

## Powerful Papa with Triplet Babies By Pink Dolphin

### Chapter 101-116

Chapter 101 Meanwhile, Tommy and his father were having their dinner.

His father, Damian, complained relentlessly, “Ever since your grandfather knows that Anthony is taking over Archduke Group, he now favors Ron over us! If this goes on, the entire inheritance

of the Marwood Family would fall upon Ron’s hands and there will be no place for

*us!”*

Tommy simply continued to eat without a word.

Damian stared at his son and was increasingly agitated. “You have never been as good as Anthony. No matter what subject it is, your grades have always been lower than him. If only you excel in anything at all, you wouldn’t be this good-for-nothing in our family!”

Tommy did not waver at the insult as he was used to being compared to Anthony. He simply wiped his mouth with a piece of tissue paper and said, “Even if you get to inherit everything owned by the Marwood Family, you still won’t get to do whatever you want here in Luton. What’s the point?”

“It’s still better than nothing!” Damian was enraged by his son’s lack of ambition. “Back when Ron disowned his son in order to marry Sarah Vallois, we all thought that it was over for him! Who knew that Anthony would come back? Look at Ron right now. Anthony won’t admit that Ron is his father, but Ron is still benefiting from his son’s achievement!”

Not at all affected by his father’s rage, Tommy asked, “I heard that something happened two days ago?”

“I think Sarah abducted Anne’s biological mother and Anthony’s men went to look for her. Hang on, doesn’t Anthony hate Anne? Why was he helping her? When have they become that close? Am I not getting something here?” Damian was confused by the situation.

Tommy did not answer his question directly. “Why would Sarah abduct Anne’s mother?”

“What’s so odd about that? Sarah hasn’t given birth to any children, and she probably won’t. Having a niece by her side is better than nothing. Judging from how selfish she is, she obviously wouldn’t tolerate the competition of Anne’s actual mother.”

Tommy narrowed his eyes thoughtfully, before pushing his plate away. "I'm full." Early in the morning, Anne was depressed because she could not find any way to conceal the red marks on her neck as she stood before the mirror. She did not have a habit of putting on makeup, so she did not have anything like concealer.. After giving it some thoughts, she reached up and pinched the reddened area, before twisting... "Ow!"

She jumped at the pain, but did not stop until her skin turned purple. When she arrived at the Aesthetic Clinic, Lucia was shocked to see the bruise on her neck." Anne, did you get hurt?"

"I fell and bumped onto the corner of the table." "That sounds dangerous."

Anne

had turned the red mark into a bruise so that no one would think of it as a love bite.

"Hey there. I heard you were on leave again. It's a shame you didn't break your neck, huh? That way, you will never have to come to work again." Zelda mocked.

Anne simply ignored her. Shortly after she had started working, Michelle found her way to the Aesthetic Clinic. At the time, Anne was still checking Anthony's location with her phone inside the restroom and was relieved that he was still in the Archduke Group.

Michelle barged in and when Anne saw Michelle walking in, she immediately put her phone away.

"I heard you called in sick again, where were you?" Michelle noticed the bruise on Anne's neck, but did not associate it to a love bite.

"Why should I tell you anything?"

"Did you go after Anthony again? Who would have known? You are really your aunt's best student! You knew that Anthony is meant to marry me in the future. Do you really want to go up against me?"

"Is he really going to marry you?" Anne questioned.

"My parents have met with him a couple of times now trying to set us up. Are you not going to believe me until the day we actually get married?"

Chapter 102 Anne did not argue with her. As she had anticipated, the people standing behind Anthony back when she ran into him at the restaurant were the family members of Michelle. However, it had nothing to do with her. If Michelle could find a way to make Anthony give up on Anne, that would be the best. "Don't think that stealing my phone is enough t

o hide your intentions. One day, I will let everyone know that you are a homewrecker!” Michelle warned, before storming out.

Anne leaned against the cabinet helplessly. She had enemies everywhere and she felt like a puppet on strings every single day.

Ever since she arrived in Luton, her job and the people she ran into all felt like a play that someone else wrote. She was not allowed to have her own opinion, nor could she run away, and she was left with living day after day in confinement.

The only relief was that she found out her mother was alive and she had her mother’s support. She had three adorable children and a loving mother, so there was still joy in her life.

Suddenly, her phone rang. It was a call from Cheyenne.

“What is it, Mom?”

“Anne, I passed the interview. I can work at the school canteen now!” Cheyenne was overjoyed.

“Is it hard?”

“Not at all. I need to cook when I’m at home anyway. This way, I can be closer to the kids and go home with them after school. I can make a living and look after them at the same time.”

Anne saw no reason to say anything else since Cheyenne seemed content. “Just be careful not to exhaust yourself. I make enough money to pay for your living expenses.” Cheyenne was moved. “With those words, I can die happily now.”

“What are you talking about? Don’t say things like that,” Anne said.

“Alright, alright. I don’t have many happy memories from back then, so I’m content right now. I’m happy as long as you and the kids are happy and healthy.”

“Same goes for me, Mom.” Tears welled up in Anne’s eyes. So long as she had her mother and her children, she was content.

Anne felt much better after ending the call. After all, the love of one’s family was the cure to everything

Cheyenne started working at the school and was more motivated as days passed. She would often go to see the children when she was free and chuckle when she saw how happy her grandchildren were.

ere in class. She had never given birth to her own child her whole life, but Cheyenne had always treated Anne as her own daughter. Her heart melted at the thought that she now had three grandchildren, and it did not seem to matter that they were not hers by blood.

Cheyenne felt hopeful for the days to come.

At half past five in the evening, she stepped into the classroom and there were a few of her children apart from the triplets that had yet to be picked up from school.

The triplets called her 'Grandma' and the other children followed their lead

Cheyenne couldn't help but laugh when she heard all the sweet, innocent voices calling her 'Grandma'. She took Chloe's hand and said, "Look at you all. You are drenched in sweat."

Chloe and Chris were alright, but Charlie was the more active one of the three and his whole head was covered in sweat.

Cheyenne took out some tissue paper and handed it to him. "Are we going home now?"

The triplets waved their goodbyes at their classmates and left with her. They stepped out of the school and were about to catch a taxi, when Cheyenne heard a familiar voice.

"So you work here! I've been looking for you everywhere." Cheyenne's heart stopped the moment she saw Sarah, her hands started trembling as she began to panic.

Chapter 103 She had not expected for Sarah to be looking for her and to actually find her with the children.

'What should I do?' Cheyenne thought. Sarah walked up to her in contempt. "Relax. I won't kidnap you again. We're just going to have a little chat...whose kids are those?"

Cheyenne's eyes darted around as she thought about what to say, since Anne had specifically told her not to let anyone in the Marwood Family know about the children.

The three children were wearing face masks and were all looking up at the stranger before them curiously.

