

Daddy! Mommy Is Pregnant Again

Chapter 194 The Final Ends Ahead of the Schedule

"Uncle Murphy has to go?" Arya looked at Stanley, a little bit reluctant.

Calvin didn't say anything. He crossed his arms on his chest, which looked like a small adult.

"Yeah, Uncle Murphy's friend is sick. So he has to go to visit her." Violet touched Arya's head, "Okay, let's get off the car."

With that, she opened the car door and motioned for the two children to go down.

The two children were very obedient and got out of the car.

Just when Violet bent over and was about to get out of the car, Stanley took her arm.

"What's wrong?" Violet looked back at him blankly.

Stanley looked straight into her eyes, "Sorry."

Violet was taken aback for a moment, then smiled, "Why does Mr. Murphy apologize to me?"

"It was me who brought the two children over. Your competition is not over and you don't have time to take care of them. I will arrange for someone to come and help you." Stanley let go of her arm.

Violet suddenly realized that he apologized because of this.

"No need, Mr. Murphy." She waved her hand, "You have already taken them to the parent meeting. How can I continue to trouble you? I will apply for a lounge with President of the Branch and let them stay there. So don't worry, Mr. Murphy. Just go to see Miss Ellis."

After speaking, Violet got out of the car, turned around and waved to Stanley. Then she helped him close the car door.

Stanley finally drove away.

Violet and two kids watched his car go away. Until they couldn't see him, Violet took the two children to the building.

"Mommy, the person Uncle Murphy is going to see is the lady who was in the Godfather's ward last time and the lady you didn't let us see, right?" Calvin asked while walking.

Violet didn't deny it. She nodded and replied, "Yes."

"What is the relationship between Uncle Murphy and that lady?" Calvin blinked.

Arya raised her small hand, "Arya wants to know too."

Violet squeezed the hands of the two children, "Kids don't need to know too much."

"Hmph, again! Mommy says that every time." Arya pouted.

"Yes!" Calvin also nodded in agreement.

Violet let go of their little hands and tickled them, "You two dare to tease Mommy."

The two children giggled while hiding.

They three came to the office of President of the Branch in this way.

President of the Branch had been very fond of Violet. After he knew her intentions, he was very happy to let people prepare a lounge.

Violet thanked him again and again, and then took the two children to the lounge.

After eating in the lounge and playing with the two children for a while, seeing that the game time was approaching, Violet told the two children not to run around, then she left the lounge and walked to the conference room.

But while on her own way, she was stopped by a group of people approaching, "Violet."

"Mr. Moore." Violet stopped and looked at Mr. Moore and the others.

Mr. Moore turned his head and said something to the people around him. Then these people nodded, took another look at Violet, and left.

Mr. Moore came to Violet with his cane.

Violet tilted her head in confusion and asked, "Mr. Moore, why are you here? And those people just now..."

"Come with me." Mr. Moore didn't answer her, but motioned her to go with him.

Seeing his serious face, although Violet didn't know what happened, she didn't ask anymore. She just followed him into a room that looked like an office.

After the door was closed, Mr. Moore turned around, and then replied, "Those people were sent by Design Association just now."

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"Design Association?" Violet looked surprised, "This is not yet the final. Why did they come here now?"

"I contacted Design Association and asked President to send them over in advance." Mr. Moore sat down and said.

Violet also sat down opposite him.

Mr. Moore put the cane aside and poured himself some tea, "Yesterday you told me that Phoebe has plagiarized. I contacted them when I went back and told them about her plagiarism. Design Association was very angry about this, so they decided to end the final ahead of the schedule and deal with her early."

"End ahead of the schedule?" Violet's eyes lit up.

"Yes." Mr. Moore smiled, "Not only does it end ahead of the schedule, but the theme of the final has also changed. Originally, the theme of the final was set by President of the Branch, but now it's set by people from Design Association. Then the design which Phoebe originally prepared is useless."

"Great! She must panic now." Violet happily clapped her hands.

"Yes." Mr. Moore stroke his beards, "Violet, the reason I told you this is because I remember you said yesterday that you were going to expose Phoebe in the final."

"Yeah." Violet gave a hmm.

"Well, prepare the evidence. It will be useful later." Mr. Moore took a sip of tea.

Violet knew that Mr. Moore was reminding her, then she stood up gratefully, "Got it. Thank you, Mr. Moore. I'm going to prepare it now."

After speaking, she bowed to Mr. Moore and turned to go out.

After going out, Violet took out her cell phone and dialed Jessie's phone number.

Jessie was sitting on the edge of George's hospital bed and peeling an apple. When hearing the phone ringing by the bedside, she got the phone with one hand. Seeing it was Violet's calling, she answered the call without hesitation, "Violet."

Hearing it, George's closed eyes suddenly opened, then he turned to look at her mobile phone.

Jessie noticed his movements. Her eyes dimmed for a moment, but she still pretended not to notice anything on his face, forced a smile and asked, "What's up?"

"Jessie, I need your help urgently now!" Violet said as she walked to the conference room.

Hearing the seriousness in her tone, Jessie also became serious, "What?"

"Did Violet encounter any difficulties?" George asked, sitting up.

Jessie shook her head at him, saying that she didn't know.

"Here is the thing. I want you to go to my apartment and help me bring the file bag on the coffee table and a USB flash drive on the bedside of my room." Violet stopped outside the conference room and said.

"What are you doing with these? Are you in hurry?" Jessie tilted her head and clamped the phone to her shoulder. Her face was filled with puzzlement.

"Yes." Violet nodded vigorously, lowering her voice, "Those are evidence of Phoebe's plagiarism. I will use it in a while."

Hearing this, Jessie stood up excitedly, "Violet, are you going to expose Phoebe?"

"Yes."

"Okay, I see. I'll go get them for you now!"

"Hurry up." Violet said, then hung up the phone and walked into the conference room.

Basically, everyone in the conference room had arrived. Phoebe and the two designers had already sat down in their seats.

Violet glanced at them and walked towards her position.

Just as Violet passed Phoebe's seat, Phoebe suddenly stretched out her intact foot and put it in the aisle.

Violet didn't see it, so she was tripped by Phoebe. After an exclamation, she was about to fall down.

This incident stunned the audience in the entire conference room and the live broadcast room. Only Phoebe smiled, looking forward to the scene of Violet getting serious injury.

However, her expectations didn't come true. At the moment when Violet was about to fall to the ground with her face down, a reporter hurriedly stepped forward and kindly pulled Violet.

Supported by the reporter, Violet stood up with a pale face. After thanking the reporter, she turned around and stared at Phoebe with cold eyes, "You did it deliberately, right?" \_\_\_\_\_ Chapter 195 Deliberately Tripping Her

"What?" Phoebe looked up at her, pretending that she didn't understand what Violet meant.

Violet clenched her fists, "You deliberately stretched out your foot to trip me!"

As soon as Violet finished speaking, everyone was shocked.

"It turns out that Violet almost fell because of Phoebe."

"It must be. The aisle is very flat and there are no steps. If it weren't for something to stumble her, she wouldn't fall."

"Phoebe's gone too far!"

Listening to the discussion around, Phoebe was not panic at all, but laughed instead, "I admit that I did stretch out my foot, but I stretched out it because my foot was tired for bending. So I stretched it out a long time ago. You don't look at the way, but you said that I did it deliberately, then I can also say that you deliberately get yourself sprained and want to frame me."

Anyway, no one saw her when she stretched her feet, and the live camera didn't take pictures of it.

Without evidence, who could say it was her who did it deliberately?

Seeing the complacency in Phoebe's eyes, Violet probably guessed what Phoebe was thinking. She pursed her red lips, and then a sharp look crossed her eyes. She was intending to talk back.

President of the Branch walked in with a document and looked at the noisy conference room. Then his face sank, "What are you guys arguing about?"

"Sir, here is the thing." The eloquent reporter immediately said what had happened just now.

After listening, President of the Branch thought for a few seconds, and then glanced at Phoebe, "Not only does some designer lack talents, but also she doesn't want to work hard. She actually uses some mean methods and now she actually wants to hurt others. So vicious."

These words shocked the people in the conference room and the viewers in the live broadcast room.

Everyone could tell that President of the Branch was saying Phoebe. After all, he was looking at her.

