

## Desires DH 151

### Chapter 151

"I don't seem to have a choice in the matter, do I, Mr. Welton?" Anya wasn't interested in sharing a meal with the man at all.

"Shouldn't you thank me for what I did for you just now? If I hadn't turned up, you would've gotten yourself into a lot of trouble." The cigarette between Evan's slender fingers was a burst of orange light in the shadows while the man was a dark, looming silhouette that blended into the night. Anya found herself staring stupidly at the young man, unable to look away.

She blinked hard and tugged her mind back to the present. He was right. He had saved her. Her words rushed out of her lips. "Not today. Let's do dinner another day."

"Do you have another appointment?" Evan was convinced that Anya was simply finding an excuse to get herself out of having dinner with him. She didn't want to have dinner with him. He tapped his cigarette lightly and made his way slowly towards the young woman.

His bodyguards stepped away and faded back into the shadows as Evan stepped up to Anya.

They were alone now.

Evan leaned into Anya. His breath mingled with hers in the night. "You must have heard of Shane and what he does to women. What were you thinking when you decided to accept his invitation to dinner?"

"He's ruined countless women. I think most people have stopped counting by now. Were you interested in becoming one of those women?" Evan placed a finger under Anya's soft chin. His voice rang loudly in Anya's ear. "Compared to Shane, I'm a much gentler lover."

He was used to having his way but he wasn't a pervert.

He wasn't interested in perverse fetishes and in maiming women in bed.

But to Anya, Shane and Evan were of the same beastly ilk.

She didn't like either of them.

She didn't want to be involved with either of them as well. "I wanted to tell him to leave me alone."

"Is that why you accepted his invitation to dinner?" Evan finally realized why Anya had turned up at the restaurant. He had misjudged her. She wasn't as promiscuous as the gossips had described her to be.

She wouldn't fall into bed with you for a price.

"That's right," Anya nodded. "Mr. Welton, I do have something on tonight. I'll buy you dinner another day."

The young woman was resigned to the fact that she couldn't run away from a meal with Evan.

"What might that be?" Evan's fingers were a cool caress fondling Anya's soft chin. He seemed to be playing with her like a toy.

"It's family business." The man's touch unsettled Anya. She turned her face away. "Can I go now?"

The man was driving her crazy.

What must she do to get rid of Evan?

She couldn't believe how things had turned out. She remembered how she had run into Evan once while she had still been part of the MacMillan family and had fallen head over heels for the man. She had nursed a crush for the man for such a long time.

Now, it appeared that Evan was the one dying to have her while she desperately wanted nothing to do with him.

How the tables had turned.

But the man wasn't dying to have her because he was honestly in love with her

He simply wanted to fall into bed with her. It was sex, pure and simple.

Anya knew that. That was what was driving Anya crazy. What must she do to get rid of these men?

Were they trying to get her to quit her job? Was that the only way to get rid of them?

Anya's thoughts wandered as she searched her mind for a way to have Evan leave her alone. That was when Evan released his fingers on her chin. He snapped his fingers. Hayden came racing forward with a glittering dress in his hands.

"Mr. Welton, here's Ms. MacMillan's dress," Hayden handed the dress to Evan.

Evan hummed before grabbing the dress. "I'll let you off today. Pick a day for lunch. Make sure you wear the dress."

Having said that, he didn't try anything else on Anya. The man simply threw the dress into her arms, turned around and left with Hayden and his bodyguards.

He left Anya standing in the night, frozen in shock and incredulity while her arms were full with a dress that was worth a hundred grand.

She was supposed to buy him lunch. In return, he had given her a dress that cost a hundred grand.

That seemed like a move that only Evan could conceive of

The young woman stared as Evan vanished into the night. After a long moment, she finally looked down and stared at the expensive dress in her arms. For all that it cost, it looked like nothing but trouble.

She had no intention of accepting the dress.

She was going to have dinner with the man and she was going to return the dress to him.

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Anya brought the dress that was worth a hundred grand home with her.

During her ride back home, she peered into the bag and caught a glimpse of something hidden within the folds of the dress. It was a beautifully made card.

