

Powerful 871

Chapter 871

“Don’t be like this, don’t...” Anne knocked on her head.

Why could she not focus?

She needed to do this. This was her father’s company.

This was her father’s blood, sweat, and tears.

The office door was opened without permission.

Anne thought it was Anthony again.

She looked up but saw Bianca strutting into the office in her high heels shoes.

She was wearing a pair of sunglasses and a face mask.

After all, the scar on her face would not recover so fast.

“Looks like you are still here. I thought you would be killed by Anthony by now. What a resilient life. It’s not good to be this resilient, you could bring misfortune to other people.” Bianca was sarcastic right from the

moment she entered. She then walked to the chair in

front of the office table and took a seat, then took off her sunglasses, facing Anne. “But you don’t look too good. I’m sure these two days have been rough, huh?”

Anne did not say anything but picked up her phone and called security. “Come to my office.”

Bianca asked, “Who are you calling to help you out?”

“You have balls to appear in front of me,” Anne said.

“Why don’t I? I have Anthony, who else would I need to be afraid of? Not you, of course. It is my mercy to not have Anthony snapping your arm into two.” Bianca was presumptuous.

Anne’s facial expression was indifferent.

It was exactly because Anthony existed that was why Bianca could indulge in bullying her.

She had no parents and could only face her on her own.

She was severely oppressed by Anthony.

Bianca picked up the document from Anne’s table, took a look, and then tossed it to the floor. She then looked at Anne provocatively, trying to challenge her if she could do anything to her.

“You are mad, aren’t you? But what could you do? You’re so pathetic that you can’t even express your anger.”

“Do you know why Anthony is still not sleeping with you?”

Anne asked.

Bianca’s facial expression changed slightly, as though she was stabbed at her weakest spot, but she immediately changed her face to act as if she did not care. “What did you say? Anthony did not sleep with me? What a joke, I am far ahead of you in every aspect. He is always clinging on to me every time!”

“I heard your conversation with Anthony at Julie’s apartment. I was outside the door,” Anne said without any expression.

“You!” Bianca felt as though she was mocked and ridiculed. Even if she wore a mask over her face, her anger could not be concealed.

“You still can’t conceive his child because he did not sleep with you. Don’t you want to know why?” Anne picked up the phone next to her. “This phone... is bugged by

Anthony, whatever you said to me over our phone conversations, he knew all about it. So, I am sure he felt disgusted to touch an evil woman like you, don’t you think so?”

Bianca was stunned. She could not believe it.

She panicked.

She was trying to recall what she had told Anne over the phone.

The guard entered the office.

Anne said, “Throw her out.”

The guard went forward to pull Bianca. “Come on.”

“Don’t touch me! Do you know who I am? Stop touching me. I am Anthony’s fiance. I can easily ask Anthony to buy this company! Keep your filthy hands off me!” Bianca said angrily.

The guards stopped.

They had heard enough about Anthony.

Anne thought Anthony was indeed powerful, so much so that even she, Ms. Vallois, was a puppet to him.

“Anne, what is the point of you telling me all this? If Anthony really cared, would I still be his fiance now? I said it before, no matter what I do, he will always take my side. As for you, a little mistake will land you with tragic consequences. It will only get worse down the road. We shall see!” she said condescendingly and then turned and strutted away.

Anne looked down. She was already tragic enough.

It was close to the end of the work day, and Anne was watching the clock, zoning out.

When she remembered that it was about time to see Anthony again, she only wished that time could stop.

“Mama!”

“Mama!”

“Mama!”

The triplets dashed into the office and sprinted to their mother.

Chapter 872

Anne did not expect the kids to be here. She looked at the triplets in her lap, stunned.

It was unlike before. She looked more shocked than surprised.

She remembered the wounds on her arm that she had made earlier and did not dare to hold her arms out.

“Mama, we are here to pick you up after work!”

“We brought you cute cakes!”

“Mama, are you happy?”

Anne nodded. “Yes, I am...”

Obviously, the triplets were happier than their mother. They lay in their mother’s lap, jumping up and down.

Anthony walked into the office. “Can we go now?”

Anne rose and brought the kids out of the office, their hands still holding the small cake.

It was the triplet’s idea.

They would always bring desserts to their mother every visit.

However, this time around, when she tasted it in the car, all she could taste was bitterness.

She swallowed, but she only felt her tears about to fall.

