

## Powerful Papa with Triplet Babies By Pink Dolphin

### Chapter 7

Sarah was waiting not far from the security check. She had no idea why Anne was in such a hurry, as if someone was chasing after her.

Half an hour later, she saw someone running toward her.

Anne soothed her breathing and said, "Aunt, give me the ticket!" She took the passport and ticket from her aunt.

"What happened? Are you okay?" Sarah asked.

If she said nothing was wrong, she must be lying.

"My teacher wants me back right away. I don't know what's wrong, but it's quite urgent." Anne had her excuse ready.

With her current age, she would still be in college if she did not have to leave college due to pregnancy.

The reason was logical, but Sarah did not want her to leave. She pulled on her hand and said, "Anne, after you came back, you only showed up for a while at the party before leaving. You stayed with your friend, and now you're in a rush to go back. You've only spoken a few words with me. After you leave now, when will I get to see you again? Don't you miss me?"

Anne felt guilty.

She had not been back for so many years. Her trip back this time was to spend some time with her aunt, but she did not expect Anthony to show up.

The demonic Anthony had his eyes on her. With his amount of power in Luton, she would not have a chance to leave if she did not leave now.

"Aunt...I will come back next time. I...I really need to go now. Take good care..." Anne dared not to waste any more time. She let go of Sarah's hand and walked to the security check.

“Anne...” Sarah called out for her.

She felt confused, watching her beloved niece go through the security check.

Even if she had to be in college, why the rush?

After the check, Anne waited to board.

When she boarded, she waited for the plane to depart.

She was very nervous.

Anne looked out the window and felt guilty toward Sarah.

After this departure, it was unlikely that she could not come back.

However, she had no choice.

She must not stay within Anthony’s control.

Anne looked at the time constantly. More passengers were boarding, and she grew more impatient.

They were told to fasten their seatbelts and put their phones on airplane mode. The flight attendants came to ask the passengers to take off their earphones.

When everything was set, the plane moved on the track.

Anne’s heartbeats finally soothed out.

However, when the plane made a turn, it stopped.

They thought this was normal for a while.

“Why is it not moving?” someone asked.

“I don’t know...”

“I’m in a rush...”

Anne was in more of a rush than anyone else. She had to force herself to wait.

Meanwhile, the door to the first class opened!

This was not a normal sight!

Anne looked out the window.

When she saw five to six men in black outfits and serious looks walking up the stairs, she felt her blood freezing.

The bodyguards got into the plane and instantly fixed their eyes on Anne, who was terrified.

They walked over and ordered, "Ms. Vallois, please get off with us."

Anne was shivering as she leaned closely on the seat. Her face was pale as she looked at them helplessly.

The other passengers dared not to make a sound, given the situation.

"Ms. Vallois, you would not want us to lay a finger on you," the bodyguard threatened.

Anne wanted to run away, but how? Even the flight's departure time was now being manipulated.

How powerful was Anthony?

Why...why did they show up?

Why...did he not go easy on her?

Why...

Anne was brought back to The Curve by the bodyguards.

When her feet landed on the stairs of the Royal Mansion, she felt soft and almost fell over.

Upon entering the living hall, the despicable shadow sitting on the sofa made Anne's face turn pale. She instinctively moved backward, but she knocked onto the bodyguard behind her.

"You got lost?" Anthony's eerie voice resonated.

Anne bit her lips tightly, and she was trying her best to put herself together.

Of course, she was not lost. Though she did not know Anthony was so determined.

Anthony uncrossed his legs and stood up. He walked over with his long legs elegantly. However, he was dangerous, like a monster, ready to break her into pieces within seconds.

Anne felt every vein in her tensing up in fear.

"You pretend to eat the seafood and then try running away from the hospital. Anne Vallois, I didn't know how sneaky you are." Anthony came closer.

His repressed voice was full of hatred.

Anne was shaking with fear. When Anthony's figure came even closer, she took what was left in her to turn and run.

She tried her best to push away the bodyguards behind her...

"Argh!" Before she could do anything, her neck was grabbed by a powerful hand. She cried out in pain as if her neck was about to break.

"Don't...it hurts..."

"You seem to not know your place!"

"Let...let me leave..." Anne cried with difficulty.

Anthony glared at her and dragged her along as his grip tightened around her neck.

They entered the lift and went up to the sauna room.

“Ah...” Anne tried to get away, but the hand was strangely powerful. She was unable to move.

The glass door was pulled open, and she was pushed inside because she could process where she was.

The door closed.

Anne was trapped in this small space. Her hands pushed against the glass door helplessly. She looked out at the scary man feeling confused and scared. “Where...where am I? Why did you lock me in here?”

“What do you think?”

Anne looked at the man outside with disbelief. “W...what? This is not real, you...you’re scaring me, right? No way!”

Anthony raised his hand and pushed an electronic button by the glass door. The temperature inside increased.

Anne could feel the rise of temperature on her skin. Sensing the danger, her soul left her body in fear. She banged on the glass door hurriedly and yelled, “Let me out! Don’t do this, I will die! Don’t...I beg you!”

Anthony did not seem to have heard her as he continued increasing the temperature. The higher the temperature went, the more desperate Anne became.

“Don’t! Let me out!” Anne cried and begged. She even used her legs to kick on the glass door with no change.

This was too cruel!

How could he do this to her!?

Anne saw the heartless man outside the glass door. Her eyes were filled with fear and helplessness. She cried and pleaded, “Let me out! I’m so hot! Anthony Marhood, let me out...help! Help!”

No matter how hard she cried, nobody came to help.

Was she going to die here today?

She did not want to. She had kids...

“Argh...”

Just like burning in an oven, Anne felt the pain of being cooked alive. Every breath felt heavy, and she could feel her body dehydrating, drying her throat. She panted harshly as fear overwhelmed her, as her tears gushed down.