

## Desires DH 141

### Chapter 141

She finally kept herself together until she was almost done eating. It seemed that Dan was quite observant as she dragged her cousin, Lola, away by lying to them that they had to leave because of some personal matter. Thus, leaving both Evan and Anya behind in the spacious room. Lola was still a little stunned as she had been assuming that it was her cousin that had a crush on Anya the entire time. However, why did Evan seem to be the one that was interested in Anya instead? Lola could not help but ask after Dan dragged her out, "Hey, what is going on with you two, Dan?" "What do you mean?" Dan pushed the elevator call button, Lola pushed her shades up her nose and said, "You and Evan. What on Earth is going on with you two? You guys wouldn't have actually have a crush on Anya now, right?" "I don't." Dan chuckled at her as he added, "Look, don't stick your nose into this. Oh, also...could you tell that best friend of yours, Rain, to not bother Anya anymore?" "Evan likes her?" Lola asked as she finally understood everything. It seemed that after this much trouble, it was Evan that had feelings for her. Lola gasped as she thought to herself, 'It'll be dangerous for her if Evan actually likes her, right?' The Welton family was the leader of the Nordenic Quartet. How could they allow some random woman to date Evan anyway? Especially when his parents were abroad. Things would be bad if they found out about Anya's existence. "Is Evan serious about dating her?" "I have no idea but he seems interested at the moment." Dan replied as he did not think that far ahead in the future yet. It was only normal for a man to have a woman, right? There was no rule about having to marry the person that the man was dating anyway since that would be too extreme then. "Oh." Lola understood what he meant. However, she was surprised to know that for someone as cold and unreasonable as Evan, he actually wanted to pursue after a woman. This seemed fun to her. Thus, she said, "Oh, don't worry cousin. I'll talk to Rain and have her stop bothering Anya." "Okay." When both Dan and Lola had left, the lively room had suddenly turned eerily quiet. Anya took a look at the time and it was already eight. It was about time for her to leave, so she grabbed her bag, stood up and told Evan that was still drinking beside her, "Please continue, Mr. Welton, I'll be on my way now."

She was about to leave after she finished saying that. EN 10% 13:31 However, Evan reached out immediately and grabbed her wrist before forcefully pulling her over. He then told her while

he was putting his glass down, "I'll send you home." Anya was stunned and immediately wanted to fling his hand away while thinking to herself. Who needs you to send me home? Just as she was about to fling his hand away, Evan had already got up while still gripping on her wrist like a couple before dragging her out of the room. They walked towards the basement carpark from the restaurant. It seemed that his driver had been waiting for him for quite some time then. When he noticed the duo, he immediately opened the door for them. "I don't need you to drop me off, Mr. Welton." Anya replied as she did not want him to send her home to stop their relationship from getting complicated. She bit her lips and replied with a firm and furious tone, "Look, I've mentioned it before. I don't want to be bothered by your woman." "Can you at least be understanding to your staff, Mr. Welton?" It was a good thing that he did not deny it since that was exactly the truth. Or else, why would she be pushed by Rain earlier that day? "If you mention that I have a woman again, believe me when I tell you that I won't allow you to get home tonight!" Even exclaimed as he was impressed by her logic. How could she immediately think that the women he knew were all his? Why could she not include herself as one of his anyway? Since they

knew each other as well. It's fine if you do if you don't admit it. I just don't want trouble." Anya replied as she understood that a man like him would be not easily admit that he had a woman. It did not matter since she would avoid him anyway.

Chapter 142

The forceful declaration of ownership sent Anya reeling with shock. The young for words.

Evan could have any woman he wanted. Why must he have her?

woman found herself at a momentary lo

Anya's thoughts were a jumbled mess as if someone had just thrown them into disarray.

"Let me send you home now," Evan said, the tone to his voice surprisingly gentle while he gazed into her eyes.

Anya broke out of her stunned stupor. She immediately shoved Evan's towering form away from her and pressed herself against the flank of the car. Her brow was creased into a deep frown. The look of wariness and reluctance on her face was as stark as day. "Mr. Welton, you were the one who told me to stay away from you a year ago. What changed?"

Evan seemed to find her words hilarious. His voice was husky as he spoke slowly. "You seemed really interested in getting into bed with me a year ago, I'm giving you another chance. Why aren't you taking it?"

Incredulity rippled across Anya's face. What was he talking about? She had never thought about having sex with him!

He wasn't going to believe her, of course. He would never believe her if she told him that she had never tried to set him up and had never tried to lure him into bed with her.

Someone else had set the both of them up.

But she wasn't interested in clearing up this terrible misunderstanding right now. She knew her attempts would only make things worse.

Anya looked away. She didn't care if Evan got mad. The look in her huge eyes was that of grim determination. "Mr. Welton, perhaps I should repeat myself. I'm sorry for what happened a year ago. But what's done is done. Right now, I'm not interested in being a part of your life and I would really appreciate it if you stay out of mine."

Anya waited for the man who was adamant to get his way, get upset and yell at her.

What was the worst that could happen to her? She could always quit her job.

She waited and waited.

Evan didn't appear upset at all. His hand shot out unexpectedly and gripped her soft chin firmly. His voice was a low murmur. "This is great. I enjoy a challenge."

The young man wanted to move on from the incident a year ago. After all, Anya had kept her promise and stayed away from him for an entire year.

And now... she had caught his eye.

Things were different now.

It had been such a long time since he had come across a woman who could pique his interest.

Anya MacMillan was the first.

