

## Powerful Papa with Triplet Babies By Pink Dolphin

### Chapter 12

Anne was seldom ill. For the sake of her kids, she dared not to get ill, let alone be unconscious for three days. This had never happened.

She thought her health was alright until she returned to Luton and the demonic Anthony had his eyes on her. Within half a month, she became very ill from the threats and mental tortures she had been withstanding...

"Eat something!" Kathryn received the food sent over by the maid.

The maid readjusted Anne's pillow to allow her to sit up.

Seeing that Kathryn was feeding her, Anne was shocked.

Kathryn smiled and said, "It's okay. It's my job to see you recover."

Anne did not say much and opened her mouth to eat.

She was listless, and even her eyes hurt. She had no appetite, but for the sake of her kids, she had to push through...

After she had eaten, she leaned on the pillow and shut her eyes. She fell asleep not long after.

When she woke again, Kathryn was changing the intravenous for her.

"You are awake? Are you feeling better?"

"Yeah, thank you," Anne said.

"It's okay. These two bottles are used up. You may be discharged tomorrow."

Anne looked at Kathryn. She was different from Anthony. She was professional and kind.

Yet, since she was Anthony's private doctor, Anne would not trust her fully. She was not a fool!

“When I recover, can I walk around?” Anne asked weakly.

Kathryn looked at her with confusion. “You mean outside the Royal Mansion?”

She had to ask this. She knew what had happened in the hospital. This woman was probably captured and beaten up by Anthony.

Angering Anthony was a very serious matter...

“Sorry, this is not for me to say. I’m only in charge of your health,” Kathryn told the truth.

She had no say in front of Anthony. Nobody had.

Anthony controlled the world, and nobody dared to challenge him.

Although Kathryn felt bad for this woman, she would not risk her career to help her.

Anne quickly got up and held Kathryn’s hand with both of her hands.

Kathryn was shocked. “Be careful of your hand...”

There was a needle in her hand!

Anne seemed to feel nothing. She had tears in her eyes as she pleaded, “Dr. Brown, I beg you! I don’t mean anything else, and I’m not trying to run away. I feel very bad staying here every day. I feel that...I’m depressed. You’re a doctor, and you want to save people. You wouldn’t want me to die from depression, right? You only have to tell Anthony that I’ve depression, and then I can...get a job outside to take a breather. This is just a small request. It won’t hurt you. Is that okay?”

Kathryn thought that she merely had to mention this to Anthony, she did not have to make the final decision, and this was not a big matter anyway.

“I’ll try.”

“Thank you...thank you!” Anne let out a sigh of relief as she said with gratitude.

At night, Kathryn came out of Anne's room. When she went downstairs, she saw Anthony sitting on the sofa in a suit. He crossed his legs and looked intimidating.

"So?" Anthony's right hand rested on the handle with a wine glass in hand. His voice was low and intimidating.

"She's fine now. She will fully recover in two days, but..." Kathryn halted. Her eyes met Anthony's darkened eyes, and she quickly said, "Her mental health is deteriorating and she showed signs of depression. I asked her about it, and she said she wanted to go out and that she hasn't been out for a long time..."

Anthony's eyes were dark and unpredictable. He said quietly, "What else did she say?"

"Nothing." Kathryn saw that Anthony was quiet and said, "I'll get back to the hospital now."

Since Anne had slept through the day, she was not sleepy at night. She spaced out, leaning on the pillow, feeling bored.

When she sensed the tension in the air, her body unconsciously tensed up under this familiar atmosphere.

She did not have to turn over to know who it was...

Anne turned over, and the sight of a tall figure appeared in sight. Her weakened body trembled.

"You want to go out?" Anthony looked at her coldly.

Anne bit her lips in fear.

Nothing was more intimidating than this dangerous man!

Suddenly, he grabbed her chin and pressed her against her pillow. The shadow engulfed her entire body...

"Argh!" Anne frowned, and her body trembled against the monster above her.

Anthony looked at her coldly as he asked, "You want to run away, hmm?"

"No, I...I only want to feel better. I want to have a walk and nothing else. My passport and ID are with you. I won't be able to run away. Also...since I'm staying in Luton, I can't stay and eat here for free. I need to find a job. I'm not your wife..." Anne said anxiously.

"My wife? Who do you think you are?" Anthony glared at her as if he was about to push her to the darkest end of the bed. His eyes were darkened. "Perhaps you might stand a chance if you use your tricks with men."

With that said, he removed the blanket from the bed...

"Argh!" Anne had her two fair and beautiful legs curled up under the blanket in fear. "No..."

"Didn't you say you're a virgin? Time for me to examine!"

"No...you can't! I beg you, don't do this..." Anne's tears fell as she reached out to grab the blanket.

Anthony's eyes darkened, and he pressed her face down.

"Argh!"

Anne fell in bed with her bare shoulders and legs exposed, looking alluring. "No! I don't feel well, don't..."

Her face was pale.

If Anthony found out she was lying, he would kill her!

"Am I trying to make you well?" Anthony pinched her small face and asked in a chilling sound.

She felt a bone-crushing pain on her face. She knew she must not go against him and said in fear, "No, my body hasn't recovered, and if I have a high temperature again, it'd be troublesome...I guess you don't want me dead so soon, right?"

"You almost convinced me." Anthony looked at her darkly.

Anne bit her lips and dared not to talk back.

The tense atmosphere made it hard for her to breathe. She was still shaking after Anthony let go of her.

Anthony stood up by the bed, and he exuded a powerful aura. "Don't try to trick me. If not, I will make you feel worse than hell!"

After warning her, he left.

When she heard the door closed, she finally let out a sigh of relief. She leaned in bed listlessly.

After analyzing Anthony's words, was she not already in hell?