, now, she actually heard that they were really going to divorce.

Ivy clenched her hands. Her heart was beating fast.

"I said I won't sign it." Stanley was very displeased with the word "divorce". His face sank.

Ivy was the same. She was angry.

Stanley still hadn't signed it yet!

Did he love Violet so much?

"Well, don't talk about signing or not for now. But she..." Violet pointed to Ivy, "Make it clear today. Otherwise, that's not over!" _____

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