"I... I am their nanny. Their mom is busy so I came to pick them up," Cheyenne said, unsure if Sarah would believe her.

Confused, Sarah questioned, "I thought you are working here? Are you working as a nanny as well?"

Cheyenne tensed. "That's because Aunt Cheyenne needs to follow us to the school to take care of us. Our parents are busy! What do you want?" Chloe asked.

Cheyenne was surprised by how smart the child was to think of such an excuse.

Sarah seemed to have accepted the explanation and said to Cheyenne, "I don't care what you do. Don't waste my time."

Terrified that the children would say something that would expose their true identities, Cheyenne immediately dragged the triplets into the school. "Let me send the children inside first..."

It was clear that Sarah did not intend to leave peacefully, so she had to do whatever it took to prevent the truth from coming out.

After sending the children back into the classroom, Cheyenne called Anne.

Anne had just come out of the shower and felt defeated after hearing what happened. "What does she want with you now? After all that I've said to Auntie... Let me call her."

Sarah waited inside her car when her phone rang, as soon as she saw the caller ID, she felt the urge to strangle Cheyenne to death, knowing that she had told Anne what happened.

Sarah did not answer the phone and simply let it ring.

When the phone dropped, Anne realized that her aunt was doing it on purpose.

Just as she was about to call her mother, the knocking outside her door startled her. She immediately looked down to check on Anthony's location and when she saw that he was in front of her apartment. Anne knew that she would not be able to head out for quite some time.

She hastily sent Cheyenne a message. (Anthony is here. You and the kids need to stay inside the school. I will see if I can manage to sneak out later.) She deleted the history as soon as she sent the message and hid her phone underneath the

couch, before hurrying out to open the door. It was dead silent outside the door, almost as though she had misheard, but Anne knew that Anthony was running out of patience.

She swiftly opened the door and saw Anthony standing outside in black. It felt as though the temperature of the entire corridor had dropped with his presence. "What took you so long?" He stepped inside and questioned.

Anne stepped back. "I was in a shower. I already tried to come out as soon as I can."

Coincidentally, she was indeed having a shower. Anthony scanned the apartment sharply as though he was trying to see through her lies. "Why are you here?" Anne asked gingerly. "I didn't realize I needed to let you know before coming." He strolled toward the couch and sat down with his legs crossed. "Oh...I will pour you a glass of water." She turned around to grab the mug anxiously as she wondered why he had come to her apartment during this time of the day. She desperately hoped that he would simply leave after finishing his water. 'I don't even know what's happening now at the school!' She thought, 'I hope Auntie isn't doing something crazy again!'

Chapter 104 She set the glass of water down onto the coffee table, all the while tensing under the pressure of Anthony's presence. He noticed the bruise on her neck and grabbed her chin when she was about to get up. Startled, she froze anxiously. "What's wrong?"

"I don't remember it being this bad." He studied the bruise sharply.

Realizing what he meant, she touched the bruise on her neck and said, "I....I did this, otherwise people would misunderstand...ugh!"

He dragged her closer and she fell, landing one knee on the couch and the other on Anthony's thigh. She instinctively reached down to steady herself and bit her lips in embarrassment.

He rubbed his finger on the bruised skin and she still felt sore from the touch.

"Looks like I should have been less merciful with you," he said while staring at the bruise. "Please spare me." She glanced at him, doe-eyed. "It really hurt when I turned it into a bruise

He tensed at her pleading expression and grabbed her by the back of her neck, before pressing his lips against hers.

"Umph!" Her heart skipped a beat as she closed her eyes in response to the assault.

Soon, the temperature of the room rose and the situation spun out of control. She panted as she leaned against his chest, his strong, rhythmic heartbeat filled her dazed mind.

The glass she set on the table had fallen and the water had trickled down onto the floor, gathering into a small puddle. Sensing what he was about to do next, she clenched her fists and pleaded, "I've been working the whole day. Can't you just let me go for today? I want to rest..." "I'll spare you this time."

Anne was surprised by his answer, since she only thought that there was a ten percent chance that he would agree. She got up and picked her clothes up from the floor, before proceeding to put them on nervously.

Still full-dressed, Anthony sat on the couch and studied her frantic state with interest.

“Go get some food,” he said, his voice still hoarse and laced with lust. She was stunned and stood still as she struggled to understand what he meant.

“I didn’t cook tonight. I just bought some bread on my way back,” she said.

“I can eat whatever.”

She suppressed the urge to ask a million questions and walked towards the refrigerator. There was some pasta, sausage and tomato.

She could not help but wonder if Anthony would agree to go after he ate, because she could not exactly chase him out in order to not raise suspicion. She could only be patient for the time being.

Once the pasta was ready, she set it down on the table before Anthony.

She had used the tomato to make a Bolognese sauce and it looked extremely appetizing, though she did not think someone like Anthony would be willing to eat something like this.

He picked up the spoon and started eating and it was the first time she had ever seen someone this elegant even when slurping on pasta. One she confirmed that Anthony was not displeased by the food, she went back to the living room and picked up the pillows on the floor.

Her phone was already exposed, but Anthony didn’t seem to have noticed.

Exhausted, she sat down on the couch after tossing the pillow onto her phone. Suddenly, her phone rang and her heart raced, no matter who it was, she could only hope that her children could remain hidden from Anthony.

She could sense his stare on her even when she kept her head low. When she saw that it was from her aunt, she hung up without answering.

“It’s nothing important...” She explained.

After finishing his pasta, Anthony approached and though Anne tried to tighten her grip around her phone, he still managed to snatch it away from her.

He went through the call history and saw the name 'Auntie' on the top. He narrowed his eyes at the anxious look on her face and snorted coldly.

When she sensed his shadow looming over her, Anne couldn't help but move away.

Anthony did not leave the apartment until after midnight.

Anne fell from the couch in exhaustion. She grabbed her phone from the ground to call Cheyenne, but no one came to the phone even when she tried away.

She then called Sarah, who answered after a while. "Who is this?" Her tone was upset.

"Auntie, where's my mom? Did you go after her again?" Anna asked with resignation.

"Do you really have this little trust in your own aunt? I just talked to her and went home."

"Oh. I'm mistaken, then. I'm sorry for waking you up!" After the call, Anne figured that Cheyenne might have simply fallen asleep and decided to check on her the next morning.

She went for a shower and returned to her room to take her contraceptive pill, before falling asleep. She did not wake up the next day until her alarm went off at seven. Anne struggled out of bed and went onto a taxi to head toward Cheyenne's apartment. When she opened the door, she froze at the sight of the untouched slippers on the shoe cabinet. There was no one in the house, Cheyenne was nowhere to be found, and neither were the children.

Cheyenne usually only needed to arrive at school at nine in the morning to cook for the children, so there was nowhere else for her to be this early in the morning.