She had to try hard to suppress them.

She suddenly did not know how to face her kids.

They were so adorable, so innocent. Would her depression affect them?

Would they be happy with such a mother?

Plus, in the future, when Anthony marries Bianca, she

will then exist like a mistress. How would people see her children then?

“Mama, Mama?”

Anne pulled her attention back and saw that the triplets were looking at her, concerned. She asked, “What’s up?”

“What are you thinking, Mama?” Chloe asked.

“I am wondering... Where did you get this cake? It is delicious!” Anne made an excuse.

“Mama does not need to know where. We will buy it for you every time!” Charlie said proudly.

“Yeshie!” Chloe seconded.

Anne rubbed their soft little cheeks gently.

They were so soft and fluffy, so adorable.

She never knew that giving birth to them would turn out to be a burden as well.

Anthony did not say a word, but he had never kept his gaze off her ever since she zoned out.

He frowned slightly and felt slightly flustered again. Even the three kids could not hold her attention?

When Chloe laid herself against her mother’s arm, Anne flinched slightly. The movement was so small, but

Anthony’s sharp eyes still caught it.

He thought Chloe touched her wound, but he recalled that the wound was on her right arm.

Then after, he noticed that Anne deliberately kept her hands off her kids the whole journey.

The Rolls Royce parked at the front entrance of the Royal Mansion.

The triplets hopped off the car.

Anne was about to disembark too, when a big palm pressed her shoulder.

The triplets landed and saw that their parents were not moving, then urged, "Papa, Mama, get off, fast!"

"You go on. Papa has something to speak to Mama about," Anthony said.

"Is it a secret?" Chloe asked.

"Yes."

The triplets then ran away, giggling.

Anne did not understand Anthony's gesture and felt that the palm on her shoulder was enough to make her entire existence crumble. She endured that but asked, "Why?"

"Is your left arm hurting?" Anthony asked.

Anne turned her face away. "A little sore. Let's go." However, his palm was still pressing onto her shoulder.

Soon, the hand moved to her wrist, grabbed it, and pulled her sleeve up.

Chapter 873

The two thin slits were exposed.

Anthony's dark eyes were squinting, and his voice was terrifying. "What is this?"

Next to the wound were some residual blood stains, and the wound area was swollen, apparent that it had not been treated.

Anne wanted to withdraw her hand. "I accidentally injured myself..."

"The iron fence again?" Anthony's face was exceptionally scary. He pressed down the lock on the car door and then shouted to the driver, "To the hospital!"

The driver immediately started the engine and drove away.

The triplets were climbing up the staircase.

They were panting and finally made it to the top when they turned around to find that their parents were not

with them.

Where did Papa's car go?

“The kids are still there. I don’t want to go to the hospital. “Anne panicked, wanting to get out of the car. However, the car was accelerating, so she could not get off.

“Tell me, how did you end up with this?” Anthony tried hard to keep himself calm.

If he still could not tell that these two wounds were man-made, he might as well be blind!

Anne pursed her lips and did not say anything. She just looked out of the car window blankly.

Anthony forcefully turned her shoulders around, forcing her to face him. “I am talking to you. Answer me!”

“Is it important?” Anne asked.

Her gaze made Anthony feel like his chest was about to implode. He touched her pale face and said in a hoarse voice, “Did you do it yourself?”

Anne did not say a word. She refused to speak to the man in front of her.

What did he want to know?

Did these wounds matter to him?

Right, her body was controlled by him. This belonged to him, and she could not damage it.

However, she was feeling bad, and only this way could make her feel better.

Anne sat in the consultation room, and Kathryn treated her wound. Kathryn said, “These two wounds are neat, just like the one we treated yesterday. They were from a knife. The new wounds were caused not too long ago.”

Anne kept her gaze down and did not say anything.

When Kathryn applied an antiseptic to her, she did not have any reaction either, almost as though her arms were not hers.

Anthony gave Kathryn a signal and then turned and left.

Kathryn could tell that it was not Anthony. He would not hurt Anne this way.

She received Anthony's order and then asked Anne, "This is obviously from a knife. Who did this to you?"

Anne said, "Just help me to wrap it up."

"If we cannot find the cause of it, what if you get injured again in the future? This is my responsibility as a doctor."

Anne hesitated, then said, "I did it myself."

Kathryn was shocked. "Why?"

