

Daddy! Mommy Is Pregnant Again

Chapter 51 Suppress Phoebe's Power

"It's her. She had a scandal with Mr. Murphy before, and now she has a scandal with Director Murphy again!"

"Yeah, I heard that she is married and has two children. I didn't expect that she would hook up with other men. It's really shameless."

"Maybe she dislikes that her current husband has no money, so she wants a better one!"

Listening to these contemptuous words, Violet frowned.

What was going on?

Why did she become the shameless person in the eyes of these people when she came back after a meal?

Thinking of this, Violet walked towards those people who were talking.

Those people obviously didn't expect her to come. Then they stopped talking and looked at her awkwardly.

"Who told you that I had an affair with Director Murphy?" Violet stopped in front of them, asking in a cold voice.

After these people looked at each other, one of them stood up and replied, "It was the people in your design department who said it in the chat group."

"Design department?" Violet pursed her lips. She immediately understood everything.

After that, she ignored these people and walked to the elevator.

When she arrived in the design department, Violet heard the same comments as soon as she entered the large office.

She wasn't angry. When she walked to her office area, she picked up a magazine and rolled it up, and then slammed it against the table.

There was a loud thud. Everyone was shocked.

Violet glanced indifferently across everyone, and said solemnly, "Who was instigated by Phoebe to spread the rumors between me and Director Murphy in the chat group? Stand up by yourselves!"

The reason she was so sure that it was Phoebe was because only Phoebe and Stanley knew that she knew Ivan. Stanley would definitely not do this kind of thing, so it must be Phoebe!

As for the reason, Phoebe just wanted to ruin her reputation in the Murphy Group. It was really a mean trick.

Most of the people in the office were surprised when they heard Violet's words. Only a few showed a guilty conscience.

Violet recognized these people. They were Phoebe's men. They had no design talent. Their greatest ability was to flatter Phoebe.

"So it's you guys!" Violet looked at them.

They also knew they were seen through. It was meaningless that they still played dumb. So they admitted, "So what?"

"Apologize!" Violet spit out the word coldly.

They stood up and said, "Why? You did such a shameful thing yourself. We are just telling the truth."

Violet laughed, "Shameful? I don't know when I had an affair with Director Murphy. But you guys just commented me like this. It's really way out of line. I'll give you a chance. Apologize to me, and clarify the rumors in the chat group. Or I won't let you guys go so easily!"

However, after they listened to it, they didn't take it seriously and didn't mean to apologize at all.

Upon seeing this, Violet also guessed the reason why they were so confident. She sneered.

This group of people was really stubborn. They thought that they had Phoebe's support, then they could be afraid of nothing. It was extremely stupid.

It just so happened that Violet could take advantage of this opportunity to drive these people out of the Murphy Group, which could also disintegrate Phoebe's force. Then Phoebe couldn't incite these people to deal with her in the future.

Thinking about it, Violet dropped the magazine in her hand, sat down, and turned on the computer.

Those people laughed disdainfully when they saw her actions.

They originally thought she was so fearless. It turned out that she only dared to shout in front of them.

For a while, these people didn't take Violet to heart. After sitting back, they continued to spread the rumors of Violet and Ivan, even deliberately spoke loudly.

Violet knew that they did it on purpose, but she didn't stop them, letting them talk.

The more they talked, the more things she printed.

Finally, she picked up the printed pile of materials and left the design department to Stanley's office.

"Mr. Murphy, I have something to report to you." Violet knocked on the open door.

When Stanley heard her voice, the tip of the pen paused slightly. He looked up at her, "What's the matter?"

"Here is the thing..." Violet walked into the office while telling him about the rumors.

After Stanley heard it, he frowned, "Who spread it?"

"It's them." Violet took out a piece of the information in her hand and put it in front of him.

Stanley glanced casually, but didn't look at it again. He leaned back in his chair and asked, "Then what do you want to do?"

Violet looked at him and replied seriously, "These people spread such false rumors in the chat group, which has a great impact on the reputation of me and Director Murphy. Besides, they refuse to apologize, so my proposal is to dismiss them. But there is another reason."

Stanley crossed his fingers, placed it on his knees, and said faintly, "Say!"

"Mr. Murphy, these are the design drawings drawn by several people who spread rumors. It is difficult for me to understand why such designs were made into clothes and sold into the market." Violet handed him the rest of the information.

Stanley raised his hand to take it and took a look, then his face sank in an instant.

Although he didn't understand clothing design, he still had aesthetics. Naturally, he could see that these designs were not very good, and they were far from the company's standards.

No wonder the design department had been established for more than a year, but it was always bottom of the company. With such suck designs, how could the company develop!

Thinking of this, Stanley picked up the landline and called Fraser, "Come to my office!"

Soon, Fraser came over. Seeing Violet still in the office, he nodded to her in surprise as a greeting.

Violet also smiled back.

Stanley handed the stack of design drawings to Fraser. Then he said with a

cold voice, "Go to notify the personnel department. Kick them out of the company!"

Hearing this, Violet smiled with satisfaction.

She knew from the beginning that it was obviously unrealistic to fire those people based on a few false rumors, so she printed these design drawings.

With Stanley's seriousness in his work, he absolutely couldn't tolerate such incapable employees who liked to make trouble to stay at his company. Facts had proved that she had made the right move.

After Fraser left, Violet had no reason to stay, so she said goodbye.

But as soon as she turned around, Stanley stopped her, "Wait a minute!"

Violet looked back at him, with some confusion, "Mr. Murphy, is there anything else?"

"Take this!" Stanley opened the drawer and took out a black invitation card to her.

Violet took it suspiciously, "This is..."

"A gathering of international fashion commenters. You go with me the day after tomorrow!" Stanley took a sip of the coffee on the table, and replied concisely.

Violet understood it. Her eyes lit up, "Does Mr. Murphy plan to invite a few well-known commenters to join in the big show of 'Born of Fire'?"

Stanley nodded, "Yes!"

"I see! I will go with you." Violet closed the invitation and put it carefully to her chest.

Stanley said, "The plane will set off at 8 o'clock in the morning the day after tomorrow. Don't be late!"

"Got it." Violet nodded.

At this moment, the door of the office was suddenly opened. A figure came in from outside, walked quickly in front of Stanley, put her hand on Stanley's desk, and asked with red eyes, "Stanley, why did you fire my employees?"

Stanley frowned and his voice was cold, "Who gave you the courage to enter my office without knocking?"

Hearing what he said, Violet couldn't hold back a smile.

Listening to her laughter, Phoebe looked at her with a distorted face.

Violet immediately shrugged, indicating that she stopped laughing.

Phoebe then looked at Stanley, "Sorry, I just care about my employees too much, so..."

"Enough!" Stanley didn't want to listen to her explanation, so he directly raised his hand to interrupt her, "I ask you it's you who have reviewed the company's design drawings for the past year, right?"

Chapter 52 Temporarily Take Over Her Work

"Yes...Yes." Phoebe didn't dare to look into Stanley's eyes. She answered in low voice.

Stanley looked up at her, "Then tell me, why would that kind of trash pass?"

Facing Stanley's question, Phoebe lowered her head and couldn't answer.

Violet chuckled, "That's because those designers have a better relationship with Director Hunt, so it is inevitable that Director Hunt will take care of them. Is that right, Director Hunt?"

Phoebe glared at Violet, as if she wanted to tear Violet into pieces.

Stanley saw it. He knew what Violet said was true. His thin lips were immediately pursed. He looked at Violet and said, "From now on, you will temporarily take over Phoebe's work. All design drawings will be reviewed by you."

"Me?" Violet was stunned.

She just wanted to break Phoebe's power.

Unexpectedly, she actually took over Phoebe's position.

Compared to Violet's shock, Phoebe was so flustered right now. Her eyes widened in disbelief, "Stanley, you can't do this!"

Let Violet replace her?

This was no different from driving her away!

Stanley's sharp eyes fixed on Phoebe's face. His voice was cold, "Why not? I let you be the director of the design department. You messed up the whole design department. Tell me how can I let you still manage the design department?"

"I..." Phoebe was speechless.

Stanley pinched his eyebrows and said, "Okay, that's a deal. You guys all go out!"

"Yes!" Violet replied and walked to the door.

Although Phoebe was unwilling, she didn't dare to provoke Stanley. After stamping her foot, she chased Violet angrily.

"Stop!"

On the corridor, Violet stopped, "Director Hunt, is there anything else?"

Phoebe came to Violet, gritted her teeth and glared at Violet, "You are very proud of yourself that you drove my men away, and took my job away, right?"

Violet shrugged, "I am not proud of it, but I am very happy. Speaking of which, it's you who gave me the opportunity. If you didn't incite them to spread rumors about me and Director Murphy, they would not be driven away. Your position would not fall into my hands."

Phoebe knew that Violet was laughing at her. She trembled with anger, "You bitch..."

"Shhh!" Violet raised a finger and made a quiet gesture, "Director Hunt, this is outside the office of Mr. Murphy. You said so loud, just want to attract Mr. Murphy over and let Mr. Murphy see your vulgar look?"

Hearing that, Phoebe was startled. She immediately calmed down. Her voice was also lowered a lot, "Violet, that's not over!"

"Okay, I'll wait and see!" Violet replied faintly, and then walked past Phoebe to the elevator.

Back to the design department, those designers were no longer there, and the positions were empty. The rest of the people looked at Violet with a little fear and a little admiration.

They were afraid of Violet!

After all, Violet drove away several designers and robbed Director Hunt's position.

Feeling the sense of alienation from everyone, Violet didn't care. She had expected it a long time ago. After smiling faintly, she picked up a pencil and started working.

In the afternoon, Violet answered the phone and went to a coffee shop near the Murphy Group.

As soon as she entered, a man sitting by the window waved to her, "Miss Hunt, here!"

Violet walked over, pulled the chair opposite the man and sat down, "Hello, Mr. Knight, have you got the result of the investigation last time?"

"Of course, otherwise I won't call you." As he said, he opened the briefcase beside his hand and took out a file bag and a photo from it. The photo was that one which was taken by Violet in the hospital last time.

"Miss Hunt, you guess is right. These three people are indeed the kind of relationship you thought. This man is

Nate Walker, and the child in his arms is Filip Ellis. He is five years old this year. This is the paternity test of the three of them. Our agency has spent a lot of efforts to get the paternity test. It is absolutely real!"

Mr. Knight pushed the file bag to Violet.

Violet quickly took out the paternity test inside and read it. After reading it, she laughed. Her laughter was full of irony.

Twenty-six years ago, Eason had an affair with Talia, causing Phoebe to be half a year older than her. Seven years ago, Eason drove her, her mother and her brother out of the Hunt family for Talia and Phoebe.

Now Talia had an affair with others and cuckolded Eason. It was so ridiculous. When her mother returned, she would

tell her mother. Her mother would be very happy, right?

Thinking of it, Violet stuffed the paternity test back into the file bag, "Mr. Knight, thank you so much!"

"You're welcome." Mr. Knight responded with a smile.

Violet took out her mobile phone, transferred the money to him, and left the coffee shop, preparing to pick up the children in the kindergarten.

Two hours later, Violet returned to the apartment with her two children. As soon as they got out of the elevator, she saw Fraser coming out of Stanley's apartment.

"Fraser, what are you doing..." Violet pointed to the suitcase Fraser was pulling.

Fraser didn't expect to meet her here. He pushed his glasses and replied, "I helped Mr. Murphy pack his luggage."

While speaking, he couldn't help but look at Calvin next to her.

This child obviously looked exactly like Mr. Murphy.

How come he was Ivan's son?

"Pack luggage?" Calvin asked, raising his head, "Sir, Uncle Murphy won't live here anymore?"

Fraser nodded, "Yes."

When Arya heard this, she was anxious, "Mommy, I like Uncle Murphy very much. Can you tell Uncle Murphy not to move to other places?"

"Arya, be a good girl!" Violet lowered her head and pulled the clothes out of the

little girl's hand, and then smiled embarrassedly at Fraser, "The girl is not sensible."

"It doesn't matter. They are very cute." Fraser waved his hand to show that he didn't care.

Although he didn't like Ivan, he had to admit that these two children were really likable.

"Violet, it's getting late, I have to send the luggage to Mr. Murphy, so I have to leave first." Fraser said while looking at the watch.

"Okay, bye." Violet took the two children to the side and let out the way.

Fraser thanked them, and walked past the three of them to get into the elevator.

"Mommy." Calvin looked at Violet, "Why did Uncle Murphy not live here?"

"Mommy doesn't know either." Violet shook her head. Looking at Stanley's closed apartment door, Violet suddenly felt a little empty.

Arya rubbed her eyes and was about to cry, "Mommy, Arya can't see Uncle Murphy in the future, right?"

"What are you talking about?" Violet scratched her nose, "Why did you think that you can't see him anymore? When Uncle Murphy didn't move here, you can also see him, right? Well, let's go home first. What do you want to eat? Mommy will make it for you."

As soon as Arya heard the food, she immediately forgot Stanley. She raised

her little hand and shouted, "Mommy, I want to eat fish."

"What about Calvin?" Violet asked Calvin as she was opening the door.

Calvin touched his chin and thought, "Coke chicken wings."

"Okay!" Violet rubbed the heads of the two children and said in a petting way.

The next day, Violet came out of the dye room with wearing a white coat which was stained with various colors. Seeing Ivan who was leaning against the wall, she was taken aback, "Director Murphy, why are you here?"

Chapter 53 Doubt

"Good morning!" Ivan waved to her and smiled, "I came to you specially."

"What's up?" Violet took off her white coat and put it on her arm, asking suspiciously.

Ivan stood up straightly and walked towards her, "I have heard about what happened yesterday. I'm sorry to make you wronged."

It turned out to be here to apologize.

Violet let go of her vigilance and waved her hand, "It's all over. Director Murphy, you don't have to worry about it."

"No! It's because of me anyway, or I will invite you..."

"No need." Violet knew what he was going to say, so she interrupted him and refused.

Ivan looked at her for two seconds and then shrugged with regret, "Well, I still

want to find an excuse to ask you out, but you didn't even give me the chance to finish speaking."

Violet smiled perfunctorily, but did not answer.

A gloomy look flashed across Ivan's eyes, "Speaking of which, Stanley is also wrong. As the president, he can't manage his staffs well. If I were the president, I would definitely not let such a thing happen..."

Listening to his derogation of Stanley, Violet couldn't help but frowned. She felt a little uncomfortable. Her voice became a lot colder, "Director Murphy, you are wrong about this. The Murphy Group is so big and there are so many employees. Mr. Murphy is not the God. It is impossible to understand every employee thoroughly."

"You spoke for him like this. Do you like him?" Suddenly, Ivan asked.

Violet was taken aback, and repeatedly shook her head to deny it, "How could it be possible!"

"Really? But I think you seem to speak for him very much." Ivan squinted at her, as if to see her through.

Violet felt inexplicably guilty when she was staring at by him like this. Then she turned her head to the side, "Because Mr. Murphy is a nice boss."

"Oh?..." Stanley raised his chin and said. Violet didn't know if he believed it or not.

After a while, he suddenly laughed, "If this is the case, you must not be tempted by him. Otherwise, you will be

very painful. Besides Phoebe, there is a more troublesome woman beside him."

A more troublesome woman?

Violet blinked, and subconsciously asked, "Who?"

Ivan spread his hands with a smile, but didn't mean to answer.

Violet then realized that she was too concerned about this. Then she quickly lowered her head and changed the topic, "Director Murphy, I have to leave first."

"Don't leave. Talk with me more." Ivan pulled her back.

At the corner of the corridor not far away, Stanley looked at this scene with a gloomy expression on his face. He couldn't help but clenched his fists.

A few seconds later, he suddenly turned around and walked towards the elevator.

Fraser followed him, "Mr. Murphy, we won't go over?"

"No." Stanley lowered his eyelids to cover the emotion in his eyes. Then he responded coldly, "There is no need to disturb them!"

Hearing this, Fraser couldn't help but turned his head to glance at Violet who was pushed by Ivan on the wall. He was hesitated, "Mr. Murphy, do we have to cancel the management right of Violet to 'Born of Fire'?"

"What do you mean?" Stanley stopped.

Fraser naturally stopped, "Because Violet has that kind of relationship with Ivan. Moreover, Ivan has never given up

his ambition to get the Murphy Group. I am worried that he will let Violet do something to ruin 'Born of Fire'. Then we..."

"Violet won't do it!" Stanley interrupted him in a deep voice.

Fraser was a little puzzled, "Why are you so sure?"

Stanley pursed his lips and said faintly, "Once she really listens to Ivan and does something like that, first of all, Merced will not let her go. Not only will Merced publicly break the relationship between the teacher and the apprentice with Violet, he will also make her unable to stay in the fashion circle. She can't bear the consequences!"

He could see that Violet was very professional, not the kind of person who would ruin her career for love.

"Well." Fraser nodded relievedly.

Stanley threw the report to Fraser, "You will send someone to give this to her in a while and ask her to hand it in after she chooses models."

"Yes!" Fraser hurriedly caught the declining report, wondering why Mr. Murphy didn't let people send it over at the beginning. Mr. Murphy actually came here in person.

When they came here, he did not go to see Violet.

Why bother?

Fraser secretly sighed. When he returned to the top floor, he asked his assistant to send the report to Violet.

When Violet received the report after she got rid of Ivan.

She now felt more and more that Ivan was a lunatic. Not only did he take advantage of her, but also said that he liked her and wanted to pursue her. He didn't even mind that she had two children. How could she believe him?

She was not blind. How could she not see the indifference in his eyes?

Obviously, he was only approaching her with the excuse that he liked her.

Although she didn't know what his purpose was, she must stay away from him!

Pursing her red lips, Violet took the report and walked to the design department. When she passed Phoebe's office, she suddenly heard a voice from inside, "Don't worry! Dad, Stanley doesn't know yet. Last time he just wanted to help Violet out, so he said that. My mother was so shocked that she believed it."

Um?

Phoebe was talking about her?

Violet couldn't help but stopped.

In the office, Phoebe's voice sounded again, "Yes, her two children are just time bombs. Stanley will know the truth sooner or later. We can hide it for a while, but we can't hide it for a lifetime."

Hearing this, Violet was shocked. The report in her hand fell to the ground with a thud.

"Who is outside?" Hearing the sound, Phoebe's face changed. She suddenly stood up from her seat.

Violet came to her senses. She quickly picked up the report and ran into the large office next door. Then she sat down, pretending that nothing had happened and tapping the keyboard.

Phoebe chased out with her mobile phone. Her voice couldn't hide her panic. She questioned everyone, "Who have been out just now?"

"No one has gone out." Everyone looked at each other and then answered.

Phoebe naturally wouldn't believe it so easily. She squinted her eyes and

looked at everyone's face one by one, trying to see if anyone was lying.

However, after looking around, everyone's faces were filled with doubts and confusion. She couldn't see anything at all.

Could it be that she heard wrong?

Phoebe lowered her eyes and thought for a moment, then turned and left.

After she left, Violet breathed a sigh of relief.

Fortunately, Phoebe just asked if anyone had gone out, not if anyone had come in. Otherwise, she would definitely be exposed

But what did Phoebe's call mean? Why did Phoebe say that her two children were time bombs? Why did Phoebe link

her two children with Stanley? Could it be that Stanley was the biological father of the two children?

How could this be?

Violet couldn't help standing up. She clenched fists and was so fazed. She couldn't calm down a bit until the phone rang.

"George."

"What's wrong with you?" George's face showed a touch of tension when he heard the tremor in her voice.

Violet forced a smile, "I'm fine. Why did you call me suddenly?"

"I want to tell you that I will return in a few days, and I won't leave anymore." George said.

Violet really smiled now, "That's great! If Jessie knows it, she must be very happy."

George fell silent suddenly.

Violet realized that she had said something wrong. Then she patted her forehead annoyedly, "George, I..."

"Well, don't you ask me why I won't leave?" George interrupted her.

Chapter 54 It's Really Him

"I know you were invited by the Baxter's Hospital, right?" Violet sat back in the chair.

George was startled, "Why do you know?"

Violet explained, "Last time Calvin was seriously ill, I saw Dr. Baxter in the hospital. I heard that he was going to

ask you to perform an operation on someone."

She remembered that it seemed to be a girl named Ivy.

"So that's the case." George sighed with regret, "I wanted you to guess it."

Violet chuckled, "When will you be back? I'm going to pick you up."

"Then it depends on when I can get the visa. I'll tell you when I get it."

"Okay!" After that, Violet said a few more words to George and ended the call.

At this time, a colleague came over and said, "Violet, the garment maker said that there is a problem with the pattern of the clothes. They hope you will take a look."

"Okay, I'll be over right away." After speaking, Violet carried the bag and left the design department.

In the afternoon, she texted Jessie and asked Jessie to help pick up the children. Then she took a taxi to the hotel where she had sex with that strange man five years ago.

Phoebe's phone call in the morning, like a magic sound, had been lingering in her mind.

So she had to figure out who she had sex with, or she couldn't sleep well!

"Hello." Violet came to the front desk, "Excuse me, is your manager here?"

"Yes, please wait for a moment!" The lady at the front desk smiled politely at her, then picked up the calling machine and called the manager over.

The manager took a look at Violet and asked politely, "Miss, what can I help you?"

"I want to check the surveillance?" Violet took a deep breath and said.

The manager was dumbfounded, and then refused, "I'm sorry, in order to protect the privacy of our hotel, I can't let you check it unless there is a special reason."

Special reason...

Violet lowered her eyelids, "Then if I said that I was raped five years ago, and now I want to find the person who raped me, can't it?"

Hearing this, the manager was shocked. He was obviously surprised by her words, and immediately changed his words.

"Of course, we are happy to cooperate."

Criminal cases had already been involved. He had to cooperate.

If this lady called the police and asked the police to call for surveillance, the reputation of the hotel would be damaged.

"Miss, please!" The manager made a please gesture.

Violet thanked him and followed him to the monitoring room.

Since the surveillance that Violet wanted to check was five years ago, it took a long time for the staff in the monitoring room to archive the surveillance recording five years ago for playback.

Violet stood in front of the largest display screen. She clenched her fists

tightly, which showed her uneasiness at the moment.

Soon, the surveillance had broadcast the scene where Phoebe was walking along the corridor of the hotel suite. In the next second, Phoebe suddenly opened a door and pushed her into the room.

"Wait a minute!" The manager stopped suddenly.

Violet looked at him, "What's the matter?"

"Miss Hunt, you just said that you lived in 3606, right?" the manager asked.

"Yes." Violet nodded, but she felt a little guilty.

She lied. She deliberately told the manager that her sister booked the

room for her in the hotel to let her rest, but someone broke into the room and raped her.

In this way, the manager would not think that she took the initiative to enter the room. After all, it was really shameful!

The manager did not doubt Violet's words. He pointed to the door she entered and said, "But Miss Hunt, the room you entered was not 3606, but 3609."

"What are you talking about?" Violet's face changed and her eyes widened.

The manager apologized, "This is a mistake of our hotel. At that time, the 9 of 3609 was loose, so it became 6. We found it out during the rounds later."

Violet was shivering. She felt that she almost fainted.

So she entered the wrong room and slept with the wrong person?

"Who is the guest in 3609?" Violet asked with a pale face and a trembling voice.

The manager was about to answer, but he saw something suddenly. Then he signaled her to look at the screen, "It's him!"

Violet quickly turned her gaze back on the screen. A tall figure was staggering outside the door of 3609. He lowered his head. Violet couldn't see his face, so she was a little anxious for a while.

Until the moment the man opened the door and entered the room, he finally showed his profile.

Although that profile was not as mature as it was now, Violet still recognized him at a glance.

Stanley!

No wonder Calvin was so similar to him!
It turned out that they were really father
and son!

Violet covered her mouth, tears welling
up into her eyes.

Although she had already guessed
before she came here, when she really
confirmed it, she was still shocked.
There were such coincident things in
this world.

"Miss, are you okay?" The manager
couldn't help asking with concern when
seeing her crying.

Violet slowly shook her head, "I'm fine.
Can I make a copy of the surveillance?"
The manager agreed.

Violet took out the U dick she prepared in advance, copied the surveillance, and then left the hotel.

When she was walking, her pace was messy. That night, Violet stayed up all night. When she came to the airport the next day, she looked so tired.

Stanley raised his eyebrows when he saw her black eye circles.

Was this woman so excited to attend that party?

"Have you got your boarding pass?"
Stanley walked to Violet and asked quietly.

Violet didn't respond and sat in a daze on the bench.

Stanley couldn't help frowning, then stretched out his hand to wave it in front of her.

Violet finally recovered. After looking up at him, she hurriedly lowered her head. She said in extremely low voice, "Mr. Murphy, you are here..."

"What's wrong with you?" Stanley squinted at her.

This woman seemed to be hiding from him?

"Nothing... I'm okay..." Violet's hands on her lap clutched her dress tightly, revealed a nervous posture.

Since knowing that the man in front of her was the biological father of her two children, Violet found out that she couldn't face him naturally as usual.

Stanley could tell that Violet was lying. He pursed his thin lips and wanted to ask something. The airport broadcast suddenly sounded and interrupted him.

His handsome face sank. Then he said, "Let's go."

"Yeah." Violet nodded hurriedly.

After getting on the plane, when Violet saw there were only two of them in the first-class cabin, she finally realized what was wrong. So she asked Stanley on the other side of the aisle, "Mr. Murphy, only us?"

Stanley was flipping through a magazine. Hearing what she said, he hummed, "Fraser will get there tomorrow."

"Really?" Violet bit her lower lip.

So in the next few hours, she would be alone with him?

Stanley saw the entanglement in Violet's eyes from the corner of his eyes. Then his eyes became cold.

What did she mean?

She was unwilling to stay with him?

"Mr. Murphy, can I ask you a question?" Violet didn't know what Stanley was thinking. After taking a deep breath, she said suddenly.

Stanley answered coldly, "Okay!"

Violet plucked up the courage and gritted her teeth. She asked, "If one day, you know you have children, what will you do?"

Hearing this, Stanley snapped the magazine closed and turned to look at

her. His deep eyes seemed to see her through, "Why are you asking it?"

Violet was worried about that he could see something, so she hurriedly lowered her eyelids to cover the panic and guilty conscience in her eyes, trying to make her voice sound natural, "I'm just curious, I watched TV last night. The actor learned that he had children suddenly, but he didn't know what to do, so I want to hear Mr. Murphy's opinion."

Stanley retracted his gaze and snorted coldly, "Let them come back. I won't let my children live outside."

Chapter 55 The Evening Dress

Hearing his words, Violet froze for a while and then trembled slightly.

She knew that he was serious. If he knew that the Calvin and Arya were his

children, he would really take them away. At that time, she could only watch it and could not stop him.

No, she couldn't let this happen. He was Phoebe's fiancé and would marry Phoebe in the future.

Phoebe hated the two children's guts! Violet couldn't imagine how the two children would be treated in the future, so the best way was not to let Stanley know it.

Thinking of this, Violet glanced at Stanley, and decided to conceal this matter to the end.

"Yeah, how can you let your children live outside!" Violet echoed.

Then she closed her eyes, leaned back in the seat and fell asleep.

Stanley was slightly startled when he heard the long breathing sound coming to his ear.

Fell asleep?

He looked at Violet. Seeing her curl up on the seat, he rubbed his temples, and pressed the call bell next to the armrest.

The stewardess came over, "Sir, what can I help you?"

"Give me a blanket." Stanley said.

"Okay." The stewardess smiled softly.

Soon, the stewardess came with the blanket.

Stanley unfastened the seat belt around his waist, got up and walked to Violet's seat. After looking down at her for two seconds, he suddenly squatted down and put her seat down.

Violet's body also changed from curling up to lying flat as the seat was laid flat.

Afterwards, Stanley covered her with the blanket, and tucked the hair on her face behind her ears.

Looking at her fair and delicate face, Stanley's thin lips moved slightly. There were some emotions in his eyes.

After a while, he suddenly reached out to touch her face.

Stanley felt it soft and smooth, then he suddenly came to his senses. After reacting to what he had done, his face sank. He quickly retracted his hands, got up and sat down, frowning very tightly.

He was crazy!

Not only did he do these unnecessary things, but actually touched her face.

Stanley clenched his fists and looked at the clouds outside the window, his eyes gloomy and unclear.

A few hours later, Violet yawned, stretched herself and sat up. Seeing the blanket sliding down, she was taken aback for a moment. Then she realized something, and looked at the man on the other side.

With a computer on his lap, he was typing on the keyboard with his head hanging down, which looked very serious.

Violet picked up the blanket and asked with a blushed face, "Mr. Murphy, did you cover it for me?"

Stanley's hand paused. The next second, he returned to his natural state. He faintly replied, "No, the stewardess did it."

Hearing this, Violet was immediately embarrassed.

She thought it was him.

Yes, he had nothing to do with her. Why did he have to take care of her?

Although Violet thought so, she still felt a little bit lost.

However, Violet didn't think about it a lot. She straightened up the seat, folded the blanket and put it aside. Then she got up and went to the toilet.

When she came back from the toilet, Stanley had put away his computer and

was looking at his watch, "Get ready. We are going to get off the plane."

"Okay." Violet replied and began to pack her stuff.

After getting off the plane, Stanley walked ahead and went out of the airport first. Violet looked at his back with complicated eyes, but soon there was a touch of relief in her eyes.

Since she didn't intend to let him know that the two children belonged to him, she would treat him as usual.

Hiding from him could easily arouse his suspicion.

After thinking about this, Violet patted her cheek, and suddenly felt relieved.

Stanley naturally felt her change, but did not ask her what happened.

When they arrived at the hotel, Violet put down her luggage and took out her mobile phone, wanting to have a video chat with Jessie.

It happened to be at night at domestic. She didn't worry about them falling asleep.

"Mommy." The faces of the two children appeared in front of the camera. They were calling her sweetly.

Hearing the soft and sweet voices of the two children, Violet felt so warm. How could they be so cute!

"My dears, do you guys listen to Jessie?" Violet asked while lying on the bed.

Arya nodded, "We are behaved. Jessie praised me just now."

"Really? What about brother?" Violet looked at Calvin.

Calvin pursed his mouth, "Jessie scolded me!"

"Oh?" Violet was taken aback, "Why did she scold you?"

"I know." Arya raised her little hand to answer, "Because brother broke Jessie's vase. Jessie told him not to pick it up to avoid being cut by the glass, but brother didn't listen to Jessie."

Oh!

"It turns out to be like that!" Violet nodded.

Calvin grunted aggrievedly and turned his face aside.

Violet had the heart to teach him a lesson, so she didn't coax him, and chatted with the little girl.

After chatting for a while, Arya blinked her big eyes and asked Stanley, "Mommy, is Uncle Murphy with you? Arya wants to see Uncle Murphy."

Hearing this, Violet was silent for a while, "Sweetie, why do you want to see Uncle Murphy, baby?"

"I like Uncle Murphy." Arya answered with her fingers in her mouth.

"Does Calvin like Uncle Murphy too?"

Calvin was no longer angry with Violet, and replied with nodding, "Of course, I admire Uncle Murphy very much. When I grow up, I want to be like Uncle Murphy... No, a better man than Uncle Murphy!"

Seeing the shiny eyes of the two children when they mentioned Stanley, Violet's lips moved.

No one knew two children better than her. Although the two children looked cheerful, it was difficult for them to really admire and accept a person.

But after returning, they quickly accepted Stanley, which really surprised her. Only now did she know that it was blood connection.

But now, she had decided not to let the three of them know it, so naturally there was no need to meet again, so...

After silently saying sorry inwardly, Violet smiled regretfully, "Sorry baby, Uncle Murphy is not here."

"Huh?" The two children looked at each other disappointedly.

Violet quickly changed the topic again, instead of mentioning Stanley, and talked about other things, which successfully diverted the attention of the two children.

About ten minutes later, when it was time for the two children to sleep, Violet hung off the video.

At this moment, the doorbell rang suddenly.

Violet sat up and went to open the door with her slippers.

Stanley stood outside the door, holding two gift boxes in his hands, "There are for you."

"This is... an evening dress?" Violet took the gift boxes. When she looked at the pattern on it, she guessed what was inside.

Stanley raised his chin slightly, "You can wear it for tonight's party."

"Thank you, Mr. Murphy." Violet smiled and thanked him.

She originally planned to go out to buy an evening dress in a while. But unexpectedly, he had already prepared it for her.

"You are the chief designer for 'Born of Fire'. I should be in charge of your dress. I have to leave now."

After speaking, Stanley turned back to the opposite suite.

Violet closed the door when she saw him in, then she walked to the bed with two gift boxes in her arms. She put the boxes on the bed and opened them.

One box contained a dress, and the other smaller box contained a pair of silver-white high heels.

Violet unfolded the dress. The fiery red one-shoulder long dress was extremely gorgeous, and the large pieces of diamonds inlaid around the waist were even more dazzling.

Violet fell in love with it at a glance. She couldn't help but picked up the dress to try it. Then, she suddenly realized something. Her heartbeat quickened. She murmured with a blushed face, "Weird, how could he know my size?"

Chapter 56 Earthquake

She did not to tell others about her size.

Was it possible that he visually observed it?

Thinking about it this way, Violet's face was more blushed. A subtle emotion arose in her heart. After all, her physical data was known by a man, which was somewhat embarrassing.

But she didn't think about it. Seeing that time was running out, she quickly put down her dress and went to the bathroom to take a shower, preparing to attend the evening party.

When she finished the shower and put on her makeup, it was already dark.

Violet picked up the handbag, went out of the suite on high heels, and walked to Stanley's suite. When she raised her hand to knock on the door, the door was suddenly opened.

Stanley appeared in front of her in a suit that was more formal than usual.

"Mr. Murphy." Violet greeted him.

Stanley looked at Violet who put on exquisite makeup. After a stunning light flashed under his eyes, his eyes darkened, "The clothes match you very well!"

Hearing his praise, Violet was flattered and a little embarrassed. But she smiled uncontrollably, feeling so sweet, "Really?"

"Yeah." Stanley nodded lightly.

When choosing a dress, he picked this one at a glance, and thought it suit her well.

Now he found that his choice was right.

Violet touched her earlobe, "Mr. Murphy, you're very handsome tonight!"

She didn't flatter him. He was already very good-looking. After a little dressing up, he was even more handsome and incomparable, and his temperament was all impeccable.

When Calvin grew up, he was almost like this.

Thinking about it, Violet couldn't help showing an expectant smile on her face.

Stanley was still happy because of her words, but when he saw the smile on her face and the look in her eyes, his face suddenly became cold.

Who was she looking at through him?

Ivan?

Feeling that there was something wrong with Stanley, Violet regained her senses

and asked, "Mr. Murphy, what's the matter with you?"

"I'm fine." Stanley walked past her coldly to the elevator.

Violet looked at Stanley's back and tilted her head with a confused look.

Why was he angry?

She didn't seem to mess with him, right?

Violet couldn't understand. She sighed helplessly, and trotted to catch up with him.

The party was held in the fashion hall. Not only the famous fashion commenters, but also many designers came.

Some designers had brought their own design works and were showing them at the party.

Violet looked at the design drawings enviously, and couldn't help muttering, "If I knew it early, I would bring some works here too."

When Stanley heard this, he looked at her sideways, "The big show of 'Born of Fire' is the stage where you become famous. This place is too small and there is no need."

"Mr. Murphy, are you so confident in me?" Violet raised her eyebrows in surprise.

"I have confidence in your design." Stanley took two glasses of red wine from the waiter's tray, and handed one of them to her, "Let's go. Invite the commenters."

"Yeah." Violet nodded, held her arm, and walked with him among the commenters.

After walking around, they invited more than a dozen commenters who were well-known internationally.

This number had far exceeded the number of commenters required for general big shows.

Therefore, in the following time, they did not continue to invite, but prepared to go to the rest area to rest with their wine glasses.

But at this moment, the ground shook violently.

Violet couldn't stand still in high heels. She was about to fall to the ground.

Stanley's eyes condensed. Without thinking, he threw away the wine glass in his hand, reached out to grab her wrist, and pulled her into his arms with force.

"What happened? The earthquake?" Violet's face turned pale with fright as she watched the swaying seats around and heard the various screams, falling and breaking sounds.

Although Stanley wasn't like Violet, his face was tense, "Well, this country is already in an earthquake zone, and there are frequent earthquakes, but I didn't expect that we encounter it as soon as we came."

"Then what shall we do now? The house will not collapse, will it?" Violet's voice trembled.

She had never seen such a situation before, so she was a little scared for a while.

"The structure of the house is very strong and won't collapse. Just wait for the shock to pass!" Stanley put his arm around her waist with one hand, and the other hand supported the table on the side, leading her to stand still.

When he said this, his tone was very calm, as if the earthquake was just a trivial matter. Inexplicably, Violet's inner fear faded a lot.

She leaned quietly in his arms, smelling the mint fragrance from him. She couldn't help closing her eyes.

She had been thinking before why she felt familiar with the smell of him.

It turned out to be because she smelled it that night five years ago.

The earthquake was still going on. No one knew when it would stop.

Stanley frowned and looked around, trying to find a road to take Violet out of here.

However, at this moment, he suddenly heard a cracking sound above his head.

Stanley looked up and saw that the pillar with a huge crystal lamp hanging on the ceiling had been shaken away by the earthquake, and only a few thin wires were supporting it.

Those wires were stretched very straightly. Obviously, they were impossible to support such a large and heavy crystal lamp all the time.

Sure enough, the next moment, the wires snapped and disconnected. The huge crystal lamp fell.

Stanley was so shocked suddenly, and then immediately pushed Violet out.

Before Violet didn't know what was going on, she fell to the ground not far away. She gasped in pain.

However, because Stanley pushed her away, he missed the time to escape. He was hit by a crystal lamp.

This scene made Violet frightened and stupefied. Her mind went blank. It took a long time for him to come senses. He hurriedly climbed to Stanley's side and shouted with red eyes, "Mr. Murphy, Mr. Murphy?"

Stanley didn't respond. He was pressed under the crystal lamp. His eyes closed

tightly. His face was pale. He was trembling unceasingly. Obviously, he got hurt very badly.

Violet quickly took off her high heels and stood up, went to lift the crystal lamp on his back, and wanted to rescue him.

But the crystal lamp was so big that she couldn't lift it at all. Instead, her palms got hurt.

She was so anxious that she cried, "Mr. Murphy, hold on, I'll call someone to save you!"

With that said, she let go of the crystal lamp and was about to call someone.

But at the moment she turned around, Stanley suddenly vomited blood and passed out.

By the time he woke up, it was already two days later.

Looking at the white room, he already knew where he was now. He wanted to support himself, trying to sit up. But as soon as he made a move, his wounds hurt badly. Then he groaned in pain.

After Violet heard this, she was happy. Then she quickly put down the water bottle in her hand and went to the hospital bed, "Mr. Murphy, you are awake."

Fraser, who was on the balcony, hung up the phone and came in. He shouted excitedly, "Mr. Murphy."

Stanley turned his neck and looked at the two of them. His voice was a little weak, "What's wrong with me?"

As soon as Violet wanted to say something, Fraser took the lead, "Your back was severely injured and your internal organs also got hurt. In addition, your two ribs were broken. One of them almost got stuck in the heart!"

Having said that, he turned his head and glared at Violet angrily.

Violet also knew that Stanley was hurt so badly to save her. She lowered her head in shame, "I'm sorry, Mr. Murphy..."

"What's the use of saying sorry now?" Fraser coldly scolded, "Don't call the doctor over?"

"Well, I'll go right away!" Violet quickly left the ward.

After she left, Fraser picked up a cotton swab and moistened Stanley's lips while

complaining, "Mr. Murphy, she is Ivan's woman. What did you do to save her? Do you know you almost died!"

Chapter 57 Someone Was Investigating Your Whereabouts

Stanley raised the hand that hadn't gotten the infusion. Then he rubbed his sore temples, "I saved her. It has nothing to do with whether she is Ivan's woman, but because she is an employee of the Murphy Group. As the boss, I am obligated to be responsible for her. Besides, the most important thing is that she has rescued me twice!"