'Maybe she took the kids out for breakfast?' Annie thought.

She tried calling Cheyenne again and still no one answered. Anne then made a call to the school and was told that they had not seen Cheyenne, but the children had spent the night on campus.

Chapter 105 Anne waited for Cheyenne at home, wondering if Sarah had said something that upset Cheyenne. Noticing she was late for work, she went ahead and applied for a half day leave. Her reputation was in the dirt in the Aesthetic Clinic regardless of what she did, so it would not make any difference if she was absent for another day. She waited for hours, but Cheyenne had not returned, she then called the school to check, yet there was still no news of her mother.

When she tried to call Cheyenne again, Anne found out that her phone was turned off and instantly realized the severity of the situation.



No matter how upset Cheyenne might be, she would not possibly be absent in school when she had only started working there. She seemed so happy when she got the job that it wasn't possible for her to not show up at work out of the blue.

Anne hurried to the school to ask the guard about it. The guard had not heard of Cheyenne, but agreed to help check the surveillance footage, which showed that Cheyenne had run into Sarah when she was leaving the school with the triplets. Afterward, she took the children back into the school and judging from the time stamp, that was around the time when Cheyenne called Anne.

Skipping to an hour later, Sarah was still waiting outside the school and Cheyenne came out on her own, before stepping into Sarah's car, without returning until morning. Anne was furious to say the least. If her aunt had indeed taken her mother somewhere, why would she not admit to it?

She immediately made a call to Sarah.

"Hi, Anne. Have you eaten?"

"Where's my mom?"

"Why are you asking me about her? How would I know?"

"She got into your car last night and she hasn't been home since then. She hasn't even shown up to work. Auntie, I'm begging you. Stop torturing my mom, okay? It's bad enough that she had to live on her own until now." Anne felt both concerned and helpless. "She did leave school in my car, but she got off after we talked! How would I know where she went? Anne, I think she went into hiding in an attempt to cause conflicts between the two of us." Sarah had nothing but contempt for the uneducated, low-born woman.

"My mom wouldn't do such a thing."

"You are too naive, Anne. Don't you know why a person who pretended to be dead for years suddenly comes home and cling onto you? She realizes that she is old with no one to rely on. She didn't think of you when she was young, now, did she?" Sarah had seen it all. "Even if that's what she thinks, it's not exactly wrong. Shouldn't I take care of her!" "You can't be that kind to everyone, Anne. You will be taken advantage of!" Sarah lectured. Anne did not want any advice, all she wanted was to find her mother. Once a gain, she asked,

"So you really didn't kidnap my mom?" "I told you that she got out of the car in the middle of

the road. Where exactly am I supposed to hide a person?" "Where did you drop her off?" Sarah gave her an address and Anne hurried over. Along the way, she tried calling Cheyenne again, but it was still not answered.

The road Sarah mentioned was a small road with a crossroad up ahead and a city garden to the right. Anne walked along the street and because it was noon on a weekday, there were not many people in the garden. The garden was enormous with countless trails. She looked everywhere, but Cheyenne was nowhere to be found. In the end, she stood by the peaceful lake and watched as the leaves fell onto the water, sending ripples to where she was standing.

She did not understand why Cheyenne would disappear after getting off the car.

Anne could not bring herself to go back to work without knowing where Cheyenne was, so she took a taxi to the police station instead.

"Has it been twenty-four hours? Could it be that she simply didn't mention where she was going? Why don't you wait for a while longer?" The police officer said.

"My mom wouldn't do that. Her phone is turned off. That's not normal. She got off on Baker Street. Can you please check the surveillance camera for that time?" Anne could not bear to wait any longer.

Chapter 106 The bad feeling in her guts simply would not go away.

The police officer asked his colleague to pull out the surveillance footage and Anne watched as Sarah's car appeared, but then disappeared around the corner shortly after.

"Why can't I see the car after this?" She asked.

"There are no cameras there."

She scowled. This meant that she could not see her mother getting out of the car or where she had gone after that. Though they eventually saw Sarah's car driving out of the other end of the road, there were multiple alleys along the way with little to none cameras, so there was no way for her to investigate any further.

"Just wait. Maybe she's already back," the officer said. The officer's words ignited the hope within her and she thought to herself, 'That's right. Maybe she's already back!'

She turned around to leave and almost bumped into someone else. She steadied herself and realized she had run into Oliver. .

Surprised to see her there, Oliver blurted out, "Miss Vallois?" She simply shot him an icy glare, before leaving without a word.

Confused by her reaction, Oliver went inside to ask the others what had happened.

Anne knew that Anthony would find out about what happened since she had run into Oliver. The reason why she did not want to play nice with Oliver was because she was mad at Anthony. Had Anthony not showed up the night before, she would have been able to rush to the school, instead of being stuck in her apartment until midnight

Back in her apartment, there was no sign of Cheyenne returning and Anne stood still in the living room, panicking.

When Oliver went back to Archduke Group, he went into Anthony's office. "Mr. Marwood, the police questioned Sarah but she insisted that she doesn't know where Cheyenne is. She said that she had dropped Cheyenne off outside the city garden and that was exactly what she told Miss Vallois as well. I looked into all places that Sarah had been to, including the mansion, but there is no sign of Cheyenne."

Anthony lifted his gaze.

"Cheyenne is now working at the school and she had only been in contact with Sarah after leaving the school. She went into Sarah's car, and then went missing. The blind spots of the surveillance cameras are causing us a lot of trouble. The police are already searching around the garden. It's odd that Cheyenne's phone is turned off as well," Oliver added. Anthony leaned back against his leather chair with a dark expression. "Where is she?"

"In lock-up."

Anthony snorted fiercely.

Anne left the apartment in the evening and went over to the school. She needed to see if her children wanted to stay the night at the school and if so, she would have to make arrangements for it.

The triplets were having fun in the classroom, rolling around on the foam boards.

Anne pushed the door open and went into the classroom. As soon as they spotted their mother, the three beamed.

"Mama!"

They ran over and held onto Anne's legs. "Why are you here, Mama? We thought Grandma was coming!" Charlie said cheerfully.

"You don't need to work today? Are you taking us out to play?" Chloe asked in anticipation. "Is Grandma coming? We haven't seen her today!" Chris added.

Chapter 107 Anne crouched and petted them on the heads, uncertain as to how she could explain what had happened because she wanted her children to live their lives free of concerns.

“We are not going out to play. I just came here to see you. I have work later tonight and Grandma can’t come as well...”

The triplets pouted with resignation.

Overwhelmed by guilt, Anne added, “Once I get everything done, I will take you guys out to play.”

A boy approached Anne and asked, “Miss, can they stay overnight at the school with us?”

The triplets hesitated.

“Do you three want to stay?” She asked.