Anne said, "Every time Anthony sleeps with me, I will slit my arm one time. That way, I feel much better."

"In which way?"

"Mentally."

Kathryn had already noticed that Anne did not look too

right when she first saw her. Now it proved her suspicion, and she said, "You cannot hurt yourself this way. You can resolve it in other ways. It is normal to feel sad about the passing of your loved ones, but you still have your kids. You should protect yourself for them!"

Anne looked out the window, the sun was bright and warm, but it hurt her eyes.

The sun's rays were like knives piercing in all directions, holding it up her neck.

"A person like me does not deserve to be their mother..."

Kathryn knew that it was pointless for her to speak to

Anne.

She bandaged the wound, then said, "Wait a moment, I

will get you some medicine." She walked out and informed Anthony, "She slit herself on her arm."

Anthony's dark eyes constricted. "Herself?"

"Yes, she admitted to it. In fact, before she answered, already suspected. If this were an act of others, it would not be so neat. Mr. Marwood, Ms. Vallois has some problems with her mental health." Kathryn looked grim.

Anthony's body froze. His expression was extraordinarily tense and cold. "Why would she have mental problems? Was it because of Sarah's death?"

Chapter 874

"She said... she said that she is going to cut herself every time you lay your hands on her," Kathryn said. Noticing the dazed look on Anthony's face, she added, "Mr. Marwood, you should arrange a psychiatrist for her, or this will escalate further."

Frustrated, Anthony struggled to calm himself. "Is she putting on an act so I'll let her go?"

"Mr. Marwood, if she's faking it, she won't actually lose so much weight. It will be too late to fix it if you wait any longer," Kathryn said.

"Go arrange it, then!" he commanded.

"Sure."

Anne was taken to a room and saw the words 'counseling room' by the door before entering. She sat down and asked the psychiatrist, "Is there something wrong with me mentally?"

"Every one of us could experience difficulties in all aspects of life, and I'm here to help resolve those. Is it social-related? Relationships with family, friends, or a lover are all categorized into social-related concerns.

Maybe you can try telling me what troubles you and see if I can help. Don't think of me as a doctor, and just think of me as a cave that you can shout into. Speaking your mind could sometimes make you feel better," the psychiatrist said.

"Can you help me get away from Anthony Marwood? I want to kill the person who murdered my parents. Can you help with that? I want to take my children and leave Luton. Can you do that?" She fired three rapid questions at him.

The psychiatrist was stunned. "Um... If you encounter difficulties in facing up to your issues, it might help to look at it in a different way."

"Let me ask you something."

"Sure."

"Will you be depressed if someone keeps you in a cage for years?" Anne asked.

"To capture someone in a cage..."

Anne interrupted him. "Just answer my question. Can normal people survive that? You can't even empathize with it, can you? That's because you are outside the cage.

To have someone outside the cage counsel someone

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locked in the cage is ridiculous on its own."

She took advantage of the psychiatrist's stunned state and got up to leave, ignoring Kathryn and Anthony on her

way out.

Anthony went after Anne, and Kathryn went to check with the psychiatrist. "How was it? Is it bad?"

"Well, she's not exactly mad because she seems to have a clearer mind than me. She thinks that it's ridiculous for

someone outside a cage to counsel someone locked inside
a cage.

Kathryn instantly understood what Anne meant.

Anne did not need counseling; she needed to be set free by Anthony. However, it had been years since Anthony had obsessively kept Anne to himself, and it did not seem possible for him to let her go.

In the end, Kathryn called Anthony and conveyed the psychiatrist's comments to him.

By then, Anne was already inside the car while Anthony stood outside to answer the call. He narrowed his eyes coldly and said, "There's no need for a psychiatrist. I will have my ways."

Chills ran down her spine at the intimidating aura oozing
off of Anthony.

She wondered, 'Who is calling him? Is it Kathryn? What is she saying to him? I've only told the psychiatrist the truth. Does that provoke Anthony as well?'

After the call, Anthony returned to the car and closed the
door behind him.

The car took off, and he stared at Anne like a predator at its prey. "You want to see what it's really like to be kept in a cage?"

Anne's lashes fluttered at his words, but she refused to
respond.

"I'll teach you if I find another wound on you!"

Chapter 875

"Just don't touch me, then," Anne said.

