

Powerful Papa with Triplet Babies By Pink Dolphin

Chapter 1

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Anne Vallois gradually gained consciousness. She felt a sharp pain in her body as if she had been crushed by demons.

When she opened her eyes, she saw a man with thick black hair beside her, frightening her. She almost gasped out loud but quickly covered her mouth.

She had a flashback of what happened last night. When she recovered the details of the memories, she felt like smacking herself.

She wanted to get drunk at the bar because she found out her boyfriend had cheated on her. So, this happened.

She dared not to recall too much, nor did she have the courage to look at the man's face. She clumsily climbed out of bed and embarrassedly picked up the clothes from the floor before running away without turning back...

Two years later...

Anne was looking at some short videos on her phone gallery on her flight home. They were all videos of a child from birth till she was two years old, safely kept in her phone...

"Mama!"

"Mama!"

"Mama!"

The girl called out to the camera. Her doll-like appearance and smile were very adorable.

After the one-night stand in the Presidential Suite two years ago, Anne, who was still a college student, got pregnant. She had not considered an abortion.

However, she hesitated when the doctor told her they were triplets.

However, when she was in the operating room, she ran away as they were preparing the anesthetics.

Looking at the adorable pair of boys and one girl, she was glad she kept them.

This soothed her from her anxiety about going back home...

How long had she been away? Four, five, or six years?

If she could, she would never come back.

However, her aunt had always been nice to her. Her aunt and uncle wished for her to attend their anniversary party. They had not seen her for a long time, and they missed her.

Anne was not trying to avoid her aunt. Instead, she just had many bad memories of her days in Luton.

She would leave once the party ended...

Anne was dressed in a white dress and a pair of high heels. She went into the ballroom of the hotel. The decoration of the hall was grand, and the sounds of conversations filled the air.

She was lost.

“Anne?”

Anne looked back to see her aunt, who she had not seen for many years, calling out for her from a distance. She walked toward her and greeted, “Aunt!”

When she saw her aged but well-maintained uncle standing next to her aunt, some memories flashed before her. “Uncle...”

“I knew it was you, but your aunt said it was not. Anne, welcome back. It had been such a long time,” Ron Marwood said as he looked at Anne pleasantly.

Sarah Vallois went forward to hug Anne with her watery eyes. "Anne, it is really you! You're finally back! I have missed you. Why haven't you visited after such a long time..."

Anne felt guilty. Her mother passed away, and her father left. Her aunt took her in when she was in high school and took good care of her. Anne was ever grateful for this...

"Let me take a good look at you." Sarah let go of Anne and looked at her from head to toe. Sarah was astonished. "My Anne is so gorgeous. When you came in, all the men had eyes on you."

"Just like you," Ron said as he smiled at Sarah.

"Of course, Anne and I are from the Vallois family," Sarah said proudly as she was very pleased with Anne. "Don't leave now that you're back. I will find you a good man."

"Huh?" Anne thought of how she still had three children to take care of and said, "Aunt, I'm not in a hurry. I'm only twenty..."

There was some commotion from the entrance. A few men came in and stood on both sides. They took control of the hall and instantly ceased the pleasant ambient of the hall.

When everyone was confused, a tall and well-built man walked in. He was in a dark suit, and he looked at ease while exuding a powerful aura. Everyone in the room was taken aback by his presence.

Anne looked blankly at that vaguely familiar face. A handsome but serious face, along with a pair of dark and unfriendly eyes, looked back at her.

"Anthony?" Ron called out with surprise.

Anne felt her head going numb. At that moment, she no longer felt the presence of everyone else around her. The pieces of her scattered memories regrouped.

That night in the Presidential Suite two years ago...

Sons would resemble their fathers more the older they grew...

All the emotions she had buried before were slowly emerging at this moment...

How could he...how could he be the man from that night?

How could he be Anthony Marwood, her aunt's stepson...

Anthony was walking toward her, exuding a powerful aura and making the air around him suffocating. He was almost one meter nine centimeters.

"Anthony, when did you return?" Ron did not expect the son who had fallen out with him would show up at his anniversary party.

Sarah, who was by the side, became stiff, and she started to panic.

She had always been afraid of Anthony. Although he was her stepson, he always seemed to be filled with anger.

"Oh? Am I not welcome?" Anthony asked in a low and hoarse voice, with a hint of anger. His sharp eyes were fixed on Anne's face.

Anne looked down with her face pale. She felt shivers down her spine as if she was preyed on.

"Of course not! Sarah and I are delighted to see you. What a coincidence, Anne is back, too!" Ron looked at Anne. "Do you remember Anne? She stayed with us when she was in high school."

Anthony stared at Anne with an intimidating gaze. "Very much."

Anne dared not to look at Anthony's face from the start because she was intimidated. "Aunt, I...I'm going to the washroom."

Before Sarah could speak, Anne ran away. She even bumped into someone, but she left hastily after apologizing.

When she found the washroom, she looked at her reflection in the mirror as her biggest fear had finally surfaced.

What should she do?

Did Anthony know that she was the woman from two years ago? It seemed unlikely, right? He would not have touched her if he knew, knowing how much he hated her!

No matter what, she must not stay here! Her phone gallery had so many videos of her children.

They were the mini-versions of him. How could he not be suspicious?

No! No way! He must not know!

There should be a backdoor here, right?

Anne left through the emergency exit without even saying goodbye. However, after taking a few steps, she was stopped by two men in front of her.

Her legs went soft because she knew they were Anthony's bodyguards...

Meanwhile, a serving staff with a tray passed by. Anne went backward and threw the tray at the bodyguards before running away!

"Follow her!"

The drinks splashed the bodyguards on the tray, but they wasted no time.