“We do!” They replied in unison, Anne thought it was a good idea. After all, it was best for her children to spend more time with their playmates. She went and informed the teacher about this, before turning to leave. She still could not reach Cheyenne’s phone. Just as she was rendered helpless, a car stopped next to her.

Lucas stepped out of the car. “Why are you here at this time?”

She smiled. “Here to check on the kids.”

“Where are you off to? I have a meeting so I can give you a ride,” he said.

Anne was slightly hesitant. Since what happened last time, she had not contacted Lucas at all. After all, it was rather uncomfortable after being kissed by Anthony in front of him.

Her phone suddenly started ringing and she looked down to find an unknown number. “Sorry, I need to take this...hello?”

“Is this Anne Vallois?”

“Yes.”

“I’m calling from the police station. We’ve already found your mother...”

"Really? That's great. Thank you! Thank you so much!" She sighed a breath of relief. Throughout the day, all she could think of was all the bad things that could have happened to Cheyenne. "You should come by the hospital first!" Her heart sank instantly. "Why—why? Is she hurt?" Trying to be considerate, the police officer simply said, "We will talk when you are here." After the call, Anne was clearly distraught as she thought to herself, 'Why won't he tell me what happened now? Is she badly injured?'

"I will send you there." Lucas opened the door for her.

"I thought you had a meeting? Won't this be too much of a hassle for you?"

"I can afford to be late, don't worry."

In the end, she accepted his offer and went into his car.

In the hospital, the doctors and police officers took her to the morgue. The freezing air left Anne trembling and she spotted Anthony standing tall from afar.

His expression darkened when she saw the man standing behind her, but she was far too shocked to pay him any mind. Anne stepped closer, her eyes fixated on the body on the table. She could not bring herself to believe that this was Cheyenne.

Cheyenne's eyes were closed and she was no longer breathing. Tears scrolled down Anne's cheeks as she muttered, "What...happened to my mom?" "Someone saw her walking towards the city garden, so we searched the entire place and eventually found her in the lake. Our initial theory is that someone knocked her out from behind and shoved her down to the lake."

She stared at the officer in disbelief. "...But why? Was it a robbery?"

"Doesn't look like it. Her phone is gone but her rings and necklace were still on her. We are not ruling out murder at the moment." "My mom lives a normal life. There shouldn't be anyone out there who wants her dead." "The last person she saw was Sarah Vallois. You know this woman, right? We found Cheyenne's phone in her car. We've already taken Sarah Vallois under custody, but she insists that she didn't murder Cheyenne." Anne froze, her tears dropping uncontrollably. "Are you saying...that my aunt..." Could it be possible that her aunt actually murdered her mother? "Of course, we will need to investigate further," the officer said, "we don't have any evidence to draw a conclusion just yet, but just leave it to us. We will get to the bottom of this, sparing no suspect for the murder." Anne was absolutely inconsolable and utterly confused, as she did not want to believe that her aunt had done such a thing.

Chapter 108 “Mr. Newman?” The officer was slightly surprised to see Lucas there. After all, Lucas was a known professional in the education industry and because the officer was of a higher level, he naturally knew about Lucas.

Lucas nodded. “Miss Cheyenne worked at our school and we cannot escape the blame when she encountered such a thing on her way back from school.”

“If Mr. Lucas is willing to make compensation for the loss, you may proceed to discuss this with Miss Vallois here, okay?” The officer said.

Anne immediately objected to the idea. “It’s fine. This has nothing to do with the school. My mom got off work as usual and was taken away by my aunt. How could the school be to blame in any way?” She turned around and looked at Lucas with blood-shot eyes with tears threatening to drop. “Thank you for sending me here, Mr. Newman. I won’t take up any more of your time.”

“...I’m sorry for your loss.” Without another word, Lucas gave her a sympathetic look and turned to leave, but the police stopped him.

“I remember something that I need to clarify. What exactly is Cheyenne’s role in the school? We saw from the surveillance footage that she was with three children when she was leaving the school.” Anne’s eyes widened in shock as her blood ran cold. Lucas turned around calmly and said, “She worked at the school canteen and occasionally acted as nanny for some of the kids.” “I see. That’s all I need to ask. We might need to check the surveillance cameras on campus later on, we wish you could cooperate,” the officer added. “Of course.” With that, Lucas left. Anne sighed a breath of relief, grateful that Lucas helped to hide the identities of her children and even made it so that it would be hard for anyone else to be suspicious about it.

She turned to look at Anthony and was instantly overwhelmed by frustration. “Why are you here? Can you leave?”

His expression darkened. “Are you sure you are going to talk to me like this?” She lowered her gaze, tears welling up her eyes once again when she saw her mother’s body.. Unable to bear the suffocating tension in the room, the police officers and doctors all turned to leave.

Anthony darted forward and grabbed her by the chin. “I will let this slip this time!” Before letting her go and leaving as well. Anne stumbled backward and leaned toward Cheyenne’s cold body in tears. “Mom...you said you were going to stay with me forever. Why did you leave me? What should I do? What about the kids? I can’t do this alone...” Anne could not understand why the gods would give her a taste of the warmth of a mother, only to take it away from her shortly after. Everything happened in such a short period that

she

had forever lost the chance to be with her mother before she could spend much time with Cheyenne. She handled the cremation process on her own and returned to her apartment with the ashes. She set the urn onto the coffee table and sat on the floor, her tears had not ceased from the beginning as she struggled to accept what had happened.

However, she still had three children to look after, no matter the pain, she had to white-knuckle through it.

She went back to the police station and Sarah was excited to see Anne.

“Anne, trust me, I didn’t kill anyone. Why would I kill Cheyenne? Tell the police or talk to Anthony. I am being wrongly accused!”

“Then why did you go to my mom?” Anne did not wish to believe that Sarah was the culprit either, otherwise the shock alone might very well crush her. “I...I only went to warn her to treat you better. Is that wrong?” Sarah explained helplessly. “I dropped her off at the city garden and drove off!”

“Auntie, you need to tell me the truth...” Anne did not know what to believe, her only wish was that her aunt was not the person everyone suspected her to be. “Anne, I swear to god, I didn’t kill her!” Sarah reached her arm out for Anne. “Someone is trying to frame me. You need to believe me.”

“If it really isn’t you, I’m sure the police will let you out soon.” “What? I still have to be stuck here? I’m hiring a lawyer and suing them!” Sarah shouted in frustration.

Anne exited the police station, feeling like she had been overthinking. No matter how much Sarah resented Cheyenne, she could not possibly resort to murder. No one would simply kill another person simply because they did not like someone. She refused to move or eat and sat dazedly at home like a statue.

Anthony’s Rolls Royce was spotted outside her building and it seemed as though he had been there for a while.

He lowered his car window and leaned back against the seat as he made a call. It took some time for the call to be answered and Anne muttered in a hoarse voice, “I’m not in the mood for this right now. Can’t you just leave me alone for now?”