Hearing this, Fraser opened his mouth and suddenly had nothing to say.

Yes, if Violet hadn't saved Mr. Murphy in time, Mr. Murphy might have died long ago!

Stanley put his hand down and asked solemnly, "Does anyone else know that I'm injured?"

If Ivan knew that he was injured, he would definitely try to stop him from returning.

Then, on the pretext that he was recovering from his injuries abroad and was unable to manage the group, Ivan would incite those old guys who had been dissatisfied with him to share his rights!

Fraser obviously knew what Stanley was worried about. He shook his head and replied, "Don't worry, Mr. Murphy. I blocked the news in time. Ivan doesn't know yet, but Director Hunt is investigating for your whereabouts."

Stanley asked sternly, "Why is she investigating it for?"

Fraser threw the cotton swab into the trash can. "She saw that you didn't return home yesterday and couldn't contact you. She should be worried about you. Would you like to call her back?"

"No need!" Stanley pursed his thin lips.

Fraser did not speak again. He held the water glass to Stanley's mouth.

Stanley raised his head slightly, took a few sips while biting the straw in the glass, and then waved his hand.

As soon as Fraser put down the water glass, the call came.

"Mr. Murphy, it's the call from the fashion hall." Fraser took out his mobile phone and glanced at it.

Stanley closed his eyes and pinched the bridge of his nose, "You deal with it."

"Yes." Fraser replied and walked towards the door.

As soon as he opened the door, he saw Violet walking over with the doctor.

Violet stopped and asked, "Fraser, are you leaving now?"

Fraser pushed his glasses, "Yes, I have something to deal with. Please take care of Mr. Murphy."

"Don't worry. I will." Violet nodded.

Fraser thanked her and left.

Looking at his back, Violet tilted her head in doubt.

Strange! Why was his attitude to her worse these past two days?

But now why did he suddenly treat her with the polite attitude as before?

Violet couldn't figure out, so she didn't think much. She just led the doctor into the ward.

The doctor checked Stanley, changed the medicine, and left soon. Only Violet and Stanley were left in the ward.

Violet stood by his hospital bed and looked at him gratefully, "Mr. Murphy, thank you for saving me."

If he hadn't pushed her away, she would definitely be hit by the crystal lamp.

"You don't need to thank me. Didn't you save me before? We are even!" Stanley said.

Then, he seemed to have thought of something again. He looked at Violet up and down, "By the way, when I pushed you out, I used much force. Didn't it hurt you?"

"No, no." Violet shook her head repeatedly and waved her hand. She felt so warm.

He was already hurt and couldn't get up, but he didn't forget to care about her.

It really made her so moved.

Hearing Violet said that she was okay, Stanley relaxed a little. But the next second he saw that her hands were wrapped around gauze. He frowned, "What happened to your hands?"

"You said this?" Violet spread her hands and looked at it, then said with a smile, "It cut a little by the crystal lamp while I was lifting the crystal lamp. But it's okay."

Stanley said, "Well!"

Violet put her hands down.

At this time, a grunt sounded.

Stanley's face sank suddenly.

Seeing Stanley's face, Violet instantly understood something. She lowered her head and laughed, "Mr. Murphy, wait! I'm going to buy you something to eat."

With that, she picked up her wallet and left the ward.

After half an hour, Violet came back with food.

Stanley didn't mind it when he saw it was porridge. She fed one spoonful and he would eat one spoonful.

After eating a bowl of porridge, Violet poured a few more painkillers to Stanley.

The painkiller had the sequelae of lethargy, so Stanley fell asleep soon.

After Violet tucked the quilt for him, she pulled a chair and sat down to look at him, her eyes gradually becoming blurred and complicated.

She still couldn't forget the scene where he was vomiting blood to save her from her being hit by the crystal lamp.

At that moment, apart from feeling her heartbeat stopped, she also realized a terrible fact that she liked him. So when he praised her, she would feel happy.

When he moved out of the apartment, she would feel lost!

"Huh..." Violet exhaled for a long time, covering her face with some worries.

She felt herself very despicable. Not only did she like a man with a fiancée, but she also broke her promise.

Because she only vowed to Ivan not long ago that she did not like Stanley. But now...

She had already decided that she would not tell him about her feelings. After 'Born of Fire' got success, she would leave the Murphy Group and Stanley. Maybe it wouldn't be long before her feelings for Stanley would fade away, right?

Thinking of this, Violet smiled bitterly, and fell asleep on the side of the bed.

In the evening, she was awakened by the phone.

Arya pursed her little mouth, "Mommy, when are you coming back?"

Violet looked at her daughter tenderly, "It may take some time. Something happened to Mommy, so I can't come back temporarily. You miss Mommy?"

"Yeah, I miss you very much." Arya nodded.

Suddenly, Calvin snatched the phone. His immature face was full of worried, "Mommy, what happened?"

Violet glanced at Stanley on the hospital bed, her eyes flickering back, "Of course it's about the work. Kids shouldn't ask too much."

She promised Fraser that she could not tell others about Stanley's injury.

"Well, I won't ask!" Calvin shrugged, and then suddenly said, "By the way, Mommy, when school was over today, an old man stopped me and Arya."

"An old man?" Violet frowned and looked serious. "What kind of old man?"

Arya hurriedly raised her little hand, "Mommy, Arya knows! That old man looks very fierce and there is a mole here."

She pointed to her chin.

A face immediately popped into Violet's mind.

Eason, her father!

Violet's hand holding the phone tightened abruptly. Her red lips pressed into a straight line.

"Mommy, what's the matter with you?" Calvin saw that something was wrong with Violet. He stared at Violet closely, and asked with concern.

Violet took a deep breath and then calmed down, "Mommy is okay. Sweetie, did that old man do anything to you?"

Calvin and Arya shook their heads together.

"No, he just watched us for a while and left. He didn't even talk with us." Calvin replied.

Violet breathed a sigh of relief, but did not let go of her vigilance.

She absolutely didn't believe that Eason just wanted to see his grandchildren. He had no feelings for her, so how could he have feelings for her two children?

So no matter what the purpose of Eason's trip was, Calvin and Arya couldn't study at this kindergarten anymore.

Thinking of this, Violet looked at the children in the phone seriously, "Baby, you guys won't go to kindergarten tomorrow. Mommy will call the teacher to ask for leave for you guys. Mommy will transfer you to another school when Mommy comes back."

"Why? Mommy?" Arya blinked suspiciously.

Calvin guessed something. He touched his chin and asked, "Is it because of that old man? Mommy, who is he?"

Chapter 58 Returning

"Just leave it alone! Listen to Mommy."
Violet didn't mean to answer.

Seeing that her face was so solemn, Calvin didn't ask. He just nodded, "Got it, Mommy."

"Good!" Violet praised him.

Then, the video ended.

Violet called the kindergarten teacher and asked for leave for the two children.

Before putting down the phone, she heard the man on the hospital bed with a deep voice, "Someone wants to hurt Calvin and Arya?"

"Mr. Murphy, are you awake?" Violet quickly looked at the man. Stanley opened his eyes, and listened to the content of her call.

Stanley lifted his chin slightly, "I just woke up."

"Is it awakened by me?" Violet pointed to the phone.

She didn't go out when she chatted with her children.

Stanley shook his head, "No. You haven't answered me yet."

Violet pursed her lips, "I don't know if he is going to hurt Calvin and Arya. But since he suddenly appeared in front of Calvin and Arya, he must have no good intentions."

"So your solution is to transfer your children to other kindergarten?" Stanley looked at her.

Violet gave a hmm.

Stanley squinted his eyes, "It can't solve the problem at all. You should tell Ivan the existence of the two children. With Ivan's protection, the safety of the two children will be guaranteed."

Hearing this, Violet was stunned, "Why should I tell Director Murphy about the existence of Calvin and Arya?"

Stanley looked at her deeply for a while, then slowly said, "Isn't he the father of two children?"

"What!" Violet couldn't help it anymore, and burst into laughter.

Stanley frowned when he saw her laughing so exaggeratedly, "What are you laughing at?"

Violet stopped laughing, "Mr. Murphy, who said Director Murphy is the father of two children."

'Obviously you are their father!'

Stanley was a little stunned, but he did not answer her. He was a little excited.

What she meant clearly was that Ivan was not the father of two children.

Who was their father?

As if seeing what Stanley was thinking, Violet sighed lightly, "Mr. Murphy, why do you think Director Murphy is my children's father?"

Stanley lowered his eyelids to cover the emotions in his eyes, "In the meeting

room that day, Ivan said that you two had known each other years ago, but he abandoned you, so..."

"It was all made up by him." Violet waved her hand to interrupt him.

Stanley's eyes condensed, "Making it up?"

Violet said, "Yes, that day was the second day I met Director Murphy. How could we have known each other for a few years? Why was I abandoned by him?"

Stanley's face became gloomy. His whole body became cold. "So you and Ivan just met, but you stayed overnight together?"

"No." Violet shook her head blankly.

Stanley snorted coldly, "Then how do you explain the hickey on your neck at that time?"

"Hickey?" Violet was taken aback, then reacted and patted her forehead, "It was pinched by him."

"What?" Stanley asked in a deep voice.

Violet told Stanley about how she had known Ivan.

After Stanley listened, he was stunned.

He could see that she was not lying.

So, everything was his misunderstanding?

Thinking about this, Stanley looked down, "Sorry."

"It's okay." Violet waved her hand.

She had such a big red mark on her neck at the time, and it was normal to be misunderstood.

Stanley said to her with a stern expression on his face, "Since you have nothing to do with Ivan, stay away from him in the future. He is not a good person."

"I know." Violet agreed.

Stanley's face relaxed a lot, "I can send someone to protect Calvin and Arya."

"Don't need. Mr. Murphy. If it still doesn't work, I will send them abroad to stay with my mother." Violet refused his suggestion.

Although Stanley felt a little uncomfortable, he didn't say anything.

After all, it was her children. He had no right to question how she arranged it.

At this time, a nurse came and reminded Violet that it was time for Stanley's dialysis.

Violet carefully unfastened Stanley's bed from the fixed frame. She pushed Stanley to the dialysis room with the nurse.

A few days later, Stanley recovered well. Although he could not stand and walk, he could already sit up.

So Stanley insisted on leaving the hospital. Fraser and Violet had no way, so they had to go through the discharge formalities for him and returned.

At the moment the plane landed, Fraser received Stanley's order to announce his injury.

For a time, some people were happy and some were worried.

After Violet arrived at the Murphy Group, she went directly to the design department.

But before she could sit down, Phoebe came over with a fierce look and slapped on the table, "Violet, you actually made Stanley get injured!"

Violet raised her eyebrows, "Director Hunt, you made a mistake. It was not I made Mr. Murphy get injured, but Mr. Murphy was injured in order to save me. Don't throw mud on me and slander me."

Phoebe didn't expect that Violet could see through her tricks at once. Her face was distorted for a moment, "So what? It's all because of you."

"What then? What do you want to do?" Violet looked at Phoebe.

Phoebe approached her, lowered her voice and gritted her teeth, saying, "I want you to leave the Murphy Group, and to leave Stanley. If you stay here, you will only bring trouble to Stanley!"

"What if I say no?" Violet said with a smile while crossing her arms.

Of course she would leave here, but not now.

Moreover, she didn't want to agree to Phoebe.

When Phoebe heard Violet's words, she smirked, "No? If I announce the real reason for Stanley's injury, do you think the Murphy family will let you go? Those senior executives who support Stanley will let you go?"

Now finally there was a chance that Phoebe could drive Violet away, so Phoebe wanted to seize it!

However, Violet was not threatened at all. She calmly flirted with her hair, "Go ahead. Let's wait and see who the Murphy family will deal with first after you tell them!"

"You..." Phoebe was speechless.

Violet pulled the chair and sat down, "Director Hunt, is there anything else? If there is nothing wrong, please leave first. I have to work!"

While she said, she turned on the computer, and didn't even give Phoebe a look.

Phoebe looked at Violet's back hatefully, then turned and left with a snort.

Violet shook her head ironically, and then clicked on the official website of Golden Feather Award to check the current situation of the competition.

Seeing that the knockout round of the top 16 had been on, and when Phoebe was still the first place, her eyes sank. She sneered.

Immediately after that, she narrowed the window, clicked into a secret social platform, dragged a few design drawings from the folder and uploaded them on, then deleted the browsing traces. After she closed the web page, she was busy with work.

In the afternoon, Violet got off work and went to a big supermarket near the Murphy Group. After buying some big bones, she took a taxi to Jessie's home to pick up the children.

When the two children saw her coming back, they were so happy that they talked with her for a long time before saying goodbye to Jessie and returning to the apartment with her.

"Mommy, why did you buy bones?" Calvin couldn't help but curiously asked when he saw Violet take out a few big bones.

Chapter 59 Ivy Ellis

Violet smiled and replied, "Make some soup for Uncle Murphy. He was injured in order to save Mommy. Mommy has to thank him."

Now that Stanley had returned, she didn't have to comply what she promised Fraser.

"That's it." Calvin nodded, indicating that he knew it.

Violet touched his little head, "Go to play with your sister. Mommy is cooking."

"Okay." Calvin replied, ran back to the room, and went to find Arya.

Violet watched the two children's rooms shut, and then went to the kitchen with a faint smile. When she just finished the cooking, the doorbell rang suddenly.

Violet wiped her hands on her apron and went to open the door.

George stood outside the door, smiling gently at her, "Violet."

"George, why are you here?" Violet opened her mouth in surprise when she saw him.

George took out his phone and shook it, "You forgot? We only talked on the

phone a few days ago, and I said I would come back."

"I didn't forget. But you didn't say it was today. Why didn't you tell me to pick you up?" Violet released the doorknob and took out a pair of slippers to him.

After George came in, he closed the door and replied while changing his shoes, "I wanted to give you a surprise. By the way, they are gifts for Calvin and Arya."

With that, he passed the two bags in his hand.

Violet reached out to take them, "Thank you."

"Never mind." George waved his hand, then looked around in the living room, "Where are the two children?"

"They're in the room." Violet put down the bags and beckoned him to sit, "I'm going to tell them to come out. It just happens to be going to eat soon."

"I'll go." George didn't take a seat. He walked toward the children's room.

Seeing this, Violet felt that this was fine, so she went back to the kitchen and took out the dishes one after another.

After the meal, the two children went to take a shower. Violet and George were washing dishes in the kitchen.

George looked at the thermos barrel beside the sink, "This is..."

Violet handed him a clean bowl, "In it is the big bone soup I cooked for Mr. Murphy."

"For him?" George's action of wiping the bowl paused insignificantly. A dark light flashed across his eyes behind the glasses.

Violet didn't notice it. She handed him another clean bowl, "Yeah."

The gentle smile on George's face faded, "I heard that Mr. Murphy was injured. Then you made soup for him. Do you care about him so much?"

Violet was a little panicked and she almost threw the bowl out. She lowered her eyelids, and replied with some guilty conscience, "I don't care about him. I did this for a reason."

George knew she was lying.

George understood that she might have feelings for Stanley. He suddenly felt panic. Even the face that had always

been smiling amiably showed a tense look.

But soon, everything disappeared. It restored as usual, as if what happened just now was just an illusion.

"Really?" George responded with a fake smile, and then asked lightly, "Violet, do you know who I am going to perform the operation on this time?"

"I know. It's an acquaintance of Dr. Baxter and Mr. Murphy." Violet said after finishing washing the last bowl.

George took the bowl and wiped it slowly in his hand, "You are not right. Their relationship is closer than acquaintances. Her name is Ivy Ellis, a daughter of the Ellis Group. She had a car accident ten years ago. In that car accident, she has been in poor health,

but seven years ago, she suddenly became a vegetable."

"So it was her!" Violet also remembered something when she heard his introduction.

the Ellis Group was one of the well-known companies in J City. But it went bankrupt ten years ago. Chairman Ellis and his wife passed away, leaving their only daughter.

It was just that the daughter disappeared after the funeral of Chairman Ellis and his wife. Violet did not expect that Ivy would become a vegetable.

"Miss Ellis and Mr. Murphy have always been childhood sweethearts. They have had a very good relationship since childhood. If it hadn't been for the car

accident, they would have been married long ago." George focused on Violet from the corner of his eyes.

Violet was shocked, "Married?"

"Yeah, I heard that Mr. Murphy loves Miss Ellis very much. After Miss Ellis became a vegetable, he never gave up looking for the world's top hypnosis master, just to wake her up. A month ago, Mr. Murphy succeeded." George put the cleaned bowls into the cupboard.

Violet opened her mouth in surprise, "You said Miss Ellis was awake?"

George pushed his glasses, "Yeah, but there is a tumor in her brain, so they need my surgery. I believe that after Miss Ellis recovers, Mr. Murphy would terminate the marriage contract with the

Hunt family and marry Miss Ellis. After all, Miss Ellis is his true love."

True love...

Hearing these two words, Violet felt that her heart was like to be pricked, and it hurt a little.

George looked at her slightly pale face. He smiled with satisfaction. But it was fleeting, "Violet, I have to leave."

"Okay, I'll walk you out." Violet smiled reluctantly and walked him out.

After George left, Violet returned to the living room a little unhappily. She sat on the sofa in a daze.

In fact, she always knew that although Stanley was engaged to Phoebe, he did not love Phoebe, but she did not know

why he refused to cancel the marriage contract with Phoebe.

Now she knew that the reason. Stanley had a true lover. The reason why he did not cancel the marriage contract was to use Phoebe as a shield to help occupy the position of fiancée. When that Miss Ellis came back, Phoebe had to give the position to her. Phoebe seemed a little pitiful.

"Mommy." As she was thinking, Calvin came out of the room.

Violet turned to see him, "What's the matter, baby?"

"Did Godfather leave?"

"Yes, just left. Where's your sister?"
Violet asked.

Calvin climbed onto the sofa and leaned his head on her, "Arya is asleep, Mommy, I want to ask you a question."

"Okay, Mommy will answer you if Mommy knows it." Violet kissed her son's forehead.

Calvin looked at her with those dark eyes that were exactly like Stanley's, "Mommy, who is our Daddy?"

Violet didn't expect that he would ask this question. Violet fell silent with biting her lip.

Seeing her look, Calvin pulled her sleeves, "Mommy, you know, right?"

Violet nodded, "Mommy knows, but Mom won't tell you."

"Why?" Calvin didn't understand.

Violet sighed, "Because your father has a fiancée. He will soon have a new family, and he will have other children in the future. So do you still want to know?"

Calvin moved his lips twice. His bright eyes dimmed, and then he shook his head.

Violet took him into her arms, "Baby, why would you want to ask this?"

Calvin cried, and replied with sobs, "Because the kids in the kindergarten before said that I and Arya were bastards without Daddy. They all said Mommy was shameless and got pregnant before getting married."

"What?" Violet was furious. Her face was terribly gloomy.

"Baby, why didn't you tell Mommy before?" Violet's eyes were red, and tears welled up into her eyes.

Calvin clenched his small fists and replied, "Because I don't want Mommy to be sad."

This was a deal between him and Arya. He never planned to tell Mommy.

However, the new kindergarten said that there would be parent-child activities on weekends. The content was to go to the amusement park with Mommy and Daddy. All the children in the school were accompanied by their Daddy, but he and Arya did not have Daddy.

Therefore, he couldn't help but wanted to ask tonight.

Violet felt guilty, "I'm sorry, baby, I'm sorry..."

She didn't know that her child suffered such a grievance.

There were also these vicious words. She knew that there must be someone who was inciting those children to say it. When she found it out, she would definitely not let the person go!

Violet's eyes were filled with hatred.

The next day, Violet learned about the parent-child activities. Thinking of Calvin's desire for the father, after taking a deep breath, Violet took the initiative to knock on Stanley's office door.

Chapter 60 Parent-Child Activities

"Come in!" Stanley's cold voice came from inside.

Violet pushed the door in, "Mr. Murphy, are you free on the weekend?"

"What's wrong?" Stanley put down the files in his hand and looked at her.

Violet clenched her fists, and said with courage, "Here's the thing. Calvin and Arya's kindergarten will hold a parent-child activity on weekends. You also know the situation of our family, so..."

"Do you want me to act as the father of two children to participate in this event?" Stanley raised his eyebrows slightly, and instantly understood what she meant.

"Yes." Violet nodded.

Stanley's slender fingers tapped gently on the desk, "Why are you looking for me? Isn't there a Dr. Joe by your side?"

Violet touched the tip of her nose, "George is not free."

Hearing this, Stanley's face suddenly sank.

So she came to him because she couldn't find anyone else?

Thinking about it, Stanley was slightly angry. Just as he was about to refuse, a somewhat lazy voice came from the door, "I can help you."

Um?

Violet turned to look.

Ivan walked in slowly with holding a file, and then stopped beside her.

"Director Murphy." Violet greeted him politely.

Ivan first glanced at Stanley, who was expressionless, before turning his gaze to Violet, "I just heard about it. You want to find a father for your two children to

participate in parent-child activities. How about me?"

He pointed to himself.

Stanley frowned, but didn't say anything. He was just looking at Violet, wanting to know her answer.

Violet didn't let him down either. She bowed apologetically to Ivan, "Thank you, Director Murphy, but no need."

She refused so directly. Ivan's eyes flashed annoyed, but it was fleeting, "Why don't you consider me? There shouldn't be any difference between looking for me and looking for Stanley?"

"Yes!" Violet turned her head to look at Stanley, "Mr. Murphy looks like my son. If he goes with us, I don't worry about being suspected."

This was indeed!

Stanley's thin lips hooked slightly. His mood improved a bit because of her words.

Seeing Stanley was happy, Ivan was not happy. He lowered his eyelids to cover the gloom in his eyes, and said softly, "What's the use of being similar? Parent-child activities are definitely indispensable to the game. Stanley doesn't recover completely well. He can't play games!"

"This..." Violet was stunned.

Yes, she actually forgot about it.

Seeing it, Stanley stood up from the wheelchair, "I agree to your request."

"But Mr. Murphy, your injury..." Violet pursed her red lips slightly. Although

she was very happy that he agreed, she was still worried about him.

Ivan pushed his glasses and said, "Yes, Stanley, you haven't recovered. Just rest at home. In case something happens to you, won't it get Violet involved?"

However, Stanley ignored him, looked at Violet, and replied, "My injury doesn't matter, as long as I don't exercise vigorously, it will be okay. Well, you can go out first. I will contact you on weekends."

After hearing what he said, Violet had no choice but to leave before thanking him.

As soon as she left, Ivan stopped pretending and exposed his true face. He said, "Stanley, I really don't know

that you care about this woman so much. You even want to be the father for her children. If I tell Phoebe this, will Phoebe make things difficult to her?"

Hearing this, Stanley narrowed his eyes. There was an endless chill in his pitch-black pupils, "Ivan, I warn you, you'd better give up these ideas!"

Ivan sneered, "If I say no, what can you do to me?"

"You can try." Stanley replied in a sharp voice.

Ivan stared at him for a while, then suddenly laughed, "Look at you, I'm just kidding. But you take it seriously. All right, this is the information you want."

Ivan passed the document in his hand. Stanley did not answer.

Ivan didn't feel annoyed. After shrugging, he put the document on Stanley's desk and left.

At this time, Fraser came in from outside, carrying a thermos barrel in his hand.

Stanley sat back in the wheelchair, looked at the thermos barrel and frowned slightly, "What did you bring this in?"

"Mr. Murphy, Violet gave it to me, saying that it was the big bone soup made for you to help your ribs recover." Fraser replied.

"Violet made it for me?" Stanley only heard this sentence, feeling warm.

Fraser put the thermos barrel in front of him, "Mr. Murphy, do you want to eat a little?"

Stanley did not answer.

Fraser thought Stanley didn't want to eat, so he reached out to get the thermos barrel back.

Stanley saw it, pursed his lips and yelled, "What are you doing?"

"I'm going to return this back to Violet!"
Fraser replied innocently.

Stanley glanced at him coldly, "Who let you return it? Put this in the refrigerator and heat it up at noon."

"...Yes!" Fraser's mouth twitched.

If Stanley wanted to keep it, just tell him earlier.

It caused him to guess wrong again!

At noon, Stanley ate the big bone soup.

The big bone soup was milky white in color and had a strong flavor. Stanley knew Violet spent some efforts on the soup.

Then Stanley ate all the soup in the thermos.

Then he handed the thermos to Fraser and asked Fraser to return it to Violet.

When Fraser found Violet, Violet was eating in the staff restaurant.

He handed over the thermos, "Violet, Mr. Murphy asked me to thank you. He also said that the soup is delicious."

"Really?" Violet happily took the thermos.

She was originally worried that Stanley would not like this soup.

Unexpectedly, Stanley not only ate it, but also ate it up. It seemed that she could continue to make soup for him again.

Violet smiled.

So in the next few days, she really made all kinds of tonic soups to Stanley.

At the weekend, Stanley was changing clothes in the cloakroom. Suddenly, he found that his shirt was tighter than usual.

He realized something. Then he stood on the scale. When he saw the number displayed on it, he was silent.

After a while, he rubbed his temples, took off his shirt, and changed into casual clothes to go out.

the Dawn Kindergarten was the name of Calvin and Arya's new school.

Stanley came here first, leaning on the car door and waiting for ten minutes. Finally, he saw Violet and her children.

"Uncle Murphy." When the two children got out of the car, they ran towards him happily.

Violet walked behind them. Seeing that the two children were so close with Stanley, there was a look of worry in her eyes, but it quickly disappeared.

Forget it!

As long as she didn't tell the two children that Stanley was their father.

Thinking of it, Violet showed a smile and walked over, "Mr. Murphy, sorry for

keeping you waiting. There is a traffic jam on the road."

"Never mind. I haven't been here long." Stanley replied with holding Arya in his arms and holding Calvin's hand.

"Mommy, Uncle Murphy is so handsome today!" Arya said, clapping her little hand.

Violet found out that Stanley's clothes had changed. She couldn't help being a little surprised.

This was the first time she saw him wearing other styles of clothes.

But he was still handsome!

"Yeah, Mr. Murphy is very handsome." Violet touched her daughter's face.

Calvin also nodded.

The praises of the three of them made Stanley cough slightly shyly. He said, "Okay, time is almost there. Let's go in first."

With that said, he took his two children into the kindergarten. As soon as he entered, he was watched by many people.

Chapter 61 Be Our Daddy

After all, the man was handsome and the woman was pretty. Besides, there were two cute children. If the family of four with such a good appearance couldn't attract others' attention, it would be weird.

A few minutes later, the kindergarten teachers finished calling the roll and the statistics, then they arranged for everyone to go to the amusement park.

Calvin and Arya had never been to amusement parks before. So they were very curious about everything.

There were a lot of people in the amusement park. Violet was afraid that the two children would be lost, so each of her and Stanley led one child, and then took the two children to play rides that could enhance parent-child relationship but were not dangerous according to the instructions of the teacher.

They played for several hours. Violet was so tired that she couldn't play anymore.

Stanley was okay. Because he hadn't recovered yet, so he played less. Most of the time, he was taking pictures, so he wasn't very tired.

But the two children seemed to be so excited. They still shouted excitedly to ride the Ferris wheel.

"Let them go. We can sit there and wait for them." Stanley pointed to the milk tea shop not far away.

Violet looked over. Seeing that the milk tea shop was just under the Ferris wheel, Violet nodded. If they were resting there, they didn't have to worry about not seeing the two children, "Okay."

The two walked towards the milk tea shop.

After arriving at the milk tea shop, Violet ordered two glasses of milk for the two children, and ordered a glass of juice for herself, and then asked Stanley, "What do you want to drink, Mr. Murphy?"

"Water." Stanley was not interested in these milk tea and juices.

"Okay." Violet ordered water on the menu.

Soon, the drinks were served.

Violet pushed water in front of Stanley, "Mr. Murphy, thank you so much today!"

"You don't need to thank me, as long as you don't make tonic soup for me in the future." Stanley took a sip of water.

Violet blinked, "Why? Your injury hasn't healed."

Stanley's lips twitched, "No reason. In short, don't make tonic soup for me in the future."

Violet was a little disappointed with his firm tone. She nodded, "Okay, I get it."

At this moment, Stanley's cell phone rang suddenly.

He took it out and glanced at it. After saying sorry to Violet, he got up and went to a quiet place to answer the phone.

After a while, Stanley hung up the phone and returned with a solemn expression on his face.

Seeing him like this, Violet couldn't help but ask with concern, "Mr. Murphy, has something happened? If something goes wrong, you can go back first."

"No. I can go to see her tomorrow." Stanley said in a low voice.

"Her?" Violet was curious, "who?"

"A friend. She will have surgery tomorrow." Stanley pulled the chair away and sat down.

Violet instantly understood who she was. It was definitely Ivy.

When he came back after answering the phone, he looked nervous. George was right. Stanley loved Ivy so much.

Violet's eyes dimmed.

Stanley noticed her look. Just when he was about to ask her what was wrong, two children ran over in sweat.

Violet didn't care about her sadness anymore. She quickly took out a box of tissues from her bag, preparing to wipe the sweat of the two children.

After she wiped off the sweat, Stanley gave the milk Violet had just ordered for the two children.

The two children were probably really thirsty, so they drank so quickly.

Seeing it, Violet patted the two children on the back, "Slow! Be careful of choking."

"Umm..." Although the two children said vaguely, their swallowing did not slow down at all.

Violet shook her head.

"It's so cool!" After drinking the milk, Calvin put the glass aside and sighed comfortably.

Arya said like her brother. There was some milk around her mouth, which looked so cute.

There was a touch of petting in Stanley's eyes. Then he took the box of tissue that Violet had just put down, took out one, wiped off the milk around the little girl's mouth. His action was very gentle.

Seeing this scene, Violet wanted to say something, but in the end, she still said nothing.

"Mommy." Calvin held Violet's hand and called Violet, "The amusement park is really fun. Shall we come next time? "

"Okay, next time Mommy will bring you guys here when Mommy is free." Violet touched his head, then pushed him to Stanley, "But you should thank Uncle Murphy now, right? Uncle Murphy hasn't recovered yet, but he still came here with you guys."

Upon hearing this, the two children immediately thanked Stanley.

Arya even beckoned to Stanley, "Uncle Murphy, lower your head a little."

"What's the matter?" Stanley looked down at her.

Violet also looked at the little girl very puzzledly, not knowing what she wanted to do.

Seeing Stanley not move, Arya pursed her little mouth, "Uncle Murphy, you'll know in a moment. So lower your head."

Stanley did it.

The little girl stood on tiptoe, kissed him on the face, and then said in a sweet voice, "Uncle Murphy, Arya and brother love you very much. Can you marry Mommy and be Arya and brother's real

Daddy? Then you don't have to pretend to be our Daddy in the future."

"Puff!" Violet spit out the juice directly.

Stanley was also a little startled.

Only Calvin's eyes lit up, "Yes, Uncle Murphy, be our Daddy!"

"Enough for you two!" Violet hurriedly yelled before Stanley could answer.

However, the two children didn't care about her at all. They two stared at Stanley.

"Uncle Murphy, are you not willing?" Calvin asked.

Stanley pursed his thin lips, "You can't talk nonsense."

"We didn't talk nonsense. We are serious." Calvin clenched his two small fists with a serious face.

Arya nodded at the side.

Violet couldn't listen anymore. She pulled the two children to her side and bowed to Stanley embarrassedly, "I'm really sorry, Mr. Murphy. They are just two little kids. They know nothing. Please forgive their rude words."

Stanley waved his hand, "It's okay."

The two children were upset, "Mommy, we are not..."

"Shut up!" Violet yelled angrily.

The two children bowed their heads aggrievedly.

Seeing them like this, Violet's heart softened again. She squatted down and

looked at them, "Sweeties, Mommy didn't want to yell at you guys. But you guys did something! Uncle Murphy has a fiancée. How can you let Uncle Murphy marry Mommy?"

Hearing this, Stanley frowned and felt a little displeased with the word "fiancée", but he didn't refute it.

"Okay, apologize to Uncle Murphy. You guys can't say anything like this in the future." Violet patted the two children on the back.

The two children apologized obediently.

The parent-child activities held in the kindergarten ended in this way.

Stanley drove the three of them downstairs to the apartment and then drove away.

Violet returned home with her two children. Just after changing her shoes, she received a call from the detective agency.

"Miss Hunt, I have found out. It is indeed someone who incited those kids to bully your two children." Mr. Knight said.

Violet's hand holding the phone suddenly tightened, "Who is it?"

"You must know this person. It is Phoebe." Mr. Knight replied.

Violet closed her eyes fiercely, and barely suppressed the hatred in her heart, "It's really her."

In the past few days, she had long been skeptical, but she had not dared to make a final conclusion.

Now, it was finally confirmed!

Violet hung up the phone with a cold face, and decided that she had to let Phoebe pay the price. It was okay to bully her, but it absolutely couldn't bully her two children!

The next day, Violet had just arrived in the design department and sat down for a short while. Just at this time, she heard a roar from the door, "Violet, you little bitch, get out of here!"

Chapter 62 Be Framed

"What's up?"

"I don't know! She's here for Violet."

Everyone in the big office looked at Violet together.

Violet frowned and stood up. Then she saw Talia at the door.

Talia stood there with her hands on her waist, looking so furious. It was apparently that she was here to make things difficult for Violet.

Violet didn't want to disturb everyone's work, so she walked over, closed the door of the office and blocked everyone's gaze. Then, she asked in a cold voice, "What's the matter?"

Talia gritted her teeth and raised her hand. She was about to slap Violet.

Violet narrowed her eyes and tilted her head abruptly, avoiding Talia's slap. Then she grabbed Talia's hand, and said with a cold face, "You want to slap me?"

Talia stared at Violet fiercely, "So what? You little bitch! You dare to seduce my

son-in-law. I just have to teach you a lesson!"

"When did I seduce your son-in-law?" Violet shook Talia's hand away.

Talia staggered back two steps to stand firmly, then took out a stack of photos from her bag and threw them on Violet.

Violet roughly grabbed a few photos. She found that they were photos of Stanley accompanying the three of them to the amusement park yesterday.

"Explain?" Talia looked at her sarcastically.

Violet smiled and said calmly, "Just relying on a few photos, you said I seduced Mr. Murphy? It is a bit too ridiculous. Besides, Mr. Murphy and I have already two children, so how can you say that I seduce him? Is it anything

wrong with him to accompany the three of us?"

"Holy shit! I've heard Phoebe say your two bastards were not Stanly's children at all. Last time, it was that just Stanley wanted to help you, so he said that they were his kids. But you! You're actually so shameless and snatch to Phoebe's position." Talia pointed to Violet's nose and yelled.

Although Violet was angry that her two children were scolded as bastards, she was more surprised that Talia was so stupid, "So Phoebe didn't tell you."

Phoebe knew that the two children were Stanley's, and also told it Eason, but did not tell Talia. She even deceived Talia.

It seemed that Phoebe didn't like Talia.

Violet looked at Talia sympathetically, "I suddenly feel that you are quite pathetic."

"What did you mean?" Talia asked in a sharp voice.

"Nothing." Violet shrugged, then picked up the photos on the ground, "Phoebe gave you these photos, right?"

There was a little shock in Talia's eyes.

Violet knew that she had guessed it correctly. Then she sneered, "She even tracked me and took the sneak shots. It's really mean."

"Phoebe is much more noble than you." Talia glanced at Violet contemptuously. "What's wrong with the sneak shots? She is Stanley's fiancée. When she saw Stanley was with the mistress, what's wrong with taking these photos?"

"Mistress?" Violet raised her eyebrows.

Talia circled Violet around, "Aren't you a mistress? You know that Phoebe is Stanley's fiancée, but you have been pestering Stanley. Isn't this a typical mistress?"

Violet seemed to have heard a big joke. She crossed her arms on the chest and laughed, "So funny! The real mistress said that others are mistresses. This is the first time I have seen it. Talia, you have been Mrs. Hunt so long, so you have forgotten how you became Mrs. Hunt?"

"You..." Talia's face distorted. She glared at Violet as if she wanted to tear Violet into pieces.

The thing she hated most in her life was that she was said to be a mistress.

But this little bitch deliberately stepped on her sore spot.

Thinking of this, Talia's reason was gradually replaced by anger. She pounced herself toward Violet, trying to scratch her face.

However, Violet avoided her again.

But Talia didn't give up, and rushed forward again, as if she wouldn't stop if she didn't scratch Violet's face.

Although Violet had learned some self-defense moves abroad, Talia was like a lunatic. She seemed to lose her mind.

Violet's self-defense moves were of no use, at best she could only guarantee that she would not be caught by Talia, but there was no way to take Talia.

At this time, a sound of high heels came.

Immediately afterwards, the person stopped behind Violet.

While restraining Talia, Violet turned her head to look and saw that it was Phoebe. Then her eyes became vigilant.

Phoebe also noticed Violet's gaze. After smirking, she suddenly reached out to push Violet.

Violet was a little panic and immediately squatted down. In this way, Talia was in front of Phoebe.

Just because of the move, Phoebe's hand fell on Talia.

Talia was pushed back several steps. She directly flew out, and her head hit

the floor with a thud. Then she immediately passed out on the spot.

This change caused Phoebe to be stunned for a while. After she reacted, she smiled at Violet suddenly, "Violet, you're screwed up!"

After she finished speaking, she quickly opened the door of the large office under Violet's gaze, and then ran to Talia to sit down, hugged Talia in her arms, and shouted sadly, "Mom, wake up. Don't scare me, Mom!"

"What's wrong, Director Hunt?" The people in the big office heard the noise and ran over to check the situation.

Phoebe pointed at Violet with tears on her face, and said angrily, "She pushed my mother to the ground. Now my mother has passed out."

"What?!" When everyone heard it, they all accused Violet.

Violet understood Phoebe's purpose. Then she took a step back and pretended to shake her head in panic, "I didn't push her."

"She lied! It's her. If it wasn't for her, how could my mother fall by herself?" Phoebe retorted loudly.

Violet clenched her fists, "Why didn't you say that it was you who pushed your Mom?"

Without waiting for Phoebe to speak, the others started talking in indignation, "Violet, is it possible that Director Hunt hurt her mother?"

"Yeah! It's ridiculous!"

Seeing that everyone didn't believe in her, Violet stomped anxiously, "You guys know nothing. This person is not her mother at all. She is Director Hunt's stepmother. Their relationship is not good at all."

"Nonsense! She is my biological mother. If you don't believe me, I can do a paternity test." Phoebe talked back, but she was puzzled. Violet knew that Talia was her biological mother, but why did she say Talia was her stepmother?

After thinking about it for a while, Phoebe didn't figure it out. She just thought that she was too worried.

When everyone heard that Phoebe said that she could do the paternity test, they naturally stood on her side, "Violet, you heard that? This is Director Hunt's biological mother. You slandered

Director Hunt pushed her own mother. Bring out the evidence."

"You..." Violet had nothing to say, lowered her head, as if she had already admitted her crime. But no one knew she was sneering right now.

Idiot! Phoebe actually publicly admitted that Talia was her biological mother.

Violet was still thinking how she could retaliate against Phoebe for instigating other kids to bully her children.

Unexpectedly, Phoebe gave her such a big chance. So don't blame her!

Phoebe didn't know what Violet was thinking. Now, she made Violet become a target of public criticism. She was proud of herself, but she didn't show it on her face. She still looked anxious and worried, "Everyone, please help send

my mother to the infirmary. I can't lift her alone. Others can go back to work."

As soon as she finished speaking, two male designers walked out of the crowd and lifted Talia to the elevator, while the others returned to the office one after another.

At the end, they also told Phoebe that if she needed the witnesses, they would come forward.

This was exactly what Phoebe wanted to hear. While thanking them, she closed the door of the big office again.

"You deliberately framed me." Violet stared at Phoebe.