Anya was furious. She felt herself bubbling with rage and ready to blow up. What was wrong with the man? She had turned him down. Why wouldn't he give up?

Was he that desperate?

The

young woman's guts churned with fury. She wanted to slap the man but dared not. She simply stood there and bore his touch unwillingly for a long moment before shoving him away from her. She did not say a single word.

Sure, he enjoyed challenges. That was his business. She wasn't going to go against her principles and put herself up for

sale.

She was surprised that the man did not attempt to put his dirty paws on her again after she had shoved him away. He wasn't that much of a creep after all. Instead, the young man shut his eyes and rested for a while. He had drunk two glasses of red wine.

They hadn't been enough to get him drunk, of course.

But that didn't mean that he wasn't feeling the effects of fatigue after two full glasses of wine.

Anya ignored the man as he rested his eyes. They could continue the conversation once they reached her place.

Neither of them spoke during the ride.

The small car was filled with a strange, utter silence.

Thirty minutes later, Evan's car drove up to Anya's apartment building.

The car slid to a smooth stop. Anya scrambled to get out immediately.

Evan reached out suddenly and caught her by the wrist. He leaned out of the shadows and forward slightly. His voice was soft and mild. "I'll pick you up tomorrow morning."

Then, he released his hold on her.

Surprise rippled across Anya's face before it stiffened. She stared at the handsome man hidden in the shadows and found herself at an utter loss for words. She got out of the car immediately. Before she slammed the door shut, a thought streaked through her head. She stared into the dark interior of the car and the man who sat inside. "Mr. Welton, what you're doing is harassment. I can report you to management."

Having said that, she stopped caring anymore. She slammed the door shut with a satisfying loud thud.

Chapter 143

The sound of the door slamming didn't seem to upset Evan at all. Something dangerous flickered in his dark eyes. He stared out of the window and watched Anya's slender form as she headed for her apartment building.

Harassment.

Interesting.

She wanted to report him to management. Well, he was the management.

Evan kept watching until Anya entered her apartment building and disappeared from his view. Then, he pressed a button. The screen separating the front and back of the car rolled down.

"Start the car. We're going back to my apartment," the young man told his driver coolly.

His driver nodded. "Alright, Mr. Welton."

The black Bentley slid out of the estate onto the main street smoothly. After a few minutes, the driver seemed to remember something. He tilted his head slightly towards the back of the car. "Mr. Welton, you made an order for European style kids' furniture. They've arrived. They can be delivered and assembled tomorrow."

"Do you need the deliverymen to assemble the furniture after they are delivered?" the man added, his eyes flickering towards the rear-view mirror to the reflection of Evan seated quietly in the backseat.

Evan pinched the bridge of his nose. After a moment, he let out a vague sound. "Yeah."

"I'll let Hayden know tomorrow."

"You won't be delivering the furniture to my apartment," Evan said as he cast his eyes out the window.

The other man seemed confused. "Where should we deliver the furniture to then, Mr. Welton?"

\*Dak V

View Mansion." The place was bigger. The two kids would be able to run around.

The thought of the two children cemented something in Evan's mind. He was convinced that they were his.

He might be proven otherwise, of course. The men he had instructed to look into the matter might tell him differently.

He didn't mind. They could still have the furniture that he had picked out.

Destiny had put them in each other's way, after all.

“Sure, Mr. Welton.” The driver nodded before slamming his foot into the gas pedal. The car sped down the road towards Evan’s apartment.

Meanwhile, back in the shabby-looking apartment building that the Bentley had left:

Anya had hidden in the building for a good ten minutes. She finally stepped out of the building when she had seen Evan

drive away

She walked out and searched the area. She was right. They were gone.

The young woman let loose a sigh of relief. Tension eased from her shoulders. She turned around and made her way

towards Ellie’s apartment.

She could feel her breasts hanging heavily on her chest. It was time to feed the kids again.

After a ten minute brisk walk, Anya finally got home.

Her two precious angels rushed towards her as soon as they saw her step through the door

Nathaniel seemed especially eager to see his mother. He had learned to talk recently and had been building a vocabulary at an astounding rate. He was now speaking simple sentences,

The boy opened his mouth and threw himself into his mother’s arms. “Mama...you’re home.”

A smile broke out on Anya’s face when she heard those words. She tousled her son’s hair fondly “Hey Nathaniel, Year, In back”

Her darlings were such precious little angels.

Nathaniel was going to be a sweet young man when he grew up. He would be nothing like Evan. He wasn't going to grow up to be a bully.

The sudden thought of Evan sent a shiver down Anya's spine. Why was she thinking about the man?

She had to stop thinking about Evan. He could try and harass her for all she cared.

She was going to keep turning down his advances.

Men like him wouldn't keep this up for long. They didn't have the time for that. They were busy peccle, ather all Besices. there were plenty of women out there willing to throw themselves at his feet. She was only one of many women and one who was saying 'no' to him repeatedly.

He would lose his patience eventually.

She didn't have to be that bothered.

Evan would get tired of his fruitless pursuits and give up sooner or later.

All she had to do was stand her ground and not budge.

Meanwhile, Eudora who was standing next to Anya had no idea what her brother had just said to their mother. All she knew was that she wanted to be able to say the same things but she didn't know how to..

The sounds that came out of her mouth were unintelligible and garbled. "Mama mama "



The girl looked upset. Why wasn't she talking like how her brother was?

The sounds that came out of her mouth sounded nothing like words.

Maybe she was just too stupid.