“Come down.”

“Are you even human, Anthony Marwood?!” She sobbed.

“I said, come down.” Anthony was slowly losing his patience. She wiped away her tears and saw all the story books and toys that belonged to her children before her. Without another word, she hung up. She carefully s

et the urn aside, covering it with a piece of fabric, before grabbing her purse and leaving. Anne strolled toward the Rolls Royce parked in the distance, the bodyguard helped to open the car door and she instantly sensed the man's intimidating presence.

She got into the car and it drove off.

Chapter 109 There were tear marks across her face and as she looked at Anthony, she realized that one could become courageous not only when they were drunk, but also when they were grieving. "What do you want?"

"Come dine with me."

"You could have gone to any woman. I'm sure Michelle would love it. Why me? Why today? Do you really hate me that much?"

"Devastated?" He questioned coldly, rendering her speechless. "That's your family. To be honest, I can't empathize."

"That's because you don't have a heart to begin with! You are cold and vicious not only to the outsiders, but to your own family as well. I'm curious but is there anyone in this world who cares about you for just who you are, instead of your status and wealth?" "Say that again!" He roared darkly. She trembled and bit her lip in fear. When he pressed himself against her, she shouted, "Ah!". He pinned her against the chair and gritted out, "Can't you get your tongue?" She struggled to breathe, unable to say another word. "You should be glad that your mother died today!" "...". Anne trembled in rage and disbelief that he had said such a thing. What a terrible man.

They went into a high-class restaurant's private room.

Anne sat stiffly as the waiter came in. Anthony did not bother asking Anne anything and placed the order. She remained frozen when the food arrived, hoping that she could be left alone.

"Eat," he said.

She glanced at him, before lowering her gaze and picking up her spoon. She had an allergy for seafood, but was not picky about any other food, considering how miserable she felt, she might just eat anything in front of her, including seafood. A thought popped up inside her head. She turned to look at

Anthony warily and asked, "Did you kill my mom?" Anthony stared back at her emotionlessly, without saying yes or no to her questions. The tension increased inside the room. Feeling like she was about to suffocate, she got up to leave. "I need to use the bathroom..." She took a deep breath once she was outside of the room. 'Did Anthony do it? But Why? To frame my aunt? It makes sense...' She thought to herself, 'I shouldn't have asked him like that. If it really was him, I might have provoked him. Is he going to kill me, too?' .



She headed to the bathroom and someone called out to her before she could go in.

“Who’s that if not my ex–girlfriend?”

She looked up and saw Lennon standing before.

Lennon scanned her up and down maliciously. “You got dumped? I told you that you would never find a man as great as I am!”

Losing her patience, she tried to walk past him, but he immediately blocked her way. She looked up expressionlessly. “Can you get out of my way?”

“Anne, you refused to let me touch you because I was too poor for you right? Well, you’ve finally found your life purpose by selling your body to whoever can pay. How about this, I can pay you double of what you charge for one night.”

Feeling numb, she simply looked at him and said, “Lennon, I didn’t know you wanted my body that badly. That fact that you get to be here probably means you found yourself a rich girlfriend, right? You should save your money instead of wasting it on me.”

“You are wrong. I’m just trying to help your ‘small business’ seeing how you are my ex girlfriend. If your service isn’t half–bad, I can introduce you to other clients,” he retorted.

“I don’t need it.” She shoved him aside. He almost slipped and fell in the sudden movement. Humiliated, he angrily went up to grab her by the arm. “You wh–”

She felt as though her shoulder was getting dislocated at the moment and grunted in pain. Anne turned around and realized that another hand had grabbed Lennon’s wrist and Lennon’s face was twisted in pain as well. “Do you have a death wish?” Anthony spat coldly.

Chapter 110 Pain shot up Lennon’s body from his wrist and before he realized it, all strength was drained from his arm, forcing him to let go of Anne.

Anthony twisted his arm in one smooth motion and it was followed by Lennon’s wail and the sound of bones cracking.

“Scram!”

Lennon had not expected to run into Anthony once again, and immediately crawled away.

Anthony turned to look at Anne’s wrist and she inched away from his touch. “I don’t need your concern! All of this is because

of you, isn't it? You must be pleased now that everyone thinks that I'm a prostitute and tried to humiliate me every chance they get!"

His expression darkened.

"Well, it's just my luck, I guess," she muttered sarcastically, before walking into the ladies' room.

She stared at her reflection in the mirror, her tears were threatening to fall once again, so she looked up to try and reel in her emotions.

By the time they left the restaurant, the sky had already turned dark.

Anne stared outside the car window along the way and scowled when she noticed that they were not on the way back to her apartment. "This isn't the way back to my place. Where are you taking me?" He narrowed his eyes sharply. "Somewhere nice." She chewed on her lip nervously, knowing perfectly well that what he meant by 'nice' could not possibly be anything good. She knew that she might have provoked him and had been tense since she got into the car.

Anthony would not possibly allow her to challenge his authority over and over again, and it was clear that he was running out of patience. On top of that, she suspected him of murder.

Anne regretted her actions earlier. She should have been patient even if she was devastated by her mother's death. Anthony was merciless and cruel, and no one would know what horrible act he was capable of. If he was driving her to the outskirts at the moment to bury her alive, she would have no one to blame but her own recklessness.

The car stopped in front of a bar.

Reminded of all the things he had done to her in the past, she could not bring herself to move.

Anthony turned around, and she could not help but take a step back in tears. "My mom has just passed away today. Can you just not? You can do whatever you want to me any other time, just not today," she pleaded, willing to get down on her knees if it meant that he could spare her.

She had thought that there might be a small part of Anthony that was still human, but he simply walked up to her and took her wrist. "You won't need to do anything today. Just watch," he ordered with a husky voice.

"I don't want to..." She did not believe his words and was terrified that she would not make it out alive.

Her struggling meant nothing under the power imbalance between the two.

“Don’t make me drag you inside!” He threatened.

Eventually, she was forcefully taken into the car.

They went into the private room with Anthony’s fingers still wrapped around her wrist, which might seem like a loving or caring posture, but only Anne knew that this was Anthony’s way of controlling her by force.

She tried everything she could along the way to escape his constraints, but failed despite her effort.

Anthony let her go and she spotted Lucas sitting amongst other men inside the room.

She stiffened and thought to herself, ‘What is Anthony trying to do? Why is Lucas Newman here? What did Anthony mean by ‘just watch? Is he planning to do something to Mr. Newman?’

Her blood ran cold at the thought. “Sorry for the wait, Mr. Newman.” Anthony unbuttoned his jacket and sat down on the couch with his legs crossed lazily.

“I was simply here early. It’s an invitation from you, after all,” Lucas said calmly.