President of the Branch said that not only did she use some mean methods, but also was vicious. They thought of that Violet almost fell just now, then the look in their eyes became more subtle.

Perhaps, Violet was really tripped by Phoebe's deliberately stretching out her foot just now.

Feeling the changes in the people around her, Violet laughed, knowing that President of the Branch already knew about Phoebe's plagiarism. So after listening to the reporter's words, he would say such words and believe that Phoebe tripped her.

After all, Phoebe could even do such a dishonest thing, so what else did Phoebe not dare to do?

Thinking about it, Violet looked at Phoebe and said silently to her, "You're screwed up!"

Phoebe understood it. Her face looked terrible, turning pale for a while. Her hand on the armrest of the wheelchair tightened tightly.

She knew what President of the Branch said just now was to satire her, but she didn't dare to refute it.

Once she said something, it meant that she admitted that the person President of the Branch said was her. Although everyone present knew it, it would be different if she took initiative to admit it. So she could only endure it.

At the same time, Phoebe was also a little apprehensive. President of the Branch said that she had used some mean methods. Could it be that he knew something?

"Well, Violet, the competition had started. Quickly sit down." On the stage, President of the Branch spoke again.

"Okay." Violet replied and walked back to the morning position and sat down.

The face of President of the Branch eased a lot, "Since everyone is here, then I will now announce the results of the morning competition. Fourth place, Elaina, third place, Garrett, second place, Phoebe!"

Hearing her own name, Phoebe suddenly raised her head. Her face was filled with disbelief, "How can I be second!"

She was the second place, which meant that the first place was Violet. She couldn't accept it.

Her design integrated the design elements of several designers. How could it be lost to Violet's?

Even Violet herself was a little surprised.

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After all, the designs Phoebe had copied were so good since the competition, so Violet had always ranked second.

Violet thought it was the same this time, but she didn't expect the result to be unexpected.

"Are you dissatisfied with our judges and the voting of viewers in the live broadcast room?" President of the Branch looked at Phoebe displeased.

Phoebe clenched her fists, "No. It's just that I am very confident in my design. In the first few rounds, I beat Violet. This time I don't think I will lose to her, so I hope President of the Branch can show our designs at the same time. I want to know why I lost!"

"Since you said that, it is as you wish." President of the Branch sneered and asked Bruce to do what she said.

Soon, two design drawings appeared on the big screen.

Everyone looked over. After reading it, they thought that the design on the left was better than the one on the right.

The design signature on the left was Violet.

Violet looked at Phoebe's design drawing and couldn't help but raised her eyebrows. She finally knew why Phoebe would lose this time.

Phoebe also noticed it. Her face was distorted.

President of the Branch took the laser pointer and pointed to her design drawing, "To be honest, your design is very good. But it does not look like a whole. The design elements in several places, such as the sleeves, pants, legs, and neckline, are completely different styles. It's all because these places are well designed, otherwise you won't even be the second place."

Phoebe opened her mouth. Although she was very angry with this comment, she couldn't refute it.

Because what President of the Branch said was indeed the case.

When she looked at her design alone, she didn't have this feeling. But when compared with Violet's design, the feeling was obvious.

Seeing Phoebe clenched her fists and did not speak, President of the Branch asked coldly, "Now do you have any comments?"

Phoebe lowered her head, "No."

President of the Branch ignored her, and withdrew his gaze to continue talking about the summary of this round of competition.

Violet looked at Phoebe, who had a gloomy expression on her face, and sneered, "It seems that your design is not right!"

Phoebe turned her head, glaring at Violet, "Get over yourself! Even if I didn't get the right theme, I still entered the final. In the final, I won't let you win again. The place of the international competition can only be mine."

"I'm afraid you will be disappointed. You can't win in the final, and the place of the international competition won't belong to you." In the face of Phoebe's provocation, Violet still smiled indifferently.

Phoebe looked at her with a smile, only feeling it hateful. She wanted to tear Violet's face apart, "Then we will wait and see. Tomorrow's final..."

"I'm afraid you don't need to wait for tomorrow. We can compete in the final in a while." Violet waved her hand and interrupted her directly.

Hearing something in Violet's words, Phoebe was stunned. She had a bad feeling and asked, "What do you mean?"

"You will know it soon." Violet smiled slightly without answering, and looked towards the stage.

President of the Branch on the stage had finished speaking and closed the document in his hand.

Just when everyone thought he was going to announce the end of this round of competition, he suddenly raised the microphone and said, "Everyone, one thing has changed temporarily. The time we originally set for the final was two o'clock tomorrow afternoon. We decided to end the final ahead of the schedule and change it to be held now."

"What?" Phoebe's face changed.

Violet started, "Look, we don't need to wait for tomorrow."

"Why did you know it?" Phoebe asked, narrowing her eyes.





















## Chapter 196 The Theme of the Final

"I heard from someone." Violet tilted her head and answered.

"Who?" Phoebe asked.

Violet shrugged, "It's none of your business. You'd better worry about the next final."

"Huh!" Phoebe snorted disdainfully, "Is there anything to worry about? Isn't it just ahead of schedule? Anyway, the result is still the same."

She already knew the theme of the final, and the copied design had already been prepared.

She believed that the ultimate champion of the final must be herself.

"Really? Then good luck!" Violet glanced at Phoebe with a smile, and said nothing.

Phoebe frowned. Seeing Violet's face just now, it seemed that there was some conspiracy.

Was it an illusion?

As she was thinking, President of the Branch on the stage spoke again, "In this final, in addition to the original judging panel, another group of judges will be added. This group of judges are from Design Association. Now let's welcome them."

When President of the Branch finished speaking, a few people in suits and shoes walked in.

Violet recognized them at a glance. They were the ones with Mr. Moore just now.

When these people came in, they walked towards the original judging panel and sat down in the row behind them.

After sitting down, another man in a suit and leather shoes came in.

This man had blond hair and blue eyes, a typical Westerner.

Violet didn't know him, but she also roughly guessed the identity of this person. He should be the senior executive of Design Association.

Sure enough, after this person came in, he walked directly towards President of the Branch.

President of the Branch handed him the microphone. Then under everyone's confusion, he held the microphone and slowly said, "Everyone, I am Hodge, Minister of supervisory authorities of Design Association. I was sent here by President to set the theme of the final."

"What?" Phoebe finally panicked.

If this person issued the theme, the original theme would be replaced.

Then the design she prepared in advance was useless!

As if seeing through what Phoebe was thinking, Violet turned the pencil in her hand and suddenly said, "It looks like you can't copy it now."

Phoebe glared at her, "Did you know it early?"

"Yes." Violet's smile deepened.

Phoebe was trembling slightly. She wanted to run away.

But she couldn't. Minister Hodge on the stage had already spoken and said his own theme, "The theme of this final is to design according to object. Please look at the big screen."

Everyone looked at the big screen.

Then a set of priceless ruby jewelry appeared on the big screen.

Whether it was the design or the craftsmanship, the jewelry was so ingenious and amazing. The bullet comments in the live broadcast room had almost exploded. They were all praises for this set of jewelry.

Only Violet was calmer. Looking at this set of jewelry, she couldn't help but think of Heart of the Fire that Stanley had given her. Compared with the necklace in this set of jewelry, Heart of the Fire was completely not inferior to them. It was just the ruby red of the main diamond was purer than that of Heart of the Fire.

Ivy, who had been up for a while, was also watching the live broadcast. Looking at the jewelry appearing in the live broadcast room, her eyes brightened. Then she quickly took her phone to Stanley who was

dealing with official duties, "Stanley, do you think this jewelry is nice?"

Stanley glanced at it, "Like it?"

Ivy nodded, "Yes, but I like Heart of the Fire better."

Hearing the name of Heart of the Fire, Stanley's eyes flickered.

Ivy didn't notice his strangeness, so she peeped at him and asked tentatively, "Stanley, I heard that Heart of the Fire is in a jewelry store under your company, right?"

Stanley raised his chin and asked instead, "Do you want it?"

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"Can I?" Ivy asked nervously.

Stanley lowered his eyelids and said bluntly, "Your temperament is not suitable for wearing this kind of aggressive jewelry. It can't match you either."