Phoebe wiped off her fake tears and replied, "Yeah. Yesterday I received a mysterious text message, saying that Stanley would accompany your family of

three to the amusement park, so I sent someone to take these photos and then told Talia that you want to snatch my position."

"And then?" Violet lowered her eyelids.

Chapter 63 Have A Fever

Phoebe didn't notice that Violet was getting more and more calmer and was not in panic like just now when she was framed. So Phoebe continued, "Talia can't accept someone robbing my position. I just need to irritate her a little. Then she naturally came over to find you. Stanley won't cancel the marriage contract with me because of her."

"Why?" Violet's eyes flickered as she continued to let Phoebe speak more.

Phoebe replied triumphantly, "Because everyone knows that you are a mistress."

If Stanley cancels the marriage contract with me, he will be scolded by public opinions in the society, and the stock market of the Murphy Group will also fall. Stanley is a shrewd businessman. He knows what to do and not to do."

"Indeed." A hint of sarcasm flashed in Violet's eyes.

Phoebe's face suddenly sank, "It's just that I didn't expect that Talia was actually hurt, but I'm not afraid of it at all. You are a ready-made scapegoat."

"You are so sure that no one knows the truth?" Violet raised her eyebrows.

Phoebe smirked, "Of course, there is no surveillance here. I can do anything, let alone everyone in the design department are all my witnesses."

"Really?" Violet raised her eyelids, looked towards the air vent above her head without a trace, then retracted her gaze, "I have a question. You seem to hate Talia's guts. Why? Isn't she your mother? ?"

"It's none of your business. Why should I tell you?" Phoebe roared hideously as if she had been stepped on her tail.

When Violet saw this, she spread her hands, "I'm just curious."

"Hmph, instead of being curious about the grievances between me and Talia, you should think about how to deal with my next tricks!" Phoebe glanced at her contemptuously, and walked towards the elevator with high heels.

Violet looked at the slowly closing elevator door, and didn't stay here so

long. After tidying up her hair a little bit, she pushed open the door of the big office and went in.

Before long, Violet's behavior of seducing Stanley and pushing Talia to the ground was spread throughout the company by Phoebe.

For a time, Violet became notorious and was always pointed at wherever she went.

If it were others, maybe they couldn't stand it and wouldn't want to stay in the Murphy Group at this time.

But Violet was different. She worked, ate and drunk as usual. She was surprisingly calm, as if she was not the person who hurt Talia.

At this time, a designer led two police officers over and pointed at Violet, "It's her."

Violet stood up.

Two police officers stopped in front of her. One of them showed her his ID and said, "Hello Miss Hunt, we received a report, saying that you deliberately pushed and injured others and caused her moderate concussion. Please come with us and cooperate with the investigation."

Hearing the words, Violet nodded and agreed, knowing that she had to go police station this time.

But what surprised her was that Talia was seriously injured and actually had a moderate concussion.

It seemed that Phoebe wanted to kill her.

Thinking about it, Violet's eyes were cold.

Then, under everyone's attention, she followed the two police officers to the police station.

After arriving at the police station, an auxiliary policeman took her mobile phone and led her to a room.

Violet looked up at the number plate on the room, her face tense. Just when she was about to ask something, she was pushed in vigorously by the auxiliary policeman.

After she staggered forward a few steps, her belly hit the corner of the interrogation table in the center of the room. The pain made her gasp. Even

the cold sweat on her forehead came out.

But the auxiliary policeman did not seem to have seen it. He pulled the chair and sat down, then tapped the tabletop, "You go to the other side and sit down. I'm going to start recording a confession!"

Violet didn't do it. She just looked at him with a sullen face while holding her stomach, "Sir, I just came to cooperate with the investigation. Now you have not confirmed that it was me who pushed her, so what right do you have to take me to the interrogation room? "

The auxiliary policeman did not expect her to say this. He gave her a surprised look, "Oh, it seems that you are still unwilling? Why did we bring you to the interrogation room? You are all here at

the police station. It still doesn't mean you pushed her?"

"What?" Violet was stunned by his words. It took a few seconds for her to react. She was so angry that her face was flushed, "It's ridiculous! I came to the police station with you, then it meant I admitted that I pushed her? According to your words, everyone who comes to the police station all committed a crime? Where is your Chief? I want to see your Chief!"

With that, she walked towards the door.

The auxiliary policeman sneered. He suddenly stood up, took out the baton and hit her on the back.

After Violet screamed, she immediately fell to the ground, enduring the pain and

looking at the auxiliary policeman in disbelief.

The auxiliary policeman stood in front of her and looked at her condescendingly, "I advise you to be obedient. Someone has told us, saying that as long as we are not out of line, we can teach you a good lesson."

Hearing this, Violet was stunned.

It turned out that this auxiliary policeman was bribed and wanted to force her to admitted that she pushed Talia, so she was taken directly to the interrogation room!

As for who bribed them, she couldn't think of anyone else except Phoebe.

Seeing Violet be obedient, the auxiliary policeman threw the baton aside, "Say, why did you push her?"

Violet stood up from the ground and said hoarsely, "I didn't push anyone!"

The auxiliary policeman paused, "Don't admit it yet?"

Violet sneered, "Why I have to admit what I haven't done?"

"You!" The auxiliary police was speechless.

In the end, even the bright lights and psychological persecution were used, but Violet still said, "I didn't push anyone!"

The auxiliary policeman scratched his head irritably, and didn't know how to deal with Violet at all.

Although the person said they could teach her a lesson, they couldn't really torture her.

In desperation, the auxiliary policeman could only put Violet in confinement.

Violet stood at the door and shouted to go out, but every police officer who passed the interrogation room treated it as if they hadn't heard it.

Gradually, Violet was tired, and returned to the chair to sit down.

She didn't have a mobile phone, couldn't contact the outside world, and couldn't see the time. She could only wait for someone to come in anxiously. She didn't believe that they really dared to keep her locked all the time!

She didn't know how long it passed. The temperature in the interrogation room suddenly dropped. Violet was trembling from the cold. After a while, she felt her

head become groggy, as if the whole world was spinning.

Immediately afterwards, she passed out and fell on the table.

But before passing out, she vaguely saw the door of the interrogation room was opened and a somewhat familiar tall figure walked in.

"Is it Mr. Murphy?" Violet asked.

The person who came did not answer.

Violet snorted uncomfortably. She wanted to open her eyes to see it clearly, but the eyelids were too heavy that she couldn't open them. Then she finally couldn't hold it anymore and fainted.

Ivan looked down at her. After staring at her for a while, he reached out and hugged her up.

Just out of the police station, a black May Maher stopped in front of him.

When the car door was opened, Stanley got out of the car. His eyes dimmed when he saw Murphy Ivan holding Violet.

But then he found Violet's eyes closed and abnormal redness on her face, he didn't care about the discomfort in his heart, and asked in a deep voice, "What's wrong with her?"

"She has a fever." Ivan replied, looking at Stanley, "Aren't you accompanying Ivy for the operation? Why did you come here suddenly?"

Stanley did not answer, but stretched out his hand, "Give her to me!"

Chapter 64 The Dark Side of Ivan

"What if I say no?" Ivan held Violet back tightly.

He rushed to rescue her specially, just to make her owe him a favor, so that he had a better reason to approach her, broke her defenses, and achieved his goals.

So how could he allow Stanley to intervene this matter?

However, Stanley narrowed his eyes when he saw that Ivan didn't give Violet to him. Then he shouted, "Fraser!"

"Mr. Murphy!" Fraser got off the car, came directly behind Ivan, and caught Ivan's two arms.

"What are you doing?" Ivan's face changed. There was anger in his voice.

Fraser said, "Director Murphy, I advise you not to move, or Violet will fall."

Hearing this, Ivan originally wanted to break free, but now he could only stop moving, and watched Stanley snatch Violet from his arms.

Stanley was about to get into the car while holding Violet.

Ivan said suddenly, "Stanley, do you know what you look like now? Just like a jealous man!"

Stanley's back was startled, and then it returned to normal. He looked at Ivan slightly, "You think too much. I just don't want her to fall into the hands of someone like you. There is no relationship between you and her, but

you suddenly approached her. Aren't you trying to get something from her?"

After speaking, he retracted his gaze and closed the door.

Fraser also quickly let go of Ivan and got into the car.

Looking at the distant Maybach, Ivan moved the painful joints which were hurt by Fraser, "Stanley, Stanley, you obviously have the feelings for her, but you refused to admit it. If so, don't blame me. Whether it's people or things, as long as you care about them, I will grab them all!"

Violet! He was determined to get!

When Stanley heard Violet calling him honey and the two children calling him father, it must be very interesting!

Thinking about it, Ivan smiled.

"Mr. Murphy, where are we going?"
Fraser asked as he drove the car.

"Here is near the apartment. Go to the apartment!" Stanley glanced at Violet next to him and replied.

Violet leaned against the car door. She curled into a ball, shivering constantly.

"Cold..." She said unconsciously.

Stanley hesitated, then took off his coat and put it on her.

However, just as he was about to withdraw his hand, Violet suddenly embraced his arm, leaned towards him, and kept throwing herself into his arms until she found a comfortable position and then stopped.

She didn't know what she was doing. She only knew that the stuff she hugged could make her feel no longer cold.

Violet's behaviors made Stanley froze.

He looked down at the woman who buried her head on his waist, his eyes fluctuating constantly.

Fraser, who was driving, was also so shocked at this moment.

He was originally surprised by Mr. Murphy holding Violet into the car. Now, seeing Violet throwing herself into Mr. Murphy's arms, and Mr. Murphy did not push her away, he was even more shocked!

Mr. Murphy had even never been so close to Miss Ellis!

At this moment, Fraser suddenly thought of what Ivan had said, saying Mr. Murphy was like a jealous man.

Fraser thought of something. Mr. Murphy saw Ivan holding Violet and wanted to snatch Violet over. Wasn't this just jealous? Maybe Mr. Murphy and Violet...

No way!

Fraser swallowed in astonishment, and didn't dare to think about it anymore.

They didn't talk along the way. Soon, they arrived at the apartment.

Stanley put Violet on the sofa, "Go! Call Henry and let him come over!"

"Yes!" Fraser immediately went to make the call.

Not long after, Henry came with the medicine box on his back and checked Violet.

"How is she?" Stanley asked, standing aside. His face was tense.

Henry took apart a syringe and flicked the needle while responding calmly, "She's fine. She is just too tired recently. Suddenly, she stayed in a cold environment for so long. She couldn't hold on anymore, so she caught the fever. After getting the infusion, she will be fine in two days."

Stanley's face eased a lot.

After getting the infusion, Henry threw the syringe away and looked at Stanley with a smile. "I was wondering why you suddenly left the hospital. It was because of her."

Stanley did not deny it. He poured two glasses of red wine and handed one to Henry. "She was arrested and sent to the police station because of me. Naturally, I can't leave her alone. By the way, how about Ivy's surgery?"

"You finally ask this!" Henry rolled his eyes at Stanley, and immediately replied, "The operation was very successful. George is indeed a leader in the field of brain science. The original expected operation time of five hours was completed in three hours."

"Enough!" Stanley didn't want to hear George's name. He put the wine glass down, and said, "You can go back. Tell me when Ivy wakes up."

"Got it." Henry drank up the wine in the glass, happily picked up the medicine box and then left.

Soon after he left, Violet woke up.

She rubbed her forehead and sat up, "Where is it?"

"My apartment." Stanley replied while sitting on the sofa opposite her.

Violet heard his voice and then discovered him, "Mr. Murphy."

Stanley gave a hmm, took the water glass on the coffee table and handed it to her, "You has a fever. I didn't find the key to your apartment, so I have to bring you here. Drink some water."

"Thank you." Violet took the water glass.

The warm water flowed down the throat and into the stomach, not only warmed her body, but also warmed her heart.

It turned out that the figure she saw before she fainted was really him!

"Fraser told me what happened."

Stanley said suddenly, "I also know that it was Phoebe who asked Talia to make trouble."

Hearing this, Violet looked at him with holding the glass. Her eyes revealed a little nervousness, "Does Mr. Murphy think it was me who pushed Talia?"

Stanley stood up with his hands in his pocket, "I don't know. But I will find out. If it's not for you, I will not let you be framed."

"Thank you, Mr. Murphy." Violet smiled slightly.

Although she was a little disappointed that he didn't believe her, fortunately, he did not suspect that it was her. That was enough!

"Have a good rest! I'll go back to the company first." Stanley walked towards the door.

Back in the car, Fraser looked at him with a serious face, "Mr. Murphy, the person I sent to the police station just found out that someone bribed the auxiliary police and let him torture Violet until she admitted that it was her who pushed Talia."

"What?" Stanley's face condensed. His whole body was filled with cold aura, "Then did she admit it?"

"No!" Fraser shook his head.

Stanley clenched his fists. His face was gloomy, "Go!"

"Yes."

Soon, they arrived at the company.

Stanley called Phoebe into the office, staring at her gloomily, "Phoebe, I remember I told you not to target Violet, or you would return to your studio, but I didn't expect that you just promised verbally. You didn't promise it from the bottom of your heart. You are smart. You didn't do it by yourself, but let Talia do it!"

Phoebe already knew that he would question her. So she had already figured out how to deal with it. She bit her lip and cried, "She is often with you and let you accompany her children to the amusement park. She just wants to seduce you and grab my position. Am I wrong to target her?"

"You think too much!" Stanley pursed his lips impatiently, "I ask you it was really Violet who pushed Talia down?"

Chapter 65 Eason

Like everyone else, he never thought it was Phoebe who pushed Talia.

After all, Talia was her biological mother. As a daughter, she couldn't hurt her biological mother like this.

When Phoebe heard Stanley's questioning, she felt guilty, but she had an affirmative expression on her face, "Of course it's Violet!"

"Are you sure?" Stanley stared at her closely.

"I'm sure! Everyone in the design department witnessed it!" Phoebe secretly pinched the palm of her hand to prevent herself from revealing any flaws.

Stanley couldn't figure out whether she was telling the truth or not. He pinched

his eyebrows. "Fraser went to the design department to ask. They said that when they saw Talia, she had passed out. But whether it's Violet or not, they didn't know. So the truth still needs to be investigated."

Phoebe lowered her eyelids, cursing inwardly.

They said they would help her, but when they were asked by Fraser, they said that they didn't see it. Phoebe was really pissed off!

If they directly said it was Violet, Stanley would definitely believe it. Why did she have such stupid colleagues?

"One more question." Stanley didn't know what Phoebe was thinking. He crossed his fingers on the desk, and asked in a cold voice, "Did you bribe the

men in the police station and ask them to torture Violet?"

Hearing his words, Phoebe's eyes widened, "I didn't!"

When did she bribe someone from the police station?

She really wanted Violet to be detained for a while. As long as Talia woke up and insisted that it was Violet, she was able to convict Violet, so she didn't need to do anything extra. Who was setting her up?

Stanley had been paying attention to Phoebe. Seeing the blankness and anger on Phoebe's face, he knew that she had not lied, then his heart sank.

"I see. You can go out." Stanley waved his hand.

After Phoebe left, Fraser came in, "Mr. Murphy, the shareholders let you go to the meeting."

Stanley frowned, "What kind of meeting?"

"About today's incident! They said that Violet had brought a very bad influence to the company and they were preparing to fire Violet." Fraser replied.

Stanley immediately sneered, "The influence? It's ridiculous. The influence of their private life is more than that. They have to fire the chief designer of 'Born of Fire'! Who gives them rights?"

After speaking, he stood up and went to the meeting room.

It was already an hour later after he finished dealing with the shareholders.

As Stanley walked towards the elevator, he instructed Fraser behind him, "You send someone to Talia's hospital. When she wakes up, see if you can hear Talia say that she fell by herself or was pushed by someone else. Remember, don't be discovered by Talia."

Since there was no surveillance at the location of the incident, it was impossible to prove the truth of Talia's fall.

He could only use this method for the time being.

"Got it!" Fraser nodded.

Stanley looked at the phone. After thinking about it, he sent a text message to Violet, asking her if she had offended anyone other than Phoebe. That person

was most likely the one who bribed the auxiliary policeman.

Violet was about to go to the kindergarten to pick up the children. When she saw this message, she was stunned.

What he meant was that it was not Phoebe who bribed the auxiliary policeman, but someone else!

But besides Phoebe and Talia, she had no other enemies.

Violet replied this message to Stanley.

After waiting for a while, Stanley didn't reply. Violet sighed in a sense of loss.

At this time, the doorbell rang.

"Who is it?" Violet put away the phone and went to open the door.

Standing outside the door was a middle-aged man who was about fifty years old, wearing a Chinese suit and holding a fine dragon-head crutch in his hand, looking so prestige.

Seeing him, Violet's face changed. The look in her eyes was even more complicated. There was surprise, nostalgia, and resentment in her eyes.

"...Dad." Violet's throat seemed to be blocked. She said in hoarse voice to the middle-aged man in front of her.

However, Eason slapped her directly, "Bastard!"

Violet was slapped to the ground. She was dumbfounded. Her mind buzzed, and it took a long time for her to react. She covered her hot face, looking at him

with tearful eyes, "Dad, you slapped me?"

After seven years, it was the first time for her and her father to meet again. But there was no greeting.

It was just a slap!

"Can't I slap you? How could I give birth to such a shameless girl as you!" Eason pointed at Violet tremblingly, with disgust in his eyes. "It's okay you gave birth to two bastards. But you actually seduce your own sister's fiancé and hurt your stepmother. Shame on you!"

"Dad!" Violet stood up angrily and shouted, "Bastards? You actually said that your two grandsons are bastards?"

Was he still her father and her children's grandfather?

She could bear that he said that she seduced Stanley. She didn't care about it. But she couldn't accept him saying that her two children were bastards. It made her feel more uncomfortable when she heard her father say such words.

"Aren't they? Do you know who their father is? I don't recognize them as my grandsons." Eason snorted coldly.

Violet clenched her fists tightly.

She thought, if the person in front of her was not her biological father, she must knock him down!

"I don't know?" Violet stood up from the ground and looked at him mockingly, "Dad, do Calvin and Arya really have no father? I think you should know who their father is?"

Hearing this, Eason was a little shocked, but he soon became serious again, "What are you talking about? You did the shameful things by yourself. How would I know? Well, I'm not here to tell you this. Go to the hospital with me and apologize to Talia and Phoebe. Leave the Murphy Group and take your two bastards to go abroad."

"Impossible!" Violet raised her head and refused directly, "I won't apologize for what I haven't done. Dad, you'd better give up this idea away and go back."

Eason didn't expect her to be so determined. He suddenly became furious, "Dare you refuse me?"

Violet smiled, "Didn't you say that I'm a bastard? Since I'm a bastard, why should I listen to you? Dad, I advise you to go back, or I'll call my mother. I

believe those materials about you in my mother's hands can make you leave."

"You!" Eason's face was distorted. But then he still left angrily.

After he left, Violet could no longer maintain the calmness of dealing with him just now. She squatted on the ground and started crying.

She didn't understand. Both of her and Phoebe were his daughters. But why was he so partial?

Even her children would be called bastards by him!

She didn't know how long she had been crying. The cheerful voices of two children came from outside the door.

"Mommy, we are back."

When Violet heard this, she quickly stopped crying and wiped her tears hurriedly, not wanting to be discovered by the two children that she had cried.

It was a pity that she was still late. The two children had already arrived at the door. It just happened that they saw her tears which had not yet been wiped off. Then their smiles froze on the faces.

"Mommy, what's the matter with you?" Arya ran into the house, took Violet's hand, and asked softly.

Although Calvin didn't ask, his eyes were fixed on her. The worry in his eyes was so obvious.

Violet touched the foreheads of her two children and barely forced a smile, "Mommy is okay. By the way, why did

you come back? Mommy didn't go to pick you up!"

"Uncle Murphy took us back." Arya turned and pointed back.

Violet looked over and saw Stanley.

Stanley was also looking at her. His eyes fell on her red and swollen face, then his face changed. His voice was cold, "You were slapped?"

Chapter 66 Violet's Revenge

When Calvin heard Stanley's words, he quickly looked at Violet's face. He saw the red fingerprints on Violet's face. His immature little face showed a touch of coldness that was not suitable for his age, "Mommy, who slapped you?"

Arya also realized that Violet was beaten, then she cried out.

Violet hurriedly hugged Arya in her arms, while comforting her, while answering to the father and son, "My Dad."

"Eason came for you?" Stanley pursed his lips.

Violet nodded.

"Eason..." Calvin chanted the name softly. A chill flashed in his dark eyes.

Neither Violet and Stanley found it.

Stanley asked in a deep voice, "What did he do with you?"

Violet put Arya down and gave a wry smile, "What else can he do? Let me apologize to Phoebe and Talia."

"Did you apologize to them?"

"No! Why should I apologize for what I haven't done?" Violet shook her head.

Calvin said, "Mommy, why did that Eason ask you to apologize?"

"Kids don't need to know this. Okay, take your sister back to the room to play." Violet tapped his little head and handed Arya to him.

Calvin didn't get the answer he wanted. Although he was unwilling, he took Arya back to the room.

"Mr. Murphy, thank you for helping me bring the two children back." Violet bowed slightly to Stanley, expressing gratitude.

Stanley helped her stand straight, and then asked, "Are you better?"

"Well, it's better. But I still feel a dizzy, but I didn't have the fever."

"That's good." Stanley nodded.

Violet turned sideways and let out the way, "Mr. Murphy, come in and sit down for a while?"

Stanley hesitated for a moment, but didn't refuse. Then he walked in.

Violet poured him a glass of water, and suddenly said, "Mr. Murphy, I didn't tell you that Talia was pushed by Director Hunt."

The hand Stanley held the water glass shook a little, "What did you say?"

Violet looked at him and repeated what she had just said, "Talia was pushed by Director Hunt. At that time, I angered Talia. She wanted to hit me. Then

Director Hunt came over and wanted to push me from behind. I avoided her, so she happened to push Talia and then framed me."

"Do you have any evidence?" Stanley stared at her.

Violet smiled faintly, "Of course! You guys don't actually know that the place where the incident happened is monitored. Since my first draft was stolen by Kara, I have been worried about everyone in the design department. So after the clothe of 'Born of Fire' came, I applied for a lot of monitoring equipment with the monitoring department."

Hearing this, Stanley knew everything.

No wonder he didn't see any nervousness and anxiety on her face since she woke up.

It turned out that she had had evidence to prove her innocence.

"Then what do you want to do? Publish the surveillance?" Stanley put down the water glass.

Violet sat down opposite him, "Yes, that's what I meant. But Director Hunt is your fiancée. Once I announce the truth, it will also embarrass you, so I want to tell you first. Mr. Murphy, are you going to stop me?"

She looked into his eyes.

Stanley frowned without answering.

Logically, he should stop her. Because after she announced the truth, it would

be a small thing to embarrass him, and it was the most important thing to affect the reputation of the company.

But on the other hand, she was also a victim of being unjustly wronged. It was normal for her to fight back. He had no rights to stop her.

Stanley stayed silent. Seeing this, Violet lowered her eyes to cover the disappointment in her eyes, "Mr. Murphy, you may not know Director Hunt incited the kids in that previous kindergarten to bully Calvin and Arya, saying that Calvin and Arya are bastards with no father."

"What?" Stanley was stunned. Then his face became gloomy, "Is there such a thing?"

"Yes, as a mother, I don't want my children to suffer such wrongs. So even if you want to stop, I will announce the truth and let Director Hunt be punished, even if you will fire me." Violet looked indifferent. Her tone was extremely serious.

Stanley was still so angry, but not with her, but with Phoebe.

Phoebe felt that her position would be robbed, then she actually used such mean tricks on the two children.

It seemed that in the past few years, he had indeed indulged Phoebe so much that she had gone too far. It was time to teach her a lesson.

Thinking of this, Stanley stood up, "I know! Tomorrow, I will give you a chance to announce the truth."

Violet blinked in amazement, "Mr. Murphy, you won't stop me?"

"No."

"Thank you." Violet's eyes wet. She said sincerely in gratitude.

Stanley's thin lips moved slightly. Just as he was about to say something, the phone rang. It was Fraser who called, "Mr. Murphy, Talia is awake. Just now, our people heard Director Hunt apologizing to Talia, and let Talia insisted that it was Violet who pushed her. So the person who really pushed Talia was Director Hunt."

"I know! Announce to hold a high-level meeting tomorrow." Stanley ordered.

Fraser said yes and then ended the call.

Stanley put down his phone, looked at Violet and said, "Tomorrow you can announce the truth at the meeting."

"Okay." Violet nodded.

After that, Stanley saw that it was late, so he left. Violet walked him out.

In the children's room, Calvin removed his ears from the door, and said in a deep voice, "Arya, you help me watch outside. Don't let Mommy come in."

"Brother, what are you doing?" Arya looked at him curiously.

Calvin clenched his small fist, "Of course it is to teach our grandfather and the woman who bullied Mommy a little lesson."

When he first entered the room, he had already searched the Internet for the

person named Eason. It turned out that he was their grandfather, and the old man who stopped him and Arya outside the kindergarten last time was also him.

Calvin could see that the grandfather didn't like them. He actually slapped Mommy! He, Calvin, must avenge Mommy.

Thinking about it, Calvin returned to the computer, put his hand on the keyboard, and tapped.

Ten minutes later, looking at the page that had been successfully sent, a sneer appeared on his small face.

Just wait! Tomorrow, they would collapse!

"Calvin, Arya, come out to eat fruit."
Outside the door, Violet knocked on the door and shouted.

"Okay." Calvin quickly turned off the computer, restored the child's innocent and cute appearance, and took Arya out.

The next day, Violet came to the Murphy Group and didn't care about the surprised eyes of the employees. She walked towards the meeting room with a U disk.

As soon as she arrived outside the meeting room, she ran into Phoebe who was going to the meeting.

"Director Hunt!" Violet smiled and called Phoebe to stop.

Phoebe stopped and looked back. Seeing it was Violet, she was stunned, "Why are you here? Aren't you in the police station?"

Although there was no evidence to convict Violet, she had been labeled as suspicion. It was impossible for her to leave the police station without twenty-four hours.

For a while, Phoebe felt uneasy and felt that something was out of control, which made her extremely uncomfortable.

Violet said with a smile, "I was released on bail by Mr. Murphy."

"What?" Phoebe exclaimed in a sharp voice.

Bailed by Stanley? Why didn't Stanley tell her?

At the shareholders meeting yesterday, she was very dissatisfied with Stanley not dismissing Violet. Now Violet was released on bail. Did Stanley love Violet so much?

Phoebe was so jealous that her eyes turned red.

Seeing her like this, Violet was in a good mood, "Well, Director Hunt, time is almost up. Let's go in. Today's meeting is the highlight."

After speaking, Violet patted Phoebe on the shoulder and walked into the meeting room first.

Phoebe looked at her back, feeling confused.

The
highlight?

Chapter 67 The Truth Comes Out

Phoebe stood there and thought for a while. But she still couldn't figure it out, so she only thought Violet was bluffing. She sneered and entered the meeting room.

As soon as she entered, she saw Fraser standing in a corner pushing a wheelchair, and there was a person sitting on the wheelchair, getting the infusion and looking very sick.

What happened?

Phoebe almost got up from her chair in shock.

Why did Fraser bring Talia here?

Seeing Phoebe's uneasy face, Violet laughed mockingly, and then picked up the microphone, "Everyone, I believe you all want to know why our internal

meeting of the Murphy Group invited Mrs. Hunt over, right?"

Everyone nodded.

Violet walked towards Talia. After she walked to Talia's behind, Fraser let go of the wheelchair and returned to Stanley's side to stand still.

Violet knew that Fraser was giving her the room to speak. She smiled gratefully, and put her hands on Talia's shoulders.

Talia's eyes widened. Her shoulders shook quickly, trying to shake Violet's hands off.

But Violet didn't move. She still put her hands on it, and deliberately pressed it hard, "I'll tell you guys the reason now. Because yesterday, Director Hunt called the police, saying that I had hurt Mrs.

Hunt. I was very dissatisfied, so I specifically asked Mr. Murphy to invite Mrs. Hunt over to make it clear in front of everyone."

As she said, she looked at Phoebe with a smile.

Phoebe jumped immediately, "Violet, what do you mean? You mean I pushed her?"

"Yes." Violet smiled.

When she finished speaking, everyone was shocked.

All of a sudden, there was a lot of discussion in the huge meeting room.

Stanley knocked on the table a little displeased, "Be Quiet!"

Everyone closed their mouths.

Phoebe clenched her fists and stood up, "Why do you say it's me?"

Talia also said, "Why did you say it was Phoebe? As a victim, don't I know who pushed me?"

"Don't quibble here." The people in the design department also helped to speak.

Violet shrugged, "Well, it seems that everyone doesn't believe that Director Hunt did it. Then I don't want to waste the time. I'll show you guys the evidence."

Evidence?

Hearing the word, Phoebe's face changed. She panicked as if sitting on pins and needles, and so did Talia.

Violet coldly scanned the mother and daughter who felt guilty conscience. Then she took out the U disk from her pocket and plugged it into the computer.

At the same time, a video popped up on the big screen behind her.

The video was very long, which lasted for half an hour. It recorded how Talia showed up and when Phoebe left. It still had the sound.

Everyone was silent after watching it. It took a while for them to speak.

"It turns out that Violet was really wronged, and it was also false that she seduced Mr. Murphy. It was Director Hunt and Mrs. Hunt who framed Violet."

"Have you guys seen it? In the video just now, Director Hunt's face when she

pushed Violet scared me to death. It's terrible."

"I was taken aback when I saw it."

Listening to the sarcasm coming from her ear, Phoebe's face was pale.

Talia was not much better than Phoebe. Besides being embarrassed, she was a little hurt.

Because she just heard in the video with her own ears. Phoebe said she hated her!

"Mr. Murphy, the video is over. Now it's your turn to announce the punishment to Director Hunt." Violet looked at Stanley.

Stanley was sitting on the main seat with his fingers crossed under his chin. He did not speak, as if he was thinking about how to punish Phoebe.

After a while, he stood up and looked at Phoebe indifferently, "From now on, cancel Phoebe's position and let her leave the Murphy Group. Do you guys have any objections?"

Everyone shook their heads naturally.

Phoebe bit her lip. Although she was extremely unwilling, she knew she couldn't do anything at the moment, so she could only accept it.

This time, she was careless.

Unexpectedly, Violet was so treacherous, and actually installed surveillance there!

Talia couldn't bear to hear that Phoebe was kicked out of the Murphy Group, "Stanley..."

"Shut up!" Stanley yelled with a cold face, "This is the Murphy Group. It is not your turn to speak."

Talia shrank back. She didn't dare to speak anymore.

Stanley looked at Violet. His voice softened, "Do you have anything else to add?"

"Yeah!" Violet spun the pen in her hand, then patted the pen on the table and said, "Aren't you guys curious about the relationship between Director Hunt and this Mrs. Hunt?"

Phoebe realized something. She roared grimly, "Violet, dare you!"

Talia also became anxious, but when she was anxious, she fainted.

Stanley was also a little surprised. He pursed his thin lips.

She was going to tell others the mother-daughter relationship between Phoebe and Talia?

"What can I not dare?" Violet crossed her arms on her chest and sneered. "You let others say that my children are bastards. But I can't tell others your stuff? Everyone knows that Talia is Mr. Hunt's second wife and is Director Hunt's stepmother, but in the video just now Director Hunt said that Talia is her biological mother..."

After being reminded, everyone immediately remembered that there was indeed this part in the video.

"Violet, you mean that Director Hunt is the illegitimate daughter of Eason and

Talia?" An elderly shareholder suddenly stood up and asked.

"Yeah." Violet nodded. "The real Miss Hunt has left the Hunt family with the former Mrs. Hunt. Director Hunt just replaced the real Miss Hunt, so Mr. Hunt would say Miss Hunt changed her name to Phoebe."

"Violet!" Phoebe stared at Violet murderously, wanting to tear her apart, "How dare you!"

"Why didn't I dare?" Violet smiled without fear.

She knew that what Phoebe hated most was the identity as an illegitimate daughter.

Now that she had revealed Phoebe's identity. It was weird if Phoebe didn't want to kill her.

Suddenly, the old shareholder thought of something. He looked at Stanley sharply, "Stanley, I remember that your grandfather made you a marriage contract with Miss Hunt. Since Director Hunt is not Miss Hunt, so she is not your fiancée!"

What?

Violet had a stiff expression on her face. Then she looked at the man next to her incredulously.

She had a marriage contract with him?

Stanley didn't expect that the old shareholder would tell this. He rubbed his brows.

But just when he was about to speak, Phoebe pointed at the old shareholder with a grim look, "Shut up! Old bastard! What nonsense are you talking about?"

I'm already Miss Hunt long time ago, so the one who has a marriage contract with Stanley is me. Don't want to break us apart!"

Phoebe had lost her mind at the moment. She only knew that this old man wanted Stanley to cancel the engagement with her, and then let Stanley get engaged to Violet.

Don't even think about it! She wouldn't give Stanley out unless she died!

"You... you call me old bastard?" The old shareholder tremblingly pointed at Phoebe, and finally fainted.

Stanley's face was tense. He quickly asked Fraser to send the old shareholder to the infirmary, and announced the end of the meeting.

The others dispersed in twos and threes. But when they left, they couldn't help looking at Phoebe and Violet.

Everything today had had too much impact on them. First, Director Hunt slandered Violet as a mistress and slandered Violet to push her mother.

Then it was proved that Director Hunt was not the real Miss Hunt, and the marriage contract with Mr. Murphy was also fake.

It seemed that in the next period of time, people would always talk about it.

Soon, only Violet, Phoebe and Stanley were left in the meeting room. Talia was taken away by Fraser's men.

Stanley turned around and looked at Violet with deep eyes, "He is right. Before my Grandpa passed away, he let

me get engaged with the daughter of the Hunt family. That's you."

Chapter 68 the Hunt Group Gets Into Trouble

Violet moved her lips. It took a long time for her to speak, "But why I don't know at all?"

"Of course you don't know, because your father hasn't told you yet, you have already..."

"Stanley!" Phoebe suddenly interrupted him sharply.

She couldn't let him say the following words, saying Violet eloped with other men.

If so, her lie would be exposed!

Thinking of here, Phoebe pulled Stanley's sleeves. Her face was pale.

She managed to force a smile, "Stanley, we will not talk about the past, okay? Now the person engaged to you is me. I am the one who held the engagement banquet with you!"

Stanley frowned and pulled the sleeves out, "Of course my fiancée is you, but!"

He looked down at her condescendingly, "This is also the last chance I give you. If you do these things again, even if you saved me five years ago, I will cancel the marriage contract with you."

"Okay, okay, I won't do it again. I will never do it again. I swear!" Phoebe quickly raised three fingers.

Violet curled her lips secretly.

She would not believe Phoebe's nonsense.

She exposed the identity that Phoebe cared most about in public. How could Phoebe not target her?

Just when Violet was thinking about it, Phoebe's cell phone rang suddenly.

Phoebe wiped her tears and took out her phone to answer, "Dad."

"Phoebe, something happened! Our company has been reported that our products are of substandard quality, as well as tax evasion and fraudulent accounting. Now several departments have come to investigate."

"What?" Phoebe exclaimed.

Violet and Stanley looked at each other, not knowing what happened. What could make Phoebe so panic?

"Who reported it?" Phoebe grabbed the phone and asked.

"I called you just because I didn't know it. Ask Stanly to help me check it out?" Eason said anxiously and hung up the phone.

Phoebe put down the phone, "Stanley, my Dad's company is in trouble."

She told the content of the phone call just now.

Violet frowned first, then sneered.

In the past, when the Hunt Group was managed by her mother, this kind of things never happened!

Now without her mother, all the problems came out all of a sudden, including tax evasion and fraudulent accounting. No wonder that after seven

years, the Hunt Group had not made any progress.

"I'll help you find out who reported the Hunt Group." Stanley patted the sleeves that Phoebe had just grabbed, and spoke faintly.

However, not waiting for Phoebe to be happy, he said again, "But what happens after it is found?"

"What do you mean?" Phoebe was stunned.

Violet smiled, "Mr. Murphy meant that even if he found out who made the report, he would not be able to recover the serious damage that the Hunt Group suffered this time. Tax evasion and fraudulent accounting are not trivial things, but illegal. If your Dad doesn't

want to go to jail, he could only double the tax back. But then the Hunt Group..."

She didn't say the following words.

But Phoebe already knew that after making up the tax, the Hunt Group would have no money and would be on the verge of bankruptcy!

No, she must not go bankrupt. She finally replaced Violet and became Miss Hunt. If the Hunt family went bankrupt, she would have nothing!

"Stanley, you will help me, right?"

Phoebe stared at Stanley closely.

Stanley put his hand in his trouser pocket, "Tell me how to help? Even if Eason pays the tax back and doesn't have to go to jail, he has become a person with poor credit and will be recorded by the relevant departments. If

I help him with financing, the Murphy Group will also be targeted by relevant departments. I will not take this risk."

Stanley's refusal completely made Phoebe's heart sink.

Only Violet was not surprised.

For this kind of thing, let alone Stanley, no one would help her.

No one was a fool. How could it be possible those companies would give others a chance to target them?

However, Phoebe didn't give up. Her tears came out, "Stanley, you are my fiancé! How can you be so unfeeling?"

"I don't help you, then I am unfeeling?"

Stanley's thin lips pursed a little bit.

"Then I ask you, if it is the Murphy

Group in trouble, will the Hunt Group help me out?"

"This..." This question made Phoebe speechless at once. She couldn't answer it after moving her lips several times.

Stanley sneered slightly, "Look, it's an obvious result, isn't it?"

"No, it's not like that. If something happens to the Murphy Group, I will definitely help. But now, there is nothing wrong with the Murphy Group!" Phoebe lowered her head and didn't dare to look into Stanley's eyes.

Violet laughed out, "Director Hunt meant that the Murphy Group was unwilling to give the Hunt Group the opportunity to help, right?"

"Shut up!!" Phoebe glared at her fiercely.

Violet spread her hands, "Well."

After speaking, she really closed her mouth and stood quietly to the side.

Stanley pinched the bridge of his nose and said in a deep voice, "Okay, you can go back first. Eason has been in charge of the Hunt Group for so many years, I believe he will not do nothing."

"But..."

Phoebe wanted to say something.

Stanley frowned.

Phoebe had nothing to say at once. She gritted her teeth and stomped her feet angrily, and then left the meeting room.

After she left, Stanley took out his mobile phone, called the relevant departments, and asked who had reported the Hunt Group.

For a moment, he put down the phone and already had the answer.

Violet hesitated, looked at Stanley and asked, "Mr. Murphy, who is it?"

Although she was no longer the daughter of the Hunt family, the Hunt Group also had her mother's hard work, so she couldn't leave it alone.

Stanley lowered his eyes and replied, "A hacker with top technology."

"Hacker?" Violet raised her voice and her eyes widened.

Oops!

"Do you know who it is?" Her reaction was so obvious that Stanley narrowed his eyes and naturally became suspicious.

Violet touched the tip of her nose, "Well, I probably know who did it, but please forgive me for not being able to reveal his identity."

She didn't plan to let him know about Calvin's hacking technology. Even if he was Calvin's biological father. Because the less people knew about it, the safer it was for Calvin.

After all, Calvin was not yet five years old. What if he was taken advantage of by someone!

Stanley didn't know what Violet was worrying about. He was a little unhappy with her covering. His voice became

colder, "You don't need to tell me. But I want to know why he did this?"

"He wants to avenge me." Violet held her forehead helplessly, but her eyes were full of pettings. "He knew that I was beaten by Eason and was wronged by Phoebe, so he wanted to teach them a lesson."

"It seems that he cares a lot about you." Stanley coldly snorted.

Violet said with smile, "Yes."

Stanley felt even more uncomfortable. He walked towards the door with a gloomy aura.

After a while, Violet realized that he seemed to be angry, but she didn't know what he was angry with.