Anthony glanced at Anne, who was still standing still. “Come here.” She bit on her lower lip and walked over to sit down next to Anthony. She looked at him, questioning his intention in silence. “Don’t get all worked up. Mr. Newman is just here for the fun,” Anthony said, before ordering a glass of drink with milder alcoholic content, and placing it in front of Anne.

Everyone else, including Anthony and Lucas had already started drinking, as though this was merely a gathering amongst the rich and powerful.

Chapter 111 Anne could not bring herself to enjoy it and it felt as though she was stuck in her own world, unable to fit in.

‘Did Anthony bring me here just to watch them drink? He doesn’t seem like the kind of guy who would do something this unnecessary.’ She thought.

Lucas, on the other hand, was his usual self, well-mannered, casual yet charismatic.

“Why aren’t you drinking?” Anthony turned to stare at her. His eyes were the darkest shade of black, which sent chills down her spine. She looked away and whispered, “Can I go home? I’m not interested in this kind of scene.” She preferred to remain by her mother’s side. “There’s no rush. The fun is about to begin.”

She twisted in fear. Before she could ask what he meant by that, the door to the private room was opened and the bodyguard walked in. He bowed respectfully and said, "Mr. Marwood, they are all here." "Okay." Anthony shot the bodyguard a knowing look, and the bodyguard immediately exited the room.

Feeling increasingly anxious, Anne thought to herself, 'Everyone's not here yet? Who else is coming? Does this have anything to do with me?'

All she could think of was ways this could end badly for her. She looked up and accidentally met Lucas' eyes.

She shot him an apologetic look.

If it was not for her, Lucas would not have been involved with this, not to mention being involved in her lies about the children.

The door flew open once again and when Anne turned to look, she immediately froze. "Seeing anyone you know?" Anthony asked. Anne's body started trembling uncontrollably. How could she not? Before her were the man who had humiliated her in the past, Mr. Pat, Lennon and Mr. Moore.

"What...what are you trying to do?" She stuttered.

Anthony narrowed his eyes viciously. "To make them pay for what they did, of course."

"Please spare me, Mr. Marwood!"

Mr. Moore fell to his knees and Mr. Pat followed, Lennon was the only one who did not seem to be aware of the situation. He was not accustomed to the elite society and did not know true power when he saw it. Anthony's ferocious glare scanned past Lennon, and soon all strength was drained from Lennon's legs and he dropped to his knees as well.

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"Which hand did you use?" Anthony asked.

The three men shivered like leaves as they glanced at Anne, before reaching one of their arms out,

Mr. Pat had touched Anne on the leg, and Lennon had slapped Anne on the face, before grabbing her wrist earlier that day. Mr. Moore's situation was worse because he had touched far more than her wrist.

None of them were foolish enough to think that this was merely a confrontation, it was about revenge. "Mr. Marwood, we...we didn't mean to. It..it was..." Mr. Pat said. "It's..."

Mr. Moore shivered. None of them dared to say that they had acted on Anthony's order. Lennon remained silent because he did not take orders from anyone. He had merely fallen into someone else's trap and was unfortunate enough to be brought here for punishment. "Did I tell you to touch her?" Anthony questioned darkly. Both Mr. Pat and Mr. Moore fell into silence. Indeed, Anthony had not told them to touch her, but they had thought that it was hinted. "We won't do it again, Mr. Marwood! Please spare me!" Mr. Pat wailed.

Anthony shot his bodyguard a look and the bodyguard immediately darted forward with a dagger and stabbed Lennon on the arm without hesitation.

"Ughhh!" Lennon's scream echoed throughout the room.

Everyone inside the room had seen plenty of things in their lives before, but were still taken by shock by the gory scene before them.

Chapter 112 None of them could keep drinking and were all unsure if they should set their glasses down when they realized that this was all for show to warn them.

Lucas was comparatively calmer than the rest, he did not give much of a reaction apart from frowning in disgust.

Unable to stand it any longer, Anne shouted, "That's enough!"

She had thought that this was yet another plan he had to humiliate her, but she had never imagined to see something so violent and she could not take it.

Anthony's expression remained cold. "No need to ask for mercy for them. Carry on!"

Wailing rose and fell and Mr. Moore fell onto the ground holding his mostly severed palm, while Mr. Pat had a dagger buried deep into his hand, pinning him down to the floor.

The screams inside the room sounded as though they were coming from a slaughterhouse.

The floor was soon tainted in crimson and the bodyguards dragged the men outside once they were done.

The scent of blood filled the air and not even alcohol could overpower it.

Anne paled. His fingers found her chin once again and forced her to turn around to meet with devilish eyes.

"This is what happens to people who touch you." He narrowed his eyes dangerously. "No one but me. There's no exception. Anyone who does it will be my enemy."

This

warning was meant for Lucas and Anne knew it by heart. "Who does he think he is? What makes him think that I'm his? I didn't consent to this! She thought.

She pulled away from his hand and got up. "Do whatever you want. I am going home."

She turned and ran away from the bar. She ran all the way outside to the road, gasping for fresh air.

Frustration, resentment and sorrow attacked her all at once, bringing tears in her eyes.

When she caught a taxi, she got in and hurried back to her mother's apartment.

When she arrived home, the urn was still sitting on the table safely.

She fell onto the ground helplessly in tears.

Her mother was gone, and she did not even get to bring her children home that night. Her heart twisted in pain, she did not know if she could survive this.

Luckily, Anthony did not appear again later that night. The next morning, Anne discontinued the rental contract with her apartment and moved into Cheyenne's apartment to save money. Without Cheyenne's help, she would certainly encounter difficulties in taking care of the

children, but she could not leave them at school every day. At noon, she went to the school and picked the children up. "Where is Grandma? Mama, why isn't Grandma here?" Charlie's eyes darted around.

Anne froze.

"Hey. Mama, what is that?" Chloe pointed at the black box on the cabinet curiously. "That wasn't there before," Chris added.

The triplets were sensitive to the change.

Anne walked over and stared dazedly at the urn. "This...is Grandma."

The three turned to look at Anne, seemingly confused by what she had said. She crouched and touched their cheeks, not intending to hide the truth from them. "When Grandma was on her way back home, she accidentally fell into the river and...now she's gone." She choked on her voice as she tried not to sob.

“Grandma is gone...” Chloe broke down in tears.

Both Chris and Charlie started sobbing as well. Her tears scrolled down her cheeks as she wrapped her arms around them. “I am still here. Don’t cry. It will get better soon...” Chloe looked up and helped to wipe the tears off Anne’s face. “Don’t cry, Mama!”

Chapter 113 “Grandma said Mama is having a hard time. We will take care of Mama!” “We are grown-ups now! We are strong!” Chris said.

Anne wanted to smile, but her tears just kept falling. “Yes. You are all grown-ups now. Mama is happy as long as I have you by my side...we will find Grandma a place to sleep after a few days.”

