

Powerful Papa with Triplet Babies By Pink Dolphin

Chapter 5

Anthony forcefully grabbed her shoulders and pushed her...

“Argh!”

Anne slammed into the table, causing two glasses to fall onto her. The liquid in one of the glasses splashed onto her face and damped her hair.

Anthony sat on the sofa lazily with his legs crossed as he watched Anne coldly and darkly.

Mr. Pat managed to please Anthony by offering to pour him a drink. “Mr. Marwood, please have a drink.”

“Not you!” Anthony demanded coldly.

Mr. Pat’s hands jolted before he understood. He handed Anne the wine bottle.

Anne was still shivering as if she was soaked in iced cold water.

She knew Anthony intended to humiliate her. If she disobeyed, she would never be able to leave this room.

Thinking of her three innocent and adorable kids at home, Anne swallowed her pride and reached out her shaking hand to accept the wine bottle and poured the drink.

Anthony picked up the glass and took a sip while keeping his eyes fixed on Anne.

“May...may I leave now?” Anne asked shakily. She knelt on the floor, feeling extremely uneasy.

The surrounding crowd froze as though they were extras in a film while Anthony controlled the scene like the king.

Mr. Pat poured her a drink and said, "How could you leave so soon? It is an honor to drink with Mr. Marwood. Drink up!"

"I don't drink..." Anne refused and turned her face away.

Anthony raised his hand and pinched her jaw harshly. His eyes glinted in darkness as he said, "Are you telling me you had never drunk with men before?"

Anne looked at him with watery eyes, and her tears were about to come down.

"Didn't that disgraceful woman teach you the tricks?"

"My aunt is not disgraceful. You've mistaken..." Anne knew that he was referring to her aunt, and she felt wronged.

"Of course, because you're just like her!" Anthony tightened his grip, almost breaking Anne's jaw...

"Argh!" Anne cried out in pain.

"Anne Vallois, you have once again fallen right into my hand. Don't even dream about escaping." Anthony patted her face and retrieved his hand.

Anne felt hopeless as she fell onto the floor in tears.

Mr. Pat, who was by the side, came over to pull her up. "Come on, drink up! You cannot refuse to drink when you're here."

Another man came to pull her up, even another woman came along.

Anne was forced onto the sofa while they pushed glasses of liquor toward her. She had no choice but to drink up.

Since the liquor was too strong, she found it very difficult to swallow. Each gulp came with more tears.

One of the women ran up to Anthony and sat by his side to serve him drinks, she was trying to please him. However, Anthony only had his eyes on the woman he hated wholeheartedly.

When Anne was on her sixth drink, she was drunk. Everything was a blur to her.

When she sensed someone touching her thigh, she panicked. She was so paranoid that she ran out of the room to escape.

She rushed to the toilet and tried to throw up. However, nothing came out but her tears.

What had she done wrong to be treated this way!?

Back when she was fourteen, out of all her relatives, only her aunt brought her home. How could someone like her aunt be a disgraceful woman?

Since she started living with the Marwood family and called him 'brother', she seemed to have offended Anthony entirely. Even now that she had left the Marwood, the nightmare proceeded.

Suddenly, the door closed.

Anne jolted and felt a terrifying aura coming from behind her. She felt chills on her back rushing right into her head.

Before she turned back, she already knew where this aura came from...

"I've drunk up, can I...Argh!" Before Anne could finish her sentence, her hair was pulled back harshly. Her fair neck tensed up and jolted backward.

The demonic face appeared from above. "Did I say you can leave?"

Maybe it was the alcohol, Anne's head felt numb, but the fear went right into her soul.

She panted and managed to say, "When...will you let me leave?"

Anthony ignored her question and narrowed his eyes. His eyes scanned through her shapely outlined figure. His eyes glinted darkness as he lowered his body to whisper into her ears hoarsely, "I wonder how honest is your body."

With that said, he bit on her exposed shoulder...

“Argh!” Anne jolted and cried out in pain.

“Oh, you’re naughty, eh?”

Anne felt a burning sensation on her shoulder.

After Anthony released her shoulder, her legs weakened and fell onto Anthony’s rock-hard chest. Her tears rolled out helplessly as she cried, “I’m sorry, I shouldn’t have come back...please, I beg you, stop torturing me...”

Anthony pinched her jaw heartlessly and lifted her chin. “It’s more dangerous to plead than refuse.”

Anne felt her scalp going numb, and her cheeks flushed red from the drinks. The lights from the ceiling forced her to squint. She was getting dizzier, but her tears did not stop rolling down. “Why me? Why...”

“Isn’t it clear, hmm? I can’t do anything to that woman yet, so you will do for now. Doesn’t she love you a lot? Of course, I should torture her favorite niece!” Anthony glinted while pinching her jaw.

If Ron could threaten his life for the woman, fine, he shall show them what it was like to feel worse than dead!

Anne sobbed.

So, it seemed that Anthony thought her aunt had ruined his original family, and he assumed that she was just like her aunt!

She had been misunderstood all these years, while nobody could change Anthony’s mind.

“When I was twelve...was that not enough?”

Anthony looked at her intimidatingly and yelled, “It is never enough! Take it all in. If you die, she’s up next!”

“No...” Anne shivered, and her head was dizzy. Not long after, she blacked out...

When she woke up, she sat up in shock. When she realized she was in the mansion's room and not some random place with a random man, a sense of relief washed over her.

She blacked out last night in the toilet and had no idea what happened afterward in the toilet.

She had a terrible hangover, but her shoulder was hurting even more.

She frowned and groaned out in pain.

She crawled out of bed and went to the washroom. She was still wearing the same black dress, flattering her beautiful curves.

There was a bloody scar on her shoulder.

It was a bite mark from Anthony.

It now looked like a birthmark.

It would take at least ten days to fade off.

Anthony hated her more now than when she was twelve.

She felt chills all over.

She was even more determined to leave this place now!

During the day, Anne tried to calm herself down. She was slowly familiarizing herself with this area.

This area was called The Curve. The mansion was called the Royal Mansion. Anthony owned this mansion that was worth over a hundred million dollars.

In other words, it was impossible to get out of The Curve by foot unless Anthony let her.

How could it be...

Anne secretly called her aunt from the room. "Who owns The Curve?"

“Nobody knows who owns The Curve. They are mysterious. Even your uncle doesn’t know. However, they have so much power in Luton that lots of people try to get on good terms with them. After all, Luton is now very different from before,” Sarah said.

Anne bit her lips and fell silent.

Anthony must have started planting his fortune in Luton a long time ago. When the moguls react eventually, it will be too late.

Even the Marwood family had no idea.

“Also, the owner of The Curve also owns the Archduke Group.”

“Archduke Group?”

“Yeah! They own the tallest skyscraper in Luton. They grew extremely wealthy within the last five years, and they controlled the entire Luton. What a headache! I wonder what it takes to get acquainted with a mogul like this. How mysterious.”