The young woman pulled the card out of the bag and flipped it open. Her eyes widened with incredulity instantly. Written on the card were two simple words: Happy Birthday.

Happy birthday?

Sure, it was her birthday today, but why would Evan know that?

He had placed the card in the bag though. He must know that it was her birthday today.

Anya could feel her heartbeat speeding up slightly.

Was that why he had invited her out for dinner tonight? Did he intend to celebrate her birthday with her?

The young woman's heart was beating furiously now. She took a few moments to calm herself down.

What was she thinking?

An expensive dress and a birthday card weren't going to win her over. She wasn't going to fall into bed with the man because of a simple birthday gift.

She had principles.

Anya pulled herself together. She ripped the lovely birthday card into pieces and tightened her fists around the crumpled shreds. As soon as the bus reached her stop, she alighted and threw the torn pieces of the card into a bin.

She had planned to bring her kids out for a good meal to celebrate her dinner. It appeared that her plans were now dashed.

After some thought, Anya decided to buy a cake from a bakery around the corner. She would have her birthday cake with Ellie and her kids. They could have dinner at a nice restaurant some other time.

Anya tried to cheer herself up. The young woman was greeted by the cries of her kids when she stepped into the apartment with the cake that she had just bought..

Ellie was trying her best to make them stop crying.

It was to no avail. No matter what she did, Nathaniel and Eudora kept wailing. The sound of their loud cries made Anya's

heart break.

She placed the cake on the table hurriedly and turned towards her aunt. "Ellie, why are the kids crying? What's wrong?"

"I'm so glad you're back." Ellie was at her wits' end. She was ready to burst into tears as well. "Nathaniel's running a fever. He feels really warm."

Nathaniel had started running a fever unexpectedly. It was a high fever. His skin burned a worrying heat. The discomfort of suffering such a high fever had finally driven the boy into tears.

The sight of her brother wailing had upset Eudora as well. She couldn't bear to have her brother suffering in misery. That was why Eudora had burst into tears as well.

Ellie had no idea what was going on in both the kids' heads. She had been trying desperately to stop the twins from crying. After they had quietened down, she was going to bring them to the hospital and get Nathaniel seen to.

They couldn't let the fever ravage the young boy's body. It was a terribly high fever. It might lead to brain damage if it were left untreated.

The consequences were unimaginable.

A fever? A sudden wave of panic surged inside Anya. She rushed towards the couch where Nathaniel was currently sprawled across, and stuck her hand out. Her palm fell on the boy's forehead gently. It burned.

"Ellie, have you taken his temperature?"

"I just did. It was 102.2. I've been taking his temperature regularly. It's been stuck between 100.4 and 102.2. I stuck a cooling pad on his forehead earlier. It didn't help much," Ellie said. Now that Anya was back, her aunt turned her attention to Eudora, who had not stopped crying.

"Nathaniel, be a good boy and stop crying. Let's take you to the hospital now. The doctor will fix you." Anya's heart broke at the sight of her son's flushed and tear-stained cheeks. The boy wouldn't stop

crying. She could feel her own eyes turning wet. Without saying another word, she lifted Nathaniel into her arms and headed towards the door.

Ellie lifted Eudora into her arms. She took a minute to shove some diapers, milk powder and milk bottles into a bag. Then, they were off to the hospital.

Meanwhile, somewhere else in the city of Nordeny was a nightclub filled with neon lights, loud music, and a crowd that lost itself to alcohol and dancing.

A handsome young man was draped lazily on a comfortable couch in a suite in the nightclub. He had a glass of red wine in his hand and was swirling it nonchalantly. He wasn't talking to anyone at all. In fact, his mind seemed to be elsewhere. Next to him was Dan, who was chatting happily with the other patrons in the suite.

After some time, Dan finally turned around. The look on his friend's face seemed unreadable in the myriad of wild and flashing lights. Dan whirled the glass of wine in his hand gently. "We're supposed to be having fun. What's with that look on your face?\*

"Til be leaving soon," Evan said before taking a sip of wine from his glass.

