

## Powerful 861

### Chapter 861

Anne had never thought of Anthony as a good person, and she had always thought that he was an actual demon!

However, she never expected him to support Bianca to this extent!

He did not even have mercy for her!

"I said before that the person that Anthony liked was Bianca. I was not joking.

"Stop it!" Anne could not take it anymore. She only felt hatred and rage right now. Her tears rolled down as if

there was no end to it.

Tommy hugged her tightly. "Cry, just cry if that makes you feel better. I will be here for you."

Anne indulged herself in his chest. She could not care more, and she was so done with it.

"Looks like I came at the wrong time." A cold voice said from behind.

Tommy turned around and saw Anthony coming in, full of malice.

Anne, who was still in Tommy's arms, did not immediately push him away. Instead, she held her hands into fists, her eyes full of hatred.

"My brother, please don't misunderstand this. Anne is heartbroken now." Tommy was still holding Anne in his

arms.

Anthony's dark eyes were ferocious. He strode forward and pulled Anne away.

He was so aggressive that Anne almost fell down. She fell into Anthony's muscular chest, "Uhhh..." Her tears smudged on his black shirt too.

"Anthony, what are you doing?" Tommy stood up, and his eyes were sharp.

"Do I need your permission to do anything to my woman?"

Anthony's tone was icy cold, so cold that even the air could freeze into ice droplets. "It is none of your business, please f\*ck off!"

Tommy's cold face was extraordinarily displeased. He

was about to say something when he heard Anne say, ' Brother, please leave.'

It was rare for Anne to call Tommy 'brother'. She would only do so when she was threatened.

Tommy knew that she was insistent. He glared at

Anthony and then said, "Talk nicely. Don't you provoke her further."

Then, he left the living room. Then, they could all hear the vehicle being driven away.

Anne got out of Anthony's grip, walked to the couch, and picked up the paper. She showed it to Anthony,

suppressing her agony, and asked, "Are you aware of this?"

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Anthony saw the title on top, indicating this was a

paternity test with Nigel's and Bianca's names. His face remained unchanged.

Anne could not hold her fury anymore. She slammed the

paper onto his face. "You really knew about it! How could you do this to me!"

Anthony's face was cold. "So what if I knew it? What else did Tommy tell you? Tell me."

"He only told me the truth."

"What kind of truth required the both of you to embrace each other tightly?" Anthony's face was malicious. "I guess you wished your good days had come to an end."

Anthony diverted the purpose of her asking that kind of question, and she was so enraged that she lost her mind. "It's none of your business who I was embracing! You can go back and hug your own fiance! Anthony Marwood, I will not forgive you!"

"What did you say?" Anthony's brow moved slightly. "Come again?"

"Don't you meddle in my business anymore! No one can stop me from taking revenge on anyone that I want to take revenge on!" Anne said angrily and then left.

"Stop!" Anthony snapped.

Anne acted as though she did not hear it.

There was nothing else to discuss with Anthony.

This man was a demon. He was nothing good for her, and he was brutal and ruthless!

"Ah!" Anne felt her arm being aggressively pulled over

and screamed in pain.

“Did you not hear me?” Anthony’s eyes were malicious again.

Anne only wanted to get out of his grip. “Let go! I made it

pretty clear I am not related to you, I will not see the kids anymore, and don’t you dare threaten me with anyone else! I am only left with one life now, and I have nothing else to lose!”

Anthony was provoked, but he suppressed his temper again, pinched her face and held it close to his, and asked, “Who taught you all these? Tommy Marwood?”

## **Chapter 862**

Anne was no opponent to Anthony, and she finally gave

That night, her world was turned upside down.

She lost her soul and endured Anthony’s blizzard-like

attack.

When she woke up, the sun was already out, and it was so bright that it hurt her eyes. Beads of tears rolled down her

cheeks.

She got out of bed and went to the bathroom.

When she was washing herself up, she knocked on the glass next to her.

The glass fell to the ground and shattered into pieces.

