

Daddy! Mommy Is Pregnant Again

Chapter 384 The Identity of the Two Kids

Violet suppressed the exhaustion in her heart and reached out to touch the two kids' faces, "It's okay, don't worry, I will take care of it."

"But"

Calvin was about to say something else.

Violet rubbed her brow, "Alright, you guys go back to your rooms first, let me have some quiet time and think of a way to clear the air with your dad."

"Okay." Calvin nodded and pulled Arya upstairs.

Walking up the stairs, Arya spoke in a small voice, "Brother, if Daddy treats us all like this in the future, are we going to lose him?"

"No." Calvin answered with a serious face, "I will find a way to make Daddy and Mommy make up, and as long as they are good again, he will still be our Daddy."

"Well, then I'm going to help too!" Arya smiled.

"Then let's go back to our room and figure out what to do." Calvin opened the door to his room and pulled her inside.

In the study.

Ivy stood in front of Stanley's desk apprehensively, "Staley, are you angry with me?"

"Ivy, this is your second time to stitch Violet up. Last time you fell, but said Violet pushed you, this time you are not only abusive to Violet, but also to two kids. When did you become so vicious?" Stanley looked at her with a stranger's glance.

Ivy's panicked, and then she said indignantly, "Stanley, I am vicious? I did it all for you."

"For me?" Stanley frowned.

Ivy nodded, "Yes, I asked you last night why you were suddenly so cold to Miss Hunt, and you told me that Miss Hunt was your enemy, so I tried to help you."

"Your so-called help is to vilify two innocent kids with such language?" Stanley slapped his hand on the table.

Ivy froze, "I could only do that. You love Miss Hunt, but there was a deep hatred between you, you said you didn't know how to get along with Miss Hunt, so I thought, let Miss Hunt leave you voluntarily. That's why I said something like that."

When she said that, she took a breath and added, "As long as Miss Hunt can't accept these humiliations, she will definitely leave of her own accord so that you don't have to be struggling with how to get along with her."

"Whether you're doing it for me or for yourself, Ivy, you know it in your heart." Stanley narrowed his eyes, gazing at her as if he wanted to see her through.

Ivy's heart was weak and her gaze dodged unconsciously, "Stanley, of course I'm doing this for you, I'm with Henry now, how could I possibly do something nasty?"

"I hope so." Stanley spoke coldly.

Ivy was slightly relieved to see that he didn't pursue the matter, and looked at him as she added, "Stanley, then how about you cite this solution of mine? Since you don't know how to get along with her, then it would be the best option for you two to separate."

"This is my business, no need for you to interfere." Stanley pursed his lips impatiently.

Ivy was upset in her heart, "Stanley, don't you give up? Miss Hunt is one of the murderers who killed your parents, you are with her and helping her raise those two kids, what do you want your parents think?"

"That's enough, get out, you're not in charge of my affairs!" Stanley pointed at the door with an icy face.

Ivy knew he was furious and didn't dare to confront him, her voice softened, "Fine, I'll go out, but Stanley, I hope you think about it, it's better for you and Miss Hunt to separate, otherwise you'll just become a pair of resentful couples."

With that, she turned and went out.

Silence returned to the study, and Stanley closed his eyes in exhaustion, his arm resting on the sofa.

How could he not know that separating from Violet would be the best option?

But he really loved her, and the thought of being separated made his heart ache.

What the hell was he going to do?

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His phone rang.

Stanley picked his phone up, glancing at the caller ID and putting it to his ear, his voice low and feeble, "What is it?"

"I heard from Ivy that you and Violet have a rift in your relationship, is that true?" Henry asked.

Stanley didn't say anything.

Henry added, "It seems to be true, Ivy said that Violet's mother ran over your parents, is that true?"

"It's true." Stanley's throat twitched slightly as he answered.

Henry pushed his glasses, "Then I can understand your attitude towards Violet, after all, the feud of killing your father and mother is in the middle, it can't be the same as before, but you have to face it. How do you plan to resolve it?"

Stanley leaned back in his chair, both eyes darkening as he looked at the ceiling, "I don't know."