The thought upset Eudora further. Her bright eyes grew wet. Tears clouded the girl's wide eyes instantly. Eudora tugged at her mother's sleeve and started to sob. "Mama...mama\_"

"What's wrong. Eudora?" Anya was still basking in the joy of hearing her son speak when she turned around and caught the miserable look on her daughter's face. She lifted Eudora into her arms immediately and combed her fingers through her

soft hair.

Chapter 144

"Mama..." Eudora reached out, wrapped her arms around Anya's neck and started to whine softly.

But the girl didn't know how to speak. All that came out of her mouth was garbled sounds that made no sense

"What's wrong. Eudora? Did you miss Mommy?" Anya had no idea what Eudora was protesting about

She simply kissed her little girl's cheek softly. Her eyes shone with love as she gazed at her daughter

Eudora nodded. She wanted to tell her mother that she missed her but she wasn't as smart as her brother who had slinsedy

learned to talk

All she knew were a few simple words like mom and Elie

Beyond those simple words, she didn't know anything else.

She wanted to talk to her mother like what her brother was doing and cheer her mother up after an exhausting day but the

didn't know how.

All she could do was mumble garbled sounds like an idiot

The girl couldn't help but feel overwhelmed by sudden misery. Why was she so stupid?

"Well, Mommy's back now. You don't have to miss me anymore," Anys smiled as she gazed fondly at her daughter's adorable little face. The thought that her daughter was upset because she missed her

mother made Anys's heart swell with

love.

She carried Eudora to the couch. "Mommy's going to try and make it home earlier so that she can spend more time with you and Nathaniel, alright?"

Anya's comforting words were like a soothing balm. The girl began to calm down. After some time, she nodded quietly

Anya got both her kids in her arms and began breastfeeding.

Ellie made her way to the trio while Anya was feeding her kids. "I fed them formula milk twice today. They drank it making a fuss. You can start to wean them off breast milk"

Anya nodded. She was of the mind to do that as soon as possible.

Her job required her to work late and entertain clients occasionally. That meant she wouldn't be able to breastfeed her kids

as regularly as she wanted.

"I'll get you some buckwheat tea after you've weaned them off breastmilk. It'll help," Ble said.

"Thanks, Ellie." Anya felt her heart swell with gratitude. Her aunt had done so much for her.

If her mother had been around, Ellie wouldn't have had to take on the burden of taking care of Anya and her kids.

The pension she had would have guaranteed her a comfortable retirement.

But here she was taking care of Anya and Anya's two children.

Anya couldn't stop the waves of guilt from surging inside her. She swore that she would repay Ellie back for what she had done after she had made a name for herself. She would make sure Ellie lived a comfortable life when she was rich.

Dawn broke the next day.

Anya woke up when the alarm went off. Her two precious angels were still sound asleep.

The young woman got out of bed quietly to wash up. Then, she headed outside for breakfast.

Ellie laid breakfast out on the table. She had gotten up early that morning to buy breakfast. "Anya, come and have breakfast."

"Ellie, that's a lot of food for breakfast." Anya sat down and reached out for a piece of toast and butter.

They usually made do with a few slices of buttered toast for breakfast.

The occasions when they had waffles, scrambled eggs, and bacon were far and few between.

The young

10 woman wondered what occasion it

it was.

Ellie took her seat at the table and smiled at her niece. "Have you forgotten what day it is today?"

Anya froze momentarily. Work and Evan had her overwhelmed recently. She had no idea what day it was today at all. "What day is it?"

"It's your birthday, silly!"

She had forgotten about that. Anya smacked her forehead lightly. "I've been so busy lately. I can't believe I forgot my own birthday."

"Let's eat out tonight," Ellie suggested. "I'll buy dinner."

"I can't have you buy dinner," Anya blurted out. She wasn't going to let her aunt use her pension to pay for her birthday dinner. "I'll buy dinner. I've been thinking of buying Cindy dinner. We could have dinner together."

"I'm not going to let you pay for dinner," Anya added. "You should keep that money. I'm working now. Let me pay for stuff."

Ellie knew that she wasn't going to change Anya's mind. She simply smiled. "Sure, that sounds like a great idea. I know how much Cindy cares for you. She's a great friend."

"Yup.

Chapter 145

After she was done with breakfast, Anya left the apartment while the kids were still asleep.

She didn't want them crying for their mother as she left for work.

When she got downstairs, the young woman received a call from Evan. That was when she remembered what Evan had said last night. He had told her that he was going to pick her up for work this morning!

"Are you up?" The man's husky voice sounded from the other end of the line.

Anya's mind went completely blank when she heard Evan's voice. Had he been serious last night when he had said that he was going to drive her to work?

She didn't need a ride though.

"Mr. Welton, I'm on my way to work right now. I don't need a lift. Thanks for the offer." She hung up before Evan could say

anything

She had been too careful and afraid in the past. She had been worried that she would lose her job. That was why she had been swallowing her pride and letting Evan have his way

She wasn't going to do that anymore.

There were plenty of fashion design agencies out there.

If they fired her, she could always look for another job.

If they didn't, she planned to keep working at JK Couture for another six months. She would get some experience and then

quit.

If things didn't work out or got bad, she would simply quit before the six months were up.

Mentally prepared to quit anytime she had to, Anya was no longer interested in giving in to Evan and playing the man's

games.

Meanwhile, Evan couldn't help but feel a kick after Anya had hung up on him so boldly and fearlessly.