Anne squatted down, and picked up the pieces, then

looked at them blankly.

The bathroom door opened, and Anthony came in.

He saw Anne, who was holding the shattered pieces and looking blankly into them. He strode over, took the

shards away from her hand, and tossed them to the floor.

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“The servants will clean this up. You are hungry, aren’t you? The breakfast is ready.”

Anne was brought downstairs by Anthony.

The breakfast was untouched, as though he had been waiting for her.

However, it was already past eleven in the morning.

Anthony was having breakfast with her, which meant he did not have breakfast earlier.

The two were eating as though nothing had happened the night before.

Anthony poured her milk and placed it next to her. His glance swept past Anne's indifferent expression. His dark eyes were so deep that the bottom could never be seen.

"I am taking a day off today," he said in a deep voice.

"I am going to the office," Anne said.

"Can your body take it?" He referred to what happened last night.

Anne did not say anything. She looked down, her long lashes concealing her feelings.

Anthony could obviously sense Anne's giving up. His face was a little tense.

If it were not because of her resisting it in the first place, he would not have forced her either.

"I am full now." Anne placed her cutlery down, stood up, and left the dining room.

Soon, the sound of a vehicle leaving the premises could be heard.

The air pressure around Anthony dropped, he tried hard to suppress it, but it still filled the whole kitchen. The servant that was about to clean the dining table was also terrified by it and did not dare to make a move.

Anne sat in the back and stared blankly out of the window. Not a single area on her body felt alright.

Should she throw a tantrum? There would be no use to it.

Anthony would never let her get her way, even if she threw a tantrum. This man was not a human.

She would never forgive him.

Never!

The car did not go to the office but went straight to Dorothy's.

Anne got out of the car, and she saw Bianca's car parked at the door.

This was what she wanted.

Dorothy and Bianca were having breakfast, and they were laughing and grinning.

"What a shame for Cindy. Now there's one more person's blood on Anne's hand."

"I said it before, she is a person that brings misfortune. We never know who else is going to die next!"

“The triplets, maybe? Once they all die, I will see what else she can use to seduce Anthony. No matter what I do, Anthony will never blame me... Ah, ah!” Bianca was not finished.

Then, another hand reached out from the side, picked up the porridge before her, and poured it right over her head.

Bianca jumped. “Ahh! Help! It burns!”

“Oh my God!” Dorothy quickly wiped away the hot porridge on Bianca’s head. “Are you alright? Are you hurt?”

### **Chapter 863**

Luckily, the porridge was already served a while ago, and it was no longer scorching hot to cause a burn.

Bianca looked up and saw Anne. She was so pissed and yelled, “Anne, what are you doing!”

“You drugged Dad and killed my mother! I will not forgive you!” Anne took out a knife and pointed it at Bianca.

“Ah!” Dorothy freaked out and pulled Anne back. “Are you crazy, Anne? Nigel is my dad. Who would kill their own father?”

“You are not related to your father. Because you hate that dad left all his assets to me, and so you drugged him. Is that the case?” Anne lost control over her emotions.

A slight guilt appeared on Dorothy and Bianca’s faces. They did not expect Anne to have known about it.

How did she know?

With the knife pointed at both of them, they only wanted to keep the situation calm. It would be bad if any of them got injured.

“Anne, don’t do anything silly. If Anthony knew that you hurt Bianca, you would not be forgiven!” Dorothy attempted to threaten her using Anthony.

“I am not afraid of him. I want you all to die now!” Anne raised her knife and intended to stab Bianca.

“Ah!” Bianca and Dorothy shrieked in fear.

Anne had no mercy. She wished Dorothy and Bianca dead immediately. Then only she could serve justice to her

parents.

She could not care more as long as she got her revenge!

Just as she pushed her knife forward with detest, her wrist was grabbed by someone.

Anne was stunned. She turned around and saw Anthony’s cold face within inches. His shadow engulfed her whole

person.

Why was he here?

Why was he stopping her?