Only Violet's beautiful and aggressive appearance and hot figure could match Heart of the Fire.

The man's words were so straightforward and so unceremonious. Ivy's expression on her face froze, then she slowly lowered her head to cover the distorted looks in her eyes, but she still replied with sadness on her face, "So, then forget it."

Seeing her loss, Stanley pursed his lips and thought, "Apart from this reason, the most important thing is that Heart of the Fire has been sold, but I can give you some jewelry that match you. "

"Okay." Ivy nodded, then turned her gaze back to the live broadcast, and changed the subject, "Miss Hunt and the others in the next final should design matching clothes based on this set of jewelry."

Stanley glanced at her mobile phone, "Maybe."

"It's great. I really want to recover soon, just like Miss Hunt and others, standing on the stage of the piano competition." Ivy looked at the live broadcast and said with longing eyes.

Stanley touched her hair, "You will."

"I hope." Ivy smiled.

At the scene of the competition, Minister Hodge had already made it very clear that the clothes to be designed this time were just like what Ivy said. According to the jewelry on the big screen, contestants had to design matching dress, and the time was two hours.

In order to let the designer have better inspiration to design, Minister Hodge also brought this set of jewelry, which was in the office of President of the Branch. The designers could go to see it in person to get some inspiration.

Violet's eyes lit up when she heard it.

Although looking at the photos, she was confident that she could design clothes. But why didn't she go to see real object in person?

The real object was more three-dimensional than the photo. She might be able to design a better work after seeing it.

"Sir, I want to see it!" Violet raised her hand and proposed the idea of seeing the real object.

Minister Hodge agreed immediately, and asked President of the Branch to take her there.

Phoebe also went with her. She was already panicking at the moment.

She knew very well that if she didn't go, she had to stay in the conference room with so many people and to face so many eyes alone.

Under that kind of gaze, she would only be more stressed and couldn't draw anything. But if she went to see jewelry, she might have some inspiration.

With such thoughts, Phoebe took a deep breath and tried to suppress the panic and tension, and calmed herself down.

When Violet entered the office of President of the Branch, she saw the jewelry protected by the explosion-proof glass cover in the center of the desk. She exclaimed, "It's so beautiful."

Phoebe was also amazed by this set of jewelry. She didn't contradict Violet this time.

President of the Branch smiled, "This set of jewelry is President's personal collection, called the Blazing Light. It has a twin, called Heart of the Fire."

"Heart of the Fire?" Violet was taken aback for a moment.

"Do you know it?" President of the Branch looked at her.

Phoebe also looked at Violet.

Violet looked away and smiled, "I've heard of it. But why is Heart of the Fire a twin with this set of jewelry?"

She was puzzled.

President of the Branch smiled and replied, "That's because they belong to the same red diamond series and come from the same jewelry designer, so they are twins."

"So that's it." Violet nodded.

Phoebe raised her head to look at President of the Branch, "Can we touch it?"

Hearing what she said, the face of President of the Branch sank suddenly, "No, this is someone else's collection. We can only look at it. We don't have the right to touch it, and I don't have that permission."

Hearing this, Phoebe's face was a bit gloomy, but she didn't say anything.

Violet took out her mobile phone and asked, "Sir, can I take pictures?"Chapter 197 Jessie's Humiliation

"Yes!" President of the Branch nodded.

Violet smiled with joy, "Great! I'll photograph all angles. When designing, I can also image what my design look like when wearing this set of jewelry."

After speaking, she turned on the phone camera and started taking pictures around the glass cover.

When Phoebe saw this, she didn't want to lose to Violet, and didn't want to show that she didn't have the slightest professionalism. She also took out her mobile phone to take pictures, and even deliberately used her camera to block Violet's camera when taking pictures.

Violet noticed it, and glanced at Phoebe coldly. Then she didn't want to bother to argue with Phoebe. So, she turned her gaze back.

After taking the photos, Violet was about to put the phone away when the phone rang.

She glanced at the caller ID and said to President of the Branch, "Excuse me, I have to answer the call first."

"Please." President of the Branch said.

Violet answered the call in front of the two of them. She put the phone to her ear, "Jessie."

"Violet, where are you? I already brought things." Jessie asked, standing under the building.

"I'm in President of the Branch 's office now. Wait for me. I'll pick you up right away."

She hung up the phone, turned around and said to President of the Branch, "Sir, my friend brought

something. It's very important."

When she was speaking, she glanced at Phoebe from the corner of her eye.

President of the Branch saw it and understood it. Then he waved his hand sternly, "Okay."

"Thank you." Violet replied and quickly left the office.

As soon as Violet left, Phoebe slid the wheelchair forward two steps, "Sir, you just let her leave like this? Aren't you afraid that she is going to find someone to help cheating in the competition?"

President of the Branch sat on the office chair and looked at her coolly, "I don't know if Violet will do that kind of things, but you will definitely do."

Phoebe panicked, and she became guilty, "Sir, I don't understand what you are talking about."

"Since you don't understand, let me just say it. I heard designers in the circle say that you have a lot of plagiarism scandals. Is it true?" President of the Branch squinted at her.

Phoebe was so shocked. She didn't dare to look into his eyes, "You must be kidding. How could this be true? It's all some people who hate me and deliberately spread those scandals."

"It turned out to be like this. It seems that I misunderstood you." President of the Branch nodded. It seemed that he believed her, but he actually sneered inwardly.

Deliberately?

Violet had all the evidence.

Phoebe didn't know what President of the Branch was thinking. She thought he really believed it. Then she was suddenly relieved, but she didn't dare to stay here any longer, "Sir, I have already taken the photos. I have to return to the competition first."

"Okay." President of the Branch waved his hand.

Phoebe controlled the wheelchair and went out.

But as soon as she walked out of the office, she saw Violet and Jessie approaching her.

Jessie also saw Phoebe. Then she speeded up her pace, walked in front of Phoebe, crossed her arms on her chest, and looked at her condescendingly, "Long time no see! Why are you lame?"

Phoebe abruptly grabbed the arm of the wheelchair, "You came here just to laugh at me, right?"

"Yes, I'm here to laugh at you." Jessie answered with a grin.

Violet covered her lips and laughed.

Hearing her laughter, Phoebe trembled angrily, "You...you..."

"What's the matter with us? Can you speak clearly? You can't even speak clearly? So useless." Jessie said mercilessly in sarcasm.

Phoebe was shaking more severely. She was so angry that her eyes turned red. She glared at Jessie.

Seeing Phoebe like this, Violet put away the playful smile on her face and became serious, "Well, Jessie, let's not waste time with her. She is now a wounded, in case she deliberately gets injured by herself but says it's us who harm her, then we can't get rid of her."

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"It's really possible. I have to stay away from her." With that, Jessie immediately stepped back.

Violet said, "Well, let's go to see President of the Branch and give him things."

"Yeah." Jessie nodded, walked past Phoebe, came behind Violet, and entered the office of President of the Branch with Violet.

Phoebe looked at the closed door of the office with gloomy eyes, swearing secretly.

She would definitely not let go of these two people!

Just wait and see! Sooner or later, she would return today's humiliation to them ten times!

Phoebe left.

Not long after she left, Violet and Jessie came out after giving things.

"Violet, I have to go back to the hospital first." Jessie stretched herself.

"Wait a minute. Please help me take the two children away. I don't know when the competition will end. I will be worry about if they stay here. After all, Phoebe is here. I'm worried that she will see them and will hurt them." Violet rubbed her temples, and said with some worry.

Jessie patted her hand on Violet's shoulder, "Okay, don't think about it. I'll take them away. Where are they?"

"In the lounge. Come with me." Violet said, leading the way.

The two came to the lounge.

The two children were watching cartoons inside. When they saw them coming in, they jumped off the sofa and ran over happily, "Mommy, Jessie."

"Sweeties!" Each of Violet and Jessie picked up a child by themselves.

Calvin in Violet's arms turned his head and asked in confusion, "Mommy, is the competition over?"

"It's still early. Mommy is here to let you guys leave with Jessie first." Violet pointed to Jessie.

Jessie nodded, "Yes, your mom is worried that no one will take care of you here, so she left you guys over to me."

"Okay." Calvin and Arya lowered their heads.