Honestly, he had never had a woman turn his advances down.

Evan narrowed his dark eyes slightly before tapping on the screen of his phone lightly and sending a text to Anya. "Ms MacMillan, I want you in my office as soon as you arrive at Welton Group Tower. I'll make a trip down to JK Couture and escort you to my office if I don't see you there"

He didn't wait for Anya's reply after he had sent the text

Instead, he raised his hand and gestured at his driver. The driver was to drive him to the office right now.

The driver nodded and started the car. With a turn of his steering wheel, they were speeding down the street and headed

for Welton Group Tower.

It didn't take long for Anya to reach Welton Group Tower.

Her mind went blank when she saw the text that Evan had sent her.

Should she make a trip to his office?

Anya stood at the lobby as she wondered about what to do. It was then that Sydney arrived for work as well. The sight of Anya standing next to the elevator sent spikes of jealousy stabbing at her. She marched up to Anya and said in a frosty voice, "I heard what happened with Ms. Mars. You're really something, aren't you?"

Anya had managed to change Lola's mind.

Who knew what devious trick she had resorted to?

"That's hardly any of your business." Anya wasn't interested in talking to Sydney at all.

She still had a grudge to settle with Sydney and her mother.

"My advice to you remains the same. I suggest that you quit your job as soon as you can." Sydney didn't want Anya hanging around Evan while the latter could see her. "You don't want people in the company to find out what you did a year ago."

Sydney shouldn't have mentioned the incident that had happened a year ago. The mere mention of it sent anger rushing through Anya. "Let them find out. It won't take them long to find out who's actually behind that incident. You know who the true mastermind behind the setup was. It was you and Melissa, not me!"

Anya clenched her jaw in fury as she smashed her finger into the button. The doors to the elevator slid open. The young woman stormed inside.

Sydney stood rooted to the spot. She wasn't interested in getting stuck in the same elevator as Anya. Besides, what Anya had said had infuriated her.

Her stepsister had tried to threaten her.

Whatever. She didn't care. Sydney was going to make sure that Anya disappeared from this world just like how Anya's

mother had.

Anya stewed in fury as she rode the elevator to the top floor where Evan's office was situated. She reeled back in shock the moment she stepped out of the elevator. Why had she pressed the button to the top floor?

She should've been on her way to JK Couture instead.

Her thoughts were in an absolute mess. It didn't matter though. Evan had texted her. She would have to turn up at his office sooner or later.

Her heart sank. The young woman made her way towards Evan's office.

She knocked and then stepped into Evan's office. The young man was dressed in a pair of dark pants and a white shirt. He stood at one corner of the room, holding a sheet of paper that was at least three feet long. It appeared to be a blueprint.



Anya eyed the six feet that separated them cautiously. “Mr. Welton, do you need me for anything?”

Evan looked up from the blueprint and threw her a casual glance. His voice sounded sleepy, as if he was still in the midst of waking up. “Are you hiding from me?”

Anya pursed her lips and stared the young man straight in the eye. She didn’t say a word.

Why was he playing dumb? He knew that she was.

“Come over here and tell me what you think about this design,” Evan said as he cast his eyes back towards the blueprint.

Anya eyed the man warily. After some time, she concluded that he probably wasn’t going to try any moves on her. She hesitated for a moment before making her way towards Evan slowly. The young man had placed the blueprint on his desk. She took a look.

Her eyes widened instantly. She was staring at the design for a set of kids’ furniture.

It appeared to be instructions for the assembly of the furniture

While Anya stood there, frozen in shock, the man standing next to her suddenly leaned in. His arms slid between her arms and waist and his palms planted themselves on the desk firmly. She was trapped. His lips were a ghost of a kiss on her ear, his heated breath a mix of his natural scent and the sharp spiciness of cigarette smoke. “Ms. MacMillan, you’re a designer by training. I’d appreciate your comments on the design of this set of kids’ furniture. How does it look? Do you think the kids will like it?”

Would the kids like it?

Anya’s mind went completely blank. All she heard was white noise buzzing between her ears. What was Evan doing? Was this intentional?

The man had no kids.

Was he trying to get her to slip up and reveal what she had been hiding from him all along?

Chapter 146

“A penny for your thoughts, Ms. MacMillan?” Evan said huskily and in a teasing manner as he gazed at her with his dark eyes. Anya was pulled out of her stupor instantly.

The man’s husky voice filled her ears.

Anya felt the tip of her ears burn. Her voice was stiff and awkward when she spoke. “Mr. Welton, I’m sure it’s fine as long as you like it. I’m a fashion designer. I know nothing about furniture.”

“You’re helping your cousin take care of her twins, aren’t you? You should know what kids like.” Evan was undoubtedly great with words. He knew how to set up verbal traps and how to lure his prey into those traps. As long as he suspected you of hiding something from him, he wouldn’t rest until he made you spill your secrets.

But Anya was no ordinary prey. She wasn’t going to fall for his tricks that easily. She remained polite albeit a little stiff when she replied the man. “Mr. Welton, I am staying with my niece and nephew, but my aunt is the one who’s taking care of them. I don’t have kids myself. I know nothing about what they like or dislike.”

“You should hire a professional to take a look at that, Mr. Welton,” Anya said before bending slightly and getting ready to worm her way out of the man’s arms.

But just as she was ready to do that...

Evan reached out and caught her wrist. Then, he pulled her onto his wide and expensive looking sandalwood desk and leaned his weight in. His voice was a low and husky rasp. “I trust Ms. MacMillan’s taste and skill as a designer.”