“Okay...” The three held onto Anne, refusing to let go.

She wrapped her arms around them, sobbing. She seemed to have had a mother only to lose her, in the end, it was her with her three children against the world again.

There was food in the fridge and Anne started cooking for the children while they played. While frying the eggs, she turned to check on Anthony’s location and found that he was located in the Archduke Group.

She bit on her lip thoughtfully. Back when her mother was still alive, Anthony would not come into the apartment with her mother there, but it was obvious that he would no longer need to restrain himself from now on.

What worried her most was the existence of her three children. If he saw the children, everything would be over in an instant, which was why she had to be careful and make sure that all the children’s belongings were out of sight.

Anne did not know how long she could manage to take care of the children on her own, and leaving Luton seemed to be the only feasible option. If she could not leave the country, perhaps she could hide in another city. Hubert was a big country so she didn’t actually have to exit the country to be safe.

According to tradition, Anne left Cheyenne’s ashes inside the apartment for three days, before settling the urn in the graveyard.

Her triplets each presented a white lily. Charlie held back his tears and said, “Don’t worry, Grandma, we will take care of Mama!” “We won’t let anyone bully Mama!” “We will come to visit often!” Anne felt both touched and bitter as she listened to her children while staring at her mother’s photo.

'Mom, we really weren't meant to spend much time together! I thought I've finally gotten you back, and now you are gone. It all happened so fast. If there's a next life, I hope you are reborn into a good family. Find a husband that loves you, give birth to children that treat you well and enjoy the rest of your life. I promise that I will find the person who murdered you!'

They remained in the graveyard for an hour and Anne kept checking on her phone.

On the way back, Chris asked, "Do you need to go to work? If that's the case, we can go to *the* school. You can leave. We will be fine." "No, it's okay," she said. She had just lost her mother and it made sense that she was not at

work. Anthony seemed to have allowed her absence as well. "But you keep checking your phone!" Chloe said. Coming to a realization, Anne patted her on the head. "It's nothing. I was just checking the

time."

"Oh. Checking how much time we can spend with Grandma!" Charlie said. Anne did not explain, because she did not know how to tell them that she was avoiding their father.

There were times when she wondered if what she was doing was fair to the children when their father was living in the same city as them. However, she could not imagine the outcome if Anthony found out about the children and that was what terrified her most. She fell into a cycle of endless self-blame and worry, not knowing which path to take ahead of her. She took the children home and finally felt less like she was a thief sneaking around.

Chapter 114 She tip-

toed along the way, worried that someone else would see them. "What do you want to eat tonight? Mama will make you anything!" Anne said. "I want ice-cream!" Charlie chirped.

"Me too!" Chris and Chloe agreed in unison..

She smiled with resignation. "I mean dinner. Dinner, not dessert."

"Ice-cream can be dinner," Chloe said.

Anne did not agree no matter how much she wanted her children to indulge.

Just then, her phone rang. She patted them on the heads and said, "Go play. I need to answer a phone call...hello?"



“Anne, it’s me. I’m okay now. They have no proof that I’ve committed murder. Just because they found Cheyenne’s phone inside my car, doesn’t mean I killed her! What a joke! Let’s come out for dinner tonight, Anne.”

“I’ve just come back from the graveyard after burying my mom. I’m not in the mood for food today. Maybe next time.”

“I know. I want to just say I’m sorry for your loss. Maybe it’s just fate. I am only asking you out because I don’t want you to be too upset.”

In truth, Sarah was overjoyed apart from the fact that she was under lock-up in the police station. She had not expected for her nemesis to die without her doing anything at all.

‘I guess Cheyenne is meant to die, after all,’ she thought to herself.

“Let’s just hang out next time, Auntie,” Anne said.

“Okay...don’t be too upset. I will be worried.”

“I know.”

Anne was devastated still, but relieved after the call that her aunt did not kill Cheyenne.

‘But if it wasn’t Auntie, it has to be someone else. Who would it be?’ She thought.

At night, she was preparing the potato inside the kitchen when she heard knocking on the door.

She froze and her heart raced as though she was sensing some sort of danger. Anne immediately took her phone out and her heart sank when she saw where Anthony was located. The triplets heard the knock on the door as well, and Charlie immediately went to open the door. Anne stopped him before he could run out of the living room and shushed them as she dragged the children into the room. “The guy outside is a bad guy, so you need to hide in this room and not let him see you, okay?” She whispered anxiously. “Why?”

“He is a bad guy?”

“Mama should hide with us!”

Affected by her tone, the three lowered their volume as well worriedly.

“It’s okay. It’s going to be fine as long as you stay inside the room! Nothing will happen as long as he doesn’t find you. Remember, do not come out. I will make him go away!” She stressed, before leaving and closing the door behind her.

She swept the toys and children books underneath the couch and took a few deep breaths before opening the front door. The towering figure standing outside the door instantly made it hard for her to breathe. His face remained dangerously expressionless. "Do you like making me wait?" "I was cooking. I didn't hear you..." "And why do you hear me now?" He strode inside the apartment.

Anne tried her best to look calm. "I'm just checking. I didn't expect to find you there. I thought I misheard."

Anthony glanced at the kitchen and found the stove on and the potato on the cutting board.

As she had claimed, she was cooking. Anne glanced at the closed bedroom door, her heart threatening to jump out of her throat. When he turned around, all expressions faded from her face and she lowered her head under his stare.

Chapter 115 "Carry on," he said,

She stilled and asked, "you are eating here?"

"You have a problem?" He narrowed his eyes dangerously, 'Of course, I have a problem with it!' She thought, 'If he stays here, are my kids supposed to just stay inside the room the entire time? I can manage 11, but will the kids run outside at some point. If they ran into Anthony, I would die from a heart attack!'

"What's wrong?" He studied her intently.

Anne glanced outside the balcony. "I don't really feel like cooking, that much *food*. If you *want* to eat something, there are plenty of ligli class restaurants *you can choose from* out there."

He sneered and took her chin, before forcing her to meet his eyes. "Looks like *you don't really* want to cook for me. If that's the case, I guess I will satisfy my hunger with *you* instead."

"Wh-what?" She gaped.

Without giving her any time to think, she was slammed and pinned against the *bedroom door*, "... The triplets inside stood hand in hand inside, terrified..

"Open the door," Anthony commanded.

She grabbed onto the doorknob and insisted, "No way! You can't go in..." "Why not?" "I don't want to...seriously, you can't do this, Anthony. If you want *food*, I'll cook. Let me go!" She struggled to get away, but she was helpless in front of his overpowering strength

and simply ended up panting before she could move him. "Save your strength for later!" Losing his patience, he grabbed onto her hand and turned the doorknob.

"Don't!" She could not stop him and could only watch as the door was opened, before she was shoved inside.

She was absolutely terrified, but froze as soon as she was inside the room.

'Where are the kids?' She thought to herself.

Anthony left the door open and shoved Anne onto the bed.'

"Ah!" She lay sprawled across the bed dazedly and gasped when he leaned closer. She placed her hands on his chest to keep him away and shouted, "Wait! I have something to say?" "Hm?" He narrowed his eyes dangerously. "What do you want to eat? I'll go make it. Anything you want..." Anne could not let this happen. If it was any other time, she could force herself to white-knuckle through his assault, but not at the time. Her children were still inside the room, probably hidden somewhere. If Anthony forced himself on her, the children would see or hear everything

Anne could not bear to imagine that. "Stop being so appalling." He held her head and pinned it in place. "Please don't...umph!" Before she could finish, her lips were sealed.

The triplets remained hidden underneath the bed as they listened to the noises above them curiously.

'What are they doing?' They thought, 'What do we do? Should we go help Mama? But Mama said we can't show our faces...'

Anthony placed his hand on Anne's slim waist and the rough sensation of his palm startled her.

She could not let her children see her like this.

Slowly running out of breath, she broke down in tears.

Shocked, Anthony moved back and studied the now sobbing Anne darkly. His expression darkened at her reluctance toward his touch and the blood on the corner of his mouth gave him the impression of a blood-thirsty demon.

"I'm hungry. Let's go outside and eat..." Despite the fact that he had stopped, her tears kept scrolling down her cheek as she gasped for air. When he refused to step away, she shoved him aside and hurried out of bed to leave the room.

Anthony glanced down at his awkward state with a dark look and thought to himself, 'Damn that woman. Look at what she did to me, and all she can think of is food!'

He got up and left.

Hearing the door closing, the triplets gave each other a look before crawling out of the bed like small kittens. By the time they were outside the room, their mother and the 'bad guy' were already gone. Charlie ran toward the balcony and leaned against the fence; Chloe and Chris mirrored his motion and the three saw someone stepping out of the building. Their eyes lit up when they saw their mother, and noticed a man walking behind Anne.

"He's just a guy. Not a monster," Chloe said.

Anthony happened to turn his face and Charlie shouted in excitement, "I know that person!"

"I don't," Chris said.

"I saw him in the elevator before. He looks just like me!" Charlie said.

Chris came to a realization. "So he looks like me, too?" "Yeah!" Charlie nodded. "Why would he look like you?" Curious, Chloe stared at the back of the man but could no longer see

his face. "Hey, he is dragging Mama into the car! Where are they going?" The car took off, and the three returned to the living room and sat down face-to-face. "We are waiting for Mama to come home, right?" Charlie asked.

"But what if she doesn't come back today?" Chloe asked.

"We will go to rescue her!" Chris puffed his cheeks angrily. "Big Brother, I'm hungry," Chloe muttered. Charlie got up and went to look into one of the drawers, before handing her a piece of bread. "Eat this!" "Okay..." She accepted the bread reluctantly. Inside the car, Anne was devastated and worried about the children who were left behind on their own. They should not have any issue taking care of themselves, seeing how they were capable of secretly returning to Luton from overseas. But again, she was still worried of all the potential ways they could be in danger.

She had often seen on the news that children accidentally bump into hot water pots or fall all down the balcony

Horrified at her own thoughts, she leaned against the car door with her eyes close and her face pale.

Anthony's eagle-like eyes locked onto her. "What are you playing at?"

She opened her eyes slightly to stare out the window, knowing that he would still suspect her of pretending to be asleep even if she was dead. "If it's not for you, my mom wouldn't be in that accident. You should take the responsibility." "And how do you propose I do that?" He sneered, "By letting you go?" Exposed, she remained quiet.

"I thought that you've already accepted your current situation," he said coldly, "give up and your life will be easier."

## Chapter 116

Anne bit her lower lip in hatred.

There were bite marks on them when she let go, and she accused him with teary eyes, "Why must you do this to me? I've never done anything wicked! Even if you want to torture me, haven't you done enough? When exactly are you going to leave me alone? All I want is to leave here, and the further, the better!"

The more she said, the more she could not control her emotions.

Desperate and agonized tears rolled down her cheeks.

She could not tell Anthony's expression because of her tears. He grabbed her by the collar and yanked her toward him with a distorted expression

"Mm!" Tears were streaming down Anne's lovely face as he grabbed her by the neck, suffocating her. She looked pitiful. "Do you want me to baby you? Hmm?" Anne froze with tearful eyes, seemingly unable to keep up with his train of thought. "You can act like a baby with me, but it has to be done in moderation since I'm not that patient," Anthony reminded her as he exhaled steamy breath on her face.

Anne asked in a trembling voice with her eyes shut while resisting her fear, "Can you give me a timeframe? You can have me do anything during this timeframe, and I will not resist. However, you will have to leave me alone after it ends. Okay?"

"No," Anthony said one word, rather nonchalantly. Anne glared at him, who was ruthless, and her lips shook with rage.

She took off the hair clip on her hair and used all her force to stab it at his neck!

The tip of the clip was only a centimeter away from his aorta, and it stopped there! She could not stab further, even though she had the strength!

The hand holding the clip was shaking.

Anthony did not even raise an eyebrow, let alone move his body. He even asked, "Why did you stop? Kill me, and you are free." She held the clip against his aorta, seemingly provoked. "Leave me alone...just leave me alone!"

"Now you've worked me up!" Anthony took the clip from her with a blank expression and clipped it onto her hair, menacingly whispering. Anne stared in disbelief, trying to break free from him, but it was too late!

When did they get so close?

She was so angry that she did not even realize it.

Anne struggled. "Let me go..."

Anthony placed his hand at the back of her neck as he pressed his lips closer. "This is how you kill someone..."

He bit her delicate neck where her aorta was located

"Mmm!" After a near-death experience, she could not help but shiver and whimper.

There was an apparent reddish bite mark on her neck after he let go.

He then licked the bite mark with his rough tongue like a beast.

Anne clenched her teeth and endured the torment,

Her legs were weak when she got out of the car, and he caught her with his strong arms when she fell backward.

She grudgingly moved away from him, not wanting to have any contact with him.

Anthony appeared to be accustomed to her inability to come to terms with reality and walked toward the restaurant..

Anne looked at the magnificent figure before her grudgingly but was incapable of doing anything about him.

She was uncomfortable with the server staring at her repeatedly while ordering as she knew what was attracting her attention.

The force of Anthony's bite was so strong that it was no surprise that the bite mark on her neck was very noticeable.

She could not hide the bite mark since the collar was too low.

The more she tried to cover it up, the more embarrassing it got!

“You can dig your eyes out if you no longer need them,” said Anthony, rather grimly with out raising his head. The server was startled by his words and immediately lowered her head.