"I understand, after all, you love her." Henry continued, "But it's better to settle this before it's too late, otherwise it won't be good for you and Violet, or those two kids."

"There's no need for you to remind me." Stanley responded with an expressionless face.

Henry shrugged his shoulders, "If it weren't for the fact that you're my friend, I wouldn't have called you, anyway, settle it early, it's not good to drag it out. Besides, the person behind the revelation that Violet's mother was the murderer of your parents must have some purpose, otherwise why would he reveal it at this time?"

"I know, Fraser is investigating on it."

But he had not had the result yet.

"Alright then, how about coming out for a drink tonight? I heard from Ivy that you've been depressed these past two days." Henry invited him to have a drink.

Stanley's thin lips twitched, wanting to refuse, but eventually he agreed.

Hanging up the phone, he put it down and got up to leave the study.

Just as he walked to the stairway, he saw Violet coming up from downstairs.

Violet was about to go to him. When she saw him, her eyes lit up, "Stanley, wait."

Afraid that he would ignore her, she hastily pulled his arm to keep him from leaving.

Stanley didn't shake her off and stopped his pace.

Violet slightly breathed a sigh of relief, "Stanley, I know you don't want to talk to me, that's fine, we'll

talk about it next time. Let's talk about something else this time, I sent you a message during the day about telling you a secret, originally I wanted to tell you this secret as your birthday present, but now I can't wait."

With that, she took a deep breath, suppressing the tension inside her, and looked at him as she slowly spoke, "The secret is about the two kids, in fact, you are their biological father."

Stanley's pupils shrank.

How was that possible!

Seeing the shock in Stanley's eyes, Violet lowered her head, "I'm sorry, I've been hiding it from you because I was afraid you would fight me for the custody of the two kids, but when we got married later, I was ready to tell you, I just never had the right opportunity, so I decided to say it on your birthday, but I didn't expect"

"Do you think I'll believe that?" Before she could finish her sentence, she was interrupted by Stanley coldly.

Violet was stunned for a moment and looked up at him, looking at the sarcasm in his eyes, she stared incredulously, "Stanley, what do you mean, do you think I'm lying to you?"

"Don't you?" Stanley shook off her hand.

Violet shook her head, "Of course not, what I said is true. They really are your kids, that night five years ago"

"Alright, I know very well in my heart whether they are my kids or not. Do you think I haven't done a paternity test?" The sarcasm in Stanley's eyes grew thicker and thicker.

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Chapter 385 He's Not Our Daddy

Violet was stunned, "You had a paternity test, when? How come I didn't know?"

"When I first met Calvin, I had suspected his relationship with me, so I had Fraser get his blood sample for a paternity test, and the results showed that he was not related to me."

"That's not possible!" Violet loudly denied.

She had only ever had him as a man.

How could Calvin not be his child? They obviously looked so much alike.

"There's nothing impossible, because I've had it authenticated twice and both times it showed otherwise." Stanley said with pursed lips.

Violet shook her head with a pale face, "No, no, you lied to me."

If Calvin wasn't his kid, whose kid could he be?

Wasn't him the guy from that night?

No, the surveillance recordings told her that it was indeed Stanley at that night!

"Stanley, have you been tricked?" Violet spoke emotionally, "Calvin and Arya are really your kids, how about we do another identification?"

"It's not necessary, no matter how many times you do it again, the result will be the same." Stanley looked at her coldly, "I don't know why you have to say that they are my kids, but they aren't, telling a lie will only makes you sick."

Hearing these words, Violet was like struck by lightning and her body trembled, almost falling over.

She was sick?

How was she sick when she merely wanted him to know that Calvin and Arya were his kids?

Violet looked at the man sadly.

The man, however, ignored her and headed straight downstairs.

"Stanley, where are you going?" Violet grabbed the railing and looked down.

The man kept moving forward, not answering at all, and his figure quickly disappeared.

"Mommy." Calvin's childish voice came from behind her.

Violet wiped her tears from her eye and turned back, barely squeezing out a smile, "What's wrong, baby?"