The man was a hazard and a bully.

He had her trapped between him and the desk.

Anya couldn't move at all.

And what had he been going on about?

That had just been an excuse to cop a feel.

Anya was livid. She stiffened, then stared at Evan warily. "Mr. Welton, if you keep this up, I'll have to call the cops and report you for sexual harassment."

He was the CEO of the Welton Group. Surely, he would have some care for his reputation?

Apparently, Evan didn't. He didn't seem ruffled by Anya's threat to call the cops at all. Instead, the look in his eyes darkened as he pursed his lips. The next moment, he was smiling a polite smile. He didn't try anything though. Anya thought that perhaps the man apparently did have some vague inkling of what personal boundaries were.

Yet, the next moment, he was leaning into Anya again and trapping the young woman within his arms like a songbird within a small cage. His voice was as stark as day. "Would you like to kiss me?"

What? Kiss him?

Anya stiffened with shock. A moment later, a lush slowly unfurled crows' beak

He must be joking

What happened to the intimidating and distant Evan Wetton that she had known all along

Perhaps she didn't understand the man before her at all

After all, she had harbored a crush on the young man from afar

She had never truly known him

That was why she had been shocked by how forceful and bullish the man was

Evan did whatever he wanted. It was his way or the highway. He gave no thoughts or consideration to his partners

Anya bit her lips softly before shoving her hands against the man. The man cleanly worked out on a regular basis. His chest

wotasuta was firm and made him an unmovable wall of muscle “Mr Welton, please step away from me I do not wish to kiss you?”

It was like trying to move the Great Wall of China

She could feel how hard and firm his chest was as she placed her palms against it. It felt a lot firmer than an average man’s

chest

Naturally, she wouldn’t be able to move him

“You should give it a go.” Evan’s eyes darkened as he stared at her cherry red lips.

He really wanted to kiss the woman.

He wanted to kiss her hard and steal her breath away.

He had been seized by that impulse the moment his eyes had landed on her lips.

The man had been trying to control himself all this while.

But now, Anya was right in front of him. Her rose red lips were parted slightly.

The look in Evan's eyes darkened further with lust.

The young man gave into his desire. He grabbed her chin and leaned in.

His lips touched hers.

Anya began to struggle fiercely. Her eyes were rimmed with redness. "Let me go! Let me go this instant!"

The young woman felt soft in his arms. She looked utterly hapless and extremely upset.

The sight of it made something soften in Evan's chest. Reason returned to him once again. He clamped down on his urge

to kiss the woman and helped Anya off the desk as he stepped away. The look in his eyes was once again clear and

distant. Yet, beneath the veneer of composure was the faintest ripple of desire and possessiveness. "You should get back to work. We'll be having dinner together later this evening."

Anya was still reeling from alarm and shock. The mention of dinner made her eyes flashed red with rage. She bit her lips and clenched her jaw tightly. "I'm not having dinner with you. I have an appointment tonight."

he CEO of Walter Groun

“Mr. Welton, please keep your hands to yourself in the future. You’re Your actions are no better than a hooligan.”

Before Evan could say anything. Anya whirled around and stormed out of his office.

Evan stared hard at Anya’s back as she fled his office frantically. He didn’t seem upset by the fact that he had just been called a hooligan. Instead, a streak of interest flashed across his dark eyes.

Chapter 147

Evan returned to his seat behind the desk as Anya stalked out of his office.

He picked up the blueprint and studied the designs for the set of kids’ furniture. Then, he pulled out his phone and called Hayden. “Hayden, I need you in my office.”

Then, he hung up and continued studying the blueprint.

The young man couldn’t help but think of Anya as he stared at the blueprint. He recalled how she had fought against him and called him names. He wouldn’t have allowed anyone else to do the same. That person wouldn’t have stepped out of

his office alive.

But Anya had. Her scathing words had not upset Evan at all. All it did was intensify his desire to have her.

It had been a long time since Evan had met a woman who didn’t yield to him.

He swore that if he got Anya into bed, he would make sure that she wouldn’t leave the bedroom for the next three days.

Evan's thoughts wandered further and further away from the blueprints. That was when Hayden came knocking at his door hastily. The young man walked up to Evan's desk and dipped his head politely. "Mr. Welton, what are your instructions?"

"I want you to get a dress for Anya MacMillan. She's a designer from JK Couture. Make sure it's the best dress you can find," Evan said as he tugged his thoughts back to the present. Then, he started studying the blueprint before him again.

It was Anya's birthday today. He had done his homework and had remembered a few important dates.

Birthdays were important. The woman deserved a special treat on hers.

Hayden froze when he heard what Evan had said. He didn't understand why Evan wanted to get a dress for Anya.

The young man recalled that Evan used to despise Anya and wanted her to stay out of his way.

What was going on with his boss?

Caught by surprise, Evan's personal assistant fell into a prolonged silence instead of replying his boss. Evan finally looked up and away from the blueprint. A sliver of displeasure rippled across his dark eyes. "Do you need me to repeat myself?"

Evan was clearly on the verge of throwing a tantrum. Hayden shook his head fearfully. "Of course not, Mr. Welton. My apologies."

"I'll make the necessary arrangements immediately."

Hayden could feel cold sweat dripping down his back. The consequences of an angry Evan Welton were unimaginable.

The young man turned around and was ready to leave Evan's office when he suddenly remembered something. He turned around cautiously and asked in an uncertain voice. "Mr. Welton, we don't have Ms. MacMillan's measurements. Tailoring a dress for her would be impossible without her measurements."