Although they wanted to wait for Violet to go home together, they were even more reluctant to worry Violet.

Seeing the loss on the two children's faces, Violet felt very uncomfortable and sighed, "Don't worry. Mommy will go to the hospital to pick you up as soon as the competition is over. You have to listen to Godfather and Jessie."

"We will, Mommy." The two children responded together.

Violet put Calvin down and pushed him to Jessie, "Jessie, bother you. I will go back to the conference room first. The competition is still going on."

"Okay." Jessie smiled and waved her hand.

Violet gave a hmm, touched the heads of the two children again, and left the lounge.

Seeing that she went into the conference room, Minister Hodge said, "The competition has officially started. The time is two hours."

Bruce nodded and picked up a chronograph to set the time.

Violet returned to the position, sat down, took a deep breath, opened a new page of design paper, closed her eyes and began to think about how to design.

Phoebe was sitting not far from Violet, about two seats away from her, sweating out anxiously.

Because her mind was blank at the moment. She had no inspiration at all. She couldn't even think normally and she couldn't concentrate at all.

She now hated Minister Hodge's guts. Just because he suddenly changed the theme, so that she couldn't do anything now!

Compared to Phoebe's panic and impatient, Violet was calm as if she didn't participate in the competition.

She opened her eyes slowly, with a confident smile on her face. Then she picked up the pencil beside her.

"Stanley, Miss Hunt seems to already have design inspiration." Ivy, who watched the live broadcast, tilted her head to remind the man beside the hospital bed. Chapter 198 Who Is the Plagiarist

Stanley raised his head from the computer, revealing a handsome face.

He didn't look at her phone, but said, "I know she has a unique talent in design. This competition is just a piece of cake for her."

"Stanley, you really have confidence in Miss Hunt." Ivy smiled stiffly.

Stanley lowered his head again, "It's not me who have confidence in her. Her talent is qualified to make everyone have confidence in her."

"Really?" A dim light flashed into Ivy's eyes. Then she said nothing.

After a while, she saw that Violet's design was almost finished and only the colors were needed. She quietly made a screenshot of Violet's design when Stanley didn't see her and then lifted the quilt.

"Stanley." Ivy's cheeks were slightly blushed. She called Stanley's name a little embarrassed.

Stanley looked up at her, "What's the matter?"

"I want to go to the bathroom." Ivy put the phone in the pocket of the patient gown.

Stanley saw it, but didn't think too much. He closed the computer, put it aside and helped her out of the hospital bed to the bathroom door, "Can you do it yourself? If you can't, I will let the nurse come in and help you."

"No need." Ivy waved her hand and smiled gently, "Although I don't have much strength, it's okay to go to the toilet."

With that, she closed the bathroom door.

A few minutes later, Ivy came out of the bathroom.

Stanley helped her back to the hospital bed.

After lying on the bed, she took out her mobile phone from her pocket and clicked into the live broadcast room again to watch the game.

At the competition site, Violet was already coloring her design.

She painted quickly, and her hands were almost dancing.

As she painted more and more colors, the smile on her face grew deeper.

When Phoebe saw it, not only was she sweating profusely, but she was also under great pressure.

Seeing Violet's face, she knew that Violet's design was about to be completed. But in front of her was still a blank sheet of paper.

"Am I going to lose?" Phoebe looked blankly at the blank paper in front of her, feeling very unwilling, but helpless. Because she really couldn't draw it.

However, at this moment, a reporter suddenly passed by Phoebe and dropped a small paper ball in her design notebook at a very fast speed.

Phoebe didn't know why she subconsciously covered the small paper ball with her hand, and then turned to look at the reporter.

The reporter smiled at her and made a gesture to signal her to open the ball of paper.

Phoebe hesitated for a while, then she did so. She secretly opened the paper ball, and then she saw the paper ball read, "If you want to win, go to the bathroom."

The short nine words immediately made Phoebe's eyes brightened and her heartbeat accelerated.

Although she didn't know what the reporter wanted to do and why he helped her, in order to win, she could only risk a gamble.

Thinking of this, Phoebe raised her hand, "Minister Hodge!"

Everyone looked at her.

Violet also stopped the color pens in her hand and looked at Phoebe.

Phoebe put her hand down, "I want to go to the bathroom."

"Go. Ten minutes at most." Minister Hodge frowned, but agreed.

"Okay." Phoebe was overjoyed and controlled the wheelchair out of the conference room.

Violet looked at the direction Phoebe was leaving, narrowing her eyes.

Did Phoebe really go to the bathroom?

After thinking for a few seconds, Violet didn't know whether Phoebe was actually going to the bathroom or not. So she didn't think about it anymore, lowered her head and continued to color the design.

Even if Phoebe didn't go to the bathroom, Violet wouldn't believe it what else could Phoebe do in just ten minutes.

Soon, in about seven or eight minutes, Phoebe returned. Sweeping away the decadence, she was very refreshed, and even the look in her eyes when she looked at Violet became weird.

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He's Using This Secret Trick To Make Millions

## Iconic Movie That Has A Secret Ending That You Never Got To See

"Huh?" Violet noticed it, frowning, with a bad feeling. She always felt that there was something wrong after Phoebe came back this time.

But she couldn't tell where it was wrong. She could only be sure that Phoebe must have a problem.

Beware of it silently, Violet retracted her gaze and continued to draw.

Phoebe was also starting to draw the design, and the speed was also very fast which was the same as Violet's speed of coloring. When she drew, she hid her own design. Even the viewers in the live broadcast room could not see what she was drawing. It was very mysterious.

Before long, time was up.

"Stop." Minister Hodge tapped the table with the laser pointer and looked at Violet and Phoebe, "You two, hand in the work."

Violet nodded, got up and handed in the design.

Phoebe followed closely behind.

After handing in the design, Violet went down, and Phoebe followed.

Minister Hodge turned over the designs of the two and began to compare them. The first thing he looked at was Violet's design.

It was the silver fishtail one-shoulder long dress, which outlined the perfect figure of women, coupled with ruby jewelry. The collision of red and silver gave others a great visual impact. It was a very good design.

Minister Hodge smiled in satisfaction, put the design draft aside, and then picked up Phoebe's.

But the moment he saw Phoebe's design, his face changed and became gloomy, "What's the matter?"

What was going on?

The people in the conference room and the viewers in the live broadcast room were at a loss. They didn't understand what had happened that made Minister Hodge so angry.

Only Phoebe was very clear. She smiled.

Violet pursed her lips, "Did you do something?"

"Who knows?" Phoebe smirked, but didn't answer.

Minister Hodge put their designs on the big screen.

For a while, everyone was in an uproar.

The two designs on the big screen were very similar. Except for the skirt hem and the color of the skirt, the others were almost the same.

This situation clearly showed a result, which was that one of them plagiarized.

Violet almost broke the pencil in her hand. She clenched her fists tightly, and her nails almost moved into the flesh.

She finally knew why Phoebe became so refreshed after she came back from the bathroom.

It turned out that someone helped Phoebe to copy her design!

"You two, who can tell me who copied whom?" Minister Hodge on the stage swept Violet and Phoebe sternly, and asked in a cold voice.

Before Violet stood up to answer, Phoebe took the lead in raising her hand to speak, "Minister Hodge, she copied mine."

Violet laughed, as if she heard a big joke. She looked at Phoebe sarcastically, "I copied yours? I haven't left since I sat in this position. How did I copy yours? ?"

"Right." Someone in the conference room nodded.

The bullet comments in the live broadcast room were also saying that they didn't believe Violet plagiarized.

"Stanley, Miss Hunt seems to be in trouble." Ivy watched the live broadcast. Her eyes flashed, but she pretended that she looked worried for Violet.

"What's the trouble?" Stanley stopped typing the keyboard and looked at her.

Seeing that he cared so much about Violet, Ivy's eyes became cold, and her hand holding the phone tightened a lot.

But her voice was still gentle, "Miss Hunt and your ex-fiancée get in to the plagiarism incident. The final design drafts of them were submitted at the same time, but the design drawings submitted were almost

the same. The only difference is the hem and the color."

"What?" Stanley narrowed his eyes and grabbed her phone directly.

At the scene, Phoebe smiled disdainfully, "What you meant is that I left my position, so I copied your design?"  
Chapter 199 Debunking

"Yes." Violet stood up, expressionlessly.