He approached her like a hungry beast until his lips rested right next to her ear. "Not only am I going to touch

you, but we are also going to share a bed every single

night from now on. Do not let me find another fresh wound on you."

Anne remained expressionless at the threat. The worst Anthony could do was keep her in a cage, but she no longer cared for her life. She turned to look outside the window and muttered, "Let's see what happens, then..."

Her response and tone made his blood boil, and he tried to suppress his anger. "Anne, what good will it do to fight me? You can't win against me."

Anne turned to look at him. "Just kill me. I'll appreciate it.

He tensed and narrowed his eyes dangerously; the veins on the back of his hands began to show how hard he was holding onto the armrest. However, Anne did not seem intimidated by him, almost as though she truly did not care if she lived or died.

Feeling his anger reaching its maximum level, Anthony

forced himself to regain his composure and leaned back against the seat. "We are spending the night in the Royal Mansion."

She turned to look outside the window once again. She had thought that she did not care any longer, but her heart still sank at Anthony's commanding voice.

She was far from losing all hope, and she knew that he would not rest until she did.

'It's fine. I'm already in hell, anyway...' she thought to herself.

The car arrived at the Royal Mansion, and Anthony dragged Anne out of the car. She tried to pull away from him but could not rival his strength.

The scene of them holding hands appeared so

harmonious in the eyes of outsiders, and only Anne knew just how intolerable it felt, as though she was being held by a hand that was full of pricks.

The triplets were overjoyed to see their mother.

"They haven't eaten and insisted on waiting for you," Hayden said.

Anthony wrapped one arm around Anne's slim waist and took her to the dining room. "Good. Let's eat."

The triplets hopped their way to the dining room while Anne allowed herself to be dragged there like a ragged doll.

She still interacted with her children but was clearly not as lively and kept losing focus until her children tugged at her clothes to bring her back.

At night, the triplets demanded to sleep with their parents, but Anthony chased them back to their own room.

In the bathroom, Anthony took Anne into the shower with him, as she could not possibly shower on her own with her hands wounded.

Anne did not resist and let Anthony do whatever he wanted. He did not do much apart from washing them, but once they were outside, Anthony held her close on the bed and kissed her eagerly. "This is the price you need to pay to have me wash you."

She shivered and was soon sweating in misery. Every touch felt like a whip on her skin, and there was never an end to the pain.

Anthony kissed her pale face and tried his best to comfort her into accepting him. He moved gently at first but soon

lost control.

When she thought she was reaching her limit, Anthony would drag her deep down to hell.

Chapter 876

Anthony did as he had promised. He had spent every single night with her and had servants watch her every minute of the day, even when she was going to work or returning to Sarah's mansion.

She leaned on a massage chair without turning it on and stared blankly at the ceiling.

At night, Anthony would come and take her back to the Royal Mansion.

When Bianca caught word about it, she shoved all the skincare and makeup products off her dressing table.

"What's going on? Anne is staying in the Royal Mansion and sleeping with Anthony every night. What is this? Are they a married couple or something?" Bianca yelled angrily.

"It's getting worse! This can't go on. No one would remember who Anthony's fiance is!" Dorothy said.

"I know that!" Bianca stared at her face and was increasingly disgusted at the reflection. "But how am I supposed to seduce him if I look like this? He's just going to be disgusted at me!"

"Even if it's not to sleep with Anthony, you have to stop Anne somehow! You have a room in the Royal Mansion, don't you? Just move in as well!" Dorothy said.

The thought that she had to live in the same house as Anne made her skin crawl.

"To fight with someone that lowly in that manner is a humiliation!" Bianca knew she could do as Dorothy suggested, but her pride would not allow it.

"My darling, you are not in a position to think of that anymore. Are you going to hold onto your pride until they fall in love with one another? Remember, you need to fight for your own happiness. Anne manages to capture Anthony's attention because she knows how to seduce him. Men all prefer obedient women," Dorothy said.

The fear of losing Anthony overwhelmed Bianca, and in the end, she decided to head to the Royal Mansion.

However, upon arrival, the bodyguards refused to let her in.

Bianca got out of the car and said, "Anthony said that I have access to the Royal Mansion. Don't you know that?"

"I'm sorry, but Mr. Marwood has ordered that no one is allowed inside."

"Including me?" She exclaimed in disbelief.

The bodyguard did not respond.

Bianca turned and tried to call Anthony, but he did not

pick up.