Evan wanted Anya to have a well-tailored dress.

But he had to have the woman's measurements before he could get the dress made in the first place.

"Hand this to them." Evan grabbed a pen and scribbled a few figures on a strip of paper quickly. It was Anya's

measurements.

At least, it was what Evan believed were the young woman's measurements after hugging her the last time,

They were probably good estimates to work off.

The young man threw the strip of paper at Hayden. "I want to see that dress by the end of this evening."

"Understood, Mr. Welton. Hayden caught the strip of paper. He didn't dare to peek at the numbers written on it. He had a feeling he knew what Evan was trying to do.

He was trying to woo the young lady.

That was the only reason that explained why he was getting a dress for Anya.

He had worked for Evan for a long time. He had never seen his young boss so drawn by a woman.

Anya was the first.



The man had appeared to dislike her in the past but minds changed. No one could tell what changed Evan's.

Perhaps the man simply had a sudden change of heart.

Hayden knew that Evan wouldn't be pleased if he knew that Hayden had taken a peek at the measurements written on the

strip of paper.

That was why the young man did the right thing by folding the strip of paper into two and slipping it into his pocket before walking out of Evan's office.

Meanwhile, Anya had returned to JK Couture fuming and boiling with rage and resentment.

She was going to head back to her desk.

That was when Jake walked up to her. He had a warm glass of tea in his hands. "Anya, I bought this for you. Have some

tea."

Anya wasn't in the mood for tea. She had nearly been kissed by Evan again. The thought of that sent shivers down her

spine.

She couldn't stand the man and his harassment.

Couldn't he go back to hating her like he had used to?

The young woman was frustrated. There were too many women dying to get into Evan's pants. There was her evil stepsister, Sydney, and Rain.

A third one might pop up any moment.

They would kill her.

to

She didn't want to die. All she wanted to do was to do her job and get her monthly paycheck so that she can bring bread home to her family.

That explained why she was so frustrated. In fact, she was so frustrated and annoyed that she wasn't in the mood to drink the tea that Jake had thoughtfully bought her.

Her eyes were rimmed with redness and her voice sullen. "Thanks, Jake. But I'm not in the mood for tea."

Then, the young woman stalked back to her desk.

Jake could tell that something was wrong with Anya. After a moment's thought, he headed to her desk. "What's wrong? Did you run into any problems with Lola's design?"

Chapter 148

"No." Anya didn't want to talk about Even at all. "I have to get back to work now, Jake."

"Alright." Jake wasn't a bully like Evan who had to have his way all the time. In fact, he was extremely thoughtful. He placed the cup of tea on Anya's desk before heading back to his office.

The sight of the steaming ten simply made Anya more agitated.

She was seized by an impulse to quit right there and then.

But then she thought about it and decided against it. JK Couture was a good company. She wasn't willing to risk losing a bright future because of Evan.

Anya sunk into a depressive funk as she contemplated her predicament.

That was when Shane's bodyguards appeared. They hadn't showed up for a few days.

Shane replicated the usual tactics he deployed when trying to woo a woman. Today, he presented her with an LV bag that was worth fifty grand and an enormous bouquet of red roses.

That was exactly what he had done the last time.

He had gotten a different bag though. It was a different brand.

Shane's bodyguards presented the LV bag and the enormous bouquet of roses to Anya. Then, they handed an invitation card to her. It was from Shane. He would like her to join him for dinner tonight.

Anya scanned the contents of the card quickly. She was of the mind to turn down the man's Invitation,

That was when she remembered that Evan had invited her for dinner tonight too,

After weighing the pros and cons and considering her options, the young woman decided to accept Shane's invitation to dinner. Naturally, she wasn't interested in dinner. She simply wanted to have a chance to speak to Shane and clear things up between them.

She wasn't interested in being courted or wooed by anyone.

The bodyguards were surprised that Anya had chosen to accept the gifts and Shane's invitation to dinner. They called Shane immediately to let him know the good news.

The news came as a pleasant surprise to Shane. His lips twisted into a smug smile. Someone had told him that the former young lady of the MacMillan family was a proud woman. Apparently not.

After all, she had just agreed to a date because of a bag that cost fifty grand.

News of Anya accepting Shane's gifts spread throughout the company like wildfire.

Everyone stewed in Jealousy for a few moments before vehemently throwing themselves back into their work.

Anya couldn't be bothered by what the rest thought of her. She stepped away from her desk and called Ellie. It was her birthday today. But the events of the day had led her to not being able to have dinner with her family. There was nothing she could do about it but reschedule dinner with her family to another day.

After the phone call, Anya got back to work.

After hours of work, she got a call from Mdm Welton. It had been a while since the old lady had rung her up.

"Hi, Anya," the old lady greeted her with her usual warm, friendly voice. "Are you busy? Do you have time to spare for an old lady? I was thinking that we could have lunch together."

Mdm Welton honestly adored the young woman.

"Hi, Mdm Welton. I'm so sorry but I'm swamped with work today. Perhaps another day?" Anya might dislike Evan but she

y but I'm swamped with work today. Perhaps another day?" Anya m didn't dislike his grandmother. Mdm Welton was a nice lady who was kind to her.

She didn't have the heart to be unkind to the old woman.

"Sure. Drop by when you have time. I'll turn chef for the day and make you soup," the old lady said brightly.

She would probably make a personal trip to JK Couture If Anya suggested the idea to her.