Phoebe burst into laughter, "So ridiculous! Even if I have left my position, it is only seven or eight minutes. What can I do? And when I left, I didn't pass by you. I can't see your design. How did I copy yours?"

"Right." The people present and the viewers in the live broadcast room also felt that it made sense.

Violet looked at her coldly, "You can't see my design, but the viewers in the live broadcast room can see it."

"What you mean is that some viewers showed me your design, just while I was in the bathroom?"  
Phoebe smiled.

Violet lifted her chin, noncommittal.

Although Phoebe was panicked that Violet guessed it all at once, she pretended that nothing happened. She curled her lips, "Bullshit! Why do they help me? Besides, did you see I contacted them? We can't use electronic equipment during the competition."

"Yes, when Phoebe went out, I didn't see her holding her mobile phone. How could she contact others to

help her? Maybe Violet really misunderstood."

"In this way, two people don't have a tendency to plagiarize each other, and things have gone to a dead end. But two people can't draw the same design, right?"

The audience at the scene discussed with each other, and the viewers in the live broadcast room was also constantly guessing.

Ivy leaned on the pillow beside the bed, "Stanley, who is the plagiarist?"

"Phoebe!" Stanley did not look at her, staring deeply at the live interface of the mobile phone, and spit out the word coldly.

Ivy's eyes flickered, "Why are you so sure, in case it is not your ex-fiancée, but Violet..."

"Violet is talented. Why would she copy?" Stanley frowned and looked at her, with a slight displeasure in his eyes.

Ivy was stunned, and her hands in the quilt clenched.

He was dissatisfied with her?

She and he grew up together as childhood sweethearts. But in his heart, she was not even as good as a woman whom he had only known for a few months?

Ivy was so shocked. But on her face, it couldn't see anything. The only thing it could be seen was the loss that she was rejected by Stanley.

She lowered her eyelids, covered the gloom in her eyes, and said weakly, "I'm just guessing. Why did you yell at me?"

Stanley was stunned.

Did he yell at her?

He pursed his thin lips then softened his tone, "Sorry, I just want to tell you that Violet is impossible to plagiarize. Since the beginning of the competition, her design has not left the live broadcast scene. On the other hand, before Phoebe went to the bathroom, she didn't draw anything at all. But after she came back from the bathroom, she could draw it. Obviously, there is a problem."

With that, he took out his cell phone.

Upon seeing this, Ivy pressed her hand on his mobile phone, "Stanley, what are you doing?"

Stanley pulled out the phone, "Check the truth about this matter."

"Do you want to help Miss Hunt?" Ivy squinted.

Stanley was noncommittal.

Ivy bit her lower lip, "Stanley, why do you want to help her? Do you have..."

Stanley knew what Ivy was trying to say, and wanted to admit it. But seeing her swaying body and thinking of what Henry told him that she could not get irritated, he finally denied it. Then he replied, "No. I just admire her."

"Well." Ivy seemed to smile at ease.

Stanley didn't look at her again. He dialed the number of President of the Branch and asked him to call up the monitoring of various places in the building to lock down the people who went to the bathroom during the period when Phoebe was in the bathroom.

As long as the people in that period of time were locked, evidence of Phoebe's plagiarism could be found.

President of the Branch also knew the situation at the competition. Hearing Stanley's words, he naturally agreed and quickly asked Bruce to do it.

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6 Uncommon Tips For Building A Healthy Relationship

As Soon As You Hear About Love You Start Screaming At Out Loud?

Stanley put down his cell phone. His face eased a lot, and continued to pick up Ivy's cell phone to watch the live broadcast.

Ivy had been observing him in secret. Seeing his look, she knew that Phoebe was over now. She couldn't help cursing Phoebe inwardly.

What a wimp!

She had arranged for Phoebe. She thought that Phoebe could take the opportunity to beat Violet, but she didn't know that Phoebe was so useless, and this little thing could not be done well!

At the scene of the competition, the topic of "who was the plagiarist" was already a big deal, and even was a hot search. For a while, more viewers flooded into the live broadcast room. If it continued, it would have a bad reputation to Design Association.

"You two, haven't you guys decided who the plagiarist is?" Minister Hodge tapped on the table impatiently, his voice even more severe and indifferent.

Violet glanced at Phoebe. Seeing Phoebe's smug face, Violet clenched her fists.

Since there was no evidence to prove that the design was copied by Phoebe, she would directly publish the evidence of Phoebe's plagiarism.

As long as these were published, the truth should probably become clear this time.

Taking a deep breath, Violet was about to raise her hand to speak. President of the Branch suddenly came in, walked to Minister Hodge, and said something to Minister Hodge. After hearing it, Minister Hodge raised his eyebrows, and then gave the stage to President of the Branch.

Standing on the stage, President of the Branch scanned the crowd and said, "As for the final work, who is the plagiarist? I believe everyone would like to know, so I will tell you now. The plagiarist is...Phoebe!"

He pointed to Phoebe.

The pride on Phoebe's face could no longer be maintained. She froze, and asked in a sharp voice, "Why do you say that I am the plagiarist!"

"Why? I have the evidence!" President of the Branch sneered back to her.

Violet's eyes lit up, "Sir, do you really have evidence?"

"Of course!" President of the Branch nodded, then patted his hands twice.

Bruce came in while grabbing a cowering woman.

Seeing that woman, Phoebe's face turned pale, and her blood was cold.

How... how could this happen!

Why was this woman caught?

Phoebe's reaction was too obvious. She didn't hide it at all, and everyone saw it.

Looking at her guilty and flustered look, everyone knew that she was a real plagiarist.

"It seems that Phoebe knows this young lady." Violet said mockingly. Her voice was extremely loud in the huge conference room.

How could Phoebe admit it? She shook her head repeatedly and denied it, "I... I don't know her. Who knows her?"

"Oh? Didn't you really know her? But I saw the look in her eyes when she was looking at you. Obviously, she knew you." Violet curled her lips coldly, and said lightly.

President of the Branch on the stage also looked at the woman who was grabbed by Bruce sternly, "Do you know Phoebe?"

The woman was too scared at the moment. She started to cry, and nodded, "Yes, she is the one I gave the design drawings to."

"Bullshit! When did you give design drawings to me?" Phoebe was so panicked. She pointed at the woman and shouted.

The woman looked at Phoebe, "Half an hour ago, in the bathroom, I printed out a screenshot of Violet's design work and gave it to you. At that time, Violet's work had not been painted yet. After you saw it, you said it was good. You can change to a different color."

"You talk nonsense!" Phoebe's face was distorted and she still refused to admit it. But everyone could tell that she was just bluffing at the moment.

Violet didn't bother to pay attention to Phoebe. She walked up the stage to the woman, pinched her chin, and asked coldly, "Why did you help her?" \_\_Chapter 200 The Truth Came to Light

The woman didn't dare to look into Violet's eyes.

Violet narrowed her eyes, tightened her hands, and asked again, "Answer me. Why help her!"

"I... I don't want. She threatened me!" The woman seemed to give up resisting. Closing her eyes, she replied loudly.

Regardless of her broken leg, Phoebe stood up and yelled angrily, "Bullshit! When did I threaten you? I didn't even know you before you gave me the design draft!"

She would rather admit that she copied Violet than to carry this blame.

"Is what she said is true? She really doesn't know you?" Violet stared at the woman.

The woman shook her head repeatedly, "Yes, we did not know each other before, but she found me before the competition and gave me a sum of money to keep me paying attention to your live broadcast. After you drew the design, I have to make a screen shot. Then wait for her in the bathroom."

"I didn't!" Phoebe was so furious, her chest undulating violently.

When did she do this?

Didn't this woman take the initiative to find her?

Violet looked at Phoebe and the woman again, bowing her head thoughtfully.

After a few seconds, she raised her head and asked, "Since Phoebe asked you to wait for her in the bathroom, how did she know when to go to the bathroom?"

The woman glanced at the row of reporters at the end of the conference room and pointed to one of them, "It's him. He was also watching the live broadcast. After you finished your painting, he deliberately passed by Phoebe and left a small paper ball, telling her that she can go to the bathroom to find me."