"Just now you and Daddy No, Uncle Stanley, I heard your conversation with Uncle Murphy." Calvin walked over.

Violet's heart trembled as she heard that, "You heard it?"

"Yes." Calvin nodded, "Uncle Murphy is right, Arya and I are not his kids, in fact, not only Uncle Murphy doubted my identity the first time he saw me, I was also wondering if Uncle Murphy was my father the first time I saw him."

"What?" Violet was surprised, "You suspected that too?"

"Yeah." Calvin nodded, "Uncle Murphy and I look so much alike, so I was suspicious."

Violet lowered her head and didn't speak anymore.

Yeah, with such similar looks, she was sure that the man from that night was Stanley.

But why the identification result showed otherwise?

"Do you still remember the first time Uncle Murphy went to our house?" Calvin took her hand, "That time I accidentally got a few of Uncle Murphy's hairs."

Hearing that, Violet understood something, "Calvin, you did that on purpose?"

"Yes, I suspected that Uncle Murphy was my father, so I purposely got his hair and then asked Godfather to do a paternity test for me and Uncle Murphy, and the result of the test, just like Uncle Murphy said, is that Arya and I are not his kids." Calvin said.

Violet's eyes went dimmed and she held onto the railing beside her in time to not fall over.

If Stanley's two identifications might had been cheated, Calvin's couldn't have been cheated.

So, Stanley was not the father?

Who was the father then?

Violet held her forehead, feeling nothing but coldness.

She had been convinced that the two kids were Stanley's, but now the result was a blow to her head that she couldn't accept.

"Mommy" Seeing Violet's face getting pale, Calvin called out to her with some concern.

Violet looked down at her son's concerned eyes and felt only pain in her heart.

She knelt down and took the little one in her arms as she sobbed, "I'm sorry, baby, I'm sorry."

It was her left two kids without a father from birth.

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No Wonder She's Always In The Top 10 Of These Lists

She let both kids subjected to the most vicious verbal attacks.

Calvin gently patted Violet's back, "Mommy, you love us and have been trying very hard to protect us, so we're happy. Mommy, no need to say sorry."

Hearing her son's words, Violet's heart was warm and astringent, and she cried even louder.

Arya in the room heard the sould and came out, not knowing what was happening, and cried along with her.

Calvin was helpless, coaxing his mommy and then his sister.

Not knowing how long she had been crying, Violet released Calvin.

Calvin asked, "Mommy, Uncle Murphy doesn't like me and Arya right now, and he's also cold to you, do you still want to live with Uncle Murphy?"

Violet looked at him, "Baby, you"

He added, "If you still want to live with Uncle Murphy, Arya and I will help you make up with Uncle Murphy, and if you don't, we'll go back to our old apartment."

Listening to her son's words, Violet was somewhat impressed.

But soon, it was washed away by the love for Stanley.

"So do you want to get out of here?" Violet asked, stroking the two kids's heads.

She loved Stanley, so she couldn't leave.

But if two kids wanted to go, she'd definitely choose to leave with the kids.

Arya shook her head, "I'm not leaving, I like Daddy, I don't want to leave him."

"What about you, Calvin?" Violet looked at Calvin.

Calvin nodded, "I'm not leaving either, not until daddy asks for us to leave."

Although Stanley was not his real father, he was the one he worshiped.

Maybe Uncle Murphy didn't like them temporarily, and it would be fine later.

Hearing the two kids's reply, Violet was relieved in her heart, "Good, then we won't leave, I believe Daddy will be good to us soon."

"Ok." Both kids nodded in unison.

After that, Violet let them go back to their rooms.

After the two kids left, Violet went back to her room, took out her phone, and checked a video.

This video was the surveillance from that night five years ago.

She would have to go over it again to see if there was anything she had missed.

She needed to know if it was Stanley that night, or a man who looked like Stanley.

However, after watching, no matter how she looked at that person, she was sure it was Stanley, not someone else.

But why three identifications showed that he was not the father?

What was wrong here, exactly?

Thinking of that, Violet only felt her scalp tingle and goose bumps rise.