"What's the hurry? Do you have someone waiting for you back home? Or are you sneaking off to a date?" Dan's lips quirked into a playful smile. "Is it Anya?"

Evan wasn't behaving like his usual self.

The man might dislike loud crowds, but always shared a few drinks with them.

He would take the opportunity to relax and let himself go.

But that wasn't what he was doing today at all. Dan wondered if this had anything to do with Anya.

It might be.

The mention of Anya seemed to make the man unhappy. "It's nothing."

“I’ve invited a few models to join us. You should get to know them. Make a few friends,” Dan said with a laugh. He didn’t

believe a word that Evan had said.

“I’m not interested.”

Dan wasn’t having any of that. He raised his hand, caught the attention of a waiter and then snapped his fingers.

Within minutes, a few gorgeous-looking, skimpily dressed young women sashayed into the suite.

Their eyes fell on the two handsome looking young men seated in the middle of the couch instantly,

The models’ eyes brightened instantly at the sight of the two young men.

The men that they usually had had to drink with were fat and ugly. Hardly great specimens of the male sex.

There were currently six men seated in their suite and at least two of them were handsome looking young men who looked like they belonged in a Hollywood movie.

The young models buzzed with excitement. They walked up to Evan and Dan before the young men invited them over.

Evan didn’t like strange women around him. His voice was frosty when one of the models tried to sit down next to him.

“Move over.”



“What’s wrong?” the young woman murmured sweetly. She didn’t seem to know who Evan was, “Don’t you want someone to drink with you?”

The look in Evan’s eyes darkened with anger. His voice was as cold as winter. “Do you need me to repeat myself?”

A waiter standing at the corner tugged the model away immediately. He kept his voice down as he reprimanded the clueless young woman. “Do you have any idea who you’re talking to? That’s Mr. Welton. When he tells you to get out of the way, you get out of his way!”

A young woman like her couldn’t have known that the man that she had tried to get friendly with was the most powerful man in Nordeny.

Her face paled instantly. “I didn’t know. I had no idea he’s Mr. Welton.”

“Just stay out of his way. You can drink with the others.” The waiter was clearly worried that Evan might get upset. He

wanted the young woman as far away from Evan’s sight as possible.

The young woman didn’t dare to linger as well. She immediately left and found herself another companion.

Without any further intrusions from clueless young models, Evan began to drink alone. He couldn’t stop the rampant twitching of his eyelids as he drank..

It felt like a message. As if something temble had just happened.

Frustration pooled inside him gradually and sat heavily in his gut like a stone. The image of two adorable kids popped into his head without any warning.

He wondered how they were doing right now. Were they alright?

## Chapter 153

Meanwhile, in a hospital in Nordeny.

The doctor had just drawn some blood from Nathaniel. The boy was currently resting quietly in his mother's arms as they waited for the results of the blood work to be out.

They waited in a tense silence. Ellie was clearly drowning in guilt. "I'm so sorry, Anya. It's all my fault. I should've kept a closer eye on them"

"Don't blame yourself, Ellie Kids get fevers all the time. It's not your fault." Anya honestly didn't blame her aunt at all. The woman had taken them in and helped Anya raise her children.

She was the reason Anya could get a job and leave for work every day without worrying about her angels.

"Look at how miserable Nathaniel looks. I feel terrible," Ellie whispered. She was clearly heartbroken. The woman loved and cared for the twins as if they were her own.

"It'll be fine." Anya said to her aunt. She placed her hand over the woman's hand and squeezed it slightly. Her aunt's hand was small in her own, her skin lined with the barest of wrinkles. "It's just a fever, Ellie. Nathaniel's going to be fine."

Anya was right. It was just a fever. It wasn't anything serious. Ellie nodded and tried to calm her worrying heart.

"Mom, it doesn't hurt. I feel fine," Nathaniel blurted out suddenly. He had been resting quietly within Anya's arms while Anya spoke to Ellie when the string of words erupted from his lips clumsily. He was still fumbling with his sentences.

But Anya heard her son loud and clear.