"So it turns out to be like this!" Violet nodded, and looked at Phoebe who seemed to be so angry, and at President of the Branch.

President of the Branch ordered Bruce to bring the reporter over.

The reporter seemed to have known that he would be confessed, so he didn't struggle and was brought over directly.

"You were bribed by her too?" President of the Branch pointed to Phoebe and asked the reporter.

The reporter glanced at Phoebe and nodded again and again, "Yes...yes."

"You...you..." Phoebe was trembling constantly. She was so angry that some veins on the back of her hands popped out.

After a while, she suddenly understood something. Then she burst into laughter. The laughter was full of irony and resentment, "I see! You two have joined forces to frame me. How can there be free lunch in this world? Your boss is really shrewd!"

"Boss? What do you mean?" President of the Branch frowned suspiciously.

Violet didn't react much, and even a complicated look flashed in her eyes.

She knew Phoebe, so she knew that Phoebe did not lie. It was true that this woman and this reporter

were not bribed by Phoebe, but listened to others to help Phoebe.

It would be okay if these two people were not found out, but as soon as they were found out, they would immediately throw mud on Phoebe and let Phoebe take the blame. The purpose was to hide the people who really ordered them.

"These two people listened to their boss' orders and used me to suppress Violet. If I succeed, we will be all good. But if I fail, I will be the only one who suffered. The ridiculous thing is that I didn't realize it at first. When I heard that I could beat Violet, I jumped into her trap happily!" Phoebe replied with self-deprecating, glaring at the woman and reporter.

All the people present and the viewers in the live broadcast room were surprised again.

They didn't expect that a small plagiarism incident would lead to so many conspiracies. It was really a drama.

"It's not Phoebe who bribed you guys, but others?" President of the Branch angrily rebuked the woman and reporter.

The woman and the reporter glanced at each other, and quickly waved their hands to deny, "No, no. It's really Phoebe."

When they said this, a bit of fear flashed in their eyes at the same time.

Violet saw it, frowned, and suddenly figured out.

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He's Using This Secret Trick To Make Millions

It seemed that the person behind them had their secrets, so they said so firmly that no one ordered them. In that case, she didn't have to ask them anymore. They wouldn't say anything even if she still asked them again.

However, the person behind them used Phoebe to suppress her. Obviously, that person had grudges with her. Maybe that person was the real culprit who stopped the cloth of her studio and burned down the warehouse.

"Well, since they said so, then don't ask." Violet stopped President of the Branch.

Phoebe was unwilling. She glared at Violet, as if she was about to eat her, "Why don't we ask? I have to ask clearly. I can't let them get me wronged!"

"Did they get you wronged?" Violet looked up at Phoebe coldly, "Did they not give you design drawings? Did you not collaborate with them?"

"It's different. They..."

"Nothing different!" Violet interrupted her, "No matter who they listened to, I only know that the victim is me, and you, Phoebe, are indeed the one who accepted their help and copied my design."

Since Violet couldn't find out who was behind these two people, it was better to let Phoebe take all the blame.

After all, someone had to take the blame, right?

Thinking about it, Violet walked to President of the Branch and whispered a few words to him.

President of the Branch nodded and waved his hand to let Bruce take the woman and the reporter down first and watch them, then said with the microphone, "Well, since that the truth about plagiarism in the final has come out, now I will announce that the champion of the competition. It's Violet, as for Phoebe... removed from the competition!"

Everyone looked at Phoebe.

Phoebe's face was pale. She lowered her head to avoid everyone's sight.

She really wanted to find a hole to hide herself in, or someone to take her away from the scene.

But no, there was no one. She could only stay here, accept everyone's contempt and insults, and then watched Violet to receive the honor. Compared to be killed, this kind of contrast undoubtedly made than her more difficult to accept.

This competition was officially over here. Violet smiled on stage to receive the award, which was the entry form of the international competition.

The form was filled out on the spot and handed in as soon as it was completed.

When she finished the form, everyone in the conference room stood up and applauded for her. Even the viewers watching the live broadcast wrote bullet comments of congratulations.

Ivy looked at Violet in the live broadcast room with envy and jealousy, "Miss Hunt is really great!"

Before she had a car accident, she could get these applause and congratulations after every piano competition, even more than this.

But now, let alone the applause, she couldn't even play the piano!

Stanley didn't speak. He frowned, as if thinking about something.

Ivy couldn't help but ask, "Stanley, what's the matter with you?"

"I'm thinking who ordered those two people." Stanley rubbed his temples and answered.

Ivy's eyes flashed, then she quickly returned to normal. She said with a smile, "It should be Miss Hunt's opponent in design. He doesn't want to see Miss Hunt win the championship."

"Maybe it's not that simple." Stanley squinted.

Ivy smiled slowly, "Stanley, what do you want to do? Do you want to help Miss Hunt find out that person?"

Stanley was noncommittal.

That was what he meant.

Ivy lowered her eyelids to cover the coldness in her eyes, "What happens after you find out? What do you want to do to that person?" \_\_\_\_\_ Chapter 201 The Ending of Phoebe

"Huh?" Stanley squinted, "Why did you ask about it?"

"I'm just curious." Ivy waved her hand and smiled.

Stanley said, "Since that person was directed at Violet, she can deal with that person base on her own thoughts. It's up to herself."

"Stanley, you really care about Miss Hunt." Ivy murmured with a faint smile.

Stanley did not deny her words.

Ivy took a breath, "Have you ever thought about it, maybe it's because you care about Miss Hunt so much, that's why Miss Hunt has been framed many times?"

Stanley was stunned. He looked at her deeply, "Why do you think so?"

Ivy looked at him indifferently, "I just guessed it. Well, let's not talk about it. Let's continue watching. Miss Hunt seems to have something to say."

She pointed to the live broadcast, avoiding the topic.

Stanley didn't say anything. After examining Ivy for a long time, he didn't see anything from her face. In the end, he withdrew his gaze and looked at the live broadcast.

Maybe the touch of violation that appeared on Ivy just now was really because he thought too much.

At the scene of the competition, Violet nodded to President of the Branch and took the microphone

from him.

Everyone in the conference room knew she had something to say, and they all fell silent.

"Hello?" Violet said to the microphone twice. Confirming that the microphone was ok and very smooth, she said again with a smile, "Hello everyone! I believe you guys are very curious what I am going to say next."

The crowd nodded.

Violet looked at Phoebe and said, "What I want to talk about this time is also about Phoebe."

Phoebe's heart trembled. A huge sense of panic struck her, making her hands on both sides of the wheelchair armrests turned pale, as if she was sitting on pins and needles.

"What? Violet, what else do you want to do? You have ruined me just now. Do you want to ruin me again?" She yelled.

Violet's smile remained unchanged, "You're right, but it's not that I ruin you. It's you who ruin yourself. What I want to say next is that I decided before the start of the competition. It's about Phoebe's plagiarism, not just the work she copied mine just now, but also a lot of designs. Please look at the big screen!"

As soon as she finished speaking, design comparison pictures appeared on the big screen.

The left was signed by Phoebe, and the right was signed by other designers.

Except for the different signatures, these design drawings were almost identical in content. There were some differences, which was that the color and some laces had been changed, but the changes were not too big.

There were at least dozens of design drawings in total, which was dazzling.

Phoebe looked at these design drawings, then she seemed mad. Regardless of the broken leg, she stood up emotionally, and shouted with a grim face, "You are not allowed to look! You are not allowed to look. Close your eyes. Close!"

However, no one listened to her.

"Hey, aren't these design drawings from the previous rounds of competition? I didn't expect that they were copied by Phoebe, and one of them was actually the work of Daphne."

"I can also see that there are several works that she participated in Golden Feather Award. It turned out to be copied, and she copied the works of the foreign new designer, Mina."

"Besides, I'm familiar with those series. They seem to be the works of other competitions she participated in a few years ago. It turns out that she has been plagiarizing since she debuted. From this point of view, she doesn't have her own works at all!"

Listening to everyone's discussion, Phoebe trembled. She glared at Violet with hatred, wishing to tear Violet into pieces.

How dare this woman! How dare she!

Violet seemed to understand what Phoebe was thinking, looked at her without fear, and even smiled at her, "Yeah. The real designers of these works are the people marked above. My friends and I spent a lot of effort to collect these evidences."