Driven mad by her rage, she commanded, "Go inside and tell Anthony that I'm here. Let me in!"

"That won't be necessary."

"Why you!" Frustrated, she knew that she could not do anything to the bodyguard and simply drove away.

It had taken so much for her to summon the courage to come, yet she was not even allowed through the gate. Her face felt as though it was on fire and she reached up to touch her cheek, all the while thinking to herself, 'Is it because of the scar on my face? No way! I need to fix this right away! I can't let Anne take him away from me!'

Anne stood on the balcony and stared into the distance dazedly.

Anthony held her from behind so that her entire body rested against his chest. "What are you thinking?"

"Bianca left."

He narrowed his eyes and buried his face into the crook of her neck. "I know."

"Is torturing me more important than Bianca?" she asked.

"You are different from her." He kissed her ear carelessly.

Anne stood like a puppet and closed her eyes.

'Right. I am not like Bianca. It's not the first time I heard that,' she thought.

Bianca drove toward the Aesthetic Clinic and found the most experienced surgeon to remove the scar on her face.

"Sure. Let's make an appointment for you, then."

"There's no need for that. Do it now!" Spotting the hesitant look on the surgeon's face, she sneered.

"Just name your price, or should I get Anthony to call you directly? Everyone knows that I'm Anthony's fiancée, and you will suffer if you cross me!"

Chapter 877

Since the clinic belonged to the Archduke Group, the surgeon dared not to deny her request and proceeded

with the surgery right away to remove her scar.

In the surgery room, Bianca lay on the bed under anesthetic while the surgeon worked on the scar on her face. By the time she woke up again, it was already in the middle of the night.

The doctor reminded me, "You will be under observation for tonight."

“How was it?”

“It’s a success. You will see once you remove the bandage.

Bianca relaxed.

Ever since her face was scared, not only did Anthony ignore her, she had to put a pause on her piano performance as well. She knew that her priority was still Anthony, as she would no longer need to perform if she had Anthony. She would play for Anthony only, and every woman on the planet would be jealous of her.

After the doctor left, she closed her eyes to rest.

Shortly after, the door was pushed open, and someone walked in.

Sensing something odd, she opened her eyes and saw a strange woman in front of her. “Who are you?” she questioned impatiently.

Lilian stood by the bed and stared at her. “I’m the one who sent you that email.”

Bianca had never been able to figure out who had been helping her in the dark and was surprised to learn that it

was someone she did not know at all.

“Why did you help me? Do you have a grudge against Anne?” Bianca asked.

“Anthony must be blind to mess around with another woman when he has someone this smart. You’re right. I don’t like Anne because she seduced the man I like as well.”

Bianca was not surprised. “She’s a homewrecker like her mom. It’s a shame that her mom died, and she is still alive!”

“She isn’t far from dying,” Lilian said.

“What do you mean?”

“A few days ago, Anne visited a psychiatrist at a hospital. Something is wrong with her, and one last blow should send her over to the edge.” Lilian narrowed her eyes viciously.

“Really? That’s great news if that’s true!” Bianca was excited as she had wanted Anne dead for as long as she could remember.

“Do you trust me?” Lilian smiled.

“I only care if Anne dies. You are my friend if you share my purpose. Anything else doesn’t matter.”

Lilian took out a flask and handed it to Bianca.

Bianca took it and stared at the transparent liquid inside. “You want me to poison her? If she dies of poison,

someone will find out, and Anthony will never take me back.”

“It’s not poison. Just medicine that would drive her mad. No one will notice,” Lilian explained.

Bianca continued to stare at the liquid ruthlessly. Since Anne was already mentally ill at this point, no one would notice anything odd, even if she had taken the medication.

‘Anne Vallois, die! I will never be at peace until you die!’ she thought.

When Anthony woke up in the morning, Anne was deeply asleep in his arms.

She seemed slightly healthier than she was, and her rosy cheeks looked beautiful when she slept like an innocent child.

He touched her cheek tentatively, determined to cure her mental state.

He got up to wash his face and noticed that Anne was still asleep when he stepped out of the bathroom.

He sat by the bed to observe her face for a while, before leaving the room, commanding the servants to not wake Anne on his way out.

Since she had been obedient for the past few days, he had decided to let her rest for two days. He did not want to break her, after all.

“Papa!” The triplets ran over to him.

