

Powerful Papa with Triplet Babies By Pink Dolphin

Chapter 10

Anne flushed red. She knew that was Anthony's aim, to humiliate her!

However, this was probably not the worse part.

As expected, Lennon's face changed. "What does he mean?"

"Is this your new client? No wonder I haven't seen you for so long. Is he paying more than I do?" The man continued to humiliate her, "Tell me, how much is he paying? I'll double it."

Anne glanced upstairs again. Anthony was still there with a wine glass in hand as he looked down amusingly.

"Is he serious?" Lennon changed his attitude toward her.

"Could it be fake? If you don't believe me, you may ask around the people here. I'm telling the truth." With that said, the man pulled over a bartender and pointed at Anne. "Do you know her?"

"Yes, I do. One of our customers' favorite," The bartender replied.

He then pulled over another bartender, and he said the same thing.

Anne looked around at the customers and bartenders here. They were either doing their things or looking at her nonchalantly. They seemed natural, but she was certain that they were all part of Anthony's plan.

What a massive production!

Anne did not want to stay here any longer. She stood up and said, "I'm going to the washroom."

She dared not to leave this bar. She could only get away from this dangerous place for a short while.

When she entered the washroom, the door was pushed open from the back.

Lennon looked at her with disgust. "I misread you. You're so disgraceful!"

Anne took a deep breath and stayed silent.

"When we were together, you didn't let me touch you for over half of a year, acting conservative. You were just acting in front of me when you're just a flirty woman serving men!"

"Are you done?" Anne said, feeling upset.

"I'm not done, and I want to get back what I missed!"

"What are you trying to do?" Anne saw Lennon approaching her.

He launched onto her and pressed her against the sink.

"Argh! Let go of me!"

"Why can't I touch you?" Lennon pulled down her clothes, tearing her dress and revealing her tender skin. Lennon's eyes sparkled.

"Lennon!" Anne struggled to push him away, terrified.

What could be worse than being raped by an ex?

"I don't mind paying!" Lennon went ahead to kiss her.

Anne was unwilling.

Yet, Lennon slapped her on her face...

"Argh!" Anne fell to the floor. Her head was dizzy and her cheeks were burning.

This was not enough. He poured the bucket of water by the side all over Anne...

Anne cried out. She was drenched and looked like a mess.

Lennon was going to rape her, but the door was suddenly opened.

He was about to get mad, but the man who came in looked powerful. His powerfully repressed aura stopped Lennon from lashing out.

He had never seen such a skull-numbing look.

Lennon quickly left.

Anthony glanced over coldly and walked toward Anne elegantly. His big figure hovered above her like a king.

Anne sat up shivering. She looked up with her watery eyes, "Can I go back now?"

Anthony's eyes were chilly as he said, "The night is still young. Going home is boring."

Anne grabbed his leg and begged, "This is enough for humiliating me. I beg you, let me go back, please..."

Anthony leaned forward and picked up her chin harshly. "I was watching a very nice show, you disappointed me."

Anne wanted to say something but stopped.

"Speak!" Anthony demanded.

"You wanted to see him under attack and me begging you, but he is not what you think," Anne said with tears in her eyes.

"Are you a virgin?" Anthony's repressed voice was heard again.

Anne flinched.

Anthony must have overheard what Lennon said. He knew they did not sleep together.

She had to bite her tongue and answer, "No..."

"Should I check, hmm? If I find you lying, I want you dead!"

Anne shivered and answered, "No...my ex did not sleep with me, and that's why he cheated on me. I'm speaking of the truth!"

Once he checked, he would not only find out that she was no longer a virgin, but he would also see the scar on her belly.

If she had given birth, where was the child?

However, there was nothing she could do! She did not expect Anthony to check her on the spot!

Anthony glared at her coldly. The air was full of danger as if he was about to murder the woman on her knees.

The vibrating phone broke the silence. The phone was on Anthony.

Anne dared not to breathe.

The hand on her chin retrieved it while Anthony took out his phone to answer, "Speak."

The opposite end said something, but Anthony ended the call. He glared at the woman who was a mess before leaving.

Anne went soft and almost fell to the floor.

It always exhausted her to face the intimidating Anthony.

Had he let go of her? Or just temporary?

Anne stood up with all she had, her body was drenched, and she could not stay here any longer.

Could she leave now?

When she walked out of the washroom and passed by the room in the hallway, she saw what was happening inside the room.

A man was kneeling on his knees before Anthony in pain.

"You can only talk to me when you're on your knees!" Anthony sat on the sofa as he exuded a chilling aura.

The man was sweating as he answered, "I'm...sent here by the Marwood family. You can't do this to me!"

"Who sent you here?" Anthony asked.

Under pressure, the man had to say. "It was...Mrs. Marwood, Sarah Vallois."

When the name was said, a chilling glint rushed into Anne's eyes. She heard the man crying out in pain.

"Argh!"

Anthony stabbed the dagger into the man's wrist with fresh blood gushing out. Instantly, the carpet was painted red.

Anne was so shocked that her face went pale. She could not help turning backward and running away without turning back her head.

When she ran out of the bar, she gasped for fresh air.

Anthony was so cruel! He was insane!

Somehow, the night breeze was cooler than usual, and she was trembling.

It was as if the cut was not on the man's wrist but on hers!