In the afternoon, Violet went to pick up the children. When the two children saw her, they happily ran towards her. Each of them hugged one of her legs, "Mommy."

"Good boy! Good girl!" Violet touched the heads of the two children and pulled them into the taxi.

In the taxi, Calvin blinked his eyes and looked at her, "Mommy, did you see the surprise I gave you today?"

Chapter 69 Ivan's Threat

Violet tapped his little head, "Mommy almost didn't scare to death! You are too bold."

Calvin twisted his body and smiled happily, "I have no choice. If I want to teach them a good lesson, I can only do this. Who let them bully Mommy!"

Hearing this, Violet's heart warmed, "Don't do this in the future, you know? These are all Mommy's business. You are a kid. What you have to do is to be happy."

"Mommy is not happy, how can I be happy?" Calvin shook his head and said with a serious look.

Arya nodded with a lollipop in her mouth, "That's it."

Violet was moved by the two children.

She was really grateful to Stanley for giving her such two sweet babies.

Thinking of here, Violet took the two children into her arms and rubbed their cheeks with her forehead. They giggled.

"Mommy, your call." Calvin suddenly reminded.

Violet finally let go of the two children and put the phone to her ear, "Mom."

Lily's gentle voice came, "Violet, are you busy now?"

"No, I just picked up the two children from school. Guys, say hello to Grandma." Violet handed the phone to the two children.

The two children got together, calling Grandma to the mobile phone together, which made Lily so happy.

Afterwards, Violet took the phone back, "Mom, what's up?"

"Nothing. It's just that Eason suddenly contacted me last night." Lily stopped smiling, and replied with a slightly disgusting tone.

Violet frowned, "Mom, what did he tell you?"

After seven years, Eason suddenly called her mother, which was obviously not a good thing.

Sure enough, Lily snorted coldly, "He asked me to take you away. Ask me not to let you be embarrassed in J City and seduce Phoebe's fiancé."

"Mom, I definitely didn't do it."

"Of course I know that my daughter won't do this kind of thing, so I didn't promise him. Besides, based on Eason's old-fashioned vision, what kind of man could he find for Phoebe?" Lily belittled Stanley without showing any mercy.

Violet couldn't help but twitched her mouth, "Mom, you are really wrong this time. Phoebe's fiancé is Stanley."

Lily's voice sank, "Violet, is it the Stanley in the Murphy family?"

"Yes." Violet nodded.

Lily slammed at the table, making Steven on the hospital bed startled, "Why has he become Phoebe's fiancé? He is obviously your fiancé!"

These words made Violet's red lips pursed, "Mom, I still want to ask you. Why did Stanley's Grandpa let Stanley get engaged with me and Stanley, but I don't know it at all?"

If it weren't for the old shareholder said it the morning meeting, she would still know nothing.

When Lily heard Violet's questioning, she was silent for a few seconds, and then sighed, "It's like this. Jordan fell ill in the early years, and I took him to the hospital. After he woke up, he had a deal with me. He wanted you and Stanley to get engaged, but..."

"But what?" Violet squeezed the phone subconsciously.

Lily replied with an ashamed expression on her face, "But before I could tell you, Eason divorced me. I was planning to take you and your brother to the Murphy family to find Stanley, but was blocked by Sam. He said his family didn't admit this matter, so I didn't mention it to you."

"It turned out to be like this." Violet muttered softly with her eyes down, unable to tell whether it was a loss or

something. In short, it was not very pleasant.

She had never thought that she and Stanley were still fiancée and fiancé before. If she had known it, perhaps it would not be Phoebe who was with him now. But it didn't seem to be a good thing.

Because Stanley had a true lover. Even if she was his fiancée, he wouldn't get married with her. He was destined to cancel the marriage contract with her for the one he loved. So this was the best situation now. He protected the one he loved. She protected her two sweeties. They didn't have to interfere with each other.

Thinking of here, Violet smiled gently to the two children.

Although the two children didn't know what she was smiling at, they cooperated to smile back at her.

After that, Violet changed the topic and told Lily what had happened today in the Hunt Group.

After Lily heard this, she was really happy and shouted that Eason had been punished.

Violet couldn't laugh or cry. But in the end, she didn't tell her that it was Calvin who made this.

In a blink of an eye, a few days passed.

Violet learned that the Hunt Group had been saved.

She heard that it was Eason who sold all the fixed assets under his name and a part of the original shares, and then he

collected enough cash to integrate into the stock market so that the company could operate normally.

She had to say that Eason's move was quite courageous, just like when he drove away her, her mother and her brother.

"Violet." The knock on the door suddenly interrupted Violet's thoughts. "The garment maker said that the clothes are already ready. They let you go and check them. If there are any problems, they can make corrections."

Violet nodded, "Okay. I'll go over immediately."

With that, she turned off the computer and stood up, took the bag from the shelf and went out.

As soon as she walked to the elevator, the elevator door was opened. Seeing her, Ivan pushed his glasses unexpectedly, "What a coincidence!"

"Director Murphy." Violet nodded slightly and greeted him casually.

Ivan came out of the elevator, "I'm looking for you."

Violet was about to enter the elevator. Hearing this, she immediately retracted one of her feet and looked at him suspiciously, "Look for me?"

Ivan took out an invitation and shook it, "It will be my birthday in a few days. I hope you can come to participate. Don't refuse, or I will tell Stanley that your two children belong to him."

"You..." Violet was so shocked and looked at him in horror. It took a while

for her to find her own voice, "Why do you know it?"

Ivan played with the invitation card in his hand, and replied with a wicked smile, "It's actually not difficult to know it. It's so easy for me to find it out. After all, your son looks exactly the same as Stanley. Don't you know that Stanley actually doubted it at first? "

"What?" Violet's face changed drastically.

She really didn't know about this!

"When Stanley saw your son, he wondered if it was his kid, and even did a paternity test, but it was a pity that it was found out by Phoebe. She changed the blood samples of your two children. So when Stanley saw the result, it had changed." Ivan said again.

Violet breathed a sigh of relief, and suddenly thanked Phoebe.

Otherwise, the two children must have been taken back by Stanley.

"I also know that you don't want Stanley to know that your two children belong to him." Ivan walked around Violet.

Violet's eyes moved as he was walking, "So you are threatening me? If I don't go to your birthday party, you will tell Stanley?"

Ivan nodded, "You are right! That's what I meant."

"Why?" Violet looked up at him, "Why must it be me? What is on me that deserves your attention?"

She had never figured out this question.

"Didn't I say that I like you? You are the most interesting woman I have ever seen!" Ivan leaned close to her, picking up a strand of long hair from her ear and winding it around his fingertips.

Chapter 70 The Intimacy in the Elevator

Violet pulled back her hair, took a step back, and distanced herself from him.

Seeing her evasive to himself like this, Ivan's eyes darkened, but soon returned to nature. He put the invitation card in her hand, "Remember to come."

After speaking, he waved his hand and walked in the other direction.

Violet looked at the invitation card in her hand, then looked at his back, and took a deep breath.

Okay! Since he wanted her to go so much, she would go and see what he wanted to do with inviting her.

Thinking of this, Violet put the invitation card in her bag and pressed the elevator again.

When she arrived at the garment department, it was already ten minutes later.

When Violet entered, she found that Stanley was also there. She couldn't help being a little surprised, "Mr. Murphy, why are you here?"

Stanley glanced at her and explained faintly, "I heard that the clothes for the show are finished, so I came here to take a look. As the boss, I have to have a general understanding of the clothes. But you, why are you late?"

He let his men go to tell her half an hour ago.

Violet put down the bag and replied, "Something happened on the road, Mr. Murphy, let's see the clothes."

She didn't want to tell him about her encounter with Ivan on her way here.

If he knew what she had talked with Ivan later, it would be bad.

Stanley didn't doubt. He clapped his hands, then someone pushed the clothes out.

Each one was extremely gorgeous. Luxurious dresses appeared in front of everyone like this. The entire clothing department felt like it was illuminated.

"So amazing!" Someone sighed.

Violet nodded, "Mr. Murphy, I, the chief designer, didn't let you down, did I?"

Looking at her showing off, Stanley smiled, "No."

Violet smiled contentedly, "That's good. I'll see if these clothes need to be changed."

With that said, she walked over to the clothes and began to check them one by one.

Stanley was not idle either, and went to help.

After checking, it was almost noon.

Stanley took the initiative to invite her to have lunch together. Violet happened to be a little hungry, so she agreed.

The two went to a western restaurant nearby.

Stanley handed the menu to Violet.

Violet ordered a steak and a black forest cake.

Stanley took a sip of the water on the table, "You seem to like dessert?"

He remembered that she ate quite a lot at the commenters' party last time.

Violet fluffed her hair and replied, "Yeah. I am busy at work every day. I will relax a lot when I eat a sweet bite."

"Really?" Stanley rubbed the rim of the cup with his fingers. No one knew what he was thinking. Then they two didn't talk anymore.

After the meal, the two did not return to the company, and went to the fashion hall to check the layout of the show.

After all, it had not been many days since the big show. All aspects needed to be checked by them personally to be not worried.

Soon, they arrived the fashion hall.

The two entered the elevator. Just as Violet was about to close the door, a hurried voice came from outside, "Wait a minute! Wait for me."

Violet pressed the button to open the door.

A woman in work clothes ran over carrying a lot of bags. After entering the elevator, she kept bowing to Violet and Stanley, "Thank you."

"You're welcome." Violet waved her hand and smiled.

Stanley didn't respond. He stood quietly and looked at the gap of the elevator door.

Although the woman was marveled at his face, she was also afraid of his fierce momentum, so she moved herself to the corner.

Half a minute later, the woman's floor arrived.

The woman lifted the bags at her feet and went out. The moment she went out, the big bag on her shoulder suddenly swayed and hit Violet, directly making her into Stanley's arms.

Stanley subconsciously pulled a hand out of his trouser pocket, put his arm around her waist, and held her steady, "Are you okay?"

"I'm okay. Thank you..." Violet's lips kissed the man's lips before she finished speaking. She was completely stunned. Her mind was blank. She stared at him blankly, forgetting to react.

Stanley was not much better than her. Looking at the woman's eyes, the dark tide in his eyes kept surging.

He had no idea that she would raise her head to talk to him at this moment.

At that time, he was just looking down at her. That was why this scene was created.

The woman's soft lips, and the fragrance from time to time on her body, were constantly playing in his mind.

His eyes darkened. There was an urge to deepen the kiss.

But his reason finally made him hold back.

Stanley let go of his hand on Violet's waist and took a step back, spitting out the words in a low and hoarse voice, "Sorry."

Violet also recovered. She was blushed. She lowered her head, shyly not daring to look at him, "It... it doesn't matter!"

In fact, she was the one who should apologize.

If she didn't raise her head suddenly, she wouldn't...

Violet quickly covered her face and turned around, turning her back to Stanley.

She could feel her face getting hotter, and her heartbeat was so fast that she

couldn't calm down, as if it was about to jump out of her throat in the next second.

Violet's nervousness and shyness were naturally seen by Stanley.

Although Stanley knew that the kiss just now was just an accident, the kiss was a kiss. Besides, she was kissed by another man. Maybe she was under a lot of psychological pressure at the moment.

Thinking, Stanley lowered his eyelids, pretending to say coldly, "You can treat it as nothing happened just now."

"What?" Violet's back stiffened.

Stanley glanced at the top of her head and said, "The elevator is here. Let's go."

After speaking, he walked past Violet and out of the elevator.

Violet looked at his back, hesitant to speak.

After two seconds, she seemed to have figured out something, and trotted to follow.

Yeah, why should she care so much? They even had sex five years ago. Now, it was just a faint kiss. But why was she so shy like this?

Furthermore, this was originally an accident. As he said, nothing had happened.

Violet smiled relievedly.

After entering the fashion hall, Violet quickly entered the working state.

Stanley sat in the audience seat under the T stage, staring at the T stage and Violet, who was discussing the model rehearsal with the choreographer.

It was said that the people who were at work were the most beautiful. Violet at this moment was like this. She was immersed in work, as if she was shining, which made people unable to move their eyes from her.

It wasn't until the mobile phone in his pocket vibrated that Stanley adjusted his emotions, took back his gaze and answered the call, "Hello?"

Not knowing what the person on the other end of the phone said, he suddenly stood up and said, "I'll be here right away!"

Immediately, he put down his cell phone and beckoned to a staff member. After a few words, he left with a tight face.

Soon after he left, Violet ended her discussion with the arranger and stepped down to look for him, but she didn't see him.

Just as she was wondering if he had gone to the bathroom, the staff member just now came over, "Miss Hunt, Mr. Murphy has already left."

"What?" Violet was a little surprised.

Wasn't he here just now?

Why did he leave?

"Yes, after answering the phone, he said he was going to the hospital to see someone." The staff member replied.

Hearing this, Violet was suddenly stunned.

She remembered that George told her two days ago that the operation of that Miss Ellis was successful, but Miss Ellis had been a vegetable for many years, so her physical condition was often unstable.

He should just go to see Miss Ellis, right?

Violet held back the sadness. She smiled to thank the staff.

The staff waved his hands and went busy with his own affairs.

Violet didn't stay there anymore. She took a taxi back to the company.

In the afternoon, Violet put away the things on the desk and was about to get

off work. Ivan suddenly appeared at the door and knocked on the door of her office, "Done?"

Chapter 71 Snatch the Dress

Violet frowned, "Director Murphy, what's the matter?"

Ivan walked towards her, "Take you to buy a dress."

"The dress?" Violet was taken aback first, and quickly reacted. What he said should be the birthday party.

"Thank you, Director Murphy. I can buy it myself..."

"Let's go!" Ivan didn't give her a chance to finish speaking at all. He snatched her bag with one hand, and grabbed her wrist with the other, then he dragged her out of the office.

An hour later, they arrived at a mall.

Ivan walked into a dress shop with Violet. He pulled a long face, "Choose a suitable one for her."

The shopping guide looked up and down Violet. There was a flash of surprise in her eyes. Then she smiled and nodded, "Okay, please come with me, this lady."

Violet stood there and didn't move.

She didn't want to come here. She was forcibly brought here by Ivan, which would make her so angry now.

How was it possible that she would do it obediently?

Ivan also noticed that Violet was deliberately against him. He was not angry, and he just leaned in her ear,

saying in a low voice, "If you don't go with her, I will choose one and change it for you personally. What do you think?"

"Shameless!" Violet glared at him, then pushed him away, walking towards the rows of dresses not far away angrily.

The shopping guide quickly followed her.

Among the many dresses, Violet chose a black fishtail dress and stuck it on her body to see if it suited for her.

The shopping guide praised, "So good! This dress is the latest work of Designer Phil."

"Well, this one." Violet handed her the dress, and didn't plan to try it on.

As a costume designer, she could tell at a glance whether she fit it or not.

"Okay." The shopping guide took the dress and was about to wrap it up. Just at this time, an arrogant female voice suddenly sounded, "Wait, I want the dress in your hand!"

"Huh?" Violet paused when she adjusted her hair and then turned to look at the source of the sound. She saw Suzy walking over with high heels and a proud face.

Violet felt headache instantly.

She really didn't expect that she would meet Suzy here. Besides, Suzy snatched the dress from her as soon as she came.

It seemed that it would not be over so soon.

Suzy didn't know what Violet was thinking. After stopping in front of Violet,

she snorted at Violet, and then scolded the shopping guide with dissatisfaction, "What are you still doing here? I said I want this one. Quickly wrap it up for me!"

The shopping guide was embarrassed, "I'm sorry, Miss Moore. This lady has already ordered this dress."

"Just her?" Suzy glanced at Violet disgustingly.

Violet nodded with smile, "Yeah, it's me. Is there any problem?"

Suzy crossed her arms on her chest and sneered, "Haven't you heard that this is Phil's work? The cheapest one of his dress cost hundreds of thousands. You? A little fashion designer? Can you afford it?"

"As long as I can afford it!" Ivan's voice sounded from behind Suzy, without waiting for Violet to reply.

Suzy quickly turned around, "Who are you?"

Ivan ignored her, and walked over to Violet directly, "This one?"

Violet gave a hmm.

"Check!" Ivan instructed the shopping guide.

Suzy looked at the two of them who ignored her. How could she accept that she was ignored? She clenched her fists and said loudly, "I said, I want this dress! No one can snatch it from me!"

"Snatch it from you?" Ivan's eyes behind his glasses shot out a cold light.

Seeing it, Suzy backed away in shock.

Although Violet didn't like Suzy, she was the granddaughter of Mr. Moore. For Mr. Moore's sake, she didn't want to argue with Suzy

"Director Murphy." Violet pulled Ivan's sleeve, "Forget it! Don't argue with her! Just give it to her if she wants it."

With that, she let go of his sleeve and went to choose another one.

This time, Violet chose a white one. Seeing this one, she smiled.

But Suzy felt uncomfortable as long as she saw Violet smile. She instantly forgot the fear Ivan had brought her just now, and said, "I want this one too!"

Violet's smile faded, "Miss Moore, you deliberately want to have a fight with me, right?"

Ivan also narrowed his eyes.

Suzy raised her neck, "So what?"

Violet felt so angry that she even laughed, "Miss Moore, have you forgotten the last lesson?"

Hearing this, Suzy was furious. She pointed to Violet's nose, "You still dare to say it?"

If it weren't for this woman last time, she wouldn't have been scolded by her grandfather, and she wouldn't have been kept at home for a long time and couldn't go out.

"Why don't I dare to say it?" Violet lightly pursed her red lips. "Whether it is last time or this time, it is Miss Moore who wants to make trouble with me first. Last time I could make Miss Moore suffer. I can do it this time too. So Miss Moore,

you'd better know what you are doing. Don't mess with me again. I have already let you go once."

"I just want to mess with you!" Suzy snatched the dress from Violet's hand and looked at her provocatively, "Last time, you can let Grandpa teach me. It was because I let the Moore family get into the trouble. This time I didn't. What can you do with me?"

After speaking, she took out the bank card and stuffed it into the shopping guide, "Go and swipe the card. The dress belongs to me."

The shopping guide looked at Violet, and then at Ivan, not knowing what to do.

A cold smile appeared on Ivan's face.

Violet grabbed his sleeve again, shook her head at him, and then took another dress in his puzzled gaze, with an undisguised liking on her face.

Suzy didn't like to see her smile, and started to snatch again.

So, as long as Violet took one dress, Suzy would snatch it.

At this moment, Ivan finally understood Violet's intentions. He put his fist against his lips to block the smile on his lips.

Soon, the dresses on the row of hangers in front of her were all snatched by Suzy. The shopping guide on the side was so happy.

Violet clapped her hands and did not intend to continue. Looking at the smug Suzy, she mocked inwardly. But she still smiled, "Miss Moore is really rich. I can't

afford these. Quickly wrap these up for Miss Moore!"

"Okay, okay." The shopping guide nodded quickly, picked up a bunch of dresses and ran towards the cashier.

Violet looked at her back, "It seems that she is going to get a lot of commission today."

Ivan touched his chin, "It's your credit."

"No, it's Miss Moore's. I'm just doing a little trick." Violet said with a humble expression on her face, fiddling her hair.

Listening to the talk between the two, Suzy also reacted at this moment. She stared at Violet furiously, "Are you teasing me? Did you deliberately let me snatch these from you?"

Violet said, "Who makes Miss Moore be so impulsive and like to snatch with me? If you don't snatch with me, I won't be able to tease you, will I?"

"You..." Suzy gritted her teeth.

Violet smiled at her, "Director Murphy, let's go to other stores. Almost all of the dresses in this store have been bought by Miss Moore."

"Okay." Ivan walked without objection.

When he passed by Suzy, he stopped again, pulled down his glasses and stared at her with a pair of viper-like eyes for a few seconds. Until her face turned pale, he put on his glasses contentedly and walked to Violet.

After leaving the dress shop, the two went to another dress shop.

Without Suzy this time, Violet bought a dress smoothly.

Then Ivan took Violet to a jewelry store, ready to choose jewelry to match the dress.

But when they were choosing the jewelry, Ivan suddenly answered a call and then left, leaving Violet alone in the store.

It was a good thing for Violet. At least there was no need to beware of this and that all the time!

"Mr. Murphy, isn't that Violet?" Outside the jewelry store, Fraser saw Violet out of the corner of his eye and reminded the man in front of him.

Chapter 72 Heart of the Fire

The man stopped and looked in the direction Fraser was pointing. Sure enough, he saw Violet as expected.

She was standing in front of the counter, holding a blue diamond necklace in her hand, putting it around her neck.

As if she was not satisfied with the necklace, she shook her head, put the necklace back in the velvet tray, and pointed at another one through the glass.

"Those jewelry are matched with evening dresses, which can't be worn daily. Is she going to participate in any banquet?" Fraser guessed.

Stanley's eyes flickered, "I remember this store has Heart of the Fire, right?"

"Yes!" Fraser nodded, "The main diamond of Heart of the Fire is a rare blood diamond, which is so red. No one dares to wear it yet. So it has not been sold. Now it is regarded as the treasure in the store and it's in the safe."

"Do you think whether it suits her?" Ivan asked quietly, looking at Violet's beautiful face.

Fraser understood something and swallowed his saliva, "Mr. Murphy, you want to take Heart of the Fire..."

"You only need to answer my question." Stanley interrupted him displeased.

Fraser had already confirmed that Stanley wanted to give Heart of the Fire to Violet. He thought about it seriously and replied, "Violet's looks are beautiful

and aggressive, just like Heart of the Fire. I think she should match it. "

"Okay! Go to inform the manager. Give Heart of the Fire to her to try." Stanley slightly raised his chin and ordered.

Fraser couldn't help asking, "Mr. Murphy, can I know why you give her Heart of the Fire?"

‘Are you really tempted by her?’

Stanley withdrew his gaze from Violet, "When the show of ‘Born of Fire’ is over, the clothing company can almost separate from the general department. She will be the greatest hero. It's the necessary reward."

"But rewards are often bonuses. How can it be jewelry? Besides, the big show hasn't started yet?" Fraser muttered.

Stanley stared at him coldly.

Fraser dared not speak anymore. He touched the tip of his nose, and immediately did what Stanley ordered.

Soon, Heart of the Fire was sent to Violet by the manager. Besides, she personally helped Violet wear it.

After putting it on, Stanley clearly felt that Violet's entire temperament was different. She was just like a queen in aloft.

Heart of the Fire did not cover up her beauty, nor did she take away the dazzling color of Heart of the Fire.

She and Heart of the Fire obviously made each other perfect.

"Mr. Murphy, it's done." Fraser returned to Stanley's side.

Stanley ignored him, only staring at Violet who was looking in the mirror.

When Fraser saw this, he also looked over. After seeing Violet, he was shocked and said, "I'm really right. Violet suits Heart of the Fire so much."

"Okay, let's go." Stanley retracted his gaze, "Go to pick up the things that Ivy bought. Ivy is still waiting for us."

"Yes!" Fraser responded.

In the jewelry store, Violet carefully took off the necklace from her neck and put it on the tray.

The shop manager smiled and asked her, "What do you think of it?"

"Very beautiful." Violet exclaimed sincerely.

It was the first time she saw such a blood diamond, and it was still such a big one.

A friend of her teacher was a jewelry collector. He also had a blood diamond, but it was not so red or so big.

"If you like it, I can wrap it up for you." Then the store manager would pick up the tray and go to the cashier to wrap it.

Violet hurriedly called her to stop, "Wait! I didn't say I would buy it. It's so expensive. How can I afford it?"

She was satisfied that she could wear it, but she never thought about owning it.

The shop manager still kept smiling, "A gentleman have already paid it. He asked us to give it to you, so..."

"Give it to me?" Violet pointed at herself in shock, "Who is it?"

Several faces popped into her mind.

The shop manager replied, "It's a Mr. Murphy."

"Murphy?" Violet blinked, "Ivan?"

The manager did not answer. She just took the tray away and wrapped Heart of the Fire up.

After a while, Violet walked out of the jewelry store with a bag, still a little bit dazed.

She still couldn't believe that the blood diamond necklace worth tens of millions actually belonged to her!

However, she didn't plan to accept it. After the birthday party, she would return it to Ivan.

Thinking about it, Violet let out a sigh of relief and left the mall.

A few days later, Ivan's birthday came.

Since the banquet was held in the evening, Violet sent the two children to Jessie, and then took a taxi to the hotel.

When she arrived, there were already many people at the banquet.

Violet took a cursory look, and found that she basically didn't know these people, so she walked towards the corner with a glass of red wine and waited for the banquet to begin.

After waiting for about ten minutes, she suddenly saw a person. A surprise flashed in her eyes. She got up and walked towards the person, "Mr. Ward."

The person heard her voice, ended the conversation with other people, and turned around, "Violet?"

"It's me. I didn't expect to see you here." Violet smiled and stretched out her hand to him.

Mr. Ward shook hands with her, "I didn't expect, either. When were you back?"

"It was almost a month ago." Violet said.

Mr. Ward nodded, "By the way, how is your teacher?"

"It's still the same. But when I returned, he specially said to me, if I see you, let me ask when you give him the chess board you lost." Violet looked at him with a smile.

Mr. Ward suddenly smiled with shame, "Haha, next time, definitely next time."

"Okay, then I'll tell him in a while." Violet smiled, covering her mouth.

This person was the chairman of the Ward Group. Because he liked to play chess and her teacher also liked to play chess, they had become friends.

Just as Violet and Mr. Ward were talking happily, a loving voice sounded, "Violet, do you know Mr. Ward?"

Eason came over with a glass of wine.

Violet's smile faded when she saw him.

Mr. Ward saw that she was unwelcome to the visitor and then he raised his eyebrows, "Violet, he is..."

Before Violet answered, Eason took the initiative to speak, "I am Violet's father! Nice to meet you, Mr. Ward."

He reached out to Mr. Ward.

Mr. Ward ignored him.

Eason was a little embarrassed, but soon he put his hand down and looked at Violet angrily, "Sweetie, why don't you tell me you know Mr. Ward?"

"Dad, are you looking for me?" Hearing his tone, Violet was full of goose bumps.

Don't think she didn't know the reason why he deliberately pretended to be a good father now was just because she knew Mr. Ward.

"I am not looking for you. I am looking for Mr. Ward." Eason turned his gaze to Mr. Ward, smiling very enthusiastically, "Mr. Ward, this is my business card."

He passed a business card in both hands.

This time, Mr. Ward answered, "The Chairman of the Hunt Group?"

"Yes." Eason nodded.

Mr. Ward threw the business card in his pocket, "What's the matter?"

"Mr. Ward, you also know our company's recent difficulties..."

"You want to ask me to raise money?"
When it came to this, Mr. Ward knew what Eason meant.

"Yes." Eason nodded.

It took him a lot of money to get the birthday invitation of Ivan, just to find the person in charge of other companies to raise money.

Although the Hunt Group was saved, there was not much cash left to keep it going. If it went on, the Hunt Group

would still go bankrupt. So he had to ask others for help.

"Mr. Hunt, I remember that your daughter seems to be Mr. Murphy's fiancée, right? Since you have such a powerful son-in-law, why don't you find him?" Mr. Ward asked. After thinking of something, he looked at Violet in surprise, "Violet is your daughter! Is she the fiancée of Mr. Murphy?"

Chapter 73 Shameless Eason

"Yes..." Eason admitted with a smile. At the same time, he gave Violet a look in secret.

Everyone knew that Mr. Ward loved his wife and children.

So Eason didn't want Mr. Ward to know about Phoebe's existence.

However, Violet pretended not to understand the look in Eason's eyes. She shook the red wine in her hand and said, "Dad, you must get it wrong! Mr. Murphy's fiancée is my sister."

The smile on Eason's face suddenly stiffened.

A dim light flashed in Mr. Ward's eyes, but it was fleeting, "Oh? Mr. Hunt has an eldest daughter? But why did I hear that Mr. Hunt has only one daughter, who was born to your original wife? Could it be..."

"Mr. Ward, you guessed it right. My elder sister was born outside. My Dad brought her back when he divorced my mother seven years ago." Violet said with a fake smile.

Eason glared at her fiercely, as if he wanted to kill her.

Violet was mocking inwardly.

She had always wondered that she and Phoebe were both his daughters, but why he was so biased?

He could make her apologize to Phoebe for no reason, and even just used her to cover up Phoebe's identity as an illegitimate daughter. She was not a push-over. Why should she defend his hypocrisy!?

The confrontation between the father and daughter was seen by Mr. Ward.

Mr. Ward's eyes were cold, and even his tone became quite indifferent, "Mr. Hunt, sorry. I am afraid it is impossible for me to help you raise funds. You know I am more family-conscious. I have always

been less interested in people who likes to have an affair. So you'd better look for someone else."

After that, he turned his gaze to Violet. The coldness in his eyes dissipated. He became gentle again, "Violet, I have to say hello to some friends. See you next time."

"Okay." Violet nodded with a smile.

After Mr. Ward left, Violet didn't want to stay here any longer. She planned to go back to the rest area.

Eason grabbed her arm and asked reproachfully, "Why did you say that just now?"

Violet blinked innocently, "Am I wrong? I just don't want to cheat Mr. Ward with you. Dad, do you really think that you can always cheat Mr. Ward? Even if you

get Mr. Ward's financing now, once Mr. Ward knows that you lied to him, he wouldn't withdraw the funds?"

"This..." Eason's face distorted, feeling speechless.

After a few seconds, he suddenly narrowed his old eyes and looked Violet up and down, "By the way, I don't seem to ask you yet how you knew Mr. Ward?"

"Does this have anything to do with you, Dad?" Violet pulled her arm back.

Eason suddenly smiled kindly, "I can see that the relationship between you and Mr. Ward is pretty good. Violet, or you can help me talk to Mr. Ward..."

"Impossible!" Before he could finish speaking, Violet refused directly.

Eason pulled a long face, "Violet, I'm your father! Dare you not listen to me?"

Violet smiled faintly, "Seven years ago, the moment you drove my mother and Steven out of the house, you were not my father from that day on."

Hearing this, Eason was shocked and panicked for a moment, as if he had lost something important. But before he had time to think about what it was, the feeling disappeared.

"Okay, since you don't recognize me as your Dad, I don't force it. But I have raised you for more than ten years. You have to pay back this favor!" Eason said gloomily.

Violet didn't expect him to be so shameless that he would threaten her.

Taking a deep breath, just as Violet was about to speak, a cold voice sounded from behind, "Mr. Hunt's behavior really make me so shocked!"

"Mr. Murphy." Violet was overjoyed and turned back quickly.

Stanley gave a hmm. He walked over, and looked at Eason, "This is the first time I have seen the parents who threatened their children!"

Eason was a little embarrassed, "Stanley, you misheard me. I didn't threaten her. I just discussed with her..."

"Enough! I saw and heard everything. You don't have to explain to me! Leave here right now!" Stanley raised his hand to drive Eason away.

Eason didn't dare to confront with Stanley, even if he was his nominal future son-in-law.

So after a fake smile, Eason walked away dingy.

"He treated you like this when you were in the Hunt family?" Stanley looked at Violet.

Violet smiled bitterly, "Almost, but better than now."

Before she and her mother hadn't known Talia and Phoebe, he was kind to them.

"Really?" Stanley lifted his chin, and then reminded, "Eason just likes to show off in front of others. As long as you know his secrets, he won't dare to hurt you."

Violet's heart warmed and she nodded seriously, "I see! Thank you, Mr. Murphy. You helped me out again. If it weren't for you, I'm afraid I will have to argue with him for a long time."

"Never mind." Stanley took a sip of the wine in the glass, "Why are you here?"

"Director Murphy invited me." Violet didn't lie to him, showing him the invitation card in her handbag.

Stanley understood everything instantly. His face sank.

It turned out that she bought jewelry a few days ago just to attend tonight's banquet!

Thinking of this, Stanley pursed his thin lips tightly, and looked at Heart of the Fire on Violet's neck. Suddenly, he didn't feel it dazzling anymore. He just

felt it was not pleasing to the eye. He even wanted to tear it off and take it away.

But in the end, he resisted the idea, put the wine glass in his hand on the tray of the passing waiter, turned and left with the coldness all over his body.

Violet was dumbfounded. She didn't understand why he left suddenly.

It seemed that he was very upset?

Did she say something wrong and provoke him?

Before Violet figured it out, the banquet began.

Ivan came down from the second floor wearing a white suit. After taking the microphone brought by the waiter, he

stood on the high platform and gave a speech of thanks.

At the end of the speech, it was the dance party.

Ivan, as the birthday person tonight and the protagonist of the banquet, naturally danced the first dance.

Just when all the celebrities expected that he would invite one of them to dance, Ivan put down the microphone and walked towards Violet with a smile.

"This beautiful lady, can I invite you to dance?" Ivan made an inviting gesture to Violet.

Violet felt the envy and jealous eyes from all around her. She felt a lot of pressure.

She actually didn't want to dance with him. But today was his birthday and it was not good to refuse him so directly, so she agreed.

"My pleasure!" Violet made a princess posture and gently placed her hand on Ivan's palm.

Ivan squeezed her finger and led her to the open space in front.

When they walked to the center, the music rang and the two danced.

The crowd at the banquet automatically formed a circle to watch them dance.

Stanley and Phoebe were among them and they were still in the first row.

Phoebe held Stanley's arm with a look of amazement, "Stanley, brother invited Violet to come to the birthday party, and

also invited her to dance the first dance. Do you think they are together? "

Stanley withdrew his arm expressionlessly, ignored her, stared at the dancing men and women, and narrowed his eyes darkly.

Ivan sensed Stanley's gaze and looked at him while taking advantage of the spin gap.

Seeing the emotions in Stanley's eyes, Ivan provocatively gloated at Stanley and pushed Violet to himself, bringing Violet closer to himself.

This scene made Stanley's face change immediately. His eyes were full of anger.

Afterwards, he grabbed Phoebe's wrist and walked to the dancing venue.

Chapter 74 Dress Slipped

His move surprised the other guests.

Among the guests who knew that his relationship with Ivan was at odds with each other shook their heads with a smile.

Ivan and Stanley were fighting openly and secretly all the time. Unexpectedly, they would even have to compete for dancing now.

"Stanley, do you want to dance with me?" Phoebe held her breath and asked the man beside her excitedly.

Stanley gave an indifferent hmm. He stretched out his hand to her, but the corner of his eye was always paying attention to Violet and Ivan.

Phoebe didn't notice it. She was immersed in the joy that he wanted to dance with her now. She was afraid that

he would regret it, so she quickly put her hand on his palm.

Stanley led Phoebe to dance, and approached Ivan and Violet while dancing.

"Mr. Murphy, Director Hunt." Violet smiled at them after seeing them.

Ivan also glanced at Stanley and Phoebe, and sneered.

Sure enough, Stanley couldn't calm down when it came to Violet.

It seemed that Stanley's feelings for Violet were deeper than he thought.

Thinking about it, Ivan glanced over Violet calmly.

The dance was now halfway through, and the most exciting part was about to change partners.

If there was only a couple of man and woman dancing in the venue, there was no need to exchange.

But now that Stanley and Phoebe were also there. So they must follow the dance rules. This was etiquette.

As the music became fierce, Violet and Phoebe both spun.

A sharp glow flashed through Stanley's black eyes. He let go of Phoebe's hand and gently pushed her towards Ivan.

Seeing Phoebe coming, Ivan had to let Violet go and pushed her towards Stanley.

Stanley caught Violet, took her away from here, and dance to the other side.

People on the sidelines didn't think anything was wrong.

However, the faces of Ivan and Phoebe were a bit gloomy.

"You seem to have been taken advantage of." Ivan lowered his voice and laughed at Phoebe.

Phoebe stared angrily in the direction of Stanley and Phoebe, "You don't need to remind of me!"

Of course she knew it, but what ridiculous was that she didn't notice it at first. She thought Stanley really wanted to dance with her.

Unexpectedly, everything he did was for Violet. He didn't want Violet to dance with Ivan, so he pulled her into the venue and exchanged her for Violet.

Thinking of this, Phoebe was about to piss off, her chest undulating violently. Her eyes were full of hatred for Violet.

Ivan saw it. His spectacles reflected light, "Are you so angry and unwilling, right?"

Phoebe pursed her lips.

Ivan smirked, "Then do something!"

"Huh?" Phoebe immediately looked at him, "You want me to..."

Ivan shrugged and said nothing.

Phoebe lowered her eyelids to cover the emotion in her eyes.

Yes, he was right! She finally got the chance to dance with Stanley, but he was snatched away by that bitch Violet.

That being the case, she wanted to let Violet know that she couldn't be messed with so easily!

The corner of her eyes glanced at the hem of Violet's long dress. Suddenly, she had an idea.

She patted Ivan, and asked Ivan to take her closer to Violet.

After being next to Violet, she pretended to stagger and stepped on Violet's dress.

Since Violet turned her back to Phoebe, she didn't know Phoebe's movements.

Although Stanley saw Phoebe staggering, he didn't see Phoebe's foot on Violet's skirt, so he ignored it, and took Violet to make one last spin to prepare for the curtain call.

But at this moment, a clear tearing sound rang out.

Immediately afterwards, Violet felt the dress on her chest disconnect from her chest and slipped down.

"Ah!" She screamed, and quickly squatted on the ground, covering her body. Her whole face turned pale with fright.

Stanley quickly took off his coat and put it on her, covering her body. Then he shouted to the control room on the second floor, "Turn off the lights!"

The people in the control room immediately did it.

In an instant, the entire banquet hall went dark.

Stanley helped Violet up. His voice was softer than ever, "Don't be afraid! No one sees it."

Violet's face was pale. Her pupils dilated. Her hands tightly pinched to the suit, her body trembling.

Obviously what happened just now brought a serious psychological shadow to her.

"Stanley, is Violet okay?" Ivan asked suddenly in the darkness.

Stanley ignored him. His cold and emotionless eyes locked onto Phoebe beside him accurately through the darkness, "Say, why step on her clothes!"

Thinking back to the tearing sound and Phoebe's position at the time, it was easy to know why Violet's clothes fell.

"I didn't mean it. I didn't even know that I stepped on Violet. I'm sorry. I'm sorry..."

Phoebe cried guiltily, as if she didn't mean it.

However, Stanley didn't buy it. He patted Violet's still trembling back, and said in a deep voice, "Do you think I will believe it?"

Phoebe stopped crying for a second, and then continued crying, "I know that you won't believe it because I have targeted Violet before, but this time I swear I really didn't!"

Ivan pushed his glasses, "Stanley, I can also testify that she wears too high heels and lost her balance at that time. It may be that time, she accidentally stepped on Violet."

"Accidentally? Do you think she really lost her balance?" Stanley sneered at Phoebe.

"Well, Stanly, don't care the truth right now! Take Violet to the lounge and change clothes." Ivan reminded.

Stanley reacted, and was about to leave with Violet.

But Ivan stopped him and said in a light voice, "Stanley, it's not appropriate for you to bring Violet there. You are Phoebe's fiancé, but you bring other women to change clothes. What do others think about you and think about Violet? So, I'll take her there."

After speaking, he held Violet's shoulders and took Violet from Stanley's arms.

Violet obediently followed him.

For her, it didn't matter who took her away. She just wanted to leave here.

Looking at the vague figures of Ivan and Violet leaving, Stanley clenched his fists tightly. For the first time, he wanted to get rid of the identity as Phoebe's fiancé.

In the lounge.

Ivan brought a cup of hot water to Violet, "Drink some water."

"Thank you." Violet was already feeling better at this moment. She said thanks in a hoarse voice, and stretched out her hand to take the water glass, taking a sip.

Ivan sat down on the sofa opposite her, took off his white suit and put it on the back of the sofa. He crossed his legs, and looked at her shinningly.

Violet was uncomfortable when she saw him looking at her. She shrank her neck,

"Director Murphy, what are you looking at?"

Ivan supported his head and laughed, "I'm looking at your eyes. They looked beautiful after you cried. They must be even more beautiful when you are crying. It's a pity that it was too dark to see."