She felt as if she had fallen inside a very large trap and couldn't get up.

Violet dropped her phone and lay down on her bed, exhausted and weak, staring at the ceiling.

After a longtime, her eyelids started getting heavy before she closed her eyes.

Everything that had happened in the past two days had been too much for her, and her mind and body were too tired to sleep well at night.

Then she fell asleep.

After about a few hours of sleep, however, Violet felt thirsty and sat up rubbing her temples.

Once her mind was a little clearer, she lifted the quilt, got out of bed and was to get some water.

Just as she walked out of the room, she saw something, her pupils enlarged and her face changed.

She saw Ivy wearing a thin night dress and coming out of Stanley's room.

Ivy closed the door and turned around, only to see Violet. At first she was surprised, and then she curled up her lips, "Good evening, Miss Hunt." ____

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Chapter 386 Care

Violet didn't respond to her greeting, but only asked coldly, "Miss Ellis, why did you come out of my husband's room at this late hour?"

Ivy gently ruffled her wig, "Well, Stanley came back from drunk, so I helped him to his room."

Stanley went out for a drink?

Violet frowned, not feeling well.

He went out drinking without telling her, but came back drunk and had Ivy help him back to his room.

Thinking of that, Violet's palms squeezed tightly and her voice stiffened, "Well, then I really thank you for taking such good care of my husband."

"Never mind, Stanley wants water, there's no water in the room, so I go down and get him some."

Saying that, Ivy was about to go downstairs.

Violet called out to her, "No need, Miss Ellis, since I'm here now, as his wife, I should take care of him, so don't bother."

Ivy smiled, "It is ok, Stanley is so good to me, I should take care of him."

"Miss Ellis, don't forget, I'm Stanley's wife. Since I am here, it's not your turn to take care of him. The one you should take care of is Dr. Baxter, so Miss Ellis, I hope you pay attention to your manners, otherwise you will make Dr. Baxter sad."

With those words, Violet withdrew her gaze, stopped looking at her, and went straight downstairs.

Ivy stood still, her hands clasped tightly on the railing, her face twisted slightly as she couldn't maintain the smile.

The meaning of Violet's words was clearly a warning to her.

But it didn't matter, she wanted to see how much longer Violet could be complacent.

Violet didn't know what Ivy was thinking, she poured a glass of water and went upstairs, then opened the door to Stanley's room and entered.

The room was brightly lit, and Stanley was lying on the bed, his eyes tightly closed, his cheeks flushed, his body emitting a strong smell of alcohol. He was so drunken and unconscious.

His jacket was gone, and he was wearing only a shirt, which was messy and had two buttons falling apart at the collar, and his tie was hanging loosely around his neck.

Violet sighed and gently called out to the man, "Stanley, wake up."

It wasn't clear if the man heard it or not, and his frown deepened.

When Violet saw that he didn't wake up, she had no choice but to take a sip of water herself, and then lowered her head, ferrying the water into his mouth in a mouth-to-mouth manner.

After repeating for a few times, the glass of water ran out.

Violet was relieved to see that Stanley's frown wasn't that bad anymore.

"How much you have been drunk?" Violet muttered as she sniffed the smell of alcohol in the air.

She then spread her hand to wipe Stanley's forehead again, trying to see if he had a fever or something.

After all, sometimes it did seem easy to get a fever when you've had too much wine.

Fortunately, Stanley didn't have a fever, but was simply drunk.

Violet felt relieved. And then she got up and went to the bathroom to get a basin of water out, helped him clean his face and body.

After doing this, Violet covered Stanley with the blanket and was prepared to go out.

Suddenly, Stanley grabbed her hand violently and shouted in a hoarse voice, "Don't go!"

Thinking he was awake, Violet turned around to check on him, only to find that he was just talking in his sleep.

"Don't go!" Stanley repeated again.

"I'm not leaving." Violet sat back down on the edge of the bed.

Maybe he heard it and took her hand, loosening the strength slightly.

Violet just looked at him.