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Especially when Daphne learned that Phoebe had copied her design, she found her original designs for a long time, then found the design drawings out, recorded it as a video, and sent it over.

Hearing the word "friend" in Violet's mouth, Stanley knew that she was talking about him.

After all, most of these evidences were collected by him. The reason why she mentioned him was that she did not want to steal his credit. She was really a silly woman. Even if she said that she collected them by herself, he wouldn't think there was anything wrong.

Stanley chuckled and shook his head.

However, the word "friend" made him a little unhappy. Although he had known for a long time that his position in her heart was an ordinary friend, every time he heard it, it still made him uncomfortable.

"Violet, have you already known that Phoebe has plagiarized so many times?" A reporter asked.

Phoebe turned her head and glared at the reporter.

The reporter was really taken aback by the look in her eyes and shrank his neck, trying to avoid contact with her.

"Yes, I knew it early." When Violet saw this scene, she smiled and nodded, "So I have been collecting

evidence in secret, planning to tell everyone in today's final, but I didn't expect Phoebe to be shameless. She dares to copy my design in the final, so I can't let her go. After all, everyone is responsible for combating plagiarism."

As soon as she finished speaking, everyone laughed.

But in Phoebe's eyes, it was a mockery of her, which made her unable to bear it anymore. She screamed again and again which made everyone stunned.

Violet knew that Phoebe had already collapsed at this moment.

After all, in front of tens of millions of viewers, she was exposed to plagiarism. Anyone couldn't bear it.

President of the Branch noticed that there was something wrong with Phoebe. He asked Bruce to take her to the medical room first to calm down.

Bruce responded and was about to take Phoebe over.

But as soon as he walked over, Phoebe fainted.

This time, she was not pretending, but really fainted. Her face was almost ghastly pale.

When Phoebe fainted yesterday, everyone was worried about her. But today, no one was worried. They all thought she deserved it.

After Phoebe left, Violet cleared her throat slightly and spoke again, "Since the person involved in the plagiarism has passed out, we still have to talk about her punishment."

She looked serious, "Phoebe's plagiarism of so many designs not only violated the biggest taboo in the design circle, but also violated the law. Therefore, Design Association will ban Phoebe from design circle. From then on, Phoebe shall not engage in any design work."

After she finished speaking, everyone applauded again. No one felt that the punishment was serious.

After all, she copied many designs. There was a problem if she was not banned.

Violet smiled and waved her hand, signaled everyone to be quiet, and then said, "In addition, we will call the police and go to court to investigate Phoebe's plagiarism to the end, then return all the benefits she has gained from plagiarism over the years to the original designers."

"Good job." Everyone shouted.

"Thank you for your support." Violet bowed, and then returned the microphone to President of the Branch.

President of the Branch also said a few words to warn the designers. After asking them to take this as a warning, he announced the end.

These reporters rushed away excitedly one by one, wanting to hurry back to write the manuscript for publication.

Because they photographed the biggest plagiarism scandal in the domestic design circle, they didn't worry about their headlines the next period of time.

Soon, everyone in the conference room was almost gone.

President of the Branch put down the microphone and looked at Violet, "Come to the office with me. I have something for you." \_\_\_\_\_

"Okay." Although Violet was a little confused, she didn't ask anything, and directly nodded in response.

At this time, a deliveryman in a red delivery suit appeared at the door of the conference room, holding a bunch of bright red roses dripping with waterdrops. He knocked on the door with the receipt and asked, "Excuse me, who is Miss Violet Hunt? "

"Looking for you." President of the Branch smiled jokingly, "It should be your boyfriend or your suitors."

Violet couldn't laugh or cry, "I have already had children. How could it be my boyfriend and suitors? Don't tease me."

"You have kids?" President of the Branch looked at her in surprise.

She was in a good shape and didn't look like a person who had given birth to a child at all.

"Yeah." Violet nodded, and did not continue to talk to President of the Branch. She walked up to the deliveryman, "Hello, this is Violet."

The deliveryman glanced at her, a touch of surprise in his eyes. Then he handed the flower to her, "Hello, Miss Hunt, this is your flower."

"Who gave it?" Violet didn't accept it, but looked at the bunch of roses and asked.

This was a bunch of red velvet roses. It was a very precious kind of rose, and most people couldn't buy it.

It seemed that the identity of the person who gave her the flowers was not simple.

"It's a..." Violet's cell phone rang when the deliveryman was about to answer her question.

After Violet said sorry, she took out her mobile phone to have a look.

The call was from Stanley. She hesitated for a while, but still answered, "Mr. Murphy!"

"Have you received the flower?" Stanley's deep and sexy voice came.

Hearing his voice, Violet's goose bumps were all up. She couldn't help rubbing her arms, "So you gave me this flower?"

"Yeah." Stanley nodded.

Violet fiddled with the rose petals, and asked puzzledly, "Why did you send me flowers?"

"You won the championship. Congratulations." Stanley replied with smile.

Violet's throbbing heart suddenly calmed down. She smiled faintly, "Thank you, Mr. Murphy."

"You're welcome. I don't know what flowers you like, so I bought roses. Do you like it?" Stanley asked, leaning against the wall outside Ivy's ward.

He really didn't know the flowers she liked.

He just thought that as long as it was red, it suited her. Besides, the red rose itself represented the charm of a woman, and it matched her very well.

"I like it very much." Violet nodded.

"That's good." Stanley's tight heart relaxed.

He gave flowers to someone for the first time. He was really afraid that she would not like it.

Suddenly, the door to the ward was opened. Henry came out from the inside. Seeing Stanley making a call, he said in a low voice, "Ivy has finished the injection. It may be a little hurt. She's calling you. Go in and accompany her until she sleeps. After she falls asleep, you can leave."

Stanley gave a hmm.

Although Violet could not hear what Henry was talking about, she also heard his voice, so she said, "Mr. Murphy, is Dr. Baxter looking for you? Then you go ahead with your work. I'll talk something to President of the Branch."

"Okay, bye!" Stanley nodded.

"Goodbye!" Violet smiled and said goodbye, then hung up the phone.

After putting away the phone, she reached out to the deliveryman, "Give it to me."

The deliveryman handed the flowers over again, and the receipt at the same time.

Violet signed it, then the deliveryman left.

Violet held a huge bouquet of flowers and followed President of the Branch to the office.

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The flower was estimated to be ninety-nine, which were surprisingly large and heavy in a bunch.

It was a little difficult for Violet to hold, so she was staggering. Besides, the flowers blocked her sight. She could only look down at the ground.

So that along the way, the scene of her holding flowers attracted a lot of attention.

Finally, Violet arrived at the office. She put down the flowers, sighed with relief, patted her sore arms, and sat down opposite President of the Branch's desk, frowning.

President of the Branch poured her a cup of tea, "Someone likes you and gave you such a large bunch of flowers. Why are you still frowning?"

Violet picked up the tea cup and took a sip of water, "Who likes me?"

"The person who gave you the rose doesn't like you?" President of the Branch said with a smile, "Although I'm old, I also know that roses can't be given casually, especially red roses. They can only be given to lovers."

Violet shook her head, "But you're wrong this time. He doesn't like me. He just appreciates my design talents. The reason why he gave roses is because he has a cold personality and doesn't understand this. He thinks as long as it is a woman, he can send roses."

"Okay, okay, I don't understand you young people. Don't talk about this. Do you know why I asked you to come here?" President of the Branch looked at her.

Violet pondered for a while before she said, "It should be related to Phoebe, right?"

"Yes, Phoebe is really screwed up this time. Design Association will notify those top designers who were plagiarized by her. If she is held accountable, she will definitely go to jail, at least three years or more."

"She asked for this. From the moment she plagiarized, her ending is doomed." Violet turned her teacup and said lightly.

She didn't sympathize with Phoebe at all.

Those designs were all efforts of others. Phoebe used the effort of others to earn fame and fortune. This was her ending.

"I'm telling you this just to hope that when the trial is held, you, as the evidence provider, will come forward to confirm it." President of the Branch smiled.

Violet nodded, "I will."

"Well. In addition, there are only two months left for international competition. In these two months, you should prepare well and try your best, letting our country and J city be proud of you."

"I'll try my best." Violet nodded, and then thought of something. She asked, "By the way, you just said that you have something for me. What is it?"

"Oh, I almost forgot." President of the Branch patted his forehead, "I'm old and I don't have a good memory."

As he said, he opened the drawer and took out a box and a certificate to her.

Violet took them suspiciously.

She first opened the box and took a look, and found that there was a medal inside, which made her even more puzzled.

After that, she opened the certificate next to it and saw the content inside, then her eyes widened, "The champion of Golden Feather Award, Mina? You..."

"Surprised how did I know that you are Mina, right?" President of the Branch looked at her with a smile.

Violet nodded.

President of the Branch pushed the reading glasses on the bridge of his nose, "Merced called me the day before yesterday. Then yesterday Mr. Moore told me about Phoebe's plagiarism. He told me Phoebe also plagiarized in Golden Feather Award. She copied a designer named Mina. I know Mina is you, so..."

"So you told the organizer of Golden Feather Award?" Violet raised her eyebrows.

Golden Feather Award replied with smile, "Yes, the organizer of Golden Feather Award immediately decided to make the other medal and certificate for you. After all, Phoebe's winning works belong to you. At this time, the official website of Golden Feather Award has already changed the news of the real champion."

Violet put the certificate and medal into her arms, "Thank you so much."

"You don't need to thank me. This is what you deserve. Try your best in international competitions." President of the Branch patted her on the shoulder.

Violet said she would.

After that, she bid farewell to President of the Branch and left, ready to go back to the hospital to pick up the children.

But when she just walked to the door of the building, she stopped and looked at a group of people not far in front coldly.\_\_\_\_\_

Chapter 203 Be Arrested

Phoebe and Talia was surrounded by a group of people.

In that group, there were a few reporters carrying cameras, and two police officers in police uniforms.

The two police officers, a man and a woman, were standing facing Talia and Phoebe, looking at them with frowning.

"Mrs. Hunt, please cooperate us!"

"No!" Talia was like a hen guarding her child, stopping in front of Phoebe with open arms, and shouting at the two police officers emotionally, "I don't allow you guys to take my daughter away!"

"Mrs. Hunt, it is our duty to take Miss Hunt away. I advise you to get out of the way." The male police officer said to her with a sullen face.

Talia shook her head violently, "No. You want to arrest my daughter. How can I give the way to you guys!"

"You are obstructing our law enforcement. We can arrest you. Do you know?" The female police officer also said with a sullen face.

Talia didn't seem to understand. She hugged Phoebe, who was sitting in a wheelchair with her head down.

Seeing this scene of mother-daughter love, Violet walked over with a mocking smile and put aside the flowers and the bag with the medal and certificate in it. Then she said, "Two police officers, for someone who is obstructing official duties, don't need to give her patience. Take her away."

Hearing Violet's voice, Phoebe suddenly raised her head, staring at Violet with hatred.

Talia was the same. She let go of Phoebe, and was about to hit Violet, "Violet, you bitch! Dare to harm my daughter! I will never let you go!"

Violet frowned and dodged Talia's attack.

Because of Violet's dodge, Talia lost her balance. After staggering, she knelt on the ground on the spot. Then she screamed in pain.

The people next to her were dumbfounded.

After reacting, the two police officers couldn't help but laughed. The reporters snapped photos of Talia's miserable situation.

Phoebe looked at Talia coldly, her eyes full of boredom and disgust.

This idiot was really useless!

She didn't even hit Violet, but she fell like this! Shame on her!

Violet raised her eyebrows and walked to Talia, looking at her condescendingly, "It's not yet New Year. Talia, don't need to kneel to me. I won't accept it. Get up quickly."

With that, Violet stretched out her hand and pretended to help Talia get up.

"Who needs your help!" Talia slapped Violet's hand away in anger, and stood up.

After Talia stood up, she saw that Violet was so close to herself. A fierce look flashed in her eyes. Then she slapped Violet at an extremely fast speed.

Violet was stunned, and subconsciously tilted her head to the side.

She escaped Talia's slap on her face, but Talia still slapped her shoulder.

The sound was extremely clear and loud.

This incident shocked the people next to them.

Only Phoebe smiled happily.

Talia used all her force to slap. Violet only felt that her shoulder was hurt.

If she hadn't just reacted in time and hid quickly, Talia's slap would definitely fall on her face, and her face would definitely be ruined on the spot!

Thinking of this, Violet's beautiful eyes were full of anger. Her little face was extremely cold, "Police officer, I want to sue her for intentional harm!"

She covered her shoulder with one hand and pointed at Talia with the other.

Before the two police officers spoke, Talia panicked, and shouted in a sharp voice, "Bitch! What are you talking about? What crime of intentional harm? I just slapped you!"

Violet glanced at Phoebe, who was frowning, and sneered, "You and Phoebe are indeed mothers and daughters. You and Phoebe both have done illegal matters. I tell you, Talia, as long as you hurt me, I can sue you for just intentional harm, understand?"

"This young lady is right. You beat her. She can sue you with the crime of intentional injury. If she goes for an injury assessment, you will be detained for five to ten days." The female police officer had long been annoyed with Talia. So when she heard Violet's words, she stood out and confirmed what Violet said.

Talia's face turned pale now. She stammered, "How... how could this be?"

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She just slapped Violet. But she got herself into the police station!

"Police officer, please take them away. I will go to the hospital for an injury assessment in a while, and then send you the report of injury assessment." Violet said with a smile to the two police officers.

The two police officers nodded, and then took away Phoebe and Talia who was still in a daze.

When they left, Phoebe turned her head and glanced at Violet gloomily, as if she wanted to remember Violet.

Violet didn't care about her. After the police car was far away, she put away the smile on her face. The expression on her face became painful. Then she turned her head and pulled the clothes off her shoulder.

Looking at the swollen shoulder, Violet couldn't help but gasped.

Talia was too ruthless. Her shoulder was swollen. She would definitely not get better without ten days or

a half month.

She must let Talia get detained!

Thinking of this, Violet pulled up her clothes blankly, picked up the flowers and bag in the corner, and walked to the parking space on the side of the road.

Half an hour later, Violet came to the hospital and went to visit George first.

When she arrived at the ward, there were only George and two children in the ward, but Jessie was not there.

The two children were lying on the sofa and sleeping under blankets.

Violet couldn't help but smiled, then looked at the hospital bed, "George."

"Violet, you are here." George put down the book in his hand and smiled gently at Violet at the door.

Violet gave a hmm, and gently closed the door of the ward, "Where is Jessie?"

George's smile faded for a moment, "Her parents said something was going on at home, letting her go back."

"Oh." Violet nodded, walked to the hospital bed and sat down.

George smiled again, "Congratulations, Violet, you won the championship."

"Thank you." Violet tucked her hair.

George put the book on the bedside, "I suddenly want to go to the bathroom. Violet, can you help me?"

"Of course!" Violet agreed, standing up to help him.

After George got out of the bed, he put his hand on Violet's shoulder.

Violet suddenly hissed.

George heard it. The deepness in his eyes immediately disappeared. Instead, he was a little nervous, "Violet, what's the matter with you?"

"You touched the wound on my shoulder." Violet replied with a pale face.

"Wound?" George was taken aback for a moment, then narrowed his eyes, "Let me see."

Violet didn't refuse, and pulled down her clothes to expose her shoulder.

Seeing her swollen shoulder, George's eyes behind the lenses flashed a trace of coldness, "Who beat you?"

"Talia. She blamed me for letting Phoebe get caught, so she hit me. She wanted to hit me in the face, but I avoided it, and then hit me on the shoulder." Violet sighed and replied.

"Judging from the injury on your shoulder, Talia wants to disfigure your face." George said coldly.

Violet shrugged her shoulders, "Yeah, but I also sent her to the police station for the crime of deliberately hurting me. So besides picking up the two children, I also need to make the report of injury assessment to convict Talia."

"Then you go to check quickly." George lifted his chin.

"But you are..."

"I'm fine. I can walk there with holding the wall. Don't worry." George smiled at her.

Violet no longer insisted. She nodded, left the ward, and walked to the surgery department.

The Novel will be updated daily. Come back and continue reading tomorrow, everyone!

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