Listening to his teasing words, Violet's face sank, "Director Murphy, you can go out first. I can wait for someone to bring clothes over here by myself."

If he stayed here again, maybe he would say other things she didn't like to hear.

"No one will bring clothes." Ivan took off his glasses and threw it aside.

Violet was shocked, "Why?"

"Because I didn't arrange for anyone to look for clothes at all." Ivan said, pulling the tie around his neck.

Violet's face froze first, and then she realized something. She put down the water glass in her hand, got up, and ran to the door.

"It's useless! When I came in, I locked the door." Ivan also stood up, turned around and looked at her with a wicked smile.

Violet's face turned pale. The anxiety in her mind became more intense. Her heartbeat became much faster, "What do you want to do?"

Chapter 75 Ivan's True Face

"What do I want to do?" Ivan smiled, "A man and a woman are in the same room! What else can I do?"

"You..." Violet's eyes widened in horror.

Ivan walked close to her.

She stepped back subconsciously.

When she retreated to the door, there was a door behind her, so she couldn't move back again.

She still turned around without giving up. She grasped the door handle and twisted it hard, trying to open the door.

But the result was exactly the same as Ivan said. The door was locked.

At this time, Ivan was almost in front of her.

Violet gritted her teeth, let go of the doorknob, and ran in the other direction. After getting away from him, she picked up a vase as a defensive gesture, "Don't

come here! I will call the police if you come again!"

Ivan raised his eyebrows, "Okay, as long as you can make a call."

"What do you mean?" Violet felt bad.

Ivan said nothing. He just stood there watching her with interest.

Violet held the vase in her arms, flipped through her handbag with the other hand, and took out the phone.

Then, she saw that her phone had no signal.

"How could this be?" Violet said, her eyes filled with despair.

Ivan raised his hand and tucked the messy hair on his forehead back, "Because the signal was blocked by me

in advance, besides, no one will knock on the door."

Hearing this, Violet squeezed the phone tightly, "This is the purpose of your inviting me to your birthday party!"

"Yeah." Ivan nodded, "I originally planned to find another reason to bring you here after I finished dancing, but I didn't expect Stanley to take Phoebe to intervene. Although it didn't go on smoothly, fortunately, the result has not changed."

"Why?" Violet looked at him angrily, "What good is it for you to get me?"

The corner of Ivan's mouth raised, "The benefits are great! You should know the grievances between me and Stanley, right?"

Violet nodded.

During this time, she had learned from the employees of the Murphy Group that although he and Stanley were cousins, they were enemies.

Just because he was the eldest grandson of the Murphy family but did not inherit the Murphy group, he resented Stanley.

"But what does this have to do with me?" Violet asked loudly.

Ivan rubbed his chin, "Of course, you are Stanley's woman anyway. You gave birth to two children for him. If I get you and let your two children call me father, do you think Stanley will go crazy?"

Violet seemed to hear a big joke. She was so helpless, "So you did all this to me just to give Mr. Murphy a blow?"

"Yes, this reason is enough for me. You are really funny. It's not all fake that I said I like you, because you are beautiful!"

With that, Ivan suddenly stepped forward.

Violet yelled in fright, and directly smashed the cell phone and vase in her hand at him, but he avoided them one by one.

After the broken sound of the vase, Violet's wrist was grabbed by Ivan.

Immediately afterwards, he dragged her to the coffee table forcibly, and waved everything on the coffee table to the ground with the other hand.

Then Ivan threw Violet on the coffee table, leaned over and pressed her

down, put her two hands over her head firmly.

"Let go of me!" Violet angrily struggled. Her legs kept moving, trying to kick Ivan off.

However, Ivan had expected it a long time ago. He bent a knee and hit her belly hard.

Violet cried out in pain, her face pale.

Ivan looked down at her with a wicked smile, "Baby, don't mess with me. I am not a gentleman."

Violet endured the colic in her stomach and half-squinted, staring at him resentfully.

Ivan frowned, then squeezed her face vigorously, and said grimly, "I don't like the look in your eyes, but it doesn't

matter. You won't hate me later. I will let these beautiful eyes fill with tears!"

After speaking, he let go of her face and stroked her neck down. When he touched her neckline, he suddenly pulled her suit away, revealing the flesh-colored breast patch inside.

"Ivan!" Violet panicked, "If you dare to touch me, I will never let you go. I will send you to prison and let you stay there for the rest life!"

"Go to jail?" Ivan smiled, "Do you know what's above your head?"

Um?

Violet looked towards the ceiling subconsciously.

When she saw the camera on the ceiling, she felt so despair.

Ivan patted her face lightly,
"Understood? The monitoring will record all the process of our sex. As long as you call the police afterwards, I will publish the video. Then everyone will appreciate your body. Even if your son is a hacker, it doesn't help."

"Asshole!" Violet yelled out of disintegration, "Bastard, Ivan, you bastard!"

Ivan smiled instead of being angry, "You are right! I am a bastard. As long as I can make Stanley upset, I can do everything. So you'd better obediently obey me. Be my woman and let you two children call me Dad. Then I will treat you well. What do you think?"

Violet's lips trembled. She didn't speak anymore. Tears came out from her eyes unconsciously.

"The way you cry is really beautiful!" Ivan dipped a drop of tears with his thumb and rubbed it. His eyes were full of excitement, and he couldn't wait to lower his head.

Just when he was about to kiss her in the eye, the door of the lounge suddenly slammed open.

Ivan raised his head quickly, looking sharply at the door. Seeing Stanley, the expression on his face became solemn.

Why was he here?

"Mr. Murphy, help me!" Violet also saw Stanley. As if she saw the hope, she asked Stanley for help.

Seeing her undressed, Stanley's face changed drastically. His cold eyes revealed killing intent without any secret.

He strode to the coffee table, and punched Ivan in the face.

Ivan wailed and fell directly from Violet.

This was not over yet. Stanley kicked Ivan several times with no mercy.

Soon, Ivan lay on the ground, dying. He couldn't get up again.

Stanley let him go, felt relieved lightly, arranged the expression on his face, looked at Violet on the coffee table, and asked in a concerned tone, "Are you okay?"

Violet closed her suit, and replied with sobs, "I'm fine."

Stanley's tight face eased a lot. His voice was relieved, "Well."

Fortunately, he came in time.

Otherwise, she was already...

Thinking of this, Stanley felt as if his heart was pinched by someone. It was a little hurt.

"Mr. Murphy, take me away!" Violet grabbed the corner of Stanley's clothes. Her tear-stained face was full of begging.

She didn't want to stay here!

Everything here made her feel sick!

"Okay." Stanley supported her arm and helped her down from the coffee table.

But as soon as Violet's feet landed, she felt dizzy, and then she fainted.

When she woke up again, it was noon the next day.

Violet blinked, turning her head to look at the strange room, "Where is it..."

"My house!" Stanley sat on a chair next to the bed and softly replied, "You fainted at the time. I thought you drank something like roofie. My house is closest to the hotel and I have a family doctor, so I brought you here."

Chapter 76 Stanley's Parents

It turned out to be like that.

Violet rubbed her temples and sat up. The quilt on her body slipped down, revealing the black silk pajamas inside.

The pajama was so big. It was obviously a man's pajama, which made her panic, "My clothes..."

Stanley closed the financial magazine and said, "Don't worry. The female nanny at home changed your clothes."

It was just that the pajama belonged to him.

Hearing this, Violet calmed down. She immediately smiled at Stanley embarrassedly, "Sorry, Mr. Murphy, I overreacted..."

She didn't want to overreact.

It was indeed yesterday's experience that gave her a serious psychological shadow.

"Never mind. I can understand." Stanley nodded slightly, saying that he didn't care.

Violet rubbed her cheeks, "Anyway, thank you, Mr. Murphy. If it weren't for

you, I might have been... By the way, how is Ivan now?"

She asked hurriedly.

Stanley narrowed his eyes. His voice was a little cold, "Lying in the hospital."

Yesterday he kicked and broke several ribs of Ivan.

Within two months, Ivan would not be able to recover.

Violet happily patted the sheets, "He deserves it!"

Seeing her happy look, Stanley smiled faintly, but soon his face sank, "Fraser found a camera in the lounge, but because it didn't capture the key picture. Ivan insisted that it was you who did it voluntarily, so there is no way to convict Ivan."

"I didn't do it voluntarily!" The joy on Violet's face dissipated and turned into anger.

Stanley crossed his legs and looked at her, "Of course I know, otherwise you would not ask me for help. But I want to know, why does he treat you this way?"

Violet didn't dare to look into his eyes, "Isn't it said in the monitoring?"

"The monitoring is silent." Stanley replied quietly.

Hearing this, Violet felt like riding a roller coaster!

Very good.

So he still didn't know that the two children belonged to him!

Thinking about this, Violet lowered her eyelids to cover the excitement in her

eyes, but said apologetically on her face, "I'm sorry, Mr. Murphy. I can't tell you for now."

Stanley pursed his thin lips, "It's okay. If you don't want to say it, forget it! Although Ivan was not convicted by the police station, I will give you an explanation and ask him to leave the headquarters."

"Thank you." Violet was sincerely grateful, clutching the quilt.

After that, she thought of something. Then she touched her neck, but she found nothing on her neck. She was immediately anxious.

Stanley stood up, and took out a red gleaming necklace from his pocket, "Are you looking for this?"

Violet glanced intently. It was indeed Heart of the Fire, then she quickly nodded, "Yeah."

"Here you are." Stanley handed the necklace to Violet.

Violet waved her hand, "Mr. Murphy, please help me return this to Ivan."

She didn't want to owe Ivan anything.

"Give it back to Ivan?" Stanley frowned.

Violet gave a hmm.

Stanley clenched his fingers and squeezed the necklace tightly. His face became gloomy.

Violet noticed it, then she blinked puzzledly, "What's the matter?"

Stanley closed his eyes and seemed to be suppressing something. After two

seconds, he said coldly, "This necklace has nothing to do with Ivan!"

"What?" Violet was taken aback.

What he meant was that the necklace was not bought by Ivan, but...

"Mr. Murphy, it's you who gave me the necklace?" Violet swallowed and asked with a rapid heartbeat.

Stanley didn't say anything, obviously admitting.

Violet was speechless, "I don't know! I thought it was Ivan bought it, but Mr. Murphy, why did you give me the necklace?"

"It's just a reward for 'Born of Fire'." Stanley put the necklace on her hand and replied casually.

Violet bit her lip, "But it's too expensive. I still can't accept it. Mr. Murphy, please take it back."

Stanley didn't move. He stared at her, "Since I gave it to you, I have no reason to take it back. If you don't want it, just throw it away."

"Ahem!" Violet almost choked on her saliva.

Was he kidding her?

Threw away the stuff worth tens of millions? Only he could say this.

Suddenly, the door of the room was knocked.

Stanley turned around, "Come in!"

Click! The door was opened.

A middle-aged woman poked her head in, "Mr. Murphy, lunch is ready. Are you going to eat now?"

Stanley glanced at Violet, "Prepare an extra pair of bowls and chopsticks."

The middle-aged woman reacted all of a sudden, and asked with a smile, "Is the lady awake?"

"Um."

"Okay. I'm going to prepare it now."

After speaking, the middle-aged woman closed the door and left.

"She is Bella, who specializes in cooking." Stanley introduced the middle-aged woman to Violet.

Violet nodded, indicating that she had known it.

Stanley picked up a big box beside the bed and handed it to her, "Change it, and then go downstairs to eat."

"Okay." Violet took the box with both hands.

Stanley went out.

Violet lifted the quilt and got out of bed, opened the lid of the box and started to change clothes.

After that, she looked at Heart of the Fire on the bed and hesitated for two seconds, and finally put it away.

Since he didn't want it, she kept it for him.

If there was a chance in future, then return it to him.

Thinking about this, Violet made the bed, turned and walked towards the

door. As soon as she went out of the room, she saw Stanley leaning against the wall next to the door. She was shocked and patted her chest, "Mr. Murphy, you didn't go downstairs?"

"Waiting for you." Stanley put his arms down.

Violet smiled and tucked her hair, "Are you afraid I can't find the stairs to go downstairs?"

Stanley didn't deny it, leading the way, "Let's go."

Violet followed behind him, and looked at his villa while going downstairs.

The villa was very large and the decoration was simple, just like his apartment, deserted.

When they came to the dining room, the food was already placed on the table.

Violet looked at the dishes and exclaimed, "Wow, it's so rich."

Bella, who came out of the kitchen with the soup, suddenly laughed when she heard this, "Sit down and taste it?"

"Okay." Violet said. After sitting down in the chair, she picked up the chopsticks and put a piece of meat into her mouth.

"How is it?" Bella asked her.

Stanley rubbed the chopsticks and also looked at her.

Under the gaze of the two of them, Violet gave a thumbs up, "It's delicious."

Bella smiled happily, "Then eat more."

"Okay." Violet nodded.

Then she ate a lot.

After lunch, Stanley went to the study to have a video conference.

Violet sat on the sofa in the living room, holding her stomach to digest.

Bella brought a glass of lemonade and came over, "Miss Hunt, here you are."

"Thank you." Violet took it quickly.

Bella sat down beside her, looking at her kindly.

Violet felt a little stressed by being stared at by Bella, so she touched her face and asked, "Bella, is there anything on my face?"

"It's nothing. I'm just a little curious about Miss Hunt. You are the first guest brought back by Mr. Murphy." Bella said.

"The first one?" Violet paused drinking water. "Haven't Dr. Baxter, Mr. Murphy's fiancée and Miss Ellis been here?"

Bella shook her head, "No, Mr. Murphy doesn't let them come here. So I was so surprised to see Mr. Murphy bring you back last night."

"It turned out to be like this." Violet turned the water glass in her palm, feeling sweet.

At this moment, she suddenly saw something. She pointed to the photo on the opposite TV wall, "Bella, who are they?"

Chapter 77 Car Crashed

In the photo, there were two people. They were a man and a woman and very young. Besides, they looked a bit similar to Stanley .

Were they Stanley's parents?

Sure enough, Bella's answer confirmed Violet's guess.

"Mr. Murphy's parents. They have passed away."

Violet put down her water glass, "How did they pass away?"

Bella sighed, "I'm sorry, Miss Hunt. I can't tell you. This is the taboo of Mr. Murphy."

"Okay, I won't ask." Violet nodded, expressing understanding.

Bella stood up, "Miss Hunt, please rest first. I still have some clothes to wash."

"Okay." Violet smiled.

After Bella left, Violet picked up the remote control and turned on the TV to watch.

After watching it for a while, she felt a lot better in her stomach, then she was ready to leave.

She didn't get home last night. Calvin and Arya were probably worried about her.

Thinking here, Violet stood up, planning to go upstairs to find Stanley.

Before she walked, Stanley's figure had already appeared at the stairs.

"Mr. Murphy."

"What's the matter?" Stanley looked at her.

Violet pointed to the clock, "It's getting late. I should go back. I'm about to tell you."

"I'll drive you back home." Stanley walked towards the door, giving her no chance to refuse.

In the car, Stanley tapped his finger on the steering wheel, and suddenly said, "The matter of your dress being trampled on by Phoebe last night, there is no result yet."

"Why?" Violet clenched her fists.

An apology flashed across Stanley's eyes, "The monitoring of the banquet hall was all turned off by Ivan in advance, so it is impossible to prove whether Phoebe stepped on your dress deliberately."

"Really..." Violet pursed her red lips unwillingly.

Her instinct told her that Phoebe was deliberate, but there was no evidence, which was really annoying.

"But don't worry. I still arranged punishment for Phoebe." Stanley said after changing the gear.

Violet tilted her head to look at him, "What punishment?"

"The seventy-two hours of social volunteers. It will be broadcast live by the media." Stanley replied.

Violet raised her eyebrows.

Then Phoebe would be laughed at by others in the circle, right?

Thinking of this, Violet quickly took out her mobile phone and searched the live

broadcast room where Phoebe was a volunteer.

Soon, she found the live broadcast room.

Violet clicked in. Then she saw Phoebe wearing a cleaner's clothes, stepping on the banana peel, and falling down.

"Puff!" Violet couldn't help but laughed directly. The whole car was filled with her laughter.

Stanley glanced at her. Seeing her smiling to tremble, his heart suddenly softened, "What is it funny?"

"I saw Director Hunt fell. It's so funny." Violet wiped the tears from the corner of her eyes and replied, "There are these bullet screens, more interesting!"

"Really?" Stanley's face was indifferent, obviously not interested in what she said.

At this moment, a cat suddenly rushed out of the flowerbed a few meters in front and just stopped in the middle of the road.

Seeing it, Violet's face changed, "Mr. Murphy!"

Stanley's face turned gloomy. It was too late to step on the brakes, so he turned the steering wheel violently, turned the front of the car to the flowerbed, and then quickly unfastened his seat belt, leaned forward and leaped towards Violet, holding her tightly in his arms and pressing her on the passenger seat.

Boom!

The car shook suddenly. The alarm sounded.

Violet yelled in fright.

Stanley held her tighter in silence.

After a while, the car body stabilized. The sirens disappeared, and everything was calm.

Stanley then released Violet and got up from her.

Violet straightened up and looked towards the windshield.

Seeing the glass shattered into pieces which was like a spider web, her scalp was numb and her back was cold.

"Mr. Murphy, are you okay?" Violet asked with a pale face and tremblingly.

"I'm okay." Stanley sorted out his clothes, "How about you?"

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

She was well protected by him. How could she be injured?

What shocked her was that this was already the second time that he did not hesitate to protect her.

Knock, knock. The car window was knocked.

Violet cleared her mind and looked over. A traffic policeman stood outside the car window.

Stanley rolled down the window, and the traffic policeman crouched down and asked, "Are you guys all right?"

"We're fine." Stanley replied quietly.

The traffic policeman nodded, "Then get out of the car and make a note."

Stanley had no objections, opened the door and got out of the car.

Violet didn't stay in the car. She quickly unfastened her seat belt and got out of the car.

After getting out of the car, she saw the front of the car rushed into the flowerbed, knocked open the fence, and the car lights were broken. It was so terrible!

Violet couldn't help but gasped.

The car crashed so badly, but she and Stanley didn't get injured at all.

She had to say they were really lucky!

Stanley finished talking with the traffic policeman and walked to Violet, "It's finished. Let's go."

"What about this car?" Violet pointed to Maybach.

Stanley glanced at it, "It can't work anymore. I will arrange for a trailer to come over and send it to the junkyard."

"Junkyard?" Violet blinked in surprise, "Mr. Murphy, you mean you will throw away this car?"

"Um."

"It's a pity. Such an expensive car."
Violet lowered her finger and said.

Stanley couldn't help showing a smile on his face when he saw the pity on her face.

Violet caught it. As if she saw something strange, she widened her eyes, "Mr. Murphy, you smiled!"

Hearing this, Stanley's expression on his face immediately held back. He returned to his usual indifference, "No, you saw it wrong."

"I'm not mistaken. You indeed smiled." Violet insisted.

Stanley ignored her and turned to take a taxi on the side of the road.

Upon seeing this, Violet hurried to catch up with him.

After half an hour, they arrived at the apartment.

Violet pressed the doorbell. The door was opened soon.

Jessie came out and hugged her, "Violet, you are finally back."

"Okay, okay, let go." Violet poked Jessie's arm, "There is a guest!"

"Guest?" Jessie let go of her and looked behind her. Seeing Stanley, she was stunned. "Holy shit, Calvin has grown up?"

Violet patted Jessie's forehead dumbly. She knew Jessie would react like this.

"Don't talk nonsense!" Violet introduced Stanley to Jessie, "This is my boss, Mr. Murphy."

After speaking, she pointed to Jessie again, "Mr. Murphy, this is my friend and Godmother of Calvin and Arya."

"Hello." Stanley nodded slightly towards Jessie, saying hello.

Jessie responded blankly, "Hello, hello, are you the president of the Murphy Group?"

Stanley gave a cold hmm, then looked at Violet, "I have to go now."

Violet was startled, "Won't you go in and sit for a while?"

"No, you have the friend here." Stanley frowned and glanced at Jessie, who was still staring at him.

Violet also knew that he didn't like staying with strangers, so she nodded, "Well then, be careful on the way."

"Okay." Stanley replied with a gentle expression on his face and turned to leave.

Jessie looked at his back and said with emotion, "My God, it's so alike. Violet,

why didn't you tell me before that he is so similar to Calvin?"

Violet shrugged, "I thought you wouldn't meet him, so there is no need to tell you."

"Yes." Jessie touched her chin. Then she thought of something, and hurriedly asked, "Violet, shouldn't he be Calvin and Yoon's..."

Chapter 78 Suppressing the Studio

Knowing what she was going to say, Violet didn't dare to look into her eyes. Then she quickly interrupted Jessie, "No. Didn't I tell you that Calvin and Arya's biological father is an old man about fifty years old?"

Hearing this, Jessie suddenly felt like she was splashed with cold water. The excitement disappeared in an instant,

and she sighed with regret, "They are so alike. Why?"

Violet laughed twice and changed the topic, "Okay, let's not talk about it. Where are the two kids?"

"They fell asleep after playing games." Jessie answered.

"I'll take a look." Violet changed her shoes and entered the house.

Jessie closed the door and went with her.

Seeing the two children sleeping so soundly in the small bed, Violet's eyes were gentle, "Jessie, thank you."

"Never mind." Jessie waved her hand.

Violet gently closed the door of the children's room, "Would you like a drink?"

"Yeah." Jessie's eyes lit up.

Violet went to the kitchen to get two cans of beer and threw one to her.

Jessie caught it with both hands and opened the lid directly, raising her head to take a mouthful, "Cool!"

Violet smiled, took a sip, and then asked about the studio.

She had never been to the studio since she went to the Murphy Group.

Now the studio was run by Jessie alone, so she didn't know what was going on.

However, when Jessie heard her question, the speed of drinking slowed down. The expression on her face was a little heavy.

Violet saw it and then put down the beer, "Did something happen?"

Jessie rubbed her hair, "It's not a big deal. But recently, a studio much larger than us is suppressing us."

"What's the reason?" Violet frowned.

"Jealous!" Jessie suddenly squeezed the can in her hand, and said with anger, "Don't you often make design drafts? So the clothes in our studio are very new. Soon, their studio sent someone to investigate us, trying to hire you over."

"Oh?" Violet raised her eyebrows.

Jessie curled her lips in disdain, "You are one of the bosses of my studio, and the chief designer. How could I agree? Then they started targeting us, and even ruined the cooperation between us and a clothing factory. Not only that, but also misappropriating our designs."

"What's the name of that studio? Who is the owner?" Violet asked, pursing her lips.

Jessie drank the last sip of beer in can. "The studio is called the Light. As for who the boss is, I really don't know. It's quite mysterious."

"I'll let Calvin look it up in a while." After thinking about it, Violet said.

Although it was not good to investigate others in this way, she hated enemies hiding in the dark.

If she couldn't figure it out, she would step into their traps at any time.

"Okay, after you find out, tell me." Jessie stood up.

Violet nodded. She knew Jessie was going to leave.

In the evening, Calvin woke up. Violet told him about it.

Then Calvin found out the boss behind this studio.

Violet took a look and was happy!

Actually it was an old acquaintance, Phoebe!

When she heard the name of that studio, she should have thought of it.

"Mommy, do you have grudges with this woman?" Seeing Violet laugh, Calvin couldn't help but speak.

Violet looked at him, "Why did you say that?"

"Because there are her everywhere. Mommy, when you work with Uncle Murphy, she bullied Mommy. Now, she still uses her studio to bully Mommy's

studio, which is really annoying!" Calvin waved a small fist.

"Yeah, it's so annoying!" Arya agreed.

Violet touched the heads of the two children. Just when she was about to speak, Calvin narrowed his eyes, "Mommy, I'll help you teach her a lesson!"

Hearing the coldness in his words, Violet frowned. She suddenly realized that the child's hostility was a bit heavy.

"Calvin!" Violet lifted Calvin's face, lowered her head and looked at him seriously, "Listen, this is Mommy's business. Mommy will solve it. You don't need to do it, and you can't do it privately. Got it?"

She had always known that Calvin's IQ was too high and precocious, but being

precocious did not mean that his thoughts and psychology would follow to grow up. She didn't want to Calvin get involved into adults' complicated world. It was very unfavorable to Calvin's growth.

She even began to regret letting Calvin investigate Phoebe. But luckily, she found it early. She wouldn't do it again in the future.

Calvin didn't know what Violet was thinking. Seeing that she was so serious, he didn't dare to make her angry, so he tilted his head obediently, "Got it, Mommy!"

"Good boy!" Violet smiled again.

Arya tilted her head and looked at the two of them blankly. She didn't know

what mystery Mommy was saying to her brother.

"Okay, you guys go to play. Mommy has to call Jessie." Violet took out the phone and showed it to them.

Calvin jumped off the chair, took Arya by the hand, and went to the living room to watch TV.

Violet dialed Jessie's phone number and told her the details of the Light.

Then the two prepared to sue the Light in the name of embezzling the design. Tomorrow, Phoebe would receive a subpoena from the court!

Thinking about it, Violet laughed.

However, in this lawsuit, she did not intend to come forward. She just left it to Jessie.

Because she didn't plan to expose for the time being that she was the designer Phoebe wanted to poach.

The next day.

Violet was drawing the design which she promised to Stanley in her office.

Suddenly, the landline on the table rang.

She kept drawing, picked up the microphone in her other hand and put it to her ear, "Hello, this is Violet."

"Violet, this is the front desk in the lobby on the first floor." A gentle and nice female voice sounded.

Violet responded without raising her head, "What's up?"

"There is a lady looking for you."

"Lady?" Violet was stunned, "What is her full name?"

"She didn't want to tell me. She just asked me to tell you, ten minutes later, see you in Beach Cafe."

"I see." Violet hung up, biting her lips and thinking.

Unwilling to reveal her name? So mysterious? Who was it?

After thinking for a while, Violet put down the pencil and stood up. Then she picked up the bag, and was going to see the lady.

Beach Cafe was next to the Murphy Group. Violet arrived within a few minutes.

After entering, she saw a person sitting only by the window in the huge coffee shop.

The woman turned her back to Violet, so Violet couldn't see her face. But the woman was dressed in a cheongsam with her hair curled up, which looked so noble and rich.

It should be her, right?

Violet walked over, "Hello, Madam, are you the one who wants to see me?"

The lady put down the coffee in her hand and looked up at Violet, but there was no answering.

Violet was also looking at her. The lady was probably in her fifties, but her skin was well maintained and she looked good. But her cheekbones were slightly higher, which made her look a little bit mean, making it difficult to get close to her.

"Are you Violet?" The lady finally spoke. Her voice was indifferent.

Violet nodded, "Yes."

"Sure enough, it's a vixen." The lady snorted coldly with disgust.

Violet paused when she pulled the chair, and frowned slightly.

But soon, she returned to nature again, calmly pulled away the rotating chair and sat down. She replied with smile, "Thank you for the compliment."

"When did I compliment you?" The lady looked inexplicable.

Violet tucked her hair behind her ears and said, "Just now, didn't you say that I am a vixen? Now everyone knows that vixen can describe a woman beautiful.

They are no longer derogatory terms.
You don't go online?

Chapter 79 Being Splashed with Coffee

The lady's face changed again. How could she not tell that Violet was alluding to her as an old antique who didn't know how to surf the Internet and didn't know how to keep up with the times?

She slapped the table angrily, "It's such a sharp mouth! You don't even know to respect the elders. I really don't know why my son likes you."

"Huh?" Violet was stunned. "Your son likes me? Ma'am, who is your son?"

The lady pursed her thin lips, "Ivan. I am his mother."

Hearing this name, Violet's face sank immediately, "So that's it. You two really deserve to be mother and son."

The son was sinister and cunning, and the mother was mean and deceptive.

Violet didn't know what Ivan's father was like.

"What do you mean?" Mrs. Murphy frowned.

Violet smiled again, but the smile did not reach the bottom of her eyes, "Nothing. I'm praising you."

Mrs. Murphy squinted at her. Obviously, she didn't believe Violet.

Violet took a sip of the water on the table, "Well, Mrs. Murphy, you haven't said yet why you came to me?"

Mrs. Murphy leaned back lazily, "I just came to see what the woman who harmed my son to be sent to the hospital was like. Now I saw you. Sure enough..."

"Wait a minute." Violet raised a hand and interrupted her, "Mrs. Murphy, I don't agree with what you said. What does it mean to harm your son? He went to the hospital. Didn't he ask for it? He wanted to hurt me then was beaten by Mr. Murphy."

"Humph!" Mrs. Murphy sneered, "It's your blessing that my son is in love with you. If you obediently obey, will Stanley hit him?"

Violet was stunned, "Mrs. Murphy, according to you, if Ivan proposes to let me be with him, whether I like it or not, I have to agree, right?"

"You are not worthy of my son." Mrs. Murphy raised her chin and looked at Violet contemptuously, "My son can play with you, but I will not agree that my son is with you. Before coming here, I knew you a little bit. You are not a good woman!"

"What?" Violet rubbed the cup in her hand. The look in her eyes was complicated.

Mrs. Murphy crossed her arms on her chest and sneered, "In the past month since you joined the Murphy Group, there have been several scandals, all of which were related to my son and Stanley. From this, your purpose is already very clear. You just want to hook up with one of them so that you can marry into our Murphy family. I tell you it is absolutely impossible!"

With that, she opened her precious bag, took out a check from it, and slammed it in front of Violet.

Violet glanced down, "Mrs. Murphy, what are you..."

"Accept it! Then leave the Murphy group, leave Stanley and my son." Mrs. Murphy said with arrogant expression on her face.

Violet smiled, "It's only two million! Mrs. Murphy, this amount doesn't match your identity."

The implication was, "How come you, a dignified rich lady, only give such little money?"

Mrs. Murphy's face sank, "Then how much do you want?"

Violet shook her hand, "I don't want any. Mrs. Murphy, don't you know I'm a designer? If I draw a series of designs and sold them out, the copyright fee will be at least one million dollars. Besides..."

"What besides?" Mrs. Murphy's face became increasingly gloomy.

She didn't understand just a few sets of clothes were so valuable?

That little bitch Phoebe! She didn't tell her this before coming, which made her so embarrassed.

Violet casually played with the coffee spoon, "Besides, as you just said, I approached Mr. Murphy and Ivan to marry into the Murphy family. So no matter which of their brothers I marry, I can have hundreds of millions of dollars

in wealth. Then why should I abandon a better future for your mere millions?"

"You..." Mrs. Murphy was refuted by Violet's remarks, but she had to admit that what Violet said made sense. It was also a choice that smart people would have.

But such a choice did not mean that the Murphy family would accept it.

Thinking this, Mrs. Murphy patted the table and stood up, "You are shameless! Do you really think that you can marry into the Murphy family as long as you want to marry in? You entangled both of their brothers at the same time. Just because of this, neither I nor Ivan's Dad will accept you."

"It doesn't matter. Without Ivan, there is also Mr. Murphy, who has more money." Violet said with a smile.

Mrs. Murphy was very angry, "Don't even think about Stanley. He is already engaged."

"Even if he is engaged, he can cancel it." Violet didn't change her face, still smiling.

She deliberately pissed off Mrs. Murphy.

Today, Mrs. Murphy just came here to humiliate her, so she must fight back no matter what.

Mrs. Murphy didn't know what Violet was thinking, so she said contemptuously, "Cancel? Do you think it's so simple?"

"Is it complicated?" Violet said, "The Hunt family is just the bottom of J City. If Mr. Murphy wants to cancel the marriage contract, he just has to announce on the Internet. He doesn't even need to discuss with the Hunt family. Even if the Hunt family is dissatisfied, they can only accept it obediently, even dare not retaliate. I know such a simple truth, but Mrs. Murphy..."

Violet didn't say anything after that.

But the meaning was already obvious, which meant Mrs. Murphy was so stupid.

Mrs. Murphy was annoyed. She directly picked up the coffee and splashed it towards Violet.

Violet didn't expect that Mrs. Murphy would do this, so she didn't have any preparations. She was splashed. Her face was full of coffee. Her hair and clothes were ruined.

Seeing Violet's embarrassment, Mrs. Murphy finally vented out her anger and was relieved.

Violet pulled several tissues and wiped the coffee off her face blankly, "Mrs. Murphy, since you are an elder, I will not fight back against you, but I will remember it."

"What can you do with me?" Mrs. Murphy snorted disapprovingly.

Violet threw the used tissues on the table, "I really can't do anything with you now, but it won't be the same in the future. Maybe I really marry Mr. Murphy

someday and become the hostess of the Murphy family. Secretly set up several traps for your family, so that your family has no place to stay in the Murphy family, I can still do it."

"You!" Mrs. Murphy's face changed. She pointed at Violet furiously, "I'll tell Stanley, letting Stanley know your true face!"

"Please!" Violet spit out the word coldly, then took the bag and went to the bathroom, handling the coffee on the hair and clothes.

After she left, Mrs. Murphy really took out her mobile phone, dialed Stanley's phone number, and told him everything just now.

After Stanley listened, a few unknown looks flashed under his deep eyes. He

put down his phone and walked towards the elevator.

After more than ten minutes, Violet returned to the floor of the design department. As soon as she got out of the elevator, she saw the man standing outside the elevator door.

"Mr. Murphy?" Violet was shocked, not understanding why he was here.

Stanley glanced at her sticking hair and her dirty clothes, pursing his lips, "Come with me."

Violet thought he had some work to give her. She bit her lower lip embarrassedly, "I'm sorry, Mr. Murphy. I can't go with you temporarily. Can I change clothes first?"

Stanley did not respond. He just went straight into the elevator.

Seeing that he refused to agree, Violet rubbed her cheek helplessly.

In the end, she left with him.

When they came to his office, before Violet asked Stanley what was going on, Stanley picked up a bag on the desk and handed it to her. Then he pointed in the direction of the lounge, "Go to take a shower."—————

Chapter 80 Blow Out the Hair

"Huh?" Violet was stunned.

Seeing her motionless, Stanley frowned, "What are you still doing? There will be a meeting later."

"Yes." Violet immediately reacted when she heard that there would be a meeting later. Then she quickly walked to the lounge with the bag.

After entering the lounge, she smelled the fragrance of mint in the air. Then she suddenly realized that this was also Stanley's room.

She actually took a shower in his room!

Violet glanced back at the door of the lounge. Her face was blushed.

But soon, the sticky feeling on her body calmed her down again. After taking a deep breath, she stopped thinking about it and went to take a shower.

Listening to the sound of water coming from the lounge, Stanley, who was working on the documents, suddenly stopped the pen in his hand. He looked towards the lounge.

After watching for a while, he suddenly stood up, pulled his tie impetuously, then opened the drawer, took out a box

of cigarettes from it, and walked to the balcony.

Feeling the cold wind blowing from the balcony, Stanley rubbed his temples. Then he calmed down a lot.

Not long after, Violet came out of the shower and found that the man was not there. Just thinking about whether he had gone out, the door of the office was suddenly opened.

Fraser came in from the outside, holding a document in his hand, "Mr. Murphy, about the first half of the year..."

Before he finished speaking, he saw Violet, who was standing in front of the sofa and wiping her hair with a towel. He was so shocked that his glasses almost slipped off, "Violet, why are you here? You..."

The damp hair and the water vapor emitted from the body obviously showed that she had just taken a shower.

Taking a shower in Mr. Murphy's office!
Did she and Mr. Murphy...

Hiss!

Fraser gasped. He was dumbfounded.

Violet looked at him blankly, "Fraser, what's wrong with you?"

Fraser came back to his senses. His attitude towards her changed in an instant, becoming a lot more polite, "I'm fine. Violet, where's Mr. Murphy?"

Just as Violet was about to answer that she didn't know, the floor-to-ceiling windows on the balcony was opened. Stanley came in from outside, "What's the matter?"

Smelling the smell of smoke coming from Stanley, Fraser was even more certain of his guess.

The man smoked after the sex and the woman took showers after the sex.

Sure enough, Mr. Murphy and Violet had sex in the office!

Thinking of this, Fraser was shocked. He could not be calmed for a long time, but he maintained a consistent calm on the face, pushed his glasses and replied, "Here is the thing. I just came back from the data department and found the data about the first half of the year is not right. I want to report it to you specially."

"I know. Put it down. I'll watch it later."
Stanley nodded.

Fraser put the file on the table, "Mr. Murphy, I have to go first."

After finishing speaking, before Stanley agreed, Fraser had already gone out.

Violet looked at the direction he was leaving, feeling a little puzzled, "How do I feel that Fraser doesn't seem to be right?"

Stanley made no comment and walked towards the table.

Violet put down the towel and tucked up her wet hair.

Her hair was too long and too much. After being wet, it stuck to her scalp. It was heavy and very uncomfortable.

Stanley flipped through the file that Fraser had just put down. From the corner of his eye, he saw that she was

helpless with her hair. Then he smiled faintly, saying, "There is a hair dryer in the bedside table in the lounge."

"Great!" Violet's eyes lit up. She turned and went back to his lounge, apparently looking for a hair dryer.

Soon, Violet came out with a black hair dryer and shook the plug, "Mr. Murphy, where do I plug it in?"

Hearing her words, Stanley couldn't help but raised his eyebrows. Then he lowered his eyes and gave a light cough, and pointed to the underside of his table.

Violet didn't realize what was wrong with her words, so she trotted over with joy, plugged in the hair dryer and began to blow her hair.

Stanley was sitting not far in front of her. When she flipped her hair, the tip of the hair even brushed his ears several times. It was itching. His back could not help but stiffened.

More than that, the scent of the shower gel from her body pierced his nose from time to time.

This scent was no stranger to him. It was his usual mint fragrance.

This showed that when she used his shower gel when she took a shower.

But he didn't feel any discomfort that she used his things, but felt satisfied.

When he was thinking about it, Violet had finished blowing her hair and turned off the hair dryer. Just as she was about to squat down to pull the plug, and was about to put the hair dryer back, Stanley

suddenly kicked his feet against the ground. Then he and the chair slid out two meters.

Violet was slightly surprised, "Mr. Murphy, what's the matter with you?"

How did she feel that he was avoiding her?

Stanley crossed his legs and pulled down the hem of his suit, as if hiding something. Then he replied in a deep voice, "It's okay. You put the hair dryer down. I'll put it back by myself."

"Okay." Violet didn't notice his weird behaviors, so she nodded lightly and put down the hair dryer. "Mr. Murphy, thank you. If you didn't take me to take a shower, I would still be dirty now."

Stanley lowered his eyelids, "Never mind. I already know about your

meeting with my aunt. She splashed you, so I have to clean up the mess for her."

"You knew it?" Violet was taken aback, and then looked at him awkwardly, "Mr. Murphy, then do you know what I said to Mrs. Murphy?"

Stanley raised his eyelids, "Yeah."

Violet patted her forehead annoyedly, and quickly explained, "Mr. Murphy, you must not believe Mrs. Murphy. Those words I said are not true. I have never thought about it. I mainly want to piss off Mrs. Murphy."

Stanley pursed his lips.

Although when he received the call, he knew that her words were false.

But when he heard her deny it in person, he still felt a little unhappy. As for why he was unhappy, he didn't delve into it.

"Okay, I know. My aunt came to you this time because of Ivan's injury, but it won't happen in the future. I have already made it clear to my uncle. He will keep an eye on her." Stanley stood up with his hands in his trouser pocket.

Violet sighed lightly, "That's good."

"Let's go to the meeting room!" Stanley walked to the door.

Violet fiddled with her hair and quickly followed him.

On the way to the meeting room, Violet had been restless. She always felt as if she had forgotten something.

But when she touched her pocket, there was nothing lost.

Was it an illusion?

Violet didn't figure it out. So she didn't think too much. She shook her head, sorted her mind and entered the meeting room.

After the meeting, it was already afternoon.

Violet returned to the design department and worked for another two hours before getting off work.