After watching for an unknown amount of time, the flush on his face gradually dissipated, and he supposed to have been sobered up a bit.

As expected, Stanley's eyelids twitched, and the next second, his eyes opened.

Seeing Violet, he frowned, "What are you doing here?"

Violet's face, which was originally surprised, stiffened when she heard his cold voice, "Stanley, you're drunk, I am here to take care of you."

Drunk?

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

Stanley was stunned at first, then remembered that he and Henry had gone out drinking because of what had happened in the past two days. He then got drunk.

"Stanley, is there anything wrong with you?" Violet asked again when she saw his sudden silence.

Stanley noticed his hand was gripping hers, and after his eyes sank, he let go of his hand, "No, go out."

Violet had been disappointed for a moment because he had let go of her hand.

"Stanley, shall I stay here with you tonight?" Violet's lips twitched, her eyes looking at him hopefully.

He wouldn't give her a chance to talk about it.

Then she shall offer to stay, and maybe he would change his mind.

However, Stanley was unmoved. He lifted the quilt and sat up, rubbing his temples, his voice still icy, "No, go away."

Violet bit up her lower lip, "Staley"

"Get out!" Stanley scolded in a low voice.

The glow in Violet's eyes disappeared and her expression dimmed as she got up and turned towards the door.

Her disappointment and despondency were all seen by Stanley, and a hint of intolerance flashed in his eyes.

But then the image of his parents in a car accident chilled his heart again.

Violet went out and gently closed the door behind her, then leaned against the door and looked up at the ceiling of the hallway, holding back the tears in her eyes.

It was a while before she could barely adjust her mood and went back to her bedroom.

Violet lost sleep again this night.

The next day the two dark circles beneath her eyelids were more obvious, and it took a thick layer of powder to hide them, but the exhaustion on her face and the weariness in her eyes could not be concealed.

Stanley still left early and didn't stay for breakfast for the past two days.

Violet looked at where he usually sat and laughed bitterly in her heart.

He did not even eat with her now?

"Mommy." The two kids' tender voices interrupted Violet's speculation.

Violet looked at them, "What's wrong?"

"We're going to be late for school." Calvin said.

It was already almost nine o'clock, so she put down her chopsticks, "Sorry, let's go, i will take you to school."

The two kids nodded.

Violet took them out of the villa.

After dropping off the two kids at the kindergarten, Violet drove to her company.

Jessie saw her enter and smiled, "Violet, you're just in time."

"What's wrong?" Violet asked, barely able to muster up.

Jessie handed her a document, "It's a magazine interview."

"An interview?" Violet took the document and flipped it over.

Jessie nodded, "Yes, it's Century Magazine, one of the most influential magazines in the Asian fashion industry, and their editor-in-chief called this morning saying he wanted to interview you."

"Why?" Violet wondered.

Although she'd got some fame in the country now, she was not close enough to qualify to be in this magazine, she guessed.

She could be interviewed until she announced that she Mina after the international competition.

"It was President of the Branch who introduced you, plus those clothes you designed in the country are favored by Century Magazine. It is not a solo interview, they will interview another designer too." Jessie explained.

Violet nodded, "I see, but who is the other designer?"

It didn't matter if it was a solo interview, since it was good enough to be featured in this magazine. _____

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Chapter 387 Magazine Interviews

"I'm not so sure, the President of the Branch revealed it was Pennie." Jessie rubbed her chin and replied.

"Pennie?" Violet narrowed her eyes, "The one who wants to challenge me?"

"Yes, that's her, she's already back home and is also in J City. She has bought the studio that used to be Phoebe's." Jessie nodded her head.

Violet's brow furrowed, "Bought Phoebe's studio?"

"I just got the news, but it has not been opened yet." Jessie said.

Violet lifted her chin slightly, "I see, when does the interview start?"

"Two o'clock in the afternoon, at the Global Hotel." Jessie said as she looked at her watch.

Violet nodded, "Okay, go there in time. I gotta go back to the office first."

With that, she took the document and headed towards her office.

Jessie watched her back and cocked her head in confusion, "Why does it feel like Violet is listless?"