Bianca burst into tears when she saw Anthony. "Anthony, it's good that you are here. Anne is crazy. She wanted to

my mother and me!"

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"Let go of me!" Anne struggled, but her hand could not move as though it was chained.

Then, Anthony snatched her knife and tossed it away. He hissed in a deep voice, "What are you doing!"

Anne watched as her knife was thrown away. Her eyes were filled with unwillingness and hatred.

She knew that while Anthony was here, she could not have laid a finger on Dorothy and Bianca.

Bianca leaned forward, looking wronged, as though she was no longer scared as long as Anthony was here." Anthony, luckily, you are here to rescue us. Otherwise, you may not be able to see me anymore."

Anne withdrew her hand forcefully. "So what?"

Anthony saw her rebellious attitude. His face was cold. Don't you let me see you doing something as silly as this again!"

"Right, no matter what, you need to consider the

children. If they knew that you were holding a knife

trying to stab people, they would be traumatized," Bianca said hypocritically.

Anne looked at Bianca's proud little expression, which

was an expression that only appeared because she had Anthony on her side.

She did not say anything more but turned and left.

She could still hear Bianca's pitiful voice from behind. "Anthony, I was really scared..."

Anne was about to enter her car, but she was dragged away by someone and shoved into the Rolls Royce. She was so furious and resisted. "What are you doing!"

Anthony entered the car, and the car door was shut. He then drove away quickly.

Bianca and Dorothy pursued, but the car had already left

the front door.

"Wasn't he supposed to console me? At least, I know he is going to torment Anne now!" Bianca was still pretty

delighted that Anthony had come to her rescue earlier on.

Then next would be Anne being tormented as she deserved it.

In the car, Anthony was sucking the air out of the space. His cold eyes glared at her. "Did you hear what I said earlier?"

"... Yes, I did." Anne lost her ability to rebel in the car.

He only warned her not to hurt Bianca. That was all, right? In fact, even if he did not warn her, what else could have happened?

It was because Anthony protected Bianca, and that was why Anne could not do anything to her. She could only watch the murderer of her parents walking free.

She could even hurt her children...

#### **Chapter 864**

Did she hate Bianca? Of course, she did.

However, she hated Anthony the most!

"I will continue to investigate this matter..." Anthony said when Anne abruptly interjected him.

"Don't need to trouble you with this anymore!"

Anthony frowned, his sharp gaze fixated on her. "Why are you throwing a tantrum?"

Anne did not say anything, and she was too lazy to argue anymore.

Everything was so amusing to her.

The Rolls Royce stopped in front of the office, and Anne got out of the car.

Anthony said, "I will bring the kids to the mansion tonight."

"I will not be around," Anne said and strode into the office building.

Anthony's face fell.

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Anne was back in her office. She sat down, and everything seemed to be perfectly normal.

However, she noticed her hand trembling. It was the hand that was holding the knife.

She was still freaked out by something that she did out of

rage and hatred after regaining her senses.

Nevertheless, she did not regret it. If she were given another opportunity, she would still do the same!

She only regretted not having killed Bianca soon enough!

If it were not because of Anthony, she would have already sought revenge for her parents!

She knew it well enough that she would not have a second chance to do so after this.

Anthony would be guarded and would be protecting Bianca from her.

Anne's heart was full of hatred, and her eyes were swollen with hateful tears.

Someone knocked on her door, and she forced herself to compose herself, swallowing all her tears back into her stomach.

Ken came in to tell her about the meeting.

Even though Anne was sitting in the meeting room, she was always zoning out and could not listen to a single thing.

She came back to the office absentmindedly and only realized that there was someone else in her office when she did.

"I thought that I was invisible now." Tommy sat on the couch, both his arms resting on top of the couch, and watched her facial expressions. "Did Anthony sleep with you last night?"

Anne did not say a word but was about to sit down in her chair.

Tommy suddenly charged forward and dragged her up. "Didn't you know how to resist it? What were you thinking? Or were you willing to do it? Do you still not understand what he did?"