“Papa, where’s Mama?”

“Is Mama still sleeping?”

Chapter 878

Anthony patted Charlie on the head and said, “She’s tired and is still sleeping. Don’t bother her, alright?”

“Okay!” The triplets responded in unison.

Anthony took the triplets down the stairs for breakfast before telling them to go and play.

Anne woke up at ten dazedly and sat up after a while.

The exhaustion that took over her body drained her. She stared out the window blankly, wishing that she could stay asleep forever.

It would have been fortunate if she could die in her sleep, but she then realized it was not something an unfortunate person like her should ever hope for.

Happiness had always been so far from her reach...

She lifted the sleeves of her silk pajamas and removed the bandage on her wound. The wound had crusted, and the skin around it was still red.

She ran her finger through the scar and felt the uneven surface. Anne did not know how she managed to survive the past few days, and describing herself as walking dead

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would have been an understatement.

The scar simply looked so out of place to her that she desperately wanted to tear it open.

She dug her nails in, and the scab began to break, with blood oozing out of the wound.

It was just a few drops of blood at the beginning, but it soon turned into a stream of blood that trickled down to the blanket.

“What are you doing?!” Anthony shouted and grabbed her hand.

There was blood on her fingertips that slipped down to her palm, then to her wrist. Soon, there was blood on the blanket and all over her arms.

His expression darkened as he breathed heavily and tensed.

Anthony kept a trembling hand on Anne’s wrist and called Kathryn with his free hand.

After the call, he commanded Hayden to bring the first aid kit.

The maid came in and was instantly startled by all the blood. She lowered her head and hastily opened the first

aid kit.

Anthony sat by the bed and cleaned the blood around her wound and everywhere else with sanitizer while Anne

stared at her arm unblinkingly as though she could not feel the pain.

Enraged, he grabbed her by the chin, and questioned, “ What are you doing? Tell me!”

She simply stared at him in silence without responding, which pushed his anger over the edge.

“Did you not hear me?!”

“Are you mad? You want to lock me in a cage, right? I can crawl in there myself,” she asked.

The veins on Anthony’s neck began to show as he glared at her, unable to bring himself to strengthen his hold on her.

They heard knocking on the door, and Kathryn stepped into the bedroom shortly after.

The air inside the room felt as though it was frozen, and Kathryn could not help but frown when she saw the blood on the sheets.

Anthony let go of Anne's wrist and walked to the side.

Kathryn hurried over to untie the bandage around Anne's wrist, revealing the wound underneath. She studied the ragged wound and realized that the wound had been torn open by hand, and Anne was the only one who would do such a thing.

She had committed self-harm once again.

Chapter 879

"She'll need stitches," Kathryn said.

There were spots where Anne had dug her nails too deep, and she would not be able to heal without stitches.

Kathryn injected anesthetic into Anne's arm, and Anne remained numb.

Anthony stared at her angrily, thinking he should have told Kathryn to proceed without the anesthetic to punish Anne for disobeying him.

He was in the study room but later decided to work in the common area outside the bedroom. When Anne woke up, he heard sounds coming from inside the room but noticed that everything had fallen into silence shortly after. Had he not stopped her in time, Anne's arm would be completely destroyed.

The thought had Anthony's heart racing in fear.

"It's done." Kathryn stitched Anne's wound up and

applied ointment before wrapping the bandage over it again. "You can't do that again, or you will risk destroying your arm permanently."

Kathryn had hoped that Anne might care, but Anne did

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not respond at all, almost as though she could not care

less.

"You can go out," Anthony commanded.

Kathryn left the room.

Anthony sat by the bed and lifted Anne's chin so that she faced him. "Look at me. Did you hear what Kathryn said?"

"I did, but people are going to die someday anyway. Does it really matter if my arm is messed up?" Anne muttered irrationally.

Anthony's chest heaved as he suppressed his anger. "Are you really okay with doing this in front of the children? You care about them, don't you? You are going to scare them!"

“The only thing they should be scared of is you,” she said.

Anthony stood up in frustration. He took two steps back before darting forward again to grab her by the shoulders. “What on earth do you want? Your mom’s case is still under investigation, and I don’t intend on showing mercy to anyone involved, including Bianca!”