Without thinking much about it, Jessie shrugged his shoulders and got to work as well.

She didn't see Violet come out until the noon break, she went to call out to Violet and saw that Violet was distracted.

Violet, indeed, had little spirit.

"Violet." Jessie called out to her.

Violet's eyes flashed and she looked back, "Jessie, what's the matter?"

"I am here to ask you to have dinner, it's noon, you wouldn't be unaware of it, right?" Jessie walked over.

Violet glanced at the time in the bottom right corner of her computer, it was already twelve thirty, and she slapped her forehead, "Sorry, I really didn't notice it, I'll be right there."

With that, she dropped her pencil and got up, walked around her desk, and prepared to go out.

But after taking two steps, she almost fell over.

Luckily Jessie was right beside her and pulled her in time, otherwise the consequences would have been unthinkable.

"Thank you, Jessie." Violet regained her footing and thanked her shyly.

Jessie frowned at her, "Violet, what's wrong with you? It's been like this for the past two days, you and Mr. Murphy haven't made up yet, right?"

Hearing that, Violet lowered her eyelids and didn't reply.

Jessie's eyes widened, "Really? You haven't made up? It's been long, are you going to be like this?"

Violet sighed tiredly, "I don't know, I tried to talk to him so many times, hoping that he would say what I did wrong, but he didn't say anything or talk to me."

"How come!" Jessie grunted in dissatisfaction.

Violet closed her eyes and suppressed the bitterness and sadness in her heart, "Jessie, at this rate, I don't know how much longer I can hold on."

"Violet, what do you mean? Do you want to divorce Mr. Murphy?" Jessie's mouth opened wide in

surprise.

Violet bit her lip, "No, but if we keep going on like this, we might really go that far, yesterday Calvin even asked me if I would like to live with Stanley, if not, we will go back to my old apartment. Because of my feelings for Stanley, I finally decided to stay."

"Definitely, you've been married." Jessie nodded.

The corners of Violet's mouth curled up with a touch of bitterness, "But I'm worried that if this continues, it's hurting the two kids, for Stanley was indifferent to both kids. Yesterday Ivy even scolded the two kids, but Stanley didn't do anything to Ivy."

"Shit!" Jessie slapped the table in anger, "How dare Ivy scold my godson and goddaughter, it pissed me off. I want to rip her mouth off, and how can't Mr. Murphy defend them? They are his kids....well, you didn't tell Mr. Murphy?"

"I told him." Violet lowered her eyelids, hiding the darkness in her eyes.

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The Criminal Minds Cast: Where Are They Now?

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Jessie exclaimed, "You did?"

"Yes." Violet nodded, "But he said the two kids aren't his, he's had two paternity tests done that shows it was not the true, and Calvin had it done before and it showed that Stanley was not the father."

"Wait a minute, what do you mean?" Jessie was confused. It took her a while to sort out her words, "Are

you saying that the two kids aren't Mr. Murphy's kids? How is that possible? Didn't you say Mr. Murphy was the father? And Calvin looks much alike Mr. Murphy, what the hell is going on?"

"I don't know." Violet covered her face in pain, "It's obvious that he's the only man I have, but their paternity test confused me and I'm wondering who it was that night."

Jessie was sorry for Violet, "Violet, maybe there's something wrong with the paternity test?"

"I suspected that too, but it's not very likely. When Stanley did that, he must have had Henry do it, and Henry would not fake it." Violet replied, shaking her head.

It didn't do Henry any good at all.

"Then where exactly did it go wrong?" Jessie lowered her eyes and thought for a moment before finally suggesting, "Why don't you do paternity test too, Violet? Go to another hospital and do it quietly, don't let anyone find out."

Violet's eyes flashed a bright light.

Yeah, she could do the same.

If the final result showed that Stanley was the father, there must be something wrong with Stanley and Calvin's paternity test, which must have been tampered with.

"Yeah, thank you for the reminder, Jessie." Violet smiled at Jessie.

Jessie patted her shoulder, "Well, let's eat first, don't think too much."

Violet nodded in agreement.