The old lady's enthusiasm only left a lump of cold dread sitting in Anya's gut. After a long moment of hesitation, the young woman finally spoke again. "Sure. I'll do that when I have the time."

"I'll leave you to your work and stop bothering you then."

"Have a good day, Mdm Welton."

After hanging up the call, Anya pinched the bridge of her nose tightly in an attempt to ease the agitation and tension bubbling inside her. Then, she was back to her work again.

Time sped by. Soon, it was evening. The view outside the office was a brilliant palette of reds, purples, and oranges as the setting sun set the skies ablaze.

Anya checked the time. She decided to make her excuses and tell Jake that she had an emergency to attend to at home and needed to knock off half an hour earlier. She could leave before Evan came looking for her.

She was right. No one tried to stop her from leaving the tower.

Evan was in the middle of a meeting then.

The meeting was meant to end right before everyone at JK Couture knocked off work.

It did. Hayden was back with an ivory-colored dress that glittered brilliantly under the lights. That was when both of them found out that Anya had left the office half an hour ago.

was the

What made things worse was the fact that she hadn't knocked off work early because she had to get home.

She had knocked off work early to go on a date with Shane.

A streak of anger flashed across Evan's dark eyes when he was informed of that fact.

His fingers tightened into fists.

Anya was his. How dare Shane try to steal her from him?

What did Shane think he was? Chopped liver?

Chapter 149

It was six in the evening. Somewhere in Norden was a fancy restaurant decked out in marbled tiles and lush red carpets. and with blindingly bright chandeliers hanging from elaborately painted ceilings.

Arriving at the fancy restaurant was Anya, who had agreed to dinner with Shane.

She was carrying the LV bag that he had bought her. The one that was worth fifty grand. Shane could see her as he sat near the window, dressed in his meticulous suit and looking like a perfect gentleman. The sight of the bag hanging from the crook of her elbow sent a smug look lighting up over Shane's eyes.

He knew it. Every woman coveted wealth and luxury.

Every one of them would fall into bed with you for an expensive bag, an expensive dress, or an expensive car.

It didn

matter if Anya MacMillan was the most beautiful woman in Nordeny.

She would still fall onto her hands and knees and come crawling to him for a bag that cost fifty grand.

Shane couldn't help the streak of glee racing through his head. He couldn't wait to have some fun with the proud young lady who had once belonged to the MacMillan family.

He had a feeling that he was going to enjoy himself tremendously.

Shane's lips twisted into a perverse smile as he stared at the young woman approaching his table.

Anya walked up to Shane, pulled her chair out and sat down. Shane was staring at her brazenly then, the look of lust and desire in his eyes plain for all to see. He seemed ready to rip the young woman's clothes off and have his way with her right

there and then.

Of course, he was going to do no such thing.

Shane was a player and he knew the game well.

Rushing into things never helped and might just in fact ruin everything.

He thoughtfully reached for the jug of juice and filled a glass for Anya. “Ms. MacMillan, what would you like to have?”

“Mr. Brown, I’m not here to have dinner with you,” Anya said after throwing a casual glance at the man.

The look of Shane turned her stomach. More so than Evan did.

Evan might be a bully but at least he wasn’t sexually promiscuous.

He was still a nuisance who was making her life a living hell right now though.

Shane, on the other hand, was notorious in their circle.

He was a player who slept around and had strange fetishes in bed.

Women who fell into bed with him ended up half dead by the end of the night. Having sex with him was to sudde

That was why Anys couldn’t stand the man and would like to stay as far away from him as possible

“What do you mean by that, Ms. MacMillan? Shane raised an eyebrow. He didn’t seem to understand where the

conversation was going

“I’m here to return the LV bag to you. Please stop sending me gifts. I won’t accept any of them Anys said as she placed the LV bag on the table and slid it towards Shane

This was the first time Shane had met a woman who wasn’t interested in lavish gifts.



His eyes brightened with interest. His lips quirked up with fascination "Ms Machhlan, you are truly one of a kind Your fiancé must have been an idiot. Why else would he break off the engagement with you

"Are you interested in being my girlfriend instead? be good to you, I promise Shane said with a sharp grin

Anya pursed her lips. She wasn't interested in becoming anyone's girlfriend or lover

"Thanks, Mr. Brown, but I'll pass" She paused for a moment and then decided it was time for her to take her leave " there's nothing else, I'll be leaving now"

"You can try Shane was a temperamental man who was used to having his way with women. He wasn't going to let one go now that she was here He clenched his jaw tightly and hissed angrily at Anya. "Do

you think you can just walk away from a date with me. Ms. MadM

Shane's voice was brimming with fury and ferocity

The force of his anger shocked Anya She clutched her purse tightly She wasn't interested in getting herself involved with a violent creep "Mr Brown..."

Before she was done talking, she felt a warm hand on her shoulder. Next was the familiar sharp scent of cigarette smoke

in the air

It was spicy and tasted slightly of mint.

Anya snapped her head around and widened her eyes when she saw who it was.

Evan?

What was he doing here?

Anya stared at the man before her in stunned silence. Evan threw a glance at her before pulling the young woman up from her seat. The hand on her shoulder ended up on her waist as the man wrapped his arm around her.

His arm was akin to a declaration of ownership. He stared Shane in the eye. "Mr. Brown, fancy seeing you here. You seem terribly interested in having dinner with my lover."

Evan's lover?

Shane froze. A deep frown creased his brow. What in the world was going on here?