Anne tried her best to run and hid in the kitchen...

There was a sign that read 'Staff Only'.

Anne could not care less! She ran to the back of the kitchen and saw an exit for the chefs to smoke during their breaks.

She rushed out and arrived at an alley.

Chapter 2

One end of the alley was a dead end.

Therefore, she ran out toward the busy street. Once on the main road, she could get a taxi and run away!

However, when she arrived at the main road, she could not find a taxi.

The men were still chasing her!

Anne was desperately looking for somewhere to hide.

She happened to see a parked Rolls Royce down the road, looking like a hunting predator in the night.

She ran toward it with no hesitation and hid on the other side of the car.

Anne was catching her breath while leaning at the side of the car. The windows were opaque and she could not see anything inside. All she could see was her panic reflection.

The phone in her bag rang, and she quickly answered it in shock. She slowly peeked out and saw the bodyguard searching around for her. She quickly hid behind the car once again.

On the other end of the phone, Sarah asked, "Anne, where did you go? I can't find you in the washroom!"

"Aunt, I...I left."

"You left? To the hotel? You should come home with me! I even prepared a room for you, the same room you used to stay in..."

As she was listening to Sarah, she felt movement behind her. A very tiny sound was heard as the car window rolled down.

Anne jolted. She was listening to her phone while turning back to have a look.

The feature of the man inside was revealed as the window rolled down slowly. His beauty was just as stunning in the darkness.

His darkening eyes instantly halted Anne's breathing. She could no longer understand what Sarah was saying.

"Ah!" Anne cried out in shock as she staggered backward.

"Anne? Are you alright?" Sarah asked anxiously.

Anne quickly ended the call and kept her phone in her bag before turning to leave.

However, when she stood up, the bodyguards saw her and ran toward her, stopping her from running.

The car door opened, and Anthony came out of the car.

“Do you know it is dangerous to run away from me?”

His voice was low and chilling.

Anne turned to him, she asked in fear, “Why did you...”

Anthony grabbed her face and pulled her to him...

“Argh!”

He was so forceful that she thought her bones were breaking.

“I thought you’re never coming back!” Anthony’s dark eyes glinted eerily as he leaned into her ear and whispered, “Anne Vallois.”

She turned pale when she felt his warm breath by her ear, along with his demon-like voice.

Anthony grabbed the back of her neck and forcefully threw her into the car...

“Argh!”

It was spacious inside. Anne fell onto the car mat before Anthony came back in, shutting the door.

The car sped away and disappeared into the night. This seemed like a planned kidnap.

Anne looked out the window in fear and asked, “Where are you taking me? Let me out!”

Anthony pressed himself on her, exuding a fearful aura. He clasped his fingers on her chin, forcing her to look him in his eyes. He asked eerily, "Are you telling me what to do?"

"N...no..."

"Didn't you used to call me brother when you stayed with us? Let me hear it again?"

"No...no...I left the Marwood family long ago. I came here to attend the party. I am sorry. I won't come back to Luton again, I swear!" No matter how hard she tried to hold back, her body still shivered.

"You are afraid of me? Hmm?" Anthony pulled up her chin like a predator messing with his shivering prey.

Anne dared not to make a sound. Anthony was as scary as a demon.

After all these years, he had gotten even scarier. She could never forget the pain she was inflicted with back in the Marwood mansion.

Especially now that she had three children of his.

The fear of uncertainties overwhelmed her...

"I beg you, let go of me. I will vanish from Luton and never come back. I beg you..." Anne had tears of hurt in her eyes, and her fair and beautiful neck stiffened as she pleaded.

Her hands behind her back clutched onto her bag tightly. She tried to keep the bag away from Anthony's sight as if the truth would be exposed if he saw the bag...

Anthony stroked her chin with his fingers, just like a knife held against her neck.

"Since you're back, don't try to run away," Anthony growled coldly, he pushed her face away with disgust.

Anne teared up as she sobbed, "I beg you..."

Anthony merely leaned back on the seat as he looked at this anxious woman coldly.

The headlights from the Rolls Royce penetrated the darkness. Twenty minutes later, it drove into the most expensive and priceless private residential area.

Anne remained in the car seat as she fearfully looked at Anthony as he went out.

“Are you waiting for an invitation to exit the car?” His hostile voice was heard as his figure blended into the darkness.

Anne saw the now-opened door moving slightly. She reached out to open the other door and went out from the other side.

This was the closest door to where she was, so she did not have to climb over to the other end.

She grabbed her bag and went out of the car. After closing the car door, she quickly took out her phone from her bag to turn it off.

The nighttime here was the morning overseas. She was afraid of her children or their nanny calling. If they did, Anthony would find out!

She had to unlock her phone to turn it off.

She typed in six digits to unlock her phone with her shaky fingers.

Since she was too anxious, she typed the wrong digits and had to re-type...

The car was blocking Anne from Anthony. He walked across to her with his eyes as dark as an owl.

He saw Anne standing without moving with an anxious look.

“What are you waiting for?”

Anne seemed to have finally remembered to breathe. That was close...

She saw the castle-like mansion beside her. She pleaded, “I...I would like to leave...I can...stay in a hotel...argh!”

Before she could finish her sentence, the dark shadow attacked her. He grabbed her by her neck forcefully.

“Ouch...I can walk, I will walk...”

“Anne Vallois, shall I remind you that I have no patience!” Anthony pushed her forcefully.

Anne almost tripped on her heels, and she leaned on the car to regain her balance.

Upon entering the mansion, she felt how tiny she was. It was as if a luxurious net had fallen from the sky, trapping her from ever escaping.

The living room was the size of others' entire house.

Anne stood there transfixed, not daring to move.

She vaguely knew where she was. She was at Anthony's mansion.