This time, after receiving the two children, she did not go directly to the apartment, but went to the studio.

Jessie heard the assistant say that she was coming, and hurriedly greeted her, "Violet, why are you here?"

Violet let go of the two children's hands and let them play on their own. She took Jessie's arm and said to her as she walked, "I want to have a look. By the way, I will ask you about the prosecution."

"The court has accepted it, and the summons has been sent, but..." Jessie's face sank.

Violet also became serious, "But what?"

Jessie pursed her lips angrily, "the Light does not accept it. Phoebe returned the summons."

"What?" Violet frowned, "Phoebe is so bold that she even refunds the court's summons?"

"Yeah." Jessie poured her a glass of water. "When she returned the summons, she had a reason."

"What's the reason?" Violet took the water glass

Chapter 81 Phoebe Loses the Lawsuit

Jessie pulled out the chair and sat down, "What else can she do? She just denied the fact that she suppressed our studio and misappropriate our design."

Hearing this, Violet smiled, "She is quibble as always!"

"Yeah." Jessie nodded in agreement, "I have never seen such a shameless person."

Violet drank the water slowly, "Let the court send her the summons again."

"Again?" Jessie was stunned, "What if she returns it again?"

"You are stupid." Violet poked her forehead, "If she returns it, just continue

to send her. Once Phoebe refuses three times in a row, the court will force a court session. If she doesn't show up, the court will directly judge we win."

"What?" Jessie was a little surprised.

But soon, she rubbed her hands with excitement, "I will contact the court."

After speaking, she got up and walked to the table, picked up the landline and started making a call.

After the phone call, Jessie signaled at Violet that she had finished it.

Violet smiled and glanced at the phone, "It's getting late. Let's go eat first."

"Okay, let's eat hot pot. It's been a long time since I didn't eat hot pot." Jessie took the bag which was hanging on the shelf, while answering.

Violet had no opinions.

So they two took the two children to a nearby hot pot restaurant, talking and laughing.

Two days later, as Violet said, Phoebe refused the court's summons three times, seriously challenging the court's majesty. So the court force a court session.

Although Phoebe showed up, she still lost the case.

Because Jessie showed evidence that Phoebe misappropriated the design and suppressed the studio.

The result was that Phoebe was sentenced by the court to take down all the new clothes recently put on the shelves in the physical store, and all the money she earned was given to Jessie,

and compensated a part of the design copyright fee.

In short, Phoebe almost lost everything this time.

Jessie gloated and called Violet, "Violet, you didn't see Phoebe's face when the judge pronounced the sentence. Hahaha, so funny."

Violet shook her head with a smile, "Okay, when will Phoebe's compensation be paid?"

"The court stipulated that within three days. If she doesn't pay within three days, the compensation will increase by 10%." Jessie replied excitedly.

Violet said, "With this money, we can build our own garment factory by ourselves. Jessie, you're responsible of the location."

"Don't worry." Jessie patted her chest, saying that there was no problem.

"Violet." At this moment, someone knocked on the door of the office.

Violet looked up. It was Fraser's assistant. She asked, "What's the matter?"

"Mr. Murphy asked you to go upstairs." The assistant answered with a smile.

Violet blinked, "Mr. Murphy?"

"Yes."

"Okay, I'll go over right away, thank you."

The assistant waved his hand and said that she didn't need to thank him, then turned and left.

Violet put the phone back to her ear, "Jessie, I have to hang up. Once you get the address, let me know. I will check it out."

"Of course." Jessie responded.

After ending the call, Violet got up to tidy up her clothes and went to the top floor.

When she arrived at the door of Mr. Murphy's office, she raised her hand and was about to knock on the door. Suddenly she heard a voice coming from the half-covered door, "Stanley, please help me! I am really short of money now."

It was Phoebe!

Violet put her hand down, wondering whether to leave temporarily. Then Stanley's voice sounded, "How much?"

"Twenty million!" Phoebe quickly said a number.

Violet raised her eyebrows.

Twenty million? Wasn't it the amount of her compensation?

"Yes, I'll let Fraser transfer it to you in a while." Stanley agreed indifferently.

Before Phoebe could thank him, he said, "This is the last time."

"What do you mean?" Phoebe's face froze. A wave of anxiety suddenly rose in her heart.

Violet was also a little curious, and put her ear closer to the crack of the door.

In the office, Stanley put down his pen, and finally looked at Phoebe, "This is the last time I will clean up the mess for you. In the future, you will solve the

trouble yourself. I will not help you again."

"Why?" Phoebe was anxious.

Not helping her, in the eyes of others, meant that she was disgusted by him.

At that time, those who used to flatter her would stay away from her. Even those who she had offended would retaliate against her.

Thinking of this, Phoebe became flustered. She took a step forward, clenched her fists and said, "Stanley, you can't do this! You said five years ago, you would give me everything I want. Now..."

Stanley leaned back in the chair and interrupted her in a cold voice, "I have said something like this. It is because you saved me, but no matter how great

kindness I owed you, there will be a day I pay off. Recently, everything you do is stepping my bottom line. I can't bear it anymore. Do you understand?"

"I..." Phoebe moved her mouth, unable to speak.

Outside the door, Violet raised her eyebrows.

This was not the first time she had heard Stanley say that Phoebe rescued him five years ago.

What happened five years ago?

Just when she was thinking about it, Stanley's voice sounded again, "Well, I hope you will make less trouble in future. Get out!"

Phoebe lowered her eyelids to cover the unwillingness in her eyes, and walked to the door reluctantly.

After coming out, she saw Violet with a pensive look outside the door. She was startled, and yelled angrily, "What are you doing?"

Violet recovered and smiled faintly, "Director Hunt, it's been a long time."

Phoebe snorted, "I have been fired, but you still call me Director Hunt. Are you deliberately taunting me?"

Stanley's aunt was too useless.

Even she said that she was Stanley's aunt, she didn't actually drive Violet away. Phoebe was so angry!

"No, I'm just getting used to it. Director Hunt thought too much." Violet spread her hands.

"Do you think I would believe your nonsense?" Phoebe sneered, then squinted and asked, "How long have you been standing here?"

"It's been a while." Violet told the truth.

There was a nervous look in Phoebe's eyes, "Then did you hear what I said to Stanley?"

Violet smiled and nodded, "Of course."

Phoebe's face changed drastically. She glared at Violet gloomily, with an unabashed threat in her voice, "I warn you, don't tell others what you heard."

She must not let the outside world know that she was not protected by Stanley anymore.

Otherwise, there would be all kinds of troubles waiting for her. Just thinking about it, it would be unacceptable.

"What if I say no?" Violet tucked her hair and replied without fear.

Phoebe smiled, "Then I will let Dad get your dying brother back."

"Dare you!" Violet's face suddenly became gloomy.

She had to admit that she was threatened by Phoebe.

Phoebe crossed her arms on her chest, "If you dare to tell others those things, I will dare to do this. Don't forget if Dad wants to get back your dying brother,

even you and your mother have nothing to do!"

After speaking, she glanced at Violet proudly, knocked Violet away with her shoulders, twisted her waist and walked towards the elevator.

Violet pursed her red lips, looking darkly at the direction Phoebe was leaving. She was so angry.

After a while, she took a deep breath to calm down, patted her cheeks, and sorted out her emotions. Then she knocked on Mr. Murphy's office, "Mr. Murphy."

"Come in." Stanley's cold voice came from inside.

Violet pushed the door in, "Mr. Murphy, what can I do for you?"

Chapter 82 Cake

"Sit!" Stanley didn't answer. He raised his chin at the chair opposite the table.

Violet walked to the chair, thanked him, pulled the chair away and sat down.

Stanley crossed his fingers, and then he said, "As mentioned in the last meeting, how are you doing with the design plan for this fall?"

"It's almost done." Violet replied.

"Is there an archive?" Stanley asked.

"Yes." Violet nodded.

Stanley turned the laptop around and pushed it to her.

Violet tapped the keyboard a few times before returning the computer to Stanley, "Mr. Murphy, it's done."

Stanley let out a hmm, and slid his mouse to check.

After watching it for about a few minutes, he suddenly thought of something and called Fraser in, "Pour Violet a cup of coffee and get a pieces of the Black Forest."

"Mr. Murphy..." Violet was just about to say no need. Fraser took the lead in responding, "Okay, I'm going to prepare now."

With that said, he took a deep look at Violet, then turned and walked towards the door.

He was still wondering why Mr. Murphy asked him to buy cakes in recent days.

After buying them back, Mr. Murphy didn't eat it himself. He just let Fraser put them in the refrigerator and threw

them away after work, and then added a new piece the next day.

Soon, Fraser came back with a tray, and put the coffee and cake in front of Violet one by one.

Violet looked at Stanley opposite with a little embarrassment, "Mr. Murphy, is it okay?"

"Don't you like it?" Stanley looked up from behind the computer.

Violet waved her hand again and again, "No, just eating in your office..."

"It doesn't matter. There are many projects. It will take a while after I read it. You can eat something to kill the time."

After saying this, Stanley buried his head again and ignored her.

He had already said this, so Violet couldn't resist anymore. She picked up a delicate fork, cut a small piece of cake and put it in her mouth. The unique taste hit her taste buds and made her so happy that she squinted eyes.

"Is it delicious?" Stanley asked suddenly, and the finger sliding the mouse stopped.

"Very delicious." Violet licked the cream on the fork and replied with a smile.

Seeing her delicate lips, Stanley's eyes dimmed. His voice became low, and a little hoarse, "That's good. You can take the rest away after a while."

"What...?"

"To the two children." Knowing what she was going to say, Stanley interrupted her directly.

Violet opened her mouth, then smiled, "Thank you, Mr. Murphy."

Stanley gave a hmm and looked at Fraser.

Fraser pushed his glasses, "Got it! I'm going to pack them now."

See! He guessed it right.

That cake was prepared for Violet.

Half an hour later, Violet walked out of Mr. Murphy's office with a cake box to the design department.

On the way, she received a call from George, "Violet, are you free tonight?"

"Yes, what's the matter?" Violet asked back.

George stood in front of the window and said warmly, "Here is the thing. I have a

paper on brain that has been published in International Journal of Medicine."

"Really?" Violet was pleasantly surprised.

George nodded slightly, "Yeah."

"That's really congratulations to you, George." Violet hurriedly congratulated him, sincerely happy for him.

George smiled lightly, "Thank you. How about we go to dinner tonight, just as a celebration?"

"Just the two of us?" Violet asked.

George's glasses slightly reflected light, "Of course not, I invited Jessie too."

"Okay, send me the address. I will go there after work." Violet readily agreed when she heard Jessie would come.

After the phone was hung up, George's text message was sent over.

Violet frowned when she saw the address above, "the Scarlet Youth, I remember it is a restaurant in the form of a bar. It seems that I can't take two children there."

After whispering, she put away the phone, opened the door of the design department and went in

Soon after her figure disappeared, Stanley walked out from the corner of the elevator, carrying a bag in his hand, looking at the direction of the design department. No one knew what he was thinking about.

After a while, he pursed his thin lips, turned and left without hesitation, and returned to the top floor.

Fraser was a little surprised to see Stanley coming back so soon, "Mr. Murphy, didn't you go to give the clothes to Violet? Why are the clothes still there?"

His eyes fell on the bag Stanley was holding.

Stanley didn't reply to him. After putting down the bag, he asked quietly, "Did Henry ask me to go to the Scarlet Youth for a drink at night?"

"Yes." Fraser nodded.

Stanley pulled on his tie, "Tell him I will go there on time."

Fraser was stunned, "But in the morning, didn't you say you can't go?"

"Huh?" Stanley frowned and looked at him displeased.

Facing Stanley's cold eyes, Fraser touched the tip of his nose, and immediately changed the words, "I see! I will contact Dr. Baxter now."

After all, he quickly took out his cell phone.

Stanley only then retracted his gaze.

In the evening, Violet took the two children back from the kindergarten. After settling two children down, she took a taxi to the Scarlet Youth.

When she arrived, George was already sitting in the deck.

Violet walked over, "Sorry, George. I'm late and there was a traffic jam on the road."

She said embarrassedly.

George helped her put the bag aside and smiled slightly, "Never mind. I've just arrived soon. Have a seat."

Violet gave a hmm, stroked the hem of her skirt and sat down. Then she found that she didn't see Jessie, so she looked at George, "Jessie hasn't arrived yet?"

George's smile faded for a moment. He lowered his eyelids and replied, "Jessie just sent me a text message, saying that she temporarily has something to deal with, so she won't come."

"That's a pity." Violet didn't think much about it, but felt a little regretful.

George smiled and handed her the menu, "Let's order some food. See what you want to eat."

"Well." Violet took the menu and opened it.

After ordering three dishes, she returned the menu to George.

George just took a look, but he did not order other food. He just ordered a bottle of Louis XIII, which was a kind of spirits.

When Violet saw it, she was a little worried, "George, how about not drinking? I heard that drinking can easily affect the stability of the hands. You are a doctor. In case of surgery..."

"It's okay. I'm happy today. Drinking a little doesn't matter." George said with smile.

Since he had said so, what else could Violet do? So she had no choice but to let him drink.

Soon, the wine and food were served.

George opened the lid of the wine bottle, poured out two glasses of wine, and pushed one of them to Violet.

Violet picked it up, clinked the glass with him lightly, and drank it with her head up.

Louis XIII was the strongest of all the famous wine, and the taste was also very strong. After a glass of wine, Violet blushed on the spot, and the ends of her eyes were also red.

When George saw this, he smiled, but his mouth was slightly covered by the wine glass.

Violet didn't notice it. After drinking some water to suppress the smell of alcohol in her mouth, she took out a small exquisite gift box from her bag and

gave him, "George, the gift of the thesis."

George didn't expect that she even prepared a gift for him. He couldn't help but froze for a moment.

But soon, he returned to a gentle smile and opened the gift.

In the box was a watch of a light luxury brand. Although it was not as good as a real luxury product, the price was not low.

George immediately took off the original watch from his wrist, put on the one given by Violet, and then showed her his wrist, "Violet, thank you. I like it very much."

"As long as you like it." Violet nodded happily.

George poured her another glass of wine.

In a private room on the second floor, there were two men standing at the window and looked down. One was tall and the other was tall.

The short man suddenly clicked his tongue and said to the tall man beside him, "Stanley, this George is not a good guy."

Chapter 83 Go Mad

Stanley pursed his thin lips and did not answer.

Henry didn't care. He touched his chin and said, "See, he ordered a bottle of Louis XIII. He didn't finish a cup, but he kept pouring for Violet. He wants to make Violet get drunk and then does something."

Hearing this, Stanley clenched his hands on the edge of the window abruptly. Then his eyes became cold.

Seeing Stanley like this, Henry felt Stanley's abnormal concern for Violet, and his heart sank, "Stanley, are you really..."

Before he finished speaking, Stanley suddenly turned around and walked towards the door of the private room.

Henry was stunned, "Stanley, where are you going?"

Stanley still ignored him, opened the door and went out.

Henry rubbed his baby face helplessly. After muttering something, he hurried to catch up with Stanley.

Downstairs, Violet was already drunk at the moment. Her face was flushed, and her eyes widened. She was sitting there and was hiccupping.

George put down his chopsticks, stretched out his hand and waved it in front of her, then spread his five fingers, "Violet, how many fingers?"

Violet blinked her blurred eyes and looked at it for a while before spit out a number uncertainly, "Two?"

A gloomy light flashed across George's eyes, "Wrong! This is five. Violet, you are drunk."

"I... I'm not drunk!" Violet was dissatisfied, pursing her red lips to retort on the spot.

George took off his glasses and put it in his chest pocket. The he smiled lowly,

coaxing her softly like coaxing a child,
"Okay, okay, you are not drunk. I am
drunk. Shall we go home?"

"Okay." Violet hiccupped and nodded
obediently.

George stood up and called the waiter
to check out.

After checking out, he put Violet's bag
on his shoulder first, and then he helped
Violet stand up with putting one hand
around her waist.

Smelling the fragrance from Violet and
the strong aroma of Louis XIII, George
took a deep breath, his eyes full of
madness.

But at this moment, a cold voice
suddenly sounded, "Stop!"

George stopped abruptly and raised his eyes to look at the source of the sound. Then he saw Stanley and Henry coming one after another. His heart sank suddenly.

Why were they here?

"Give her to me!" Stanley walked to George and stopped one meter in front of him. Looking at Violet, who was drunk and unconscious in George's arms, he said.

George didn't do it. Instead, he held Violet more tightly, "Why do I have to give her to you?"

Stanley narrowed his eyes, "Why? You deliberately made her drunk. Do you still need me to tell you the reason?"

George smiled, but the smile did not reach the bottom of his eyes, "Mr.

Murphy, I don't understand what you are talking about. Please let me go. Violet and I are going back."

"Do you think I will let you go? I'll say it again. Give her to me!" Stanley stopped George and warned him word by word.

George smiled slowly, and stared at him without fear, "What if I say no?"

Yes, he did deliberately get Violet drunk. When visiting the ward during the day, he accidentally heard Ivan's mother and Ivan talking about that Violet and Stanley were very close recently. He couldn't bear it anymore. He had been stayed by Violet's side for five years. But he got nothing. She just knew Stanley one or two months, then she got so close to Stanley.

So tonight, he cheated her out in the excuse of celebrating, just to get her. As long as he got her, she would be with him, so he would never allow anyone to ruin his plan!

Thinking about it, George's eyes were fierce. His face was full of madness.

Henry, who was watching them, was taken aback by George. He was astonished.

It turned out that George, who was usually gentle, elegant and liked by patients, had such a side.

People like this basically had psychological problems. Did George have it?

Henry looked at George suspiciously.

George noticed it and gave him a cold look.

Henry was shivering all over by George's sight. As if being stared at by a poisonous snake, Henry couldn't help but shudder.

"You have no right to say no." Stanley had no time to care about what happened to Henry. He stretched out his hand to grab Violet's wrist, trying to drag her from George's arms.

Although Stanley was fast, George was not slow. At the moment Violet was dragged by Stanley, George grabbed Violet's other hand.

Violet was pulled around by the two of them, swaying from side to side, feeling dizzy. She groaned uncomfortably.

Henry couldn't stand it anymore. He took a step forward and put his hand on the hands of George and Violet. He smiled and broke George's hand free little by little, "Dr. Joe, I heard you have a paper, which has already published. How about we discuss it?"

As he said, he winked at Stanley and told Stanley to take Violet away quickly.

How could George not know that Henry was giving Stanley a chance to leave? He looked at Henry fiercely, "Go away!"

"No!" Henry lowered his head to glance at his small body. Although he knew that he might not be able to beat George, he still bit the bullet to resist George.

After taking a deep look at Henry, Stanley picked up Violet, and walked away under George's murderous gaze.

In the parking lot, Fraser saw Stanley approaching with a person in his arms from a long distance.

After approaching, he saw that the person in Stanley's arms was Violet. Then he opened his mouth in surprise, "Mr. Murphy, why was Violet here?"

Stanley didn't answer. He stuffed Violet into the car and directly ordered, "Drive!"

"Yes." Fraser responded and started the car.

Suddenly, he saw two people in the rearview mirror rushing towards this side. He turned around and asked Stanley, "Mr. Murphy, it is Dr. Baxter and Dr. Joe. Should we wait for them?"

Stanley glanced out of the car window. It was obvious that Henry didn't stop George, so George came here. Stanley

pursed his thin lips and said, "No, just go!"

Fraser nodded, stepped on the accelerator and left the parking lot.

On the way, Violet became more and more drunk. She was quiet now, but the next second she suddenly laughed.

Fraser looked in the back seat through the mirror of the sun visor, and said in amazement, "Mr. Murphy, Violet is about to do something crazy."

Stanley glanced at Violet, who was beside him. Seeing her smiling dumbly and stupidly, he frowned slightly, "Drive faster."

"Okay." Fraser responded.

The speed of the car suddenly increased. Violet couldn't sit still and was swayed onto the seat.

Stanley put down the phone and pulled her up.

But she hugged his hand and leaned against him.

Stanley was tense, "What are you doing?"

Violet blinked in confusion, "I'm thirsty. I want to drink water..."

"Fraser." Stanley knocked on the back of the driver's seat.

Fraser shrugged helplessly, "Mr. Murphy, this is a new car. I haven't had time to get the stuff yet."

Hearing this, Stanley was silent for two seconds before speaking again, "Hold on. You can drink after we get home."

"No, I want it now." Violet suddenly lost her temper and patted the leather seat under her with an unhappy expression on her face.

It was the first time that Stanley saw her like this. He raised his eyebrows, "I said there is no water!"

"You lied to me! There is obviously water, and jelly." Violet pointed at him almost crying.

"Jelly?" Stanley frowned, "Where is the jelly?"

"Here." Violet knelt on the back seat. In Stanley's suspicious eyes, she stretched out her hands to hold his face, and bit towards his lips.

Chapter 84 Vomit on His Car

Stanley was stunned.

Fraser who was driving the car was so shocked. He almost couldn't control the steering wheel.

What did he see?

Mr. Murphy was kissed forcibly!

"Hey, why can't I bite?" Violet didn't know what she was doing now. She only knew that she couldn't eat the jelly, so she was a little unhappy.

Then she increased her strength and wanted to eat the jelly in her mouth before she was willing to give up.

Stanley let out a painful snorted, feeling a smell of blood in his mouth. He knew that his lips had been bitten by her.

However, even so, Stanley did not push Violet away, but lowered his eyelids, staring at her.

After watching her for a long time, he suddenly raised his arm around the back of her head to deepen the kiss.

Fraser had been watching them secretly. After seeing Stanley turning the passive one into an active one, he was shocked. He didn't dare to see it again, and quickly lowered the baffle.

In the back seat, Violet was softened by Stanley's kiss. She collapsed in his arms.

Had it not been for him to hold her, she might have slipped under the seat by now.

"Hmm..." Violet snorted and reached to hold Stanley's neck.

Her behaviors seemed to be a kind of encouragement, causing Stanley to abandon his reason and kiss even harder.

But at this moment, Violet suddenly vomited uncomfortably.

Stanley immediately came to his senses and pushed her away.

Violet lay down on the seat and vomited a lot. She even vomited on his clothes.

For a while, the strong smell of alcohol and the sourness of her vomit filled the entire car, which was very smelly.

Stanley suddenly lost his desire. The veins on his forehead popped out. He was resisting the urge to throw her out of the car. Then he rolled down the car window with a gloomy face to let the cold wind in.

A few minutes later, the cold wind dissipated the unpleasant smell in the car. Stanley's face eased a lot, but his mood was still very bad.

Especially after seeing Violet who was asleep comfortably after vomiting, his head hurt!

Before long, they arrived at the apartment.

Stanley got out of the car and carried Violet out of the car with a sullen face.

Seeing the pool of vomit in the back seat, Fraser pointed at Violet with disgust, "Mr. Murphy, Violet vomited?"

Stanley said coldly, "You take a taxi and go back by yourself."

"Mr. Murphy, do you live here tonight?"

Stanley nodded and entered the building with Violet in his arms.

Fraser looked at his back and shook his head with emotion.

It seemed that Mr. Murphy really fall in love with Violet this time.

Obviously, he was a neat freak, but when Violet vomited on him, he didn't feel disgust it at all. As expected, once a man fell in love with a woman, he would like the woman's everything.

Stanley came to the door of the apartment with Violet in his arms. Then he pressed the doorbell with his elbow.

Unfortunately, no one opened the door for a long time.

Were the two children away?

Stanley looked down at the woman in his arms. The woman leaned on his chest and slept soundly. She smacked her lips. No one knew what a good dream she had.

So Stanley had to carry her and turned back to his apartment.

After entering the house, Stanley threw Violet on the sofa, returned to the room, took a set of bathrobes, and went to the bathroom to take a shower.

After taking a shower, Stanley walked to the sofa and looked at her while wiping his hair. After hesitating for a few seconds, he dropped the towel and picked her up into the bathroom, and threw her into the bathtub filled with water.

As soon as Violet entered the water, she sobered up. She struggled twice in the bathtub, opened her eyes, and sat up with holding both sides of the bathtub, "What's the matter?"

She looked at her surroundings in a panic until she saw Stanley who was standing by the bathtub, and then she calmed down.

"Mr. Murphy?" Violet shook her groggy head, "Where is this? Why am I in the bathtub?"

"This is my apartment. I threw you into the bathtub to sober up!" Stanley looked at her condescendingly, and replied faintly.

Violet rubbed her sore temples, "But why am I here? Didn't I stay with George?"

Her words made Stanley feel extremely harsh. His face became gloomy, "Don't you remember?"

"Remember what?" Violet poured some water on her face, trying to make herself more sober.

Stanley crossed his arms on his chest, "You were deliberately drunk by George. He wanted to behave against you, so I took you away from him."

"It's impossible!" Violet stood up abruptly, bringing up a burst of spray.

Stanley narrowed his eyes, "You don't believe me?"

Violet looked at him earnestly, "Mr. Murphy, it's not that I don't believe you. But I think this is simply impossible. I have known George for five years. He is not that kind of person."

Stanley stared at her for a while and then sneered, "You have known him for five years, but you can't even tell his true face. You are really blind."

After saying this, Stanley's eyes flashed a touch of ridicule. He walked out of the bathroom with a gloomy aura all over his body.

Because she had known George for a long time, she thought she knew everything about that person. It was so simple?

He could only say that she was far from how to know people. Anyway, he had already told her the truth. It was her business whether she didn't accept it or not.

After Stanley went out, Violet bit her lip and sat back in the bathtub, staring blankly at the clear water.

Was she blind? No, she was not blind. She just didn't want to think about George like that. In a foreign country, if there was no help from George, the family of five would not survive, so she could doubt anyone, but she couldn't doubt George.

Of course, she didn't think that Stanley was lying. Maybe Stanley saw her drinking with George, so he would have some misunderstandings.

Thinking about this, Violet's inner heaviness was reduced a lot, and then she quickly took off her clothes and took a bath. Otherwise, if she still wore the wet clothes, she should have caught a cold.

After taking a shower, Violet picked up the bathrobe on the shelf and put it on.

The bathrobe was so big that it reached the floor.

Violet had to tie a knot at the hem to expose her calf, and then rolled her sleeves twice, so that it suited her a lot.

Afterwards, she found a bag, put the changed wet clothes in it, and opened the door and went out.

"Mr. Murphy, have you seen my handbag?" Violet asked, looking at the person on the sofa who was also wearing a bathrobe.

Stanley was holding a tablet while watching. Hearing what she said, his voice was cold, "On the shoe cabinet. Your clothes is also on it."

"Clothes?" Violet looked at the bag in her hand, wondering.

Wasn't her clothes in her hands?

Stanley obviously didn't mean to explain. So helpless, Violet had to check it out by herself.

Seeing the bag next to her handbag, she opened it and glanced inside. Then she found that it was the clothes which was spilled with coffee by Mrs. Murphy two days ago.

No wonder that when she left his office after taking a shower, she always felt that she had forgotten something. It turned out to be the clothes.

Violet slapped her forehead. She took the clothes out of the bag, and smelled the scent of some kind of laundry detergent on the clothes. She was taken

aback, and immediately unfolded the clothes.

Looking at the place on the clothes that was originally stained by coffee and now it turned white, she subconsciously looked towards Stanley.

"Mr. Murphy, the clothes..."

As if he knew what she was asking, Stanley slid the tablet and said without looking back, "Bella washed it."

"Thank you, Mr. Murphy. Please help me say thanks to Bella." Violet stuffed her clothes in it.

Stanley ignored her.

Violet bit her lower lip and suddenly realized that since she came out of the bathroom, he didn't seem to look at her, and his attitude towards her was cold

and indifferent. Was it because she didn't agree his opinions about George?

Chapter 85 Pretending to Be Eason

"Mr. Murphy..." Violet opened her mouth, wanting to say something.

Stanley interrupted her and looked over, "Anything else for you? If it's nothing, you can go!"

His eyes were cold and indifferent

Violet touched her hair embarrassedly, "Well, good night, Mr. Murphy."

She really had nothing serious. She just wanted to talk to him about George. But... Forget it!

He was angry in the bathroom just now. If she continued, he would definitely be even angrier.

Violet held the knob and opened the door. Just after she took a step, Stanley's voice sounded again behind her, "Wait a minute."

Violet turned her head.

Stanley put down the tablet, got up and walked towards her, then handed her a car key.

"This is..." Violet took the car key and looked at him puzzled, not knowing what he meant.

Stanley explained in a cold voice, "You vomited in my car. Wash it and give it back tomorrow."

After speaking, he turned and returned to where he was just now, leaving Violet alone with an embarrassed face on the spot.

She knew she vomited. When she took a bath just now, she could tell it from the stains on her clothes.

But she didn't know that she vomited in his car.

"I see. I will wash it clean." Violet said in a low voice with a flushed face, holding the car key tightly.

Stanley gave a hmm, and then said nothing.

After getting to her apartment, Violet put down her handbag and two bags in her hand. Then she walked gently toward the children's room.

Seeing the two children hugging each other and sleeping soundly, Violet smiled slightly. She leaned over and kissed the two children's faces. After

covering the two children with quilts, she went out quietly.

In the living room, Violet yawned. She took the phone out of her handbag. Seeing several missed calls and text messages from George, she exclaimed a little and then made a call back.

The phone was quickly connected. George's anxious voice came, "Violet, where are you now?"

"I'm at home." Violet poured herself a glass of water and replied.

George seemed to breathe a sigh of relief, "That's good. You were taken away by Mr. Murphy at the time. I thought he would hurt you."

Violet drank the water and then smiled, "How is it possible! Mr. Murphy is not that kind of person."

"Do you believe him that way?"
George's eyes narrowed.

"Of course, I believe you too." Violet sat down.

George thought of something. Then he tentatively asked, "Violet, did Mr. Murphy tell you anything?"

"Nothing serious. He should just see us drinking, so he misunderstood that you were doing to something to me." Violet smiled.

George slowly clenched the phone tightly, "Then do you think what he said is true?"

"Didn't I just say that I believe you just now?" Violet lay down on the sofa and stretched herself comfortably.

George released the strength in his hand and smiled.

"By the way, George, what happened at that time? Why did Mr. Murphy take me away?" Violet asked while looking at the ceiling.

George sighed with a wry smile, "At that time, you were drunk. I wanted to drive you back after I paid, but Mr. Murphy appeared and said that I wanted to do something to you, so he snatched you from me."

"So that's it." Violet nodded and understood.

George pretended to smile helplessly, "I don't know why Mr. Murphy had such a misunderstanding. We have known each other for so many years. How could I do that kind of thing to you? He

took you away. I was worried about that he would do something to you. So I kept calling you and texting you. It's so great to know that you're okay."

Hearing this, Violet felt warmed.

Although this misunderstanding made her feel ridiculous.

However, the reason was that both George and Stanley were worried about her.

Thinking about it, Violet looked towards the door, seeming to want to see the people living opposite through the door.

After that, Violet and George talked about other things, then ended the call and went back to the room to rest.

The next day, Violet got up early to make breakfast.

After finishing cooking, she called the two children up and asked them to call Stanley to come and eat together.

The two children naturally agreed with joy.

However, within two minutes, the two children returned dejectedly.

"Mommy, Uncle Murphy is not here." Arya said.

Violet paused her taking off the apron at the dining table, and then said again, "He should be gone. It's okay. Let's eat. Mommy will drive you two to school after eating."

"Hmm." The two children nodded together.

After the meal, Violet drove the two children to the kindergarten in Stanley's

car, and then went to the 4S shop to let the staff wash the car.

While waiting for the car, she suddenly heard a familiar voice, "Nate, what car do you want to buy?"

It was Talia!

Violet quickly turned her head and looked towards the source of the sound. She saw Talia coming in from outside with holding Nate's arm. She was just like a spoiled girl, which made Violet feel sick.

"I want to buy a Bentley." Nate touched Talia's hair and said.

Talia bit her lip, feeling embarrassed, "But Nate, Bentley is too expensive. I don't have that much money. You also know that the Hunt Group is in the trouble recently..."

"I don't care. You said you would give me a car. You can ask your husband for it." Nate insisted on buying Bentley.

Talia didn't know how to persuade Nate. She had to go outside with her mobile phone to make a call.

After she left, Nate looked around. Seeing Violet in the rest area, a light suddenly flashed in his eyes. He walked towards her quickly, "This lady, are you the salesperson here?"

"Huh?" Violet was wondering why he came to her. When she heard what he said, she couldn't help but looked down at herself.

The corners of her mouth twitched. Today, she wore a suit, which looked like a salesperson.

Seeing Violet didn't speak, Nate thought she had acquiesced. He took out a business card and handed it to her, "After buying the car in a while, can you come with me for a cup of coffee?"

Violet was so speechless.

What the hell?

She was actually asked out by Talia's lover!

Violet looked at the man pretending to be a gentleman in front of her. She felt sick but she held it back. Then she smiled and took the business card. When she saw it, she suddenly smiled, "The Chairman of the Hunt Group?"

"Yes!" Nate adjusted the tie around his neck.

Violet rolled her eyes at him.

This guy was really shameless enough!
He actually pretended to be Eason!

But since this guy came to her, she
could tease him.

Thinking about it, Violet looked at him in
surprise, "It turns out to be Mr. Hunt! So
lucky to meet you!"

Being called Mr. Hunt, Nate was
overjoyed. He didn't find the mockery in
Violet's eyes. He held Violet's hand and
touched it, "May I have your name?"

Violet calmly pulled her hand back, and
said with a faint smile, "Mr. Hunt, don't
you know me?"

The expression on Nate's face frozen.
He was panicked, "Should... should I
know?"

"Of course, I..."

Before Violet finished speaking, Talia came back. Seeing Violet standing with Nate, she was scared to death. She ran over and stood in front of Nate. Then she stared at Violet and asked in a sharp voice, "Violet, why are you here?"

"I'm here to wash the car." Violet smiled and looked at Talia up and down, "Talia, you were discharged from the hospital so soon."

Upon hearing this, Talia's face turned pale. Before she could say something, Nate's surprised voice sounded, "Are you the daughter of Eason's ex-wife?"

Chapter 86 Blackmailing Talia

"Yeah." Violet nodded.

Nate was so embarrassed that he couldn't wait to run away immediately.

In the past, every time he used Eason's identity to hook up with women, he never failed.

Unexpectedly, this time he actually ran into Eason's daughter.

Seeing Nate's guilty conscience, Talia felt uneasy.

Could it be that he told Violet their relationship?

Talia's face turned pale for a while. She felt a little dizzy.

But she took a deep breath and pinched the palms of her hands, only to force herself not to faint. Then she tentatively asked, "What did you two just say?"

"Well," Violet glanced at Nate behind her, "Your cousin actually pretended to be my father."

"What?" Talia was taken aback,
"Pretending to be your father?"

"Yes." Violet nodded and pointed to Nate to complain, "More than that, he also gave me his business card and wanted to ask me out for coffee!"

Violet threw the business card in Talia's palm.

Seeing the business cards, Talia was relieved. Her uneasy feelings also calmed down.

It seemed that Nate didn't mention their relationship.

However, he actually dared to hook up other women while she was away!

Thinking of this, Talia was furious. After glaring at Nate fiercely, she stretched out her hand towards Nate, "Take it out."

"W... what?" Nate looked puzzled.

Violet rolled her eyes at him and said, "Of course, Talia is asking you for the remaining business cards. You can take out one at will. Obviously, you have printed a lot. Otherwise, you won't have enough business cards when you meet other beautiful girls!"

After speaking, she looked at Talia, smiling.

Sure enough, Talia's face was distorted. She stared at Nate, as if she wanted to tear him into pieces.

Nate was also afraid of Talia now. He did not dare to disobey her, and quickly took out the business card case in his pocket.

Talia saw the business cards in the case. It was only one-third left. She was

so angry that her eyes were red, and her chest was undulating violently.

After making them two have conflicts with each other, Violet smirked inwardly, but she pretended to say worriedly, "Talía, there are only 30 or so of 100 business cards left. Your cousin used my father's identity to hook up a lot of girls. No! This matter has seriously affected my father's reputation. I have to tell my father."

When Talía and Nate heard her want to tell Eason, they stopped her quickly.

"Violet, this is not a big deal. Don't need to tell your father. I will teach him a lesson." With that, Talía punched Nate several times.

She must not let Violet tell Eason.

Eason had long known that she had no relatives. If he learned that she suddenly had a distant cousin, he would definitely investigate. Then she couldn't hide anything, so she had to stop Violet.

Violet put down the phone, "It's okay that I won't tell Dad, but you have to give me a little benefit."

"What?" Talia was so shocked that she couldn't react.

Violet looked at her bag, "Talia, you also know that although my father and I have a bad relationship, he is my father after all. As a daughter, I should protect him, but there are exceptions to everything. As long as there are benefits, I can pretend that nothing happened."

Talia understood what Violet meant now. She snorted a little

contemptuously, "Tell me, what do you want?"

"What I want is very simple. I recently bought a small garment factory, but I don't have money to buy machines, so..." Violet made a money count pose.

Talia sneered, "Is two hundred thousand enough?"

"Two hundred thousand?" Violet looked thinking, and finally shook her head, "I'm afraid it won't be enough. Two hundred thousand can only add two machines. My plan is fifty, which is far from enough."

"Fifty?" Talia was so shocked, "Do you want five million?"

"Can I?" Violet blinked innocently, then pointed at Nate and said, "I have heard it all. Talia, you are here to bring him to

buy a car. He wants Bentley. The minimum configuration of Bentley is 3 million. You just went to ask my father for money. I saw you were smiling when you came back. Obviously, you got the money."

"You..." Talia was speechless.

She didn't expect this to be heard by Violet.

"One million!" Talia raised a finger.

Violet said, "No! More! Four million."

Talia yelled, "Violet, don't go too far!"

"I'm discussing with you. Since you're unwilling, then forget it." Violet sighed and picked up the phone again.

Talia took a deep breath, suppressed the anger, and then raised two fingers again, "Three million. This is my

maximum tolerance limit. If you don't accept it, just go to tell your father."

"Deal!" Violet took out a pen and paper from her handbag, wrote her bank card account number on it, and handed it to Talia, "Thank you!"

Talia took the note with a gloomy face.

Violet smiled and retracted her hand, "Okay, then I won't disturb you. I'll go to see my car."

After speaking, she waved her hand and left contentedly.

Nate was anxious, "Talia, we just gave her the money like this? What about my car?"

"Car? You'd better think about how to explain the business cards to me." Talia

glared at him angrily. She was pissed off.

She got 5 million from Eason on the excuse of investing in other ladies' beauty salons. Now she had to give Violet two-thirds of it all at once, which truly sucked.

But her money was not so easy to take!

Talia clenched the note in her hand and looked at the direction Violet was leaving, her eyes flashing fiercely.

Violet drove away from the 4S shop and received the bank's transfer information on her mobile phone.

Unexpectedly, Talia transferred the money so soon. She thought that it would be at least a period of time. But it was also good. She didn't have to urge Talia.

After reading the text message, Violet threw the phone on passenger seat.

Originally, she was thinking about going to the bank to buy the machines with a loan after the factory was finished.

Unexpectedly, today she actually ran into Talia. If she didn't get some money from Talia, she would be sorry for herself.

Thinking about it, Violet couldn't help laughing.

Soon, she arrived at the Murphy Group.

Violet knocked on the door of Stanley's office, "Mr. Murphy, your car has been washed. This is the key."

Violet put the car key on his table.

Stanley took a look, picked it up and threw it into the drawer, "All the

commenters we invited have all arrived today, so there will be a dinner party to entertain them in the evening. You have to go with me."

"Okay." Violet nodded.

Stanley waved his hand, "You can go out now."

"Okay." Violet turned around and walked towards the door.

When she arrived at the elevator entrance and was about to press the button to go downstairs, the elevator was opened. A figure with crutches came out from the inside. Seeing Violet, a striking glow flashed in his long and narrow eyes, "Violet!"