After dinner, she took a short break at the office and drove to the Global Hotel.

Just as she walked to the entrance of the hotel, a beautiful woman of similar height to Violet and dressed in fashion suddenly came and called out to her, "Miss Hunt."

Violet stopped in her tracks, "You are?"

She surveyed the woman, unfamiliar and unrecognizable.

But the other person knew her, which was strange.

"I'm Pennie Hamilton." The woman ruffled her hair before smiling and extending her hand towards Violet, "Hello, we finally meet."

"You're Pennie Hamilton!" Violet's eyes widened slightly before she responded and shook hands with her, "Hello, I'm Violet Hunt."

"I know, I've long heard of your name, Miss Hunt. Your talent is very famous in the industry, I wanted to meet you when I was abroad, and today I finally see you." Pennie said.

Violet's eyes flashed for a moment, "Me too, I'd quite like to meet you, Miss Hamilton. I got your emails."

"I am glad that you remember, it just so happens that the international competition is about to start, we can have a written test there to see who is the light of hope in the domestic design circle. Are you interested in it?" Pennie looked at her, the provocation in her eyes was not disguised.

But Violet saw a hint of hostility in her provocation.

That left her confused.

She didn't have a grudge against Pennie, but this Pennie hated her, what was the reason?

After thinking for a while, Violet could not figure it out.

After all, the same person with the gift did hold some animosity towards another person with the gift too.

It seemed that in the future, she would have to be more careful with Pennie.

"Of course, your challenge was given to me long ago, so how could I be uninterested?" Violet took Pennie's provocation with a leathery smile. _____

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Chapter 388 The Bullied Boy

Pennie first froze and then gave a smile, "In that case, Miss Hunt, let's have a showdown in the international competition."

"Good." Violet nodded her head.

Pennie then took her hand back and entered the hotel before her.

Violet looked at Pennie's back, the smile on her face became expressionless.

For some reason, she always felt as if there was something familiar about this Pennie.

Before she met Pennie, she suspected that Pennie was Phoebe, but now it seemed that she wasn't.

Phoebe was not as tall as Pennie and had a different body shape and personality, so it shouldn't be Phoebe.

So why did this familiarity come from exactly?

Violet lowered her eyes and thought for a while, never remembering exactly where she had seen Pennie, and finally put this familiarity down to the fact that she had seen her by chance when she was abroad before, but didn't put it to heart.

But she must be wary of this Pennie.

She could tell that Pennie had a strange kind of malice towards her, whether it was a grudge or simply jealousy of her, she had to be careful.

Because such a person was like a lurking viper that might pop up and bite her at some point.

Violet took a deep breath and pushed her guard down in her heart, then lifted her feet and entered the hotel as well.

The interview was officially underway.

Violet and Pennie sat on the long couch with the host sitting across from them.

This was actually a very simple interview, mainly asking Violet and Pennie about their philosophy on design and where they were headed in the future.

Pennie's answer was actually similar to Violet's, both of which were to set up their own clothing counters, as well as high-fashion brands.

The host laughed, "It seems that the two of you are really competitors, I have heard before that both of you are going to participate in the international competition, Miss Hamilton representing my country and Miss Hamilton representing P Country."

Representing P Country?

Hearing that, Violet raised her eyebrows.

She had found it strange that how Pennie could possibly qualify for the international competition when she had already gotten the Quota long ago.

However, she didn't expect that Pennie was actually representing the P Country.

"I can't help it, if I don't accept the invitation from P Country, I might not be able to compete with Miss Hunt. I've heard of Miss Hunt's fame back when I was abroad and I know that she's a student of Master Merced, so I've always wanted to compete with Miss Hunt once, but I've never had the chance."

Pennie looked at Violet and smiled meaningfully, "So this time, the invitation from P Country has kind of made me fulfill my dream."

"So that's how it is." The host nodded and then looked at Violet, "Miss Hunt, do you have anything to say to Miss Hamilton if she wants to compete with you?"

"There's nothing to say, that is we cheer well." Violet replied politely and officially.

