

## Powerful Papa with Triplet Babies By Pink Dolphin

### Chapter 11

Anthony was not trying to murder the man. He was merely putting on a show for her!

Anne stood by the roadside, and she looked ahead with blurry vision.

When a taxi drove past and dropped off a passenger, Anne went in without hesitation. After the door was shut, she quickly told the driver, "To the police station."

The driver ignited the engine and started driving.

Anne's hands on her knees were shaking. She wanted to seek protection. Even if she could not leave Luton, she had to expose Anthony's cruelty at least.

The taxi pulled over in front of the police station, and Anne rushed out.

The police station was still lit up as they were working overtime. Nobody seemed to have noticed her as she went in, even though she looked like a lost deer in the woods.

Anne walked over to the office by the side, and she looked around instinctively.

A moment later, she halted as her eyes were fixed on a certificate on the wall with a sharp red stamp.

What caught her attention was the words, 'Archduke Group'.

A few minutes after Anne had come in, the officer on duty noticed her and walked over. He looked her head to toe and realized that she was drenched with half her face swollen. He asked, "Have you been beaten up?"

"I...what?" Anne did not seem to have heard him, and she pointed at the certificate with her index finger.

“Archduke Group, the most powerful organization in Luton. All the police cars were sponsored by them, as their motto was to keep Luton safe. Every police station has this certificate. Let me tell you, we have no rights to look at moguls like them.”

“To keep Luton safe...” Anne heard this, and her face turned paler.

Therefore, would they lock her down for being insane if she reported Anthony?

“So, why are you here?”

Anne shook her head vigorously and answered, “No...nothing.”

With that said, she turned away.

The officer on duty found her acting strange but was not bothered.

Anne walked down the stairs with her head lowered with tears falling.

All of her hope deflated like a balloon. She completely broke down with fear, helplessness, and pain.

She had no way to run away, and nobody could help her.

Anthony had too much power. Even if he killed her, nobody could say anything...

Anne looked up. Her teary eyes were fixed on the black Rolls Royce parked by the side. She had fear on her face as her hands crossed before her helplessly.

The police station was behind her, and an abyss lay before her. What other choice is there?

The car door was tightly shut, it was painted black all over, and she could not see who was inside. However, she was almost certain that Anthony was inside.

Anne could feel pressure fixed on her. She hesitated and walked over to the car in fear.

The bodyguard went out and opened the door.

The man sat languidly inside. He looked at her dully as if a viper had laid its eyes on its prey.

Anne bit her lips and went inside.

The door closed, and the car drove away from the police station.

“I thought you’re not coming out!” Anthony grabbed her face and pressed her against the seat. His strong body pressed on top of her!

“Argh...” Anne frowned in pain.

“You wanted to report me? And? Did it work?”

“No...no, I saw you hurting someone, and I was shocked. I wanted to seek protection and nothing more...”

“Nobody could protect you. In Luton, I’m the boss!” Anthony’s eyes darkened, and his low voice was intimidating.

Anne was shocked and taken aback as she answered, “I...I know...”

Anthony retrieved his hand and sat upright. He exuded an air of darkness.

Anne leaned against the door with her eyes fixed outside. She had tears in her eyes as she was trapped in this deadly atmosphere.

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By the time they arrived at the Royal Mansion, it was almost midnight.

Anne removed her drenched clothes and stood below the hot shower. Her fair and tender skin turned pinkish.

Her skin was beautiful.

However, she did not feel well, but she knew she had to push through.

Since she had three kids to take care of, she had to hold up and get back to them...

Anne knew she was at a disadvantage. She must not disobey Anthony, she must not offend him, and she has to gain his trust in order to run away.

She caressed the long scar on her flat stomach from C-section.

Since she was going to a cheaper hospital, the doctor was an apprentice, and the scar looked more like a healed stab wound than a scar from C-section.

Therefore, even if he saw it, she would use this as an excuse.

In fact, Anne wanted to go to a surgical hospital to fix this. She was afraid that Anthony might check her body one day...

So risky...

After Anne laid down, she did not wake up.

When the maid went to her room the next day, she found out that Anne had a high temperature.

When Kathryn received a call to treat a patient in Royal Mansion, she was surprised to hear that it was a female.

Since when did a woman live in the Royal Mansion? Was that the reason why Hayden was sending the woman the other day?

Anthony had always been cold-hearted and cruel. It was such a shock to see this anomaly.

Kathryn put on an intravenous on Anne before going out of the room.

Hayden, who was waiting outside, asked, "How is she?"

"Her temperature is down, but she's still unstable. She needs to be kept under observation," Kathryn said.

"Okay," Hayden said.

"This is the first time I see a woman living in the Royal Mansion," Kathryn said.

Hayden thought it was his first time seeing it, too.

“Who beat her face?” Kathryn asked.

“I’m not sure.” Hayden was surprised.

Indeed, he had no idea.

Kathryn did not question further. She knew there was more to the surface.

A beautiful woman suddenly appeared in the Royal Mansion. She probably had not finished college!

Most importantly, this woman had two emergencies within a few days, and she even had a slap mark on her face. She was clearly beaten up by a man!

There was more to this.

However, this was Anthony’s business. She dared not to step in.

On the third day, Anne finally opened her eyes with her head heavy.

“How do you feel?”

Anne turned over to see Kathryn. “I’m fine...”

Her voice was hoarse as she frowned in pain.

Kathryn handed her a drink with a straw.

Anne took two sips and said listlessly, “Thank you.”

“You’re welcome.”

“How long have I been asleep?” Anne asked.

“You were unconscious for three days. You’re fine now.”

Anne looked out the window dully.