Violet took a step back with her face a slight changed. She looked at him vigilantly, "Director Murphy."

What was going on today!? Talia was discharged from the hospital! Ivan was also discharged from the hospital!

Didn't he have to lie down in the hospital for two months?

As if he had guessed what Violet was thinking, Ivan took a step closer and smiled evilly, "You're so surprised to see me like this? It's all because of you that I would become like this!!"

Chapter 87 Fraser Helped Her Out

Hearing this, Violet smiled.

Ivan pulled a long face, "What are you laughing at?"

Violet looked at him, "Of course your words. You said it was all because of me. But in my opinion, it was you who asked for it. If it weren't that you wanted

to hurt me, Mr. Murphy wouldn't punch you, right?!"

"So you mean I deserve it?" Ivan narrowed his eyes.

Violet pursed her red lips, "Isn't it?"

Ivan lowered his eyelids and gave a gloomy smile.

After that, he suddenly threw one of crutches away, stretched out his hand and pushed Violet's shoulder, forcing her to be against the wall.

Violet couldn't care about her painful back, and said in shock, "What are you doing?"

Ivan didn't answer. He stepped up to her and lost the other crutches. As she avoided, he quickly put his hands on

both sides of her shoulders, confining her between the wall and his chest.

Violet was stunned for a while. It took her a while to realize that she was in his arms. She was so angry that her face was flushed, "Let me go!"

Ivan didn't move.

Violet clenched fists, ready to push him away.

At this time, Ivan voice rang in her ears, "I advise you not to move. I am a wounded now. I will fall as soon as you push me. At that time, my injuries will be serious. Not only will you pay for it, but also you have to take care of me."

"You..." Violet's hand which had raised froze in midair like this.

Seeing her like this, Ivan pretended to sigh with regret, "Don't you push me? Actually, I still want you to push me..."

"Enough!" Violet yelled, glaring at the man in front of her, "What do you want? Can you stop pestering me?"

Ivan's glasses reflected light, "If you don't want me to pester you, it's okay, provided that you have to do something for me."

"What?" Violet tensed up. Her eyes were unabashedly vigilant.

Intuition told her that what he wanted her to do was definitely not a good thing.

Ivan laughed lowly. Just as he was about to speak, Fraser's office not far away was opened, and Fraser came out of it.

Violet was overjoyed and hurriedly shouted, "Fraser!"

Hearing her voice, Fraser turned his head and looked over. Seeing her and Ivan's posture, he couldn't help but be surprised, "Director Murphy, Violet, what are you doing?"

"Nothing. I haven't seen Violet for a few days. We're talking." Ivan picked up a strand of Violet's hair and asked, "Right, Violet?"

Violet pretended not to hear the warning in his words. She shook her head to Fraser, "It's not like this. I ran into Director Murphy by chance. But he doesn't let me go. Fraser, you help me pull Director Murphy away. He's an injury. I dare not touch him!"

Ivan's face sank. He looked at Violet incredulously.

This woman actually dared to disobey him.

She was not afraid that he told Stanley about her secret?

"It turned out to be like this." Fraser walked over here, picked up the crutches on the ground and handed them to Ivan, "Director Murphy, entangling female employees in the company is not right. If Mr. Murphy knows it, you will be in trouble. So let Violet go?"

Ivan looked at him, then at Violet, and finally took the crutches and let Violet go.

As soon as Violet was free, she immediately hid away.

Ivan watched her avoiding himself like avoiding a beast. He coldly smirked, then turned his gaze to Fraser, taunting, "You appeared in time."

Fraser smiled, "It just happened that Mr. Murphy asked me to come over. Since Director Murphy is here, you must have come to see Mr. Murphy. How about we go there together?"

He made a gesture of leading a way, not giving Ivan a chance to refuse at all.

Ivan naturally knew what he meant. He was not angry, but he just smiled meaningfully at Violet, "Violet, it seems we can't have a talk today. Let's continue next time."

After speaking, he limped to Mr. Murphy's office in Violet's solemn eyes.

It wasn't until his figure entered Mr. Murphy's office that Violet looked away. She smiled gratefully at Fraser, "Thank you so much, Fraser."

"Never mind. Everyone will help in such situation." Fraser waved his hand.

Not to mention that she was Mr. Murphy's woman, even if she was just an ordinary employee, he, as a senior, had to still help her.

"Well, I have to leave now. Mr. Murphy is still waiting for me." Withdrawing his thoughts, Fraser looked at his watch and said.

After he left, Violet didn't stay in place any longer, and entered in the elevator and returned to the design department.

As soon as she sat down, her face became worried.

Ivan's words clearly told her that he would still come to her. That was not over between her and him, but she didn't know how long it would last.

It was really uncomfortable to be stared at by such a mean person.

Thinking of this, Violet only felt a headache and lost her passion for work.

In the afternoon, Stanley called her, "Are you finished?"

Violet rubbed her temples and reluctantly replied, "It's done."

"Well, come to the parking lot. I'll wait for you in the car." After saying this, Stanley hung up the phone.

Violet put down the landline microphone and stood up. She quickly tidied up the

table, picked up the handbag and went out.

When Violet reached the parking lot, the door of the back seat was opened.

Violet smiled and trotted over, "Mr. Murphy, sorry to keep you waiting for a long time."

"Never mind! Get in the car." Stanley put down the magazine in his hand and replied faintly.

Violet got into the car and greeted Fraser, who was driving. Then she took out her cell phone to send a text message to Jessie, asking her to help pick up the two children.

As soon as the text message was sent successfully, Violet heard Stanley say, "Fraser has already told me about Ivan's entanglement with you in the morning."

Violet blinked, "So Mr. Murphy..."

Knowing what she was going to say, Stanley interrupted her, "I have issued an order for Ivan to go to the subsidiary as the president. He will leave soon. Without my permission, he can't enter the headquarters. You can rest assured."

"Really?" Violet smiled, "Thank you, Mr. Murphy."

Stanley gave a soft hmm, and said nothing.

After half an hour, they arrived at the hotel.

The two got out of the car and followed the waiter to the private room.

After entering the private room, the commenters were almost all there.

Stanley took Violet to have a seat. After greeting everyone, he asked the waiters to serve the food.

Soon, waiters came in pushing the dining trolley and placed delicious dishes on the table one by one.

But at this time, a waiter standing next to Violet suddenly lost his balance. The soup on the plate spilled out and dripped onto Violet's arm.

Seeing it, Stanley held Violet's shoulders, and pushed Violet into his arms.

Violet didn't know what was going on. She leaned in his arms blankly.

The others at the table were also at a loss.

It wasn't until the waiter apologized with trepidation that they realized that the waiter spilled the soup and it almost burned Violet.

"Okay, you can go out." Stanley could see that the waiter didn't mean it, so he didn't blame him either, just let him go out with an impatient face.

The waiter walked away with gratitude.

Stanley let Violet go, "Are you okay?"

Chapter 88 Handbag Was Robbed

"I'm okay." Violet nodded.

Stanley's tight face eased a lot, "That's good."

"Haha, Mr. Murphy, you and your fiancée have a very good relationship."
A commenter said suddenly.

Violet was a little embarrassed. As soon as she was about to say that she was not Stanley's fiancée, Stanley spoke, "Thank you."

Violet looked at him in shock, "Mr. Murphy, why are you..."

Before she finished speaking, Stanley interrupted her, "There is no need to explain. There are some things, the more you explain, the more difficult it will be for people to believe. It will only waste time."

Hearing this, Violet nodded slightly, "You're right."

"Drink this." Stanley put a glass of orange juice in front of her.

Violet glanced, "Orange juice?"

"Well, you only drank wine last night, so don't drink it tonight. I don't want you to vomit on another car." Stanley took a sip of his red wine and said lightly.

Violet blushed and lowered her head a little embarrassedly, "Ah, I'll go to the bathroom."

With that, she got up and got out of the private room.

After she came out of the bathroom, she was about to return when she suddenly saw a familiar figure walking by the end of the corridor.

"Phoebe?"

Violet frowned, wondering why Phoebe was here?

She seemed to be sneaky.

Was she doing something shameful?

Violet bit her lip, hesitated for a moment, and decided to follow along.

However, when she chased over, Phoebe was nowhere to be seen.

"Where's she?" Violet murmured suspiciously.

There were no private rooms, only elevators and safe passages. Phoebe should have left.

Thinking about it, Violet sighed regretfully and was about to go back.

But at this moment, Phoebe's voice suddenly came from the passage of the safety staircase, "Where's the stuff?"

Violet quickly turned around and approached the safety staircase lightly.

As she approached, she heard another voice. It was a man, "Here."

"Quickly give it to me!" In the passage door of the safety staircase, Phoebe looked at the small bottle in the man's hand, with excitement on her face. She couldn't wait to reach out to grab it.

But when her hand was about to catch, the man suddenly put the bottle away.

Phoebe looked so angry, "What do you mean?"

The man smiled happily, "Don't worry. I must give you it, but..."

He looked up and down Phoebe.

Phoebe knew what he wanted. Her eyelids drooped to hide the disgust in her eyes, "I advise you to stop thinking about it, but I am Stanley's fiancée."

"I know. But so what? You have already had sex with me." The man said disapprovingly.

Outside the door, Violet covered her mouth in surprise when she heard this, lest she scream.

Holy shit!

What did she hear? Violet actually cuckolded Stanley!

"That was an accident. I was drunk." Phoebe yelled, clenching her fists.

The man curled his lips, "Come on! You got drunk deliberately that time. You obviously wanted to find a man to dispel the loneliness. Don't say so grand-sounding."

"You..." Phoebe was very angry with him.

The man waved his hand, "Okay, in a word, stay with me tonight, otherwise..."

"I see." There seemed to be some secrets about Phoebe in the man's hand. Phoebe gritted her teeth and agreed.

After a while, the sound of the man and the woman having sex sounded inside the door.

Violet was so shocked and left here in a panic.

Back in the private room, she sat down with a pale face.

When Stanley saw her like this, he frowned and asked in a low voice, "What's wrong with you?"

"I just..." Violet was just about to tell what she saw, and then she thought of

something. She immediately changed her words, "Nothing. When I just came back, I saw a mouse swish out, which scared me to death."

"There are mice in the hotel?" Stanley narrowed his eyes, obviously not believing in her words.

Violet didn't dare to look into his eyes. She took a sip of the orange juice in front of her, and replied with a guilty conscience, "Yes, it's a big one. It should have come from outside."

"Really? It seems that I have to tell the hotel about hygiene issues." Stanley picked up the napkin and wiped the corners of his mouth.

Violet forced a smile, and said nothing.

It was not that she didn't want to tell him what she saw, but the occasion was

wrong. It was a party now. If she said it out, with his temper, the meal would definitely end here.

In addition, there was another reason, which was, if he learned from others about being cuckolded, he would be so embarrassed. So Violet wanted to let himself find it out. What she could do was just to remind him secretly.

So after that, Violet was absent-minded all the time, thinking about how to euphemistically remind Stanley of being cuckolded.

But by the end of the meal, she didn't think of a good way.

Saying goodbye to all commenters, Violet followed Stanley out of the hotel.

The cold wind hit her. She couldn't help shivering, rubbing the goose bumps that came out of her arms.

After Stanley glanced at it, he took off his coat and threw it on her head.

Violet was startled slightly, "Mr. Murphy?"

"Put it on. It's only four days left before the show of 'Born of Fire'. You must not be sick and absent, understand?" Stanley said while wearing a shirt, looking at her.

Violet felt the body temperature remaining on his coat and nodded subconsciously, "Got it! Thank you, Mr. Murphy."

"Let's go to the side of the road. Fraser will drive over immediately." Stanley put

his hand into his trouser pocket and walked to the side of the road.

Violet put on his coat and followed with a smile.

At the flower bed by the roadside, a man saw Violet and quickly fetched a photo from his pocket. After comparing it, he dropped his cigarette butt and stood up, then he ran towards Violet quickly.

Then Violet only felt a pulling pain from her shoulder. Her handbag disappeared.

She was shocked for a moment, and then reacted. She said anxiously to the man in front of her, "Mr. Murphy, my bag was robbed!"

"What?" Stanley's eyes narrowed, "Is there anything important in it?"

"There is the U disk. In it is the design which I have selected and modified. It is new to be used by the company in the fall. It will be handed over to the garment manufacturer tomorrow." Violet quickly replied.

Since Phoebe instructed Kara to steal her design, she had habitually copied the design to U disk and carried it every day, fearing that such a thing would happen again.

Unexpectedly, that situation was gone, but the robbery happened.

Thinking of this, Violet gritted her teeth, "No, I have to catch up with him. If the robber takes the wallet and phone but throws other things away, it will be troublesome."

With that, she took off her coat and was going to chase.

Stanley stopped her, "I'll go. You stay here to call the police, and wait for Fraser by the way."

"But..."

Stanley didn't give Violet a chance to finish speaking. After pulling off his tie and throwing it on her hand, Stanley chased in the direction where the robber had left.

"So fast!" Violet looked at Stanley's running speed and couldn't help but opened her mouth wide in amazement.

She always thought that someone like him who sat in an office all year round must have poor physical fitness.

Unexpectedly, she was wrong.

"Violet." At this moment, a black Rolls-Royce Phantom stopped in front of Violet.

The window rolled down and Fraser's face was exposed to the air, "Why are you here alone? Where's Mr. Murphy?"

Violet reacted. Then she hurriedly opened the door and got into the car, "Mr. Murphy is chasing after the robber."

"What?" Fraser raised his voice

Chapter 89 Scratched by A Dagger

Violet took out her mobile phone, called the police, and urged, "Fraser, drive quickly. Just drive forward. If the robber has some accomplices, Mr. Murphy will be in danger."

Hearing this, Fraser looked serious and immediately started the car.

A few minutes later, the two found Stanley.

In a dark alleyway, Stanley fought with several people, one of whom was the one who snatched Violet's handbag.

Violet clenched her fists, "Sure enough, I guessed it. The robber has accomplices. No, we have to go to help Mr. Murphy."

Although the current situation was that Stanley fought them alone and he still didn't show any weakness, the other party was a group of people after all. If Stanley's physical strength was exhausted, he would be in trouble.

Thinking of this, Violet quickly got out of the car.

Fraser also got out of the car, but stopped her, "I'll go to help Mr. Murphy. Violet, wait for us here."

After speaking, Fraser clenched his fists and joined the battle.

With Fraser's help, several robbers were quickly dealt with.

Violet was relieved when she saw the robbers falling to the ground, covering their stomachs and rolling on the ground. Then she ran towards Stanley with a smile, and looked at him for a while, "Mr. Murphy, are you not injured?"

Stanley looked at the care on her face, feeling warmed, "No. This is for you."

Stanley handed the handbag to Violet, "See if there is anything missing."

Violet took it, opened it and looked at it, "Nothing is missing."

"Well, that's good." Stanley nodded.

Suddenly, a robber pulled down his socks and drew the dagger attached to his calf, and then jumped from the ground and stabbed it fiercely towards Stanley.

Stanley turned his back to him, so he didn't see it.

Fraser reacted, but it was a little far away. So it was impossible for him to stop this robber. He could only shout anxiously, "Mr. Murphy, be careful!"

"Huh?" Stanley frowned, realized something. Just when he was about to react, he saw Violet in front of him hugging his waist, turned him around, and changed positions with him.

Puff!

It was the sound of a dagger piercing into the flesh.

Immediately afterwards, another crash sounded. The robber was kicked two meters away by Stanley, hit the wall of the laneway, and fainted.

Stanley didn't go to see the robber, hugged Violet's slumping body, and asked nervously, "How are you?"

Violet replied with a pale face and sweaty head, "My shoulder hurts so much."

Shoulder?

Stanley touched her shoulder, where it was wet. Then he looked at his hand.

It was blood!

"Mr. Murphy, Violet was stabbed by a dagger." Fraser beat the robbers again and said.

Stanley picked up Violet, "You stay here and wait for those policemen. I will take her to the hospital."

"Well." Fraser nodded.

Stanley got into the car with Violet and drove to the hospital.

After arriving at the hospital, he went directly to Henry.

Henry was on duty tonight. He had just completed an operation and was tired at the moment. So he planned to take a nap on his desk. Suddenly, there was a loud noise. The door of the office was kicked open. Then he jumped up from the chair, "What's the matter?"

With a sullen face, Stanley stepped over to Henry's desk, put Violet on it, and ordered, "Give her medicine."

"What's wrong with her?" Henry asked seriously, looking at the woman who leaned her head on Stanley's stomach and fainted.

"She was stabbed by a dagger." Stanley replied concisely, and pulled off Violet's sleeves, showing her shoulder.

Henry glanced at the wound on Violet's shoulder, gasped, put on medical gloves, and began to clean the wound.

It was already half an hour after Violet's wound was bandaged.

Henry took off his gloves and breathed a sigh of relief, "It's okay."

Stanley lifted Violet's sleeves and helped her lie down on the sofa, and then covered her with his coat before going to the small sink to wash his hands, "Is her wound okay?"

"It's okay. Although the bleeding volume looks quite large, the wound is not deep. The scabs will form in a few days." Henry waved his hand and said with a relaxed expression on his face.

Stanley then felt relieved

Henry pushed his glasses and asked, "What the hell happened to you guys and why was she stabbed?"

Stanley glanced at him and told him what happened briefly.

After hearing it, Henry teased Stanley, "She is really lucky enough to suffer such a minor injury in that situation."

Hearing this, Stanley narrowed his eyes displeased and stared at him.

Henry shuddered, realizing that he had said something wrong. He smiled embarrassed, "Don't be angry. I knew I was wrong."

Stanley then looked away, picked up Violet's handbag, took out the phone from her bag, unlocked the lock with her fingerprint, and dialed Calvin's watch phone.

"Hello, this is Calvin." Calvin's immature voice came.

Henry couldn't help but grinned, "This kid, the tone of speech is like an adult. So funny."

Although Stanley didn't answer Henry, the faint smile in his eyes clearly agreed with Henry's words.

"Calvin, it's me." Stanley said.

There were a few seconds of silence on the phone before Calvin's voice came again, "Uncle Murphy, why are you holding my Mommy's mobile phone?"

"Your Mommy is drunk and won't be back tonight." Stanley looked at Violet, telling a lie without panicking.

Henry rolled his eyes at Stanley contemptuously.

Calvin didn't doubt Stanley's words, "I see! Uncle Murphy, please help me take care of Mommy."

"I will." Stanley nodded.

Violet did this to save him.

Of course he would not leave her alone.

After Stanley hung up the phone, Henry looked at Stanley with a faint smile, "Why don't you tell this kid the truth?"

"What can he do if I tell him? Let two four-year-old kids worry about?" Stanley glanced at him.

Henry crossed his arms on his chest, "You are thoughtful. If others don't know, they will think you are the father of these two children."

"Okay, arrange a ward for her." Stanley stood up.

Henry put down his arms, "Come with me."

He took the lead out of the room.

Stanley bent down and picked Violet up, followed behind him, and walked to the ward.

After arriving in the ward, just when Stanley put Violet on the hospital bed, Fraser came in.

"Have you dealt with the robbers?" Stanley pulled the chair, sat down, and asked in a deep voice.

Fraser nodded, "Yeah. Those robbers will be locked up for a period of time, but..."

"But what?" Stanley looked at him.

Fraser frowned, "Mr. Murphy, this is not a mere robbery."

"What do you mean?" Stanley's face condensed.

Fraser took out a photo from his pocket and handed it to him, "This was found in the pocket of the robber who snatched the bag. It was a photo of Violet. I and

policemen guessed that someone had deliberately bribed the robber to rob Violet's handbag."

Stanley clenched his fists, "Has the robber awakened?"

"Not yet. He has suffered a serious head injury. He may be in a coma for two days. As for the other robbers, I and those policemen have already asked them. They don't know anything. They just listened to the robber who snatched the handbag." Fraser replied.

Stanley clenched the photo in his hand, "So if I want to know who is behind the scenes, I have to wait for that guy to wake up?"

Chapter 90 Ivy

"Yes, because currently we don't have any clues to investigate." Fraser was also helpless.

Stanley put the photo aside and said while watching Fraser, "What is in her bag that is worth grabbing?"

Fraser shook his head, "I don't know."

Stanley lowered his eyelids and said nothing.

After a while, he squeezed the bridge of his nose wearily, "Go to tell Bella to prepare a set of clothes for me. Send it here tomorrow morning."

"Okay." Fraser responded and turned to leave.

That night, Stanley accompanied Violet in the ward for a night.

He didn't leave until a phone call came the next morning.

Soon after he left, Violet woke up.

Hearing the sound, Bella walked quickly to the edge of the hospital bed and looked at her in surprise, "Miss Hunt."

"Bella?" Violet blinked, "Why are you here?"

Violet sat up with her body propped up.

Bella handed her a glass of water, "Mr. Murphy asked me to take care of you."

"Mr. Murphy?" Violet looked around with the water glass in her hand, "Where is he?"

"He had already left."

"Really?" Violet drank water. She looked like a little disappointed.

Bella opened the thermos, "Miss Hunt, are you hungry? I have cooked chicken soup. You can drink some."

"Okay, thank you Bella." Violet nodded. She happened to be a little hungry.

Bella sat aside, watching Violet drinking the soup with a smile.

Violet was a little embarrassed by being stared, and the speed of her drinking soup slowed down, "Bella, is there anything on my face?"

"No, I'm just happy. Mr. Murphy has never cared about a person so much." Bella said.

Violet frowned, "Really? Isn't Miss Ellis who Mr. Murphy cares about the most?"

"She?" Bella's eyes flashed, and then she shook her head and said nothing.

There seemed to be something that she couldn't say.

Violet felt a little strange. Bella didn't seem to agree with her.

Did she think too much?

Violet stirred the chicken soup and thought to herself.

At this time, a knock on the door sounded. Bella went over to open the door.

Henry came in, "Does the wound still hurt?"

Violet touched her shoulder, "It's still a little bit. But it doesn't affect the activity."

"Of course it doesn't affect it. It's just skin trauma." Henry rolled his eyes at her. But the next second, he gave her a thumbs up, "But I really admire you. You

dare to block dagger for Stanley. You're amazing."

Violet was a little shy and blushed, "Mr. Murphy has saved me many times."

"Yeah. You two rescued each other so many times, but you guys haven't developed any feelings yet. I really can't figure it out." Henry squinted at Violet and said casually.

Hearing what he said, a panic flashed in Violet's eyes. She didn't know how to reply, so she had to smile.

However, her panic was still caught by Henry.

Henry was shocked.

He just wondered under what circumstances would a person be so desperate to save another person. It

was not until he asked a nurse in the morning that he understood that it was because of love, so he confirmed that Stanley fell in love with Violet.

Otherwise, Stanley would not be so special to Violet, and wouldn't save her many times.

But at the same time, Violet also rescued Stanley. So Henry came this time not to inquire about Violet's injuries, but to test her feelings about Stanley. Unexpectedly, she also had feelings for Stanley.

"It's so troublesome now!" Henry patted his forehead with a wry smile.

Violet looked at him unclearly, " Dr. Baxter, what's wrong?"

"Nothing! Just leave me alone for a while." Henry held his forehead and went out.

Violet was even more at a loss, but she didn't think much. After drinking the chicken soup, she was ready to leave the hospital.

Bella left the hospital first. Violet was not in a hurry to leave for the time being. She went to the brain department and wanted to say hello to George. After all, she was here.

Unfortunately, George was not in the consulting room. After asking a nurse, she knew that he went to the brain department to give a follow-up visit to a lady surnamed Ellis.

"Miss Ellis? Is it Ivy?" Violet said to herself softly, feeling very curious about Miss Ellis. She had the urge to see her.

In fact, she did the same. After inquiring about Ivy's ward number, she walked towards the inpatient department of the brain department.

When she arrived at Ivy's ward, fortunately, the door of the ward was open.

Violet stood outside and could see the situation inside.

George, wearing a white coat and holding a small flashlight, was examining the back of the girl on the hospital bed.

Because the girl had her head down, Violet couldn't see her appearance, but could only see that she had no hair. On

the top of her bare head, a few surgically stitched scars were crooked, like centipedes, making people feel scared.

If someone was timid, he would be screamed out of fright.

Although Violet also felt scared, in order not to disturb the people inside, she covered her mouth with her hands and didn't let herself make a sound.

After a while, George seemed to have finished the inspection, turned off the flashlight and turned around. Seeing Violet outside the door, a surprise flashed in his eyes. He smiled and walked over, "Violet, why are you here?"

"I'll come and see you." Violet replied with a smile also.

She did not intend to tell him that she came to the hospital because of her injuries.

Otherwise, he would definitely have to ask her a lot of questions again and worried about her for a long time.

"Well, that's great. But you can go to my office and wait for me. I can't walk away temporarily." George glanced back and said.

Violet moved her lips. Just when she was about to say that she was waiting here, behind George came a weak but very gentle female voice, " Dr. Joe, is it your friend?"

George responded, "Yes."

"Then if your friend doesn't mind, come in and sit for a while." The woman chuckled.

Violet's eyes lit up. Then she immediately replied, "Of course I don't mind!"

The purpose of her coming here was to see what Ivy looked like.

Now Ivy took the initiative to invite her. How would she refuse?

Seeing Violet's happy look, George could guess her thoughts. He smiled, and his eyes behind the glasses were no longer always gentle and elegant but faintly cold.

Violet didn't notice it. She went past him into the ward, and walked straight to the bed.

This time, she finally saw Ivy's appearance clearly.

To tell the truth, Ivy looked good. Her facial features were also very delicate. It was not difficult to see that before she fell ill, she must be a beautiful woman.

But now because of the long-term pain and suffering, her skin was dark yellow and her eyes were sunken, and the cheekbones were protruding. Even if she wore a delicate wig, she didn't look good, but her temperament was extremely elegant.

"Miss Ellis, hello, I'm Violet, George's friend." Violet retracted her gaze and stretched out towards Ivy.

Ivy raised her thin hand and shook hands with Violet.

Seeing that her hand was in sharp contrast with the slender and fair hand of the woman in front of her, which was

a sharp contrast between ugliness and beauty, Ivy's drooping eyes could not help but show a touch of jealousy.

"Hello, Miss Hunt, do you know me?" Ivy took her hand back and asked with a smile.

Violet smiled and looked at George, "George mentioned you to me."

"It's my honor. Miss Hunt, please have a seat." Ivy pointed to the chair beside the bed.

Violet thanked her, sat down, and watched her continue to receive George's next treatment.

The process of treatment seemed uncomfortable. Ivy's face was full of pain. Finally, she screamed and fainted.

Violet stood up, "George, is she okay?"

Chapter 91 Machines Were Damaged

George didn't even look at Ivy. He took off his gloves and said, "Nothing. It's normal."

"Well." Violet breathed a sigh of relief.

"Let's go. It's the nurse's job next."
George looked at her.

Violet gave a hmm, and left Ivy's ward with him.

On the way back to the room, Violet asked, "George, when will Miss Ellis recover?"

"You care about her very much?"
George pushed his glasses on the bridge of his nose, without answering her question.

Violet smiled, "Not really. I just feel a little sympathetic when seeing her in so much pain."

"She has almost recovered. In a while, she can be discharged from the hospital and go home for recuperation." George replied with his hand in the pocket of the white coat.

"That's great!" Violet nodded, "I heard you talk about Miss Ellis before. When I saw her today, she is really a gentle person."

"Gentle?" George raised his eyebrows. There was a sarcasm in his eyes behind the lens.

Violet turned her head to look at him, "Am I wrong?"

"No." George shook his head.

After that, Violet sat idle in George's consulting room for a while, then left.

After returning to the Murphy Group, Violet started busy working after handing over the U disk to the garment manufacturer.

In the afternoon, she went to the fashion hall again to watch the rehearsal of those models. After the day, she was tired and had an aching back.

At night, as soon as Violet made the meal, the doorbell rang.

She put the dishes on the table, wiped her hands on the apron at will, and walked to the door.

Opening the door, Violet's eyes widened in surprise when she saw the man outside, "Mr. Murphy."

Stanley hummed as a response.

Violet let go of the doorknob and made a gesture of inviting, "Mr. Murphy, come in and sit down."

"No, I just came here to take things. By the way, have you offended anyone recently?" Stanley looked at her.

Violet frowned slightly, "What do you mean?"

"The robbery last night was premeditated. It was not an accident. The robber who robbed your handbag in the afternoon woke up early. We learned from his mouth that someone gave him your picture and said that you might have a huge sum of money."

"Huge money..." Violet chanted these two words in a low voice, then thought of something and clenched her fists.

Seeing her movements, Stanley narrowed his eyes, "Do you know who it is?"

"Well, it's Talia." Violet nodded.

She told about the encounter with Talia at the 4S shop yesterday, but she concealed Nate's part.

After Stanley listened, he pursed his lips and fell silent.

He didn't expect that the cause of the incident was actually because she blackmailed Talia.

That was why Talia retaliated.

"You..." Stanley's thin lips moved slightly. Just as he was about to say something, Violet's phone rang and interrupted him.

Violet embarrassedly apologized to him, raised her apron and took out her mobile phone from her pocket. Seeing the caller ID, she connected the phone, "Hey, Jessie."

"Violet, something happened." Jessie's anxious voice came.

Violet looked serious, "What's the matter?"

Jessie angrily replied, "Didn't you transfer three million to me yesterday morning? So I ordered a batch of machines in the afternoon yesterday. Today, the batch of machines has been delivered, but two hours ago, a group of people broke into our factory and smashed all the machines!"

"What?" Violet squeezed the phone tightly, and her voice went high.

Stanley frowned when he saw this,
"What's the matter?"

Violet did not answer him. She just pursed her red lips and asked Jessie on the other end of the phone, "Where did those people come from?"

"I don't know. But judging from their clothes, it should not be a formal organization." Jessie said.

Violet looked down and thought, "It's not a formal organization. It's rogues. Jessie, where are you now?"

"I'm in the factory."

"Okay, I'm coming right now."

Hanging up the phone, Violet took Stanley's arm, "Mr. Murphy, can you lend me your car? I have very important things."

"I'll take you there." Stanley said in a deep voice.

Although he didn't know what happened, judging from the way she was angry just now, it was by no means a trivial matter.

One more person could solve it earlier.

"Okay, thank you, Mr. Murphy." Violet let go of Stanley's arm.

Stanley tidied up the sleeves that were ruffled by her, "You go to tell the two children. I'll be waiting for you in the car."

"Well, I'm going now." Violet nodded, turned and entered the house.

After more than an hour, they arrived at the factory.

Violet got out of the car. Seeing Jessie standing in front of the factory gate and

making a phone call, she waved and shouted, "Jessie!"

Hearing her voice, Jessie put down the phone and ran over, "Violet, you are here."

"Well, Mr. Murphy drove me here."
Violet pointed to the man beside her.

The man nodded slightly to Jessie,
"Hello."

"Hello, Mr. Murphy." Jessie looked weirdly between him and Violet, then pulled Violet aside, and asked in a low voice, "Violet, why are you and Mr. Murphy coming together?"

"I'll tell you later. You take me to see the machines first." Violet didn't have time to answer Jessie's gossip. She just looked at the time and urged.

Jessie became serious, "Okay, come with me."

She brought Violet and Stanley into the factory.

Seeing the machines in the factory that were broken into pieces, Violet's chest was full of anger so that her eyes turned red. "They've gone too far!"

"Bitches! These are new machines. We haven't used them but..." Jessie sighed sadly.

Violet closed her eyes and reluctantly suppressed the anger, "Have you ever asked the staff whether they can be repaired?"

"It can't be repaired." Stanley spoke first before Jessie answered.

Violet looked at him, "Why?"

Stanley walked to a machine, moved the parts, and explained in a low voice, "Judging from the traces on these parts, they were all removed by professional tools, and some of the edges were even cut. The purpose is to completely to destroy these machines."

"Yeah, the installation staff also said that these machines can only be sold as scrap." Jessie answered with a wry smile.

Violet bit her lip, "How could this be..."

Those machines worth millions were ruined!

"Who did it!" Violet clenched her fists tightly. Her nails pierced into the flesh.

Stanley looked at her hand and pressed his thin lips displeased.

At this time, Jessie's phone rang.

She picked up the phone and put it to her ear, "Hey, it's me. Okay, I'll come over now."

"Who?" Violet asked.

Jessie put the phone in her bag, and turned back, "The police station said that they had caught two persons who ruined machines. They asked me to go over. Violet, do you go with me?"

"No, I have to stay here to deal with these machines." Violet rubbed her temples.

"Alright, then I'll leave first." Jessie waved her hand and hurriedly left the factory.

Violet turned her head and looked at Stanley, "Mr. Murphy, it's so late. You can so go back first."

"I can wait for you. I can't leave you here alone." Stanley shook his head.

Listening to his words, Violet felt so warmed. A gentle smile appeared on her face, "Mr. Murphy, you are so nice."

Stanley's eyes flashed and he coughed slightly, "Okay, let's count these machines."

"Yeah." Violet answered and got busy.

After finishing counting these machines, it was almost nine o'clock.

Violet took out her mobile phone and was about to contact the moving company to take these machines away, but when she saw the signal bar on the

mobile phone, she was puzzled, "It's weird."

Chapter 92 Suffocate

Hearing it, the action of Stanley's wiping his hands paused, "What's the matter?"

"It's strange. No signal!" Violet shook the phone, "Does Mr. Murphy have it?"

Stanley folded his handkerchief and put it in his chest pocket, then took out the phone from his trouser pocket, "No."

"Neither of you?" Violet was slightly surprised, "How could this be?"

Stanley didn't reply her. He looked down. No one knew what he was thinking.

Violet put down the phone, "Mr. Murphy, I'll go outside to see if there is a signal."

Stanley didn't stop her.

Violet walked towards the factory door.

When she reached the door, she saw the door which was originally open was closed. Violet was shocked. Suddenly, there was a bad guess in her mind.

The door would not be locked, would it?

When she was thinking about it, she quickly stretched out her hand to hold the doorknob, trying to open the door, but the doorknob couldn't move at all.

The door was indeed locked.

Stanley walked over and knew what was going on at a glance. His face sank, "Can't open the door?"

Violet shook her head, "It was locked from the outside."

"Sure enough!" Stanley was not surprised at this.

Hearing this, Violet let go of the doorknob and looked at him, "Mr. Murphy, do you know that the door is locked?"

Stanley tapped on the door panel, "When Jessie was still there, the mobile phone still had a signal. After she left, our mobile phone no longer signaled. Obviously, some people didn't want us to contact the outside world. Someone installed a signal shield."

"Signal shield!" Violet frowned.

Stanley put his hand back in his trouser pocket, and said, "The signal shields on the market can only be used in a building or a house, and they can't shield signals on a large area..."

"Then what should we do now? We can't get out, and we can't contact the outside." Violet scratched her hair, a little irritable.

Stanley turned around and walked in, "It won't help even if you are anxious. Why not worry about what we will face next?"

Listening to this, Violet felt a little anxious, "Mr. Murphy, you mean we might be in danger?"

"Yeah, otherwise what do they lock us in here?" Stanley said in a deep voice.

Violet followed him back to where he was just now. Her eyes were filled with guilt, "Mr. Murphy, sorry. I make you get involved."

"Nothing. It's me who asked to come here with you." Stanley picked up a cardboard box and unpacked it on the

ground, bent over and sat down. Then he patted the position beside him, "Isn't you tired to stand all the time? Sit! No matter what the danger is, just face it together."

Violet gave a wry smile and sat down beside him.

After sitting down, she heard Stanley say, "This time, it's also Talia."

"Are you so sure?" Violet asked, hugging her knees.

Stanley sighed, "If I had been cheated by three million, I would not be reconciled, either. I would definitely try to get it back. Even if I can't get it back, I can't let my enemy get it so easily. The robber failed last night. Naturally, she would think of other ways to deal with you."

"But how does she know that these machines are mine?" Violet gritted her teeth.

From beginning to end, it was Jessie who came to purchase these machines.

"Is it difficult?" Stanley squinted at her, "As long as she checks the whereabouts of the three million flows, everything will be known."

"This..." Violet patted her forehead annoyedly, "Why did I forget this?"

"Okay, it's useless to be upset. You still think about how to fight back after you go out." Stanley pinched his eyebrows, and said tiredly.

Violet smiled, "This is simple."

"Do you have a way?" Stanley raised his eyebrows slightly.

Violet's eyes flashed, "Of course. After I go out, Talia will be over."

Looking at her confident face, Stanley smiled slightly, "Okay, then I'll wait for your good news, but now open your hands."

"What's the matter?" Although Violet didn't know what he wanted to do, she still open her hands obediently.

Seeing her two bloody palms, Stanley's face was very gloomy.

Didn't this woman feel pain?

Violet was a little embarrassed by being stared at by him, and wanted to withdraw her hands.

Stanley held one of her hands, "Don't move!"

Violet stopped moving immediately.

Stanley let go of her hands, pulled off the tie from his neck, and tore it forcefully into two pieces.

This scene made Violet feel so sorry, "Mr. Murphy, your tie is the work of Landis. You just tore it like this. What a pity!"

Stanley glanced at her coldly, "I have so many."

"..." Violet was speechless and suddenly had nothing to say.

"Open your hands!" Stanley reminded.

Violet obediently did it. Watching his actions, she probably knew what he was going to do.

He was going to bandage her hands!

Violet thought about it with her heart beating faster.

Stanley put the widest side of the tie on the palm of her hand and began to wrap it round and round.

During bandaging it, he inevitably exerted strength.

Violet couldn't help letting out a muffled hmm, "It hurts!"

"Hold on!" Stanley said the two words in a cold voice.

However, although he said this, he became gentle a lot.

Violet noticed it and couldn't help laughing.

Stanley frowned, "What are you laughing at?"

"You're so nice." Violet said while looking at him.

Stanley knew what she was referring to at once. He pressed his thin lips, pressing the palm of her hand.

Violet let out a cry.

Stanley threw away her hand, "It's bandaged."

Violet pouted. How could she not know that he was taking revenge on her words just now?

But she didn't expect that he also had such a naive side.

Violet covered her lips and smiled secretly again, but it was a silent smile. Otherwise, he would be upset when he heard it.

No one knew how long it past. Just when Violet felt a little sleepy, a few footsteps suddenly came from outside

the factory building. Then, something was thrown in one after another from the skylight, falling on the ground making sound.

Violet instantly became sober and pointed to the nearest small bottle and asked, "Mr. Murphy, what is that?"

Stanley didn't respond. He got up and took a look. When he saw the label on the bottle, his face changed slightly, "This is nitrogen. Cover your nose and mouth! Quickly!"

"What?" Violet was so stunned. She immediately covered her nose and mouth tightly.

Sure enough, Stanley was right. The people who shut them here were really going to hurt them.

It was just that she didn't expect that that they would throw nitrogen in. This gas not only smelt unpleasant, but if it smelt too much, it could cause people to suffocate and die. Talia wanted her to die!

Violet was so angry that her eyes were red. Her eyes were full of anger and hatred.

Stanley came back, also covering his nose and mouth. He asked in a dull voice, "Is there any water here?"

Violet shook her head, "No, we just rented the factory. We only installed the power supply, but we haven't had time to install the water supply."

Hearing this, Stanley's face tightened.

Seeing this scene, Violet felt even more guilty and even regretted.

If she hadn't blackmailed Talia, she wouldn't have gotten him involved.

All this was her fault.

"Mr. Murphy, sorry..."

"Don't speak. Hold your breath!" Stanley interrupted her in a deep voice.

Violet nodded repeatedly, indicating that she knew it.

However, it didn't take long for her to hold her breath to the extreme. Her entire face was flushed. Her eye sockets were wet. She was even more dizzy. Her chest was very suffocated and very uncomfortable.

"Mr. Murphy, I can't, I can't hold it anymore." Violet gasped.

Chapter 93 Go to the Hunt Family

Stanley was not much better than Violet at the moment. But seeing her looking like this, he pulled her up from the ground. Under her blank gaze, he raised his chin and kissed her.