Anne looked at Tommy calmly. "Why should I care? I was only assaulted by him. It's not like I lost a piece of flesh or something. There were numerous instances like this before, so many that they are now countless. I wondered

would I if it were another person that did this to me, accept it rather easily too?"



“What did you say?” Tommy’s face fell, and he pinned her against the work table, her upper body leaning against it, facing up. “Fine, then let me try it!” His face dived right in.

Her collar was pulled open, revealing her fair shoulder. There were suspicious red marks on them. Tommy saw the marks and immediately understood what had happened.

He bit onto them unhappily.

Tommy kissed along the red marks. The more he did, the angrier he got.

How many marks did Anthony leave on her body!

Tommy, who was too caught up in his rage, realized that Anne was not moving at all. He noticed something was wrong and looked up.

Anne was still in the same posture as she was when she was first pushed down. Her face was completely blank, with no light in her eyes.

Tommy could not proceed.

He put her clothes back on and then pulled her up.

“Look... I don’t know how to fight back anymore...”

Tommy looked at her blank face, the face that was so pale that it looked like she would collapse anytime soon.

What else happened? Was it because Anthony was protecting Bianca?”

He felt that things were not as easy as that.

If he guessed correctly, the way Anthony protected

Bianca could easily provoke Anne.

Anne only hung her head low. “I am tired now. Please go back.”

“Anne, go back and have a rest. You don’t look too good.”

Anne looked straight at him. Her eyes seemed to have lost focus. “I am fine, don’t worry, I just have not recovered. I don’t know what else I can do if I am not working...”

“Brother will be here for you.

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“No, please give me some personal space, okay?” Anne only wanted to spend some time alone.

Tommy could only leave.

He thought that if Anne faced Anthony with this kind of

emotion, that would be effective.

## **Chapter 865**

In fact, if Anne had insisted, Anthony could not do anything either.

After all, there were still three kids.

Anne stayed in her office but could not focus on her work.

Her mind was blank.

When she regained her senses, it was already the afternoon.

She did not have any appetite, but she opened her office door and left.

“Ms. Vallois, are you going for lunch?” Ken greeted her.

As though Anne did not hear it, she walked right past him.

Ken sensed that something was not right. Could it be related to Cindy’s death?

Anne took a cab to the graveyard.

She kneeled before Nigel and Sarah’s tombstones and cried loudly.

She suddenly could not find the direction to live.

Not sure why, but the thought was particularly strong in her mind.

She could not do anything well enough. She could not provide for her children, her parents were murdered, and the murderer was walking free right in front of her, but she could not do anything...

What was the purpose for her to live?

“Dad, Mom, please tell me... How should I live? I have nothing! I only have myself. If I died... I would not feel the pain anymore...” Anne cried helplessly.

She cried and cried until she was completely drained and tumbled upon the tombstone.

She felt as though it was the end for her.

She could not see the light at the end of the tunnel.

Back when she was a kid. She could feel a slight warmth as though she was by her parents’ side.

She was still a kid.

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Her peers were all coddled in their parent's laps, but her life was already so broken beyond repair.

"Anne? Anne, wake up, Anne..."

Anne opened her eyes and saw Lucas' worried face in her weak vision. "Mr. Newman..."

"Why are you sleeping here?" Lucas asked her.

Anne was stunned, as though she did not know why she was there.

After a few seconds, she recalled, "I am here to see Mom and Dad..."

"Don't sit on the ground. I will bring you back home." Lucas helped her up, and his voice was as gentle as his gesture.

Despite this, Anne still hissed in pain. "Ah..."

"What happened?" Lucas let loose of her arm and then rolled her sleeve up. He saw a long and deep wound on her fair skin. There were still blood stains around it.

What happened?"

Anne withdrew her arm and hid it under her sleeve again, "I tripped this morning."

"Why didn't you get it treated at the hospital?"

Anne was silent.

"I will bring you to the hospital." Lucas dragged her away.