The hosts had seen some bad blood between the two and had expected them to reveal something, but nothing came out.

"Well then, that's it for today's interview, good luck to both of you in the competition." The host smiled and stood up.

Violet and Pennie rose together to say thank you.

After that, the host left and only Violet and Pennie were left.

Pennie suddenly remembered something and took out a business card from her bag and handed it to Violet, "Miss Hunt, this is my studio's business card, come over when you have the chance."

Violet took the business card and first glanced at the name of the studio on the card, then narrowed her eyes as her gaze settled on the address below the name.

Sure enough, it was the address of Phoebe's studio.

It seemed that Jessie was right, Phoebe's studio was acquired by this Pennie.

"What's on your mind?" Pennie saw that Violet kept staring at the business card, a strange color flashed in her eyes, but her face smiled as she asked.

Violet collected her thoughts and smiled lightly, "It's nothing, I just think the address of your studio is somewhat familiar."

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"Of course you are familiar with it, because it was your sister's studio. I heard that after your sister passed away, that studio closed down, I just happened to need a ready-made studio, because I could save a lot of effort, so I bought it from your sister's mother." Pennie said as she picked up her teacup and took a sip of tea.

Violet pursed her lips, "So that's how it is, but you have said something wrong. I don't have a sister, I only have a brother, I hope you won't make a mistake next time."

"Ok." Pennie nodded her head.

Violet put the business card away, "It's late, Miss Hamilton, I'll leave first then."

"Miss Hunt, take your time." Pennie waved her hand.

Violet nodded and turned out.

After she left, Pennie put down her teacup, and both hands suddenly touched up her knees, a grim and twisted expression on her face, and the hatred in her eyes was on the verge of turning into a knife.

But soon, Pennie straightened her expression and took her hand away from her knee as if nothing had happened.

On the other hand, after Violet left the hotel, she drove straight to the kindergarten with no intention of going back to the office.

An hour later, she got the kindergarten.

Violet got out of the car and leaned against the door waiting for the two kids to come out.

After waiting for about two minutes, suddenly she heard the curses coming from the front.

Violet looked over with some curiosity, only to see a young boy, about the same age as Calvin, being beaten up by three other young boys surrounding him in the middle.

The three little boys were beating and cursing at the one who was beaten, "Beat him, beat him hard, his sister is a murderer, he is the brother of a murderer, we must not let him go, beat him!"

"Let me go, let me go, I'm not a murderer, and my sister isn't a murderer." The beaten little boy clutched his head and cried.

However the three young boys didn't even listen and hit harder.

Other parents around who were picking up their kids ignored it.

This scene caused Violet's brow to furrow fiercely.

All along, she had thought kids were the cutest angels in the world.

But now she realized she was wrong, kids were angels, but there were some kids who were demons.

These three little boys, at such a young age, are so vicious in their attacks, it was really gut-wrenching.

"Stop it!" Violet couldn't look away and stepped forward to stop it.

Kids were ultimately afraid of adults, especially when they saw Violet's stern face, they were even more afraid and ran away in a hurry.

Violet didn't go after them, but squatted to the little boy, "Are you okay?"

The little boy shrank back and didn't answer.

Violet looked at his bruised nose, feeling distressed.

This child was the same age as Calvin and Arya, and should have been a carefree age, but had already been subjected to terrible school violence that made her heart, as a mother, ache.

"Can you get up?" Violet looked at him and her voice became even softer.

As if her gentleness had infected the little boy, his cheeks flushed slightly and he nodded, his voice soft and small as he said, "Yes."

"Okay then, get up by yourself." Violet stood up and then just watched the little boy get up from the ground by himself.

It wasn't that she was hard-hearted and wouldn't pull him up, but she wanted him to be strong himself.

The little boy stood up and thanked Violet politely and nicely, "Thank you for helping me chase them away."

"No thanks." Violet saw that his face was dirty, so she took out a tissue from her bag and handed it to him.

He took a step back and looked at the clean tissue and then at his dirty little hands, refusing to take it.

Because he felt so dirty that he didn't deserve something so clean.____

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