"Um..." Violet immediately widened her eyes. Her mind went blank for a while.

She... She was kissed forcibly?

Realizing this, Violet had a touch of shame in her eyes.

She just wanted to push Stanley away, but Stanley breathed into her mouth.

Her hand which had raised stopped abruptly. Then she realized that he was not kissing her forcibly, but saving her.

How could this be!

Violet frowned.

The air in the factory was already diluted with nitrogen to the point that there was not much left. He actually breathed into her mouth at this time. Didn't he want to live?

Thinking of this, Violet bit Stanley's lips vigorously, wanting him to let her go.

However, Stanley only paused for a while, and then still continued. He hugged her waist tightly so that she could not struggle.

Although he breathed into her mouth, Violet was still deprived of oxygen in her brain and fainted.

Stanley also couldn't hold on. His always deep eyes also became blurred at this moment. He was about to faint too.

At this moment, Jessie's voice suddenly sounded from the direction of the door, "Violet, are you inside?"

Stanley forced himself to hold on. He gritted his teeth and picked up Violet with difficulty, then walked staggeringly towards the door. When he reached the door, he kicked the door.

Jessie outside the door was startled first, and then quickly took out the key to open the door.

The door was opened. A foul smell came.

Jessie couldn't help but retched several times, "What is this? Why is it so smelly?"

Stanley ignored her and hugged Violet to the outside lawn. After putting her on

the ground, he himself fell beside her, breathing in fresh air.

Jessie came over, "Mr. Murphy, what's hell going on? What happened to Violet?"

She pointed to Violet beside him.

Stanley raised a hand to cover his eyes, and told her what happened in weak voice.

After hearing it, Jessie was so furious, "God! It's so mean! They actually want to kill you guys. I'll call an ambulance."

After speaking, she immediately took out her phone.

"No need." Stanley stopped her, "Nitrogen can suffocate people to death, but as long as you breathe in fresh air, you will be fine soon."

"Well, that's great!" Jessie was relieved when she heard this.

Stanley rested for a while. His dizzy head gradually recovered. He sat up and rubbed his eyebrows, "How do you know we are still here?"

"I guessed. Violet didn't go back yet, and Calvin couldn't get through to Violet, so he contacted me. Then I rushed to find you guys." Jessie replied, "Fortunately, I came in time. Otherwise..."

She didn't continue. She felt scared as long as she thought about it.

Stanley nodded, hugged Violet and put her into the car not far away.

Then he turned on the mobile phone flashlight, walked around the factory

building, and finally returned with a small electronic instrument.

Seeing that instrument, Jessie exclaimed, "The signal shield?"

Stanley didn't answer. He took out the handkerchief in his chest pocket, wrapped the instrument, and threw it to her, "Find someone to verify how many fingerprints are there on it."

"Okay." Jessie nodded.

Stanley got into the car and drove towards the apartment.

When Violet woke up the next morning, she found that she was not in the factory building, but on the soft bed. She was dumbfounded, "Am I dead?"

"Nonsense! Of course not. If I hadn't rushed to rescue you in time, you would

be at the crematorium right now." Jessie leaned against the door of the room and said.

Violet looked up at her, "Jessie?"

Jessie walked over to the bed, picked up the bedside clothes and threw it on Violet's head, "Yeah! Hurry up! Let's have breakfast."

Violet gave a hmm, and then rushed to her, "Jessie, I really thought I was dead this time. Thank you!"

Jessie felt dumbfounded and then touched her head, "Don't be so sensitive! Let me go! If you hold me like this, others who don't know it will think you like me."

"Ewe..." Violet rolled her eyes at Jessie, but felt moved.

She knew that Jessie wanted to relieve her inner fear so she deliberately said these.

"Well." Thinking of something, Violet grabbed Jessie's hand and asked eagerly, "Where is Mr. Murphy? Is Mr. Murphy okay?"

"Don't worry. He's okay. His lung capacity is much stronger than you. He recovered last night." Jessie replied with a shrug.

Violet breathed a sigh of relief, "Great, so great."

Jessie sat down by the bed and looked serious, "Violet, the person behind-scene has been found out. It was Talia. It was also her who bribed that guy to rob your handbag."

Hearing this, Violet paused when she changed her clothes, and then went on again, with no big surprises on her face, "I already know. Mr. Murphy and I guessed it was her last night. But how did you find it out?"

"I am not so capable. The police station and Mr. Murphy helped to investigate. The person who robbed your handbag and the person who destroyed our machines were both in the same gangster organization. Mr. Murphy sent someone to arrest the leader of this organization. He said it was Talia."

Jessie yawned and said tiredly, "This time, we owe Mr. Murphy a great favor."

"There is more than one." Violet shook her head.

She knew very well that if Stanley didn't breathe into her mouth last night, she might not have survived to be rescued at all.

She owed him another life!

Jessie fell on the bed and said, "Violet, now that the truth is found. How are we going to deal with Talia? Three million! We must not let her go easily."

"Of course not. You're going to sort out the evidence. I will go to the Hunt family myself." Violet lifted the quilt and got out of bed.

Jessie abruptly sat up from the bed, "You go there by yourself? What if there is some danger?"

"Don't worry. I'm not so stupid. I won't just break in stupidly without preparing for anything." Violet smiled.

Jessie felt a little relieved, "That's good! I'm going to send the evidence to you."

After that, she climbed out of bed and went to Calvin to borrow the computer.

Soon, the evidence was sent to Violet's phone. After reading it, Violet's face became cold.

After breakfast, Violet let Jessie take care of the two children and then went to the Hunt family alone.

This was the second time she came back after being kicked out of the Hunt family.

The first time was five years ago when her younger brother, Steven, had a heart bypass operation. She came back to ask Eason for money, but she didn't get the money, instead of being ruthlessly kicked out.

That time, it was raining hard and it was dark. So she didn't take a good look at the villa. This time she saw it clearly, but she couldn't find a shadow it used to be familiar with. Everything changed.

With a light sigh, Violet suppressed the emotion in her eyes and pressed the doorbell.

"Who is it?" In the display next to the doorbell, a woman dressed in a servant's clothes popped out.

Violet took a look and asked politely, "I'm Violet, Eason's daughter."

"Mr. Hunt's daughter?" The woman was shocked. It took a long time for her to calm down, "Please wait a moment. I'll go to tell Mr. Hunt."

After she spoke, the display went black.

Violet stood there and waited for a few minutes. The woman just now came to the door and opened the door for Violet.

After thanking her, Violet didn't need her to lead the way, and just went straight into the villa.

Eason and Talia were having breakfast at this time. Phoebe was not there.

Talia looked at Violet who came in, and suddenly sneered, "Who is this? Isn't this Violet? What a rare visitor! Why are you here?"

"I came here to you." Violet replied coldly, and then glanced over her, looking at Eason on the main seat, "Dad."

Eason ignored her, as if he hadn't seen her.

Violet lowered her eyes. She was not angry, but smiled faintly.

In Talia's eyes, Violet's smile was a wry smile. So Talia couldn't help but be happy, "What's matter?"

Chapter 94 Compensation

Violet didn't talk nonsense with Talia, and threw the file bag in front of her directly.

Thud.

Talia was taken aback. She shivered, "What are you doing?"

Violet glanced at her coldly, "Open it and take a look."

Although Talia was reluctant, she put down her chopsticks and picked up the file bag to open it, and then pulled out the stuff. Her face turned pale when she looked at it. Cold sweat broke out on her forehead.

"What's wrong with you?" Seeing this, Eason couldn't help asking.

Talia opened her mouth but she couldn't answer.

Eason's eyes fell on the file bag in her hand, "What stuff scares you like this? Let me see."

He reached for it.

Talia quickly stood up and hid the file bag behind her back, "No, you can't read it!"

Eason frowned, a little unhappy.

Violet sneered, "Dad, since she won't show you, then I will tell you what's inside."

"Shut up!" Talia yelled at Violet suddenly, trying to stop her.

Violet directly ignored Talia, and said directly, "In it is the evidence of Talia hiring someone to rob and kill people!"

"What?" Eason's old face twitched. He looked at Talia incredulously, "Tell me, is what she said is true?"

"Of course not. How could it be true!" Talia quickly vetoed it, but the panic on her face and the guilty conscience in her eyes could not be concealed.

Eason had experienced a lot. Naturally, he felt wrong. His heart sank, "Give me the file bag."

"No..."

Talia still wanted to refuse. Violet narrowed her eyes, stepped forward and snatched the file bag from Talia. Then she handed it to Eason with both hands, "Dad, here you are."

Eason indifferently glanced at Violet who was smiling, and took over the file bag.

"Honey..." Talia panicked.

Eason ignored her, took out the information in the file bag and looked at it. After reading it, he took a breath, then stretched out his finger and pointed at her tremblingly, "You vicious woman! You are so bold!"

Not only did she have a relationship with the gangsters in the society, she also made a deal with those gangsters, letting them rob Violet. Besides, she actually wanted to kill Violet, which was really hateful!

Even if he didn't like Violet, she was his daughter. He couldn't let others hurt her like this!

Seeing that Eason was really angry this time, Talia was also afraid. Her lips were trembling, "Honey, I didn't want to kill

her. If she didn't blackmail me three million, how could I do such things? I was forced to the corner by her. I have no choice!"

She blamed Violet.

Violet sneered and crossed her arms on her chest, "Talía, I admit that I took you three million, but why did I take it? Don't you know? If it wasn't for your distant cousin who molested me, I would ask money for you?"

"Distant cousin?" Eason grasped this key word. His old eyes condensed.

A gloomy light flashed across Violet's eyes, and she nodded repeatedly, "Yes, Dad, it's Talía's distant cousin. She is so kind to her cousin. Two days ago, she took him to buy a car. He actually wants a Bentleys."

"You asked me for five million a couple of days ago. You said it was an investment in Mrs. Burton's beauty salon. It turned out to be a fake. You bought a car for your cousin!" Eason pointed at Talia so angrily.

Talia looked away with a guilty conscience, "I... I am his sister."

"Hmph, you are so generous. You know how difficult our Hunt family is now. I took out the five million so hard because you said Mrs. Burton's beauty salon can make a lot of money, but it turns out ..."

"Dad, the key is not this." Violet interrupted Eason and looked at Talia with a smile. "The key is Talia's cousin. Does she still have relatives??"

"Right!" Eason was reminded.

Talia's face became paler and she hurriedly found an excuse to explain, "I used to have no relatives. This cousin came to me lately. I knew that he was the youngest son of my uncle who had already gone away. Honey, you also know I have no relatives. Now that there is one more relative, it is inevitable for me to care about him more."

"Well." Eason nodded, feeling somewhat reasonable.

Talia breathed a sigh of relief, then glared at Violet.

Violet smiled at her and did not expose her lies.

Because she didn't want Eason to know that Talia had already had an affair with others now.

"Dad." Violet held back her smile. Her face turned cold again, "I'm here to ask you what you would punish Talia."

Eason cleared his throat slightly, "What do you want to do?"

Violet lowered her eyes, "Give me 20 million. Then I can forget it."

It was not that she was kind, nor was she timid, but she knew that Eason would protect Talia. Even if she had evidence, she would definitely not be able to win Eason.

Even if she told him that Talia had an affair with other men, Eason would only cover up for Talia and took actions against her. Because he was afraid that she would tell others. So she might as well ask for benefits directly, and waited for the opportunity in the future.

"Twenty million?!" Talia patted the table. Eason's face was also very gloomy.

Violet spread out her hands, "20 million is too much? You destroyed my machines and wanted to kill me. I'm kind enough that I didn't send you to the jail."

Speaking of this, she leaned close to Talia, "By the way, Talia, I forgot to tell you that Mr. Murphy was with me the night of the robbery and last night, which is to say that you almost killed Mr. Murphy!"

"What?" Talia was so shocked, only to feel that the whole world was spinning around.

Eason was not much better than her, and fell back on the chair feebly.

He didn't have the time to think about why Stanley would be with Violet. Only Violet's last sentence echoed in his ears, "Almost killed Mr. Murphy." It took him a long while to react.

"Twenty million? Okay, I'll give you!" Eason waved his hand weakly, as if he got older.

What if he didn't give it? Violet could definitely ask for more compensation with joining hands with Stanley.

Even if Stanley didn't get involved into these two events, based on the evidence in Violet's hand, although he could protect Talia, he would still lose a lot. So he'd better solve it with money.

"That's great. Dad, this is my bank account." Violet put the prepared the note in front of Eason, and deliberately

asked, "Dad, once you transfer me the money, will you hold a grudge with me like Talia and kill me?"

Hearing this, Eason roared furiously, "Get out of here!"

"Okay!" Violet waved, and left in a good mood.

Talia bit her lip and looked at Eason, "Honey..."

"Go to your room and think about what you did! I don't want to see you during this period of time!" Eason covered his sore chest.

"Okay." Talia nodded, but her heart was full of resentment.

It was because of Violet that she was confined.

That was not over! This time, she didn't kill Violet. She could do it next time!

Violet didn't know that Talia not only did not repent, but she even hated her guts. At this time, Violet had walked out of the villa of the Hunt family and was about to tell Jessie about this. Suddenly, she saw a familiar car parked in front of her. She walked over.

But before she got to the front of the car, the window of the driver's seat rolled down, revealing Stanley's handsome face.

Chapter 95 Final Rehearsal

"Mr. Murphy!" After seeing him, there was a touch of surprise in Violet's eyes.

Stanley saw it. He was in a good mood, "Hello."

"Why are you here?" Violet asked curiously.

Stanley put his hand on the edge of the window, "Come to pick you up."

"Pick me up?" Violet blinked in surprise.

Stanley nodded, "I heard Jessie say that you came to the Hunt family. I was worried that the Hunt family would hurt you, so I came over and have a look."

Hearing this, Violet felt warm, "Well, they didn't do anything to me."

"That's good. Get in the car. The model will have the last rehearsal today. The show will open tomorrow. We will be very busy!" Stanley took the initiative to open the door of the passenger's seat.

Violet got into the car by going around the front of the car.

When they arrived at the fashion hall, Violet temporarily separated from Stanley and went backstage to exchange details of tomorrow's show with the models.

Stanley stayed on the venue of T stage and listened to the staff to report on the safety of the venue to avoid accidents tomorrow.

At this time, Fraser came to him, "Mr. Murphy."

Stanley didn't look at Fraser. His eyes still fell on the T stage, "Did you find it out?"

"Yeah. Eason is indeed selling his shares." Fraser nodded.

Stanley sneered, "He has no money in his hands. If he doesn't sell his shares,

how can he compensate Violet? How much does he sell?"

"It's not clear for the time being, but it shouldn't be too high. After all, the Hunt Group is at a juncture of bankruptcy at any time. If the price is too high, no one will buy it." Fraser said.

Stanley adjusted his sitting posture, "Then lower the price to 20 million, which is only enough to compensate Violet."

"In this way, it is equivalent to getting nothing. Without these shares, his control over the Hunt Group may not be so great. Maybe he will be ousted from the president by the board of directors at some point." Fraser smiled.

Stanley's eyes were filled with cold light, "This is what I want."

In the past few years, Eason used Stanley's name to seek benefits. For Phoebe's sake, Stanley turned a blind eye to him, but now Eason was still getting more and more too far. Recently. He was actually trying to use Stanley's name to get a huge loan from the bank.

This was something that Stanley absolutely couldn't tolerate. It happened to take this opportunity to give Eason a warning.

"Okay, I see. I will do it now." Fraser said, turning around and leaving.

Stanley continued to pay attention to the T stage.

Not long after, the staffs on the T stage went down from the stage after a shout from the venue management. The next moment, the lights of the entire venue

dimmed, which meant that the rehearsal was about to begin.

Soon, the music rang. Models with long legs and full of aura came out, wearing extremely luxurious dresses.

Stanley sat in the first row under the T stage, rubbing his chin and watching the rehearsal seriously.

Although he didn't react much on the face, his eyes were shining. Obviously, he was satisfied with the rehearsal.

The dress rehearsal was very long. Every time when Stanley saw a set of clothes, he would make some notes in the notebook on his lap.

An hour later, after the last model walked out, Violet appeared.

She appeared on the curtain call as a designer. She stood in the middle of the T stage, folded her hands, and bowed to the audience.

Stanley put the notebook on the side and stood up, clapping gently.

Violet heard it and walked towards him with a smile, "Mr. Murphy, how do you feel after watching the rehearsal?"

"Not bad." Stanley put his hands down, "but it could be better."

"Oh? Do you have any suggestions?" Violet was slightly surprised.

Stanley said, "I made some notes. You can take a look."

"Okay, I'll take a look." With that, Violet bent her knees slightly and was about to jump off the T stage.

When Stanley saw this, he frowned and stretched out a hand towards her.

Violet looked at his hand in confusion.

Stanley pursed his lips, "Aren't you going to come down?"

"Oh, yes!" Violet finally understood that he wanted to pull her down.

Then Violet put her hand on Stanley's hand.

Stanley squeezed the palm of her hand and helped her get down of the T stage.

Then, he let go of his hand and handed her the notebook he had just put down.

Violet took it with both hands and opened it to look.

He recorded very carefully to the step distance of each model, and the arc of the skirt that models moved.

Violet had to say that he really had his own ideas.

"Mr. Murphy, this point..."

Violet pointed to a place on the notebook, feeling not quite clear. Just when she was about to ask Stanley for advice, Stanley's cell phone rang suddenly.

"Excuse me." Stanley made a pause and took out the phone.

After taking a look at the caller ID, he answered the call, "Ivy!"

Hearing this name, Violet moved her ears and looked at his phone subconsciously.

Stanley didn't notice Violet's change. He was listening carefully to what the person on the other end of the phone said.

After a few seconds, he said, "I know. I'll come over right away."

When he finished speaking, he put down his phone and looked at Violet, "I have to leave for a while. If you don't understand, we can talk about it when I return to the company."

Violet forced a smile, "Okay, bye."

"Bye." Stanley put the phone in his suit pocket and walked towards the exit.

His steps were a little anxious. Was there something wrong with Ivy?

Just as Violet was thinking, a staff member came to Violet, "Violet,

someone is waiting for you in the lounge."

"Who is it?" Violet asked suspiciously, withdrawing her minds from Stanley.

The staff member shook his head, "I don't know her. She said her last name is Hunt!"

Could it be Phoebe?

Violet raised her eyebrows, then thanked the staff and went to the lounge.

The door of the lounge was open. As soon as Violet entered, a slap hit to her.

Violet reacted and then quickly tilted her head to the side, avoiding the slap embarrassingly, but Phoebe's nails still scratched her face.

Violet frowned painfully, probably because her face hurt.

Phoebe glared at Violet as if wanting to tear her off, "Bitch, do you dare to hide?"

Violet touched her face and replied coldly, "You slapped me. Why can't I hide? Besides, we have the same father. I am a bitch. What are you?"

"You..." Phoebe didn't expect Violet could say so. She was so angry that she wanted to slap Violet again.

This time, Violet raised her hand to grab Phoebe's wrist, and slapped back.

Phoebe's face was beaten to one side. She was dumbfounded. It took a long time for her to cover her face. She stared at Violet in disbelief, "Do you dare to slap me?"

"Funny! There is nothing I don't dare to do." Violet patted the sore palm of her hand and sneered in reply.

Phoebe was mad, and rushed over, "Bitch, I'm going to kill you!"

"Kill me? Dare you?" Violet sneered, then stretched out her foot calmly and hooked Phoebe's calf.

Phoebe lost her balance. Then she tripped to the ground. Her teeth hit her lips, and blood flowed out of her mouth immediately.

"Tsk-tusk, so miserable!" Seeing Phoebe's miserable look, Violet laughed at her.

Immediately Violet stepped forward, squatted beside Phoebe, reached out her hand to grab Phoebe's hair, and lifted Phoebe's head up, "You yelled at

me as soon as you came in. People who don't know you will think you came out of the mental hospital."

Phoebe knew that Violet was saying that she was insane. She glared at Violet, then got up from the ground, wanting to tore Violet to pieces.

But Violet pressed Phoebe's back with her knees and pressed her firmly to the ground, "I advise you to be obedient. I'm not in a good mood these two days. Your mother has provoked me. You're her daughter. I'm not sure what I will do to you. Say, what on earth are you here for?"

Chapter 96 Before the Big Show Begins

Phoebe grimaced, glaring at Violet, "You still asked me why I was here? Violet, you went to my house this morning to

make a fuss, and asked Dad for 20 million dollars. I know all about it."

"Oh?" Violet smiled, "So you are here now, looking for me to get the money back?"

Phoebe couldn't move, so she could only sneer on the ground and snorted, "You know the current situation of the Hunt family. We can't afford it."

"So what?"

"So what? Do you want the Hunt family to go bankrupt?" Phoebe shouted.

Violet blinked, "Yes, anyway, when we were kicked out seven years ago, everything in the Hunt family had nothing to do with us from that time on. So just go bankrupt!"

"You..." Seeing Violet being so stubborn, Phoebe was so angry that she couldn't speak.

Violet let go of Phoebe's hair, "I won't pay back the money. It's what I deserve."

"Why?" Phoebe was unwilling, "You also said that everything in the Hunt family has nothing to do with you. Why do you ask Dad for twenty million? This should be my money, my money!"

She was short of money right now. When she was thinking about how to get a sum of money, she heard Talia say that Violet got 20 million from Dad in the morning.

How could she accept it? After she knew where Violet was, she hurried over

and wanted to get the money back, but Violet actually said not to return it!

"Your money?" As if hearing a big joke, Violet took out her mobile phone from her bag, "Since you said that, let's ask Dad who owns the money."

After speaking, she dialed Eason's phone number.

Eason answered the phone soon. His tone was very impatient, "What do you want to do? Do you still want money?"

"Dad, you are misunderstood. I didn't ask for money this time, but Phoebe came to me and said that the 20 million belonged to her and let me return it to her." Feeling Phoebe was struggling again, Violet pursed her lips and moved her knees away, then she just sat on Phoebe's back.

Violet's move was a great shame to Phoebe. She was so angry that her eyes turned red. But she was unable to break free, so she could only scream.

When Eason heard her scream, he was immediately worried, "Violet, what happened to your sister?"

"Don't worry, Dad. I didn't do anything to her. She is very well now. Just tell us who can own the 20 million?" Violet put the phone to Phoebe's ear.

Eason sighed, "It's yours."

"Dad?" Phoebe called him incredulously, "Why? She is not your daughter anymore. Why did you give her so much money?"

"Shut up! You know nothing!" Eason yelled.

Phoebe sneered, "I don't care. You are not allowed to give her money. No!"

"Dad won't listen to you." Violet took the phone back, "Do you know the reason? Because once Dad takes the money back, he will lose even more. His reputation will become unsavory. Your mother will be accused of murder."

On the other side of the phone, Eason twitched his mouth when he heard this. His old face was very gloomy.

Phoebe was stunned, "What do you mean?"

"Your mother wanted to kill me. She did it to me last night, and she almost killed Mr. Murphy together." Violet replied softly.

Her voice sounded very gentle, but there was no warmth, only the chill that

made people feel scared from the bottom of their heart.

"It's impossible!" Phoebe didn't believe Violet's words, shaking her head violently.

"Then it's none of my business." Violet put the phone to her ear, "Okay, Dad, I have to hang up first."

After speaking, she hung up the phone and got up from Phoebe.

Phoebe got the freedom, sat up from the ground, and stared at Violet with clenching her fists, "You just said that you almost caused Stanley to be killed last night, which means you were with Stanley last night. What did you guys do? ?"

Violet frowned, "You don't care about Mr. Murphy's health. You don't ask him

if he is injured. Instead, you ask me what I did with him. I doubt you really love him?"

"What does this have to do with you? Do I need you to question me whether I love him or not?" Phoebe's eyes dodged in the face of Violet's scrutiny gaze.

Seeing her look, Violet understood everything instantly.

In fact, Phoebe didn't love Stanley very much, at best it was very light love.

Otherwise, she wouldn't cuckold Stanley. It seemed that she had to let Stanley know about it sooner.

Thinking, Violet smiled, "Of course not, but with such a fiancée, I really feel sad for Mr. Murphy. Well, it doesn't matter. Mr. Murphy will know what you have done soon."

Hearing this, Phoebe's heart sank,
"What do you mean? What did I do?"

"You know it." Violet spread her hands,
turned and left.

Phoebe clenched her fists and looked at
the back of Violet leaving, feeling
inexplicably uneasy.

But soon, the anxiety dissipated.

She touched her lips. Looking at the
blood on her fingers, her eyes were
fierce.

"That's not over! Violet, I will pay you
back today's shame, definitely!" Phoebe
gritted her teeth.

Suddenly, she saw something. Then
she walked to the hanger in the corner
of the lounge. Looking at the clothes on
the hanger, she smirked.

After Phoebe made a big fuss, Violet was no longer in the mood to stay here. She went backstage and talked to the models about the precautions for tomorrow's big show, and then left the fashion hall.

In the afternoon, Stanley came back from the hospital and called Violet to the office to continue discussing the show.

It had to be said that Stanley had his special ideas in this respect. With his proposal, the big show would indeed be even more exciting.

Violet couldn't wait to look forward to tomorrow's arrival.

In the evening, Eason transferred her 20 million.

Violet didn't ask him why he had collected the money so quickly. She

knew he must have sold something again.

But it didn't matter to her. She only needed to get the money.

Transferring the money to Jessie, Violet stretched out herself and lay in bed to rest.

The next day, she went to the fashion hall early to make preparations for the opening of the big show.

When she arrived, there were already quite a few people in the fashion hall. Many staff members were already busy.

At this moment, a staff member saw her and walked over with a slightly wrong expression on his face, "Violet, go to the dressing room. Something happened."

"What's the matter?" The smile on Violet's face disappeared.

The staff replied, "I don't know the specifics. It seems to be some problems with clothes."

Clothes!

Violet was stunned and then ran quickly towards the dressing room.

While running, she prayed in her heart, 'Please don't be what the staff said.'

When she arrived in the dressing room, she pushed the door in. Then she saw a group of clothing assistants gathered together. Everyone had a sullen face. The atmosphere was very solemn.

"What are you guys doing?" Violet asked in a deep voice, closing the door

of the dressing room, suppressing the unpleasantness in her mind.

When everyone heard her voice, they turned their heads and looked at her, as if they had seen the backbone. Then they quickly said, "Violet, someone has torn out all our catwalk clothes!"

"What?" Violet's face turned gloomy. She walked to the rows of clothes hangers.

The protective cover of the clothes hanging on the hanger had been torn off. Without the cover of the protective cover, she could clearly see the marks scratched by the blade. Some serious ones were all cut into strips. It was totally invisible. How vicious the person was!

"Who did it?" Violet clenched her fists and exclaimed. Because she was so angry that her eyes were red, and her chest was violently up and down.

Chapter 97 Clothes Are Destroyed

Everyone looked at each other, but no one answered.

Violet's sharp eyes swept across their faces one by one, "Who first discovered that the clothes were damaged?"

"It's us together." In the crowd, three young girls raised their hands.

Violet walked over, "Then tell me, what time was it in the morning when you came?"

"We can't remember the exact time, but it should be around six o'clock."

"Then when you came in, the clothes were already broken?"

"Yes." The three girls nodded.

Violet lowered her eyelids. After a few seconds of contemplation, she walked past these clothing assistants and to the door to check the lock.

When she saw the door lock was not ruined, her face was as cold as ice.

The clothes were broken before six o'clock in the morning. It could be seen that the criminal came in at midnight last night and had not broken the door lock. Obviously, the staff of the fashion hall participated in this matter.

Thinking about this, Violet looked at these clothing assistants and said solemnly, "All of you stay here. Without my permission, you are not allowed to

step out of the dressing room, or don't blame me for being rude!"

After speaking, she strode out of the dressing room. While calling the police, she walked to the monitoring room, ready to check the monitoring.

Although she knew that she might not find any clues, she still wanted to give it a try.

Sure enough, just like Violet guessed, there was nothing suspicious about the monitoring.

She watched it twice at three times the speed. From the time she left the fashion hall yesterday to 6 o'clock in the morning, during this period, neither surveillance of the dressing room nor the surveillance of the corridors leading to the dressing room were

photographed that someone had entered the dressing room.

This was impossible! No one had been in the dressing room, but the clothes had been scratched. It didn't make sense.

Violet always felt something wrong, but couldn't tell. In desperation, she had to ask the security guard to send a copy of the surveillance to her mobile phone, and then slowly study it later.

The top priority now was the clothes!

Back in the dressing room, there were many more people in the dressing room. They were the models who were about to run the show.

Looking at the damaged clothes, the models complained.

Violet rubbed her temples and was about to clap her hands to calm them down, when a female voice full of malice suddenly came from the door, "Oh, it's so lively here!"

Phoebe!

Violet immediately turned around and saw Phoebe carrying her bag against the door frame. Violet frowned slightly, "Why are you here?"

"I heard that your clothes on the catwalk were torn, of course I came to see your joke." Phoebe said gleefully.

Violet tightened her red lips, "Who did you listen to?"

"This has nothing to do with you. You'd better think about how to deal with it. Tsk-tsk, look at those clothes. Being cut like this, it is so miserable!" Phoebe's

gaze fell on the clothes in the dressing room, her eyes full of delight.

Seeing her so excited and crazy, Violet narrowed her eyes, "It's you, right?"

"What?" Phoebe was startled.

Violet approached her with a certain tone, "You ruined these clothes, right?"

A dim light flashed across Phoebe's eyes, which was fleeting. She laughed, "Why do you say it's me? Is there any evidence?"

"I really don't have evidence, but there are several doubts that point to you."

Violet stared at Phoebe closely.

Phoebe looked at her calmly, "Oh? What?"

Violet said expressionlessly, "First of all, you are not a participant in 'Born of

Fire', but you can know the news that the clothes were damaged so soon. This shows that this matter is related to you. Secondly, you and I have grudges. You target me so many times. So I have a big doubt that it is you."

As if she heard the big joke, Phoebe laughed loudly, "It's not bad. It's a wonderful reasoning. But it's a pity..."

"What a pity?" Violet frowned.

Phoebe wiped the tears from the corner of her eyes and laughed, "Unfortunately, it's all wrong, Violet, you're screwed up. I'm waiting for you to be removed from the fashion circle after today!"

After that, she stepped on high heels and walked away.

Violet looked at Phoebe's back, raised her eyebrows and muttered, "Am I screwed up? How could it be!"

Retracting her gaze, Violet took out her mobile phone from her bag, dialed phone number and went out, "Hey, Jessie, can you deliver the thing I gave you last time to the fashion hall?"

"Sure, but what happened?" Jessie asked.

Violet rubbed her temples, "You'll know when you come. Hurry up! I'll wait for you outside the gate of the fashion hall."

"Okay!" Jessie nodded.

After hanging up the phone, Violet found a few strong and sturdy staff members and went to wait outside the gate of the fashion hall together.

After waiting for about twenty minutes, Jessie arrived with a small truck.

Violet asked the staffs to unload the boxes in the truck one by one, while she stood by, counted and directed, "Be careful. Don't get them knocked. After I finish the count, move them to the dressing room. Jessie, you will also follow them. Help me guard them. Don't let anyone open these boxes. If anyone doesn't listen to you, just drive him out."

"Okay!" Jessie answered.

After Jessie left, a black phantom stopped in front of Violet. The rear window of the car rolled down, revealing Stanley's handsome face.

He looked at Violet, who was bending over and walking around the boxes, frowned, "What are you doing?"

"Mr. Murphy." Violet stood up straight and looked over when she heard his voice.

Stanley said, "What are these?"

"It's clothes." Violet closed the notebook in her hand and replied.

Stanley raised his eyebrows, "Clothes?"

Violet nodded, "Well, Mr. Murphy, I won't tell you anymore. The big show is about to begin. I have to hurry up to prepare. Goodbye!"

After speaking, she asked the staffs to lift the remaining boxes and left.

Stanley looked at her hurried figure. His eyes narrowed, "Go and check to see if something has happened."

"Okay." Fraser in the driver's seat responded.

Ten minutes later, Fraser came to Stanley's lounge with a nasty expression on his face, "Mr. Murphy, Something really happened. The clothes on the catwalk were torn."

"What?" Stanley's face sank, "Who did it?"

"I don't know yet. Violet has already called the police. Now some police officers have come to investigate, but there is no result yet."

"Really?!" Stanley tightened his fists, his body filled with coldness, "Then increase the investigation. Find out this person for me!"

Ruining the catwalk clothes would not only ruin Violet, but the reputation of the Murphy Group would also fall to the bottom.

So he would definitely not let the person go!

"Yes!" Fraser nodded.

Stanley stood up and walked out of the lounge to the dressing room.

When he reached the door of the dressing room, he didn't go in, but knocked on the door outside.

It was Jessie who opened the door. She was a little surprised to see him, "Mr. Murphy."

Stanley didn't ask her why she was here, and said lightly, "Where is Violet?"

"She's seeing those models putting on makeup inside." Jessie replied.

Stanley raised his chin, "I'm looking for her."

"Okay, I'll call her out now."

With that said, Jessie turned her head and shouted inside, "Violet, Mr. Murphy is looking for you."

"I'm coming!" Violet replied.

Ten seconds later, she came to the door, "Mr. Murphy, what can I do for you?"

"Come out and talk." Stanley pointed to the corridor.

Violet had no objection, followed him a few steps, walked to a relatively quiet place at the end of the corridor and stopped.

"I have already known it." Stanley turned around and spoke first.

Chapter 98 The Big Show Gets the
Success

Violet bowed her head apologetically, "I'm sorry, Mr. Murphy. Such a thing happened before the big show, but you can rest assured. The big show will still be held normally."

Hearing this, Stanley thought of something. A sharp light flashed across his black eyes, "The cardboard boxes you just had..."

"Yes!" Violet nodded.

Stanley smiled, "Well, not bad."

"I'm just in case too." Violet smiled embarrassedly.

"Oh?" Stanley raised his eyebrows, "You already knew that someone would take actions at the clothes? Then do you know who it is?"

"Yes!" Violet looked into his eyes, "It's Phoebe."

Stanley squinted, "Are you so sure?"

Violet nodded but then shook her head.

Stanley was a little puzzled, "What do you mean?"

Violet sighed, "In the beginning I was pretty sure it was her, but I met her just now. After confronting with her, I was not so sure. I had no evidence. But if I can find some staffs involved in this matter, I can get some evidence."

Stanley lowered his eyelids to cover the emotions in his eyes, "I see! I will let Fraser look for it."

"That's great." Violet was overjoyed.

With his help, she believed this matter would soon come to light.

"Go ahead with your work first. I will give you an explanation after the big show is over!" Stanley glanced at his watch. There was still an hour left before the big show started.

Violet said, "Okay."

After returning to the dressing room, Violet let Jessie go home first.

Today was the weekend. She was not relieved to leave the two children at home for one day.

So she'd better let Jessie help her take care of the two children.

After about half an hour, the models in the dressing room had already finished their makeup.

Violet ordered the clothing assistants, "Well, you guys can open these boxes now."

The clothing assistants were originally curious about the stuff in these boxes. Now, when they heard that they could open them, they naturally couldn't wait to open them.

After opening the boxes, the stuff was exposed.

Everyone exclaimed, "Violet, how come there are two sets of catwalk clothes?"

"This is not what you should be concerned about. You should change clothes for the models now!" Violet clapped her hands and urged.

Everyone immediately became busy.

Soon, the big show officially began.

In the audience under the T stage, Phoebe stared at the T stage with excitement.

At this moment, she could already imagine the scenes where those models couldn't appear on the stage, or they wore tattered clothes to appear on stage.

Either way, there was only one ending waiting for Violet, which was boycotted by the fashion circle!

The sound control lights dimmed in the hall and the music rang.

The host on the T stage exited. The opening model walked out of the backstage with arms on her akimbo. After putting on a pose, she started walking towards the front of the T stage.

As she got closer and closer to the front of the T stage, the excited expression on Phoebe's face slowly solidified. She whispered in disbelief, "How is this possible?"

Weren't the clothes broken?

How come the clothes on the model were all intact?

Phoebe bit her lip. Her face was filled with confusion.

As the models came out one by one, she became even more irritable.

The development of the matter had completely exceeded her expectations and control. She stamped her foot in anger, not wanting to stay any longer. Then she got up to leave.

However, at this moment, two bodyguards suddenly stopped her, and took her away. She looked so resisting.

This scene was seen by very few people, so it did not cause any noise.

The catwalk on the T stage was still going on. Stanley looked at the feedback from commentators and audiences around him. He knew that the show was a success. Starting tomorrow, the clothing company of the Murphy Group would have a place in the industry.

At this time, Fraser came to Stanley's side, bent over and said something in his ear.

"I see! Don't let her go." Stanley nodded.

"Yes!" Fraser went away.

Stanley regained his gaze on the T stage. The show on the T stage was drawing to a close. The models returned to the stage one after another. Violet also walked out with the microphone at this time.

As the chief designer of this big show, she was going to give a speech.

After Violet gave her speech, Stanley took the flowers handed by the staff on the side, walked to the T stage, and gave the flowers to Violet.

While Violet was flattered, she was also a little confused.

As the organizer of the show, although he was also going to give a speech, he didn't say that he wanted to give her flowers.

Although Violet felt puzzled, she didn't ask. She still smiled and took the flowers, then handed the microphone to Stanley.

Stanley stood beside her, also speaking some official words. But at the end of the speech, he suddenly looked at Violet, "I am most grateful to Miss Hunt. Without her, there would be no grand show today."

Violet didn't expect Stanley to say in public that she was the most grateful person for him, so she was surprised for a while.

"Miss Hunt, thank you!" Stanley opened his arms towards Violet, "You saved the Murphy Group's clothing company."

His words immediately made Violet's eyes red.

She took the microphone in his hand, "First of all, I am very touched by Mr. Murphy's gratitude to me. Secondly, I want to say, Mr. Murphy, without your trust, recognition, and your wholehearted support for me, I can't give everyone a perfect show. Mr. Murphy, thank you too."

After speaking, Violet hugged Stanley.

At the same time, all the audience and guests stood up. For a while, applause rang through the fashion hall.

After a while, Violet let go of Stanley and wiped tears of excitement and joy with the back of her hand.

Stanley frowned when he saw this, and took out a wet wipe to her, "Use this."

"Yeah." Violet took it, put down her hands, and took the wet wipe.

After the applause subsided, they walked down side by side.

Backstage, Stanley looked sideways at Violet, "Come with me."

From his cold eyes, Violet roughly guessed where they were going. She nodded, and walked behind him in the direction of the lounge.

When they arrived in the lounge, Fraser saw them, said hello, and opened the door of the lounge.

Phoebe in the lounge saw the three of them, feeling very panic. But she forced a smile on her face, "Stanley, you are finally here. Fraser actually locked me here and don't let me go."

"I asked him to do it." Stanley said.

Phoebe's face became stiff. Seeing Violet next to him, she immediately understood something and clenched her fists, "Stanley, you also suspect that I ruined the catwalk clothes?"

Stanley was noncommittal.

"Director Hunt, admit it!" Violet looked up at Phoebe lightly.

Phoebe sneered, "Funny! Why should I admit what I haven't done? Besides, the catwalk clothes are intact! Don't get me wronged!"

"The clothes on the catwalk are indeed intact, because it is a backup, just in case." Violet curled her lips.

"Backup?" Phoebe squinted.

Violet nodded, "Yes, I guessed from the beginning, you might do something on

the big show, but I don't know what you will do, so I quietly made a lot of preparations. Whether it's clothes, jewelry or shoes, I have prepared a double copy."

Stanley raised his eyebrows.

He thought she had prepared an extra set of clothes.

Unexpectedly, she also prepared shoes and jewelry.

Fraser was also surprised. "It's no wonder that the Finance Department said that Miss Hunt's funds for 'Born of Fire' were twice as much as planned."