The young woman felt something warm and fuzzy settle in her chest. She gazed down at the boy and pressed a soft kiss to his cheek. "Mom knows. You're more than fine. You're amazing. Like Superman!"

“Yup.” The boy nodded. “I’m Superman.”

“That’s right. Nathaniel’s just like Superman.”

While Anya showered Nathaniel with soft praises, Eudora placed her small hand on her brother’s forehead and started mumbling unintelligibly.

Anya and Ellie couldn’t understand any of the girl’s garbled words

But Nathaniel could.

He reached out and placed his own small palm on his sister’s forehead. “I’m okay, Dora”

Eudora heard that and nodded quietly.

The twins appeared to have a language that they shared between themselves. They understood each other perfectly.

Anya held onto Nathaniel and kept waiting. After half an hour, the report for the blood work was ready.

Anya set Nathaniel down and went off to collect the report. Meanwhile, Nathaniel and Eudora waited by Ellie’s side.

As they waited for their mother to return, Nathaniel stared at the other children in the hospital. They had both their fathers

and mothers with them.

A sliver of envy wormed itself into the boy’s chest.

As Nathaniel learned how to talk, he was also beginning to learn more about the world around him.

He would stare at the other kids. They had a mother and a father.

The sight would drive a dagger of envy into his heart.

Everybody else had a father.

But he didn't. His sister didn't too.

Nathaniel didn't understand why. He wasn't feeling well now though and his discomfort prevented his mind from dwelling on the thought. The boy set the thought aside and kept waiting patiently for his mother's return.

After collecting the report, Anya brought Nathaniel and the results of Nathaniel's blood work to the doctor. The doctor studied the report and the figures indicating Nathaniel's white blood count. "It's a viral infection. But from the looks of it, it's a mild one. You have nothing to worry about."

Anya released a sigh of relief. "Does he need to be put on the drip?"

The doctor reached for the thermometer and took Nathaniel's temperature. After a moment, he took a look at the temperature shown on the device. "The fever seems to have gone down but we can't be sure if it'll come back again."

"What do you mean?" Anya seemed a little confused.

"There's a chance that the fever might go on for another three days before going down on the fourth. Usually, that's when the rashes break out," the doctor explained patiently to the young woman. "You should monitor his temperature regularly and try to keep the fever down. If his temperature rises above 100.4, give him kids' aspirin."

“If his temperature doesn’t go down, bring him to the hospital immediately.”

Anya committed the doctor’s advice to memory dutifully.

Anya and Ellie brought the kids home. They couldn’t get much sleep that night. They had to wake up every hour to take Nathaniel’s temperature. If the fever hadn’t gotten worse, they would go back to bed. If it had, they would have to cool him down.

That went on for another three days.

The doctor had been right. The fever went down on the fourth day

The rashes appeared.

After a day, the rashes faded. Nathaniel had recovered.

Ellie decided to give Nathaniel a treat after his bout of illness. She called Anya and told her niece that she would like to take Nathaniel and Eudora out. They could visit the mall and grab some snacks.

Anya thought it was a great idea. Having gotten their mother’s permission to bring them out, Ellie took the two excited children to a mall in the neighborhood.

Anya had been worried that the MacMillans and the Weltons might find out about the kids and had tried to keep their existence a secret. That meant that the twins hardly got to leave the house.

That explained why they were overwhelmed by the sight of the enormous mall that greeted them. The children’s eyes widened with awe.

Curiosity shone in their huge eyes as they explored the place.

Nathaniel was the more mischievous and playful of the two.

He wouldn't stop running around. He was elated.

Ellie held tightly onto Eudora's hand as she yelled at Nathaniel and told the boy to slow down and stop running.

Nathaniel advanced bravely like an adventurer and found himself in front of the playground. Toys were scattered all over the place. He couldn't stop himself from grabbing one and playing with it. Another boy appeared out of nowhere then. He was slightly taller than Nathaniel and on the chubbier side. He didn't seem to welcome Nathaniel at all.

The boy shoved Nathaniel hard. The latter was slightly smaller than the former. The force of the chubby boy's push