He hadn't heard about Anya's involvement with Evan!

"Mr. Welton..." The touch of Evan's arm around her made something churn in Anya's gut. She didn't appreciate the man calling her his lover and was ready to voice her protest. Evan seemed to read her mind. He leaned into Anya and started nibbling her ear while Shane stared at them in stunned stupor. His voice was a low heated whisper in her ear. "Would you rather get killed by that creep over there or keep quiet and do as I say? Make your choice."

Was he asking her to choose?

Well, if she had a choice, she would choose neither of them.

But she didn't and Shane was the bigger creep now. It was imperative that she got him to stay away from her.

That was why she allowed Evan to nibble at her ear gently while trying not to tremble or make any sound.

Chapter 150

Evan stared at Anya's reserved self. Her meek demeanor pleased him very much.

For a moment, it seemed as if Anya was indeed his lover.

He shifted slightly away from the young woman but kept his arm around her slender waist. His arm was like a vice around the young woman that kept her in her place. His eyes were dark with anger, the message within clear. Anya was his. "Mr. Brown, you seem to not only have your eye on my land. You have your eye on my lover as well."

The smile that Shane gave Evan dripped with insincerity. He had no plans to get into a fight with Evan in public. He didn't want to declare an open war when he wasn't confident of his chances of defeating the Weltons. All he could do was swallow his pride and laugh a liar's laugh. "Mr. Welton, you must be mistaken. I'm not putting any moves on Ms. MacMillan. I was interested in engaging her services as a designer. That's why I invited her out for dinner."

"Are you forbidding Ms. MacMillan from having an ordinary meal with a potential client? Surely, you're a bigger man than that, Mr. Welton." The look in Shane's eyes was sly and calculating as he stared Evan in the eye.

The revelation of Anya's romantic involvement with Evan had surprised him.

But the moment of shock soon passed and was replaced by cool calculation and thought.

He s

swiftly arrived at a conclusion. There was something fishy going on here.

Evan's claim that Anya was his lover seemed preposterous.

It was utterly ridiculous.

Shane didn't believe a word of what Evan had said. Evan could have any woman he wanted.

Anya was

was simply a young disgraced woman who had been driven out of her family because of her tainted reputation and loose morals. She had nothing. She had neither influence nor wealth. Why would Evan be interested in her?

Was Anya hiding something? Perhaps that was what had caught Evan's interest in the first place.

That was the only possible reason Shane could think of that explained why Evan was interested in Anya.

Evan always made sure he came out on the better end of the deal.

Naturally, Shane wasn't going to get into a fight with Evan in public. He would play along.

"Is that so? I'm not opposed to Anya discussing work with you, Mr. Brown. But wouldn't it be more appropriate if you conducted your business meeting at JK Couture tomorrow instead?" Evan said with a lazy drawl that did nothing to hide

the steel in his voice.

There was no way Shane could keep Anya there any longer. His lips twitched upward as he smiled limply at Anya and Evan. "Of course. I'm sorry if I caused any misunderstanding"

"Apology accepted. Let's go," Evan said before pulling Anya along with him and marching out of the fancy restaurant.

Shane remained rooted in his seat. All he could do was watch as Evan led Anya away. There was nothing else he could do.

He wasn't a particularly generous man though. Someone had robbed him of a good night. He wasn't going to forgive and forget.

Naturally, he was going to have a fit.

The man swung his arm across the table.

A deafening cacophony sounded in the restaurant as plates were sent flying. They shattered into countless shards upon impact with the hard marbled floor.

The commotion caught everyone's attention. The other patrons in the restaurant and the waiting staff snapped their heads around and stared.

Shane didn't care that they were staring. He yanked his collar loose and glared at the ruined mess of a dinner before him. Then he cursed out loud.

He wanted Anya too..

Evan might have won this time round but Shane didn't mind. He was going to crush the Weltons.

When that happened, Anya was going to be his.

Meanwhile, outside the restaurant:

Anya had just been dragged out of the establishment by Evan. The scene turned the heads of everyone on the street.

It made sense. Evan was one of the most good-looking men in Nordeny.

He was also an extremely tall man.

Dressed in a white shirt and a pair of dress pants, he looked like a movie star that had stepped out of a Hollywood movie.

Naturally, he was going to turn heads. Especially those of women.

Anya allowed herself to be dragged down the street. Somehow, they ended up on an empty stretch of the street next to a wall. Anya looked around and realized that there was nobody around. That was when she tugged her arm out of Evan's fingers and pulled herself away. "Thanks for getting me out of a tough spot, Mr. Welton."

Having uttered her thanks, she turned away and was ready to leave.

Evan gave the woman a long deliberate look. "Is that all? Are you planning to leave?"

As soon as he spoke, two bodyguards appeared out of nowhere and stood in Anya's way. Naturally, they had been lurking in the shadows all along.

Anya found herself trapped. She wasn't going anywhere soon.

She glared at the towering bodyguards before her and bit her lips. Then, she turned around and stared at Evan. The look on her face was dark. "Mr. Welton, I need to get home."

Evan pulled a pack of cigarettes out of his pocket leisurely, then pulled a single stick out. He stuck the cigarette between his lips, then fished a lighter out of his other pocket. With a loud snap, he flipped the lighter open. A tiny flame erupted from the tip.

The tip of his cigarette lit with a bright orange glow.

Evan took a long drag of his cigarette. There was a dark, unfathomable look in his eyes. His voice was slow and measured when he spoke. "Have dinner with me."