At the hospital, the doctor helped her to treat the wound and wrapped it in a bandage. The doctor said there was not a big problem as long as she kept the wound away from water.

Lucas then held her hand and walked her out of the hospital, almost as though he was afraid that someone bad would bring her away.

"Why did you go to the graveyard?" Anne asked.

"I called you, but you did not pick up. I went to your office, but you were not there either. So I tried my luck here. I did not expect you to be here." Lucas looked at her pale face worriedly. He was certain that something major had happened to her.

However, he did not ask.

If Anne wanted to tell him, she would have.

**Chapter 866**

Lucas made lunch for the both of them. He was worried that Anne had been starving for a long time, but he found Anne sitting on the couch and zoning out when he came out of the kitchen.

Did she keep the same posture the whole time?

“Anne?”

Anne looked up, looking confused.

“Lunch time.”

Anne turned and saw the dishes on the table.

“Come on.” Lucas pulled her wrist over to the dining table and sat her down in the chair.

“I am not hungry...” Anne said.

“You still have to eat.” Lucas served something for her.

“Thank you.”

“You’re welcome,” Lucas said.

Anne then held her head down and kept eating silently.

Lucas saw that she was silent the whole time, so he ate his portion too.

Then, to cheer her up, he broke the silence. “Do you remember Leta? She was still talking about you two days

ago. She said she had not seen you in a long time and was asking if you were free for a meet-up. She would love to treat you to a meal.”

“Leta is a good woman,” Anne said.

She felt bad for suspecting her before.

Lucas laughed and said, “She is indeed a nice person, except a little mean at times. However, I guess we are just not fated to be.” Anne looked up at him, and he

continued, “Most importantly, I don’t feel the spark between us. I explained to her that we could still be friends.”

“Is it because of me?” Anne asked.

He managed to find her at the graveyard, which spoke volumes about how much he cared about her.

She felt like a worn-out rug that had been tugged and torn by Anthony and could never return to its original smooth, unwrinkled state anymore.

“That was my personal preference. Don’t you feel pressured. Even if you are not in the picture, I will not get married this early either. I will not get married to just

anyone. This is an important milestone in my life,” Lucas comforted her.

Anne looked down. She felt as though she had seen the last of her life.

Perhaps it was better to have something to look forward to in life.

Then, the doorbell rang.

Not sure who it was.

The housekeeper was not around, and Lucas rose to answer the door. He saw the screen on the door that showed the malicious man and could not help but frown. This guy had found him...

He turned around and saw Anne’s pale face. He reminded her, “Hide in the room. I will handle him.”

Anne did not move but said, “Mr. Newman, thank you for the meal. I will go back first.”

Then, she walked forward and opened the door.

Lucas managed to grab her hand in time. He lowered his voice, “Anne...”

“Anthony could find us. That means he knew my whereabouts. There is no point hiding anymore. Goodbye.

Anne peeled his hand away.

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She pulled the door open, and as soon as there was a gap in the door, the person on the other end pushed it harshly, slamming the door right onto Anne’s body.

“Ah...” She fell backward, and Lucas immediately caught her.

Anthony saw it and immediately took a big step forward and pulled Anne, almost as though he could not stand it, even if another man just touched her briefly!

“You knocked her over.” Lucas was displeased.

“If she was not here, would she have been knocked over?”

“Anthony was sarcastic, his eyes menacing.

Anne said, “Nothing happened between us. We were just eating, and I was about to go home.”

“Is there no food at home for you to come here for a meal? Anthony was scarily dominant. “Or would you like me to give him a lesson, then only you will be obedient?”

Anne stood still but looked down at her toes. “Do you really have to do this?”

Anthony was flustered to see her indifferent expression and grabbed her wrist. “Move along!”

## **Chapter 867**

Lucas could only watch as Anne was taken away and kicked the door angrily.

How should he rescue her?

She was such a damsel in distress...

The Rolls Royce drove to Julie’s apartment.