Anne stared at him, her heart twisting in pain as tears filled her eyes. “Anthony, you must be happy that my mom is dead, right? She’s the person who came between

your parents, after all. So why are you investigating the murder of someone you hate? No. No way. You just want to prove that Bianca is innocent. Why are you forcing yourself on me if you care so much about her? Am I that cheap? That’s right. I’m just a homewrecker, just like my

mom. We deserve to die because we will never be free

from a demon like you until we die!”

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“I’m going to cancel my engagement with Bianca,’ he

said, thinking that Anne would be pleased to hear that.

“That’s your own business. Do whatever you want. Just leave me alone.” She turned away in contempt, not wanting to spare him another look.

“What do you want?” His expression darkened. “You

want me to let you go? Dream on! Come in and bring the thing in!”

The maid walked inside with a box in her hands, with

handcuffs inside.

Anthony picked them up and cuffed them onto Anne’s wrist. With both of her hands restrained, she would not be able to harm herself again.

He lifted her chin once again. “Do you like my gift? Hm?”

Anne did not say a word and simply looked at him

without attempting to struggle.

“Call me Master, and I’ll let you go.”

Anne did not move, and he turned to leave, slamming the door behind him, desperately wanting to murder

someone.

Kathryn felt as though she was going to suffocate in his presence but forced herself to speak up. “Mr. Marwood, you can’t provoke her anymore. The degree of her self-harming has escalated.”

“She won’t be able to do it again,” he uttered darkly.

Kathryn saw the maid walking in with the handcuffs and said worriedly, "You can't keep her chained forever. If you stop touching her, she might stop harming herself..."

Anthony glared at her coldly. "You are stepping out of line."

Kathryn took the hint and remained quiet.

Meanwhile, Hayden found the triplets hiding under a bush. "What are you three doing here?"

Chapter 880

The triplets watched as Kathryn drove her car out of the mansion.

"Charlie doesn't want an injection!" Chloe said.

"I'm not scared! I just don't need one! My head is better now!" Charlie said.

The scab on his forehead had fallen off on its own, leaving a pink scar. Children tended to heal fast.

"No need for an injection!" Chris agreed.

Hayden chuckled. "She's not here to give you an injection.

"Who, then?" Chris asked.

Knowing better than to tell the truth, Hayden said, "No one. She just came by to see if anyone needed injections, and apparently, everyone is fine."

The triplets crawled out of the bush.

Anne leaned against the bedhead. She stared at the cuffs around her wrist and tried to move. Since the chains

connected to the handcuffs were too short, she could not reach her right arm with her left hand, which effectively stopped her from harming herself.

As she stared dazedly at the chains, Anthony walked into the room with food.

Since Anne was chained, she could not eat on her own, so Anthony sat by the bed to feed her..

Anne looked at the food and opened her mouth obediently.

The dark look on Anthony's face eased when he realized that she was willing to eat, and he proceeded to feed her patiently.

"Ugh..." As soon as she swallowed the food, she

immediately started vomiting.

She vomited all over Anthony's lap.

Anthony ignored the mess on him and lifted Anne up.

Anne continued to vomit all over his chest before losing all strength.

"What's going on?" He lifted her face, noticing how pale she looked and the tears in her eyes. "Call Kathryn back!"

Kathryn was on the way home when she received the call.

She turned the car and headed back to the Royal Mansion.

By the time she arrived, the maids had already cleaned the bed, and Anne was lying on it, looking worse than she

did before.

"She vomited everything she ate!" Anthony roared furiously.

Terrified, Kathryn glanced at the handcuffs around Anne's wrists. "How does your stomach feel now?"

Anne simply shook her head.

"Do you still feel like vomiting?"

Anne shook her head once again.

A theory formed in Kathryn's head, and though it was unlikely, there was still a slim possibility. "Can you get up? Let's run a test on your urine."

She helped Anne into the bathroom and ran the test

before helping Anne out again and setting her down on the bed. "She is pregnant."

Anthony was stunned, and even Anne, who did not mind if she damaged her arm, reacted to Kathryn's words.

"The test is positive. We will need to do an ultrasound in

the hospital to be sure, but... I'm pretty sure she's

pregnant. Her uterus was severely damaged before, but I guess you never know. Ms. Vallois is highly fertile, after all," Kathryn said.

She went outside to wait while Anne kept her head bowed with a blank expression.

Startled when Anthony reached for her hand, she stared at him and shook her head. "I can't be pregnant. No way..."