

Powerful Papa with Triplet Babies By Pink Dolphin

Chapter 4

"I know you're still in Luton. Your passport is with me."

Anne was taken aback and asked, "My passport is with you?"

"Yeah, I couldn't reach you, so I went to your hotel. How could you leave your passport at the cheap hotel? It's not safe. I checked out for you. Come stay with me."

Anne could not go back to the hotel even if she wanted to. She could not get away from Anthony's control.

"Aunt, I'm not coming over yet. I will stay with my friend for a few days. I will come to get my passport before leaving," Anne replied.

"You haven't been back for so many years. Who's your friend?" Sarah asked.

"Someone from high school..." Anne tried to make it sound convincing.

"I know you're on bad terms with Anthony. However, it's been many years now, and you have nothing to do with him. Don't take it too seriously."

Anne felt ironic. They had nothing to do with one another? So why was she here...

"Come to my place. It's been so many years. I have many things to tell you," Sarah said.

"I'll come...later." Anne hung up and leaned against the bed frame.

How could she get away without Anthony's permission?

She knew clearly that Anthony would not go easy on her if she stayed.

To him, her aunt was someone who ruined his parents' relationship. Her, too...

At noon, Anne was invited to dine at the dining hall.

When she saw the table full of dishes, her face turned pale because they were all seafood dishes.

They were expensive but deadly.

Anne's eyes fell on the dish of vegetables. She scooped the food, and before she put it in her mouth, an intense seafood scent went to her nose. She was so terrified that she dropped the spoon.

She stood up and asked the maid with her quickened breathing, "What is this...made of?"

"Seafood broth," the maid said truthfully.

Anne wanted to leave. However, her legs could not move.

If she did not eat this meal, what about the next? Unless she could go on three days without eating? How could she escape without energy?

"He wants me to eat just bread? Fine."

Anne sat back down. She ate the bread and nothing else.

The maid was speechless as she watched Anne eating the bread blankly.

Anne survived on just bread for the three days she had stayed in this mansion. In the past three days, there was no sign of Anthony. It was as if he was leaving her here to extinguish.

She was like a trapped bird in a cage, anxious about the uncertainties.

As she was eating the bread that day, she could not stand it anymore. She went to the living hall and questioned Hayden, "Where is Anthony? I want to see him. When is he letting me go?"

"Apologies, we don't know about Mr. Marwood's agenda," Hayden said.

"How long is he going to lock me in here?" Anne asked.

"We don't know," Hayden replied.

“You...” Anne did not want to make his job harder than it was. She knew this was Anthony’s idea.

It was around nine at night, and Anne could not fall asleep. She curled up in the corner of the balcony, missing her kids.

This was the longest she had been away from them. Would they miss her, would they cry at night...

As her eyes were tearing up, she heard the sound of engines from below. Her heart tightened as she rushed downstairs.

When she was outside, she saw a car slowly pulling over. However, it was not the black Rolls Royce. It was a Benz.

It was not Anthony who came out of the car; instead, it was a businessman in glasses and a suit. He walked toward Anne professionally.

He held a bag in his hand. Nobody knew what was inside the bag.

“Ms. Anne Vallois?” Oliver glanced at her.

“You’re...”

“Let me introduce myself. I’m Mr. Marwood’s chief secretary, Oliver Clayton.”

“He asked you to let me go?” Anne asked quickly.

“I’m now bringing you to meet Mr. Marwood.” Oliver handed her the bag and explained, “Here is the outfit prepared for you.”

When Anne heard his professional tone, she looked at the bag and felt uneasy. “To...where?”

Anne was dressed in a tight black dress at the bar with her tender and glowing shoulders, along with her beautifully sculpted collarbone.

Her figure was alluring with her beautiful, fair, and long legs. She exuded a unique aura and instantly gained the attention of many men upon entering.

Oliver led Anne toward a private room at the back without glancing back.

When the door of the room opened, the lights inside were brighter than the outside. However, Anne felt like she was entering an unknown world of darkness.

There were drinks, men touching women, women clinging to men. There was no sign of Anthony in this corrupted scene.

The people fooling around noticed Anne. The men did not hide their admiration of this pretty lady, even though they already had women in arms.

“Is she a new model? Not bad at all,” One of the men known as Mr. Pat commented.

Anne hated the feeling of being looked at like an object. She asked Oliver, “He’s not here?”

“Wait here.” With that, Oliver left.

Anne stood there and did not blend in with her surroundings.

Why did Oliver not explain when they misunderstood her?

Why did he leave her here alone waiting for Anthony?

She was about to find out...

Mr. Pat had a wine glass in hand as he staggered over clumsily. “Sit beside me, alright? I will be gentle with you.”

Anne frowned ever so slightly, and she was disgusted.

“Why you?” Another man came forward and said, “What about this? I’ll pay a thousand bucks!”

“I pay two thousand. This is probably above her calling price!” Mr. Pat said generously.

“You’ve all been mistaken. I don’t work here,” Anne said with her face pale.

“You don’t? Stop acting, is the money too little for you?” Mr. Pat mocked, “Who do you think you are? I wonder if you’re even acceptable after taking off your clothes!”

“Why don’t...you take them off now?” the man by the side said rudely.

Mr. Pat grabbed Anne’s wrist. “This way, I can check the quality first.”

Anne said with disgust, “Let go...Let go!”

She used up her strength to push the hand away from her. Her body staggered backward from pushing too hard...

“Argh!”

Anne thought she was falling down when her back knocked onto a hard body.

A hoarse and cold male voice whispered in her ear, “So, are you happy with my arrangement?”

Anne felt her head going numb, and it was Anthony...

“It’s time for you to start work after a few days of eating bread!”