Anne was pushed into the apartment. She stood there rigidly as if she was ready to brave through the storm that was about to happen.

Anthony’s slender figure stood before her. His dark shadow engulfed her like a demon making an arrival.

“Who allowed you to go over? If I had not gone there,

would you have spent the night there? Huh?” Anthony was breathing heavily, almost as though he had suppressed the whole way and only released it now.

“I was just having a meal there...” Anne kept her gaze down.

“You were eating with Lucas? Did you get my permission?

Anthony pinched her face and lifted her face up,

exposing it in his malicious eyes. “Don’t you know it

annoys me? Why can’t you remember your lesson?”

Anne’s face was hurting under his grip. She felt like her facial bones were shattering into pieces.

She frowned. “Do you have food? I wanna eat something...

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“Didn’t you already have your meal? Now it is my time for a meal!” Anthony snickered.

The bathroom door was opened with a loud bang.

It was a violent noise.

The shower water poured, and Anne cried, “Ah!” Her body was shivering.

Soon, her entire body was wet.

Anthony grabbed the back of her head and then kissed her lips.

Anne did not resist, merely accepted the dominant smothering.

However, to Anthony, this was not enough.

When he said he was bringing the kids to the mansion and she said she was not around, the reality was to meet Lucas. How could he make her obedient? Darn it, why

could she not listen to him obediently? Why must she challenge him again and again?

If this were what she wanted, he would fulfill her!

Anthony pressed Anne aggressively against the glass wall when he smelled blood.

He was briefly stunned, then he looked down and saw

Anne's arm grabbed by him was covered in blood.

The blood was even dripping onto the floor.

Anthony jumped. Did he hurt her?

Her clothes were soaking wet and revealed the bandage underneath.

He pulled her sleeve up and saw that it was a medical bandage, which was already red by then.

"Are you injured?"

Anne did not say anything but looked at her arm blankly.

Anthony pulled her to the couch, then opened the bandage, revealing the wound underneath.

It was soaked wet, and the wound opened.

Anthony's face was cold. He did not ask anything, but

cleaned up her wound, then applied some antiseptic on it before wrapping it up with a clean bandage again.

After that, Anthony asked her with a cold face, "How did you end up with this?"

"I fell, and the iron fencing slid through," Anne said.

"Why didn't you tell me?"

Anne looked up at him, bewildered. "Would you have let me go if I told you about it?"

"I am inhuman!"

Anne turned her head away. "Can I go back now since we aren't doing anything?"

"Sleep here." Anthony rose and went to the balcony with his phone. He called Kathryn.

If the wound were not tended to properly, it would be infected.

## **Chapter 868**

After the phone call, he pulled Anne into the bathroom. and then filled the water in the bathtub. He wanted her to take a bath and placed her injured hand on the tub.

Anthony helped her with the bath himself.

Anne did not reject the gesture.

This was the submissiveness that Anthony wanted, but he still felt that something was lacking.

He lifted Anne's chin. "What are you thinking?"

"Can I bathe myself?" Anne's voice was as light as a mosquito's.

"Where else have I not seen?" Anthony's gaze fell upon the hickies on her shoulders, his rough fingers caressed over them.

Anne's shoulder flinched as if it was unbearable.

"Why are these marks darker?" Anthony asked with no warmth in his voice at all.

Anne felt even the water temperature of the bath was quickly dropping.

Anne knew that Tommy had caused it in the office, but she could not hide it from him. What should she do?

She was starting to feel nervous and uncomfortable...

Then, the doorbell rang, breaking the tension in the atmosphere.

Anne had not expected Kathryn to come here, but her heart was still not moved.

She was sitting on the couch in her loungewear and accepted Kathryn's treatment with a blank expression on her face.

Kathryn examined her wound and then said, "Don't get into contact with water anymore, and you will be fine. I will prescribe you some anti-inflammatory medicine."

After Anne took the medicine, Kathryn left.



