

## Powerful Papa with Triplet Babies By Pink Dolphin

### Chapter 6

Anne felt chills all over.

“Anne? Why are you asking about this?” Sarah asked when Anne did not answer.

Anne tried her best to control her shaky voice and answered, “No...nothing. Just curious...”

“When are you coming back? I will cook for you!”

“Not so soon. I will call you when I do.”

“Alright, I’m waiting for you.”

After hanging up, Anne turned pale as she sat on the toilet seat listlessly.

She thought Anthony was just wealthy. She did not expect him to have so much power in Luton!

No, even so, she still had to run away!

Once she was out of Luton, Anthony would never find her.

She could ask her aunt to bring her passport to the airport. Once she got out of the Royal Mansion and The Curve...

But how...

During dinner two days later, Anne sat before the table and glanced at the dishes.

She took a bite of the bread and reached out for the salad. She took a sniff, and the vague aroma of seafood brought fear to her. Her hand was shaking.

However, she forced it into her mouth, chewed, and then swallowed.

The maid standing not far away saw her eating the salad with seafood dressing. She thought to herself, 'She's finally giving in!'

She quickly walked out of the dining hall and found Hayden. "Hayden, Ms. Vallois is eating the salad!"

Hayden looked at the maid with a serious expression. He then made a gesture to ask her to continue keeping an eye on Anne while he picked up his phone to make a call. "Mr. Marwood, Ms. Vallois is eating the salad."

In the office located on the highest floor of the skyscraper, Anthony sat on a black chair with the phone against his ear. His dark eyes were sharp like an eagle's. "Is there a reaction yet?"

"She..."

Before Hayden could finish speaking, there was a loud sound coming from the dining hall. He rushed over.

The dishes were scattered on the floor, with bread and salad all over.

Anne knelt by the side and coughed vigorously.

On her bare wrist, one could see red rashes showing.

"Yes, there is, Mr. Marwood," Hayden said to Anthony.

Anthony smirked coldly and ordered, "Send her to the hospital."

"Yes, sir."

Anne got into the car and leaned on the window weakly. When she saw the car moving, her painful eyes lit up.

Within ten minutes of driving, the rashes had worked up to her neck and face.

That was a minor reaction. The more severe one was that Anne was starting to have breathing difficulty, as if someone was clenching her neck. She frowned as sweat beaded down her neck.

She was so close to death.

No, she must not die. She had three adorable kids. What would they do without their mother...

However, she had already blacked out before reaching the hospital. She was sent right into the emergency room.

When Kathryn Brown, the chief doctor, saw Anne, she was shocked. This was the most severe allergic reaction she had seen all these years. She would have died if she had arrived any later.

As the chief doctor of Anthony's private hospital, she started treating Anne right away.

It was midnight, and the hospital was quiet. The air had a hint of eeriness, crawling up one's skin.

The VIP ward door quietly opened. A black shadow approached the bed with someone in it.

Anne's oxygen mask had been removed, and her breathing was now stable.

However, her pale face still had some rashes on.

Anthony leaned in closer. He placed his palms on both sides like a monster.

"Did you like it?" His voice was low and cold.

Anne, who was inches away, had her eyes shut, her lashes battered, but she did not respond.

"What a shame that I missed your look in agony. However, there will be another chance in the future," his eerie voice whispered.

Anne was slowly gaining consciousness. When she turned over, she saw the sunlit glass window.

It was the next morning.

She glanced around the room with a strong smell of acid, and she knew where she was.

She let out a sigh of relief. She had finally escaped The Curve.

Anne sat up and felt the rashes on her face.

With a knock on the door, Kathryn came in. When she saw that Anne had woken up, she said, "Don't worry, the rashes will all disappear after two days of medications."

Anne looked at her blankly.

"I'm the chief doctor at this private hospital here. I'm Mr. Marwood's doctor, Kathryn Brown."

Anne was shocked. A chief doctor of a private hospital...

Kathryn was curious about Anne.

This was the first time Anthony had admitted a woman. Even Hayden, the butler of the Royal Mansion, followed her here.

Anne must have been special.

Anne's distorted face had finally cleared up, revealing her porcelain-like beauty.

A beautiful lady like her standing with Anthony would instantly make one assume that they were a couple.

"Do rest well. Press on the ring if there's anything, I will come over."

"Thank you."

"You're welcome."

Anne saw the door closing, and she started thinking.

This doctor was Anthony's personal doctor, so she must not ask her for help.

Anne hoped that Anthony would never show up here again.

This way, she would have a higher chance of escaping!

She ate the seafood salad she was so afraid of in the hope of getting a chance to run away!

If not, there was no other way to get out of the secured Royal Mansion!

After lunch, a nurse came in to change her intravenous.

One and a half hours later, the nurse came again.

When Anne saw the nurse with her head lowered, her eyes glinted.

Ten minutes later, a woman in a nurse's uniform came out with a mask. She had a plucked-out pipe and medication in hand.

She threw them away when passing the medical waste box. Instead of going to the counter, she went to the lift.

She was not a nurse.

It was Anne in the outfit who went into the lift. A hand stopped the door when the door was about to close.

She froze in fear.

"Sorry." Another doctor came in.

Anne did not speak, and she kept her head down.

She pressed the open button when the lift stopped on the third floor and walked out.

She then walked down the stairs to the ground floor while taking off her nurse outfit. She ran to the door.

She quickly flagged a taxi and headed straight to the airport!

Anne took out her phone and turned it on. She phoned Sarah, "Aunt, are you at the airport yet?"

"Yes, where are you?"

“I’m arriving soon! Wait for me!” Anne hung up and hurried the driver.  
“Sorry to bother you, but could you drive any faster? I’m in a rush.”

When she was about to arrive, she would call her aunt to buy the airplane tickets and wait for her.