Anthony sat on the couch, looking dangerous. His dark and sharp eyes hooked onto hers, and his lips opened slightly. "Explain!"

Anne knew that he was following up on the hickies that looked darker than they were supposed to be. "I don't

know..."

"You met Tommy and Lucas today. Who did that?" Anthony was still suppressing the violence in him.

When he thought about the fact that another man touched her, he only felt worse, and the violence was harder to suppress.

"You did it," Anne said.

"I saw the marks on you this morning." Anthony was cold.

"Perhaps they just got darker." Anne held her gaze down and did not seem to react much.

A dark shadow engulfed her. Anthony looked down at her with his hands supporting him on each side. "Are you sure?"

Anne nodded.

Anthony's dark gaze then landed on the fair skin behind her neck. Then, he bit into it.

"Uhhh..." Anne's body flinched slightly. She bit her lips, enduring it.

"Don't you let me find out it was anything else," Anthony warned her.

That night, Anthony and Anne slept on the same bed.

They did not do anything.

Anne was quiet. She almost fell asleep as soon as she touched the bed.

She did not respond when Anthony held her in his arms.

Anthony only realized that Anne had lost a lot of weight.

Her tiny waist was even smaller now, and the ribcage on her back was even more prominent.

He thought she must have gone through a lot ever since Sarah passed.

The next morning, Anne sat before the dining table. There were a lot of dishes on the table, so many that she

almost thought it was not a breakfast but a lunch.

Anthony sat down and said, "Eat more. You are too thin now. It's not comfortable to hug."

Anne did not rebut. She had a lot of food.

If Anthony did not stop her, she would probably have continued eating forever.

Anthony did not look too pleased. "Are you deliberately doing things against my wish?"

Anne looked at him and said, "What should I do to please you?"

Hidden under his dark eyes were his terrifying emotions that were hard to suppress.

Anne followed Anthony's car to the office.

As soon as she arrived, she sped to the toilet and vomited everything that she had in the morning into the toilet bowl.

She vomited so hard that tears fell.

Then she sat weakly against the wall.

## **Chapter 869**

She did not know why she threw up. Did she eat too much in the morning?

Back in the office, she sat on the chair and took out a paper-knife from her drawer. Then, she slid the blade across the perfect skin on her arm.

"Hmm!" Anne bit her lips and endured.

Only then could she feel better emotionally.

The phone on her table rang, and she looked at the caller to find it was Lucas.

She answered, "Hello..."

"Anne, are you okay?"

"I am at the office, don't worry. I am fine."

“You were brought away suddenly. It would be weird if I am not concerned.” Lucas did not tell her that he did not sleep the whole night.

“Mr. Mewman, please don’t feel too sad, even if I happen to be dead,” Anne said.

“What are you saying? Don’t curse yourself.” Lucas frowned.

“Are you superstitious? Everyone will die eventually.”

“You are still young. This is too early.”

“We have to face death sooner or later...” Anne sounded pessimistic.

“You should think about the kids’ growth, their cuteness. Other people do not have this luxury. The kids do not wish to see you unhappy too,” Lucas was concerned that she would do something stupid.

“I know, Mr. Newman, I need to make a move now.”

Anne did not seem to be in the mood.

“Alright, just call me if there is anything.”

Anne hung up.

She was reminded about her father. Her father would say the same thing to her too. ‘Call him if there is anything.’

However, she never did so.

Was it because she was too disappointed in her father back then?

Perhaps the disappointment was better than Anthony’s abuse.

It was close to noon when Anthony appeared at the office.

and entered her office.

Anne took one glance at him with very little reaction as she continued to stare at her computer screen.

It was not that she did not feel like working, but she could not focus.

It was as though her brain was no longer in her control...

Anthony walked to her work table and picked up the mobile phone that was placed next to her.

It was the one that he gave to Anne.

“It seems that you don’t even care to hide it from me now.

Anthony looked down at her coldly.

Anne knew that Anthony overheard her conversation with Lucas.

Otherwise, he would not be here.

It seemed that she had no problem provoking him every single time.

“It was a normal conversation. It will only be a problem if I hide that from you,” Anne explained calmly.

She was making sense too.

Whatever she talked about, Anthony would know about it anyway.

Anthony pinched her jaw, his eyes full of malice. “Don’t you dare to be in touch with him anymore, do you understand?”

Anne looked at him, stunned. “We are just friends.”

“Do you understand me? Don’t!”

“It’s only a phone call. Why are you overreacting?” Anne looked at him intensely.

It was weird.

If this had happened back then, when Anthony’s eyes were full of malice, she would always feel terrified deep down, no matter how hard she tried to stay calm.

However, she did not feel the slightest hint of fear.

It was as though whatever Anthony did to her did not matter.

Anthony was flustered. Why was his reaction so strong?

It was because he wanted full control of Anne, the feeling of not having control flustered him!

“Do you really think Lucas is a good person? He deliberately brought Leta to you to get your attention and to get close to you. Looks like he understood it well enough that the person who drugged your father had a mole by her lip,” Anthony snickered.

“Whatever he wants to do has nothing to do with me.” Anne was not budged.

“Getting close to you is relevant to you!” Anthony’s eyes were malicious.

“So, what do you want to do to me?” Anne asked him calmly.

**Chapter 870**

That fearless gaze made Anthony feel even more flustered.

It was as though no matter what he did, she could just accept it.

Anthony wanted to see her in fear, just like last time. It was better than not having any reaction at all!

“I want you now, in this office. We had not done it before.

Anthony pulled her up, and he sat in the chair instead, placing Anne on his body.

Anne knew what he meant. Her lashes trembled in disbelief.

Anthony edged closer to her lips. “Beg me, and I will spare you.”

Anne did not beg for mercy. That thought had not even crossed her mind. She only wore a blank look on her face.

“Let me see who would give in first...” Anthony aggressively bit her lips.

He was only waiting for her to plead, even if it was just a brief sentence.

Unfortunately, there was none.

Anthony did not control himself.

There were bodyguards guarding the door, and no one dared to enter the office.

After an hour, the phone on the bodyguard buzzed. He answered and heard Anthony’s lazy voice over the phone. “Get some food here.”

“Alright.”

Anthony tossed his phone away and hugged Anne in his arms. He was very satisfied with her submission. “If only you had pleaded much earlier.”

Anne lay in his arms and said nothing. Her eyes were half open, and she was drowsy.

Soon, lunch was delivered to the office.

Anne went to sleep after lunch.

Anthony looked at her on the bed and planted a kiss on her cheek. “I will fetch you after work.”

Then, he switched off the light and left.

Anne opened her eyes in the dark. She did not feel like sleeping at all.

She felt horrible everywhere.

She could not stand it and walked out of the resting room.

She found her paper-knife in the drawer and slid it across her arm again.

Blood was oozing out, and it was even deeper than the cut she had made in the morning.

Some blood dripped onto the floor.

Anne tossed the blade away. She then got some tissue paper and pressed it onto her wound as she sat on the ground weakly.

That was a relief.

Anne spent the whole afternoon sleeping. When she woke up, it was already three in the afternoon.

Ken finally waited until she woke up from the nap and brought over some documents. He saw that she still looked lethargic. "Ms. Vallois, are you alright? Your face is pale."

Anne touched her face. "Is it?"

"Do you want to hire a new assistant?" Ken asked.

"No need." Anne was traumatized by Cindy's incident. She now felt that anyone new that they hired would likely be planted by Bianca or Dorothy. "Just assign someone internally from the company."

"Alright."

When Ken returned to pick up the documents again, he noticed that they were not signed and stamped.

"Ms. Vallois, did you not vet the documents yet?"

Anne then only realized that the documents were placed next to her.

She opened them, frustrated, and said, "Come back to pick them up later."

"Okay..."

Anne forced herself to focus and read the documents.

She could barely make it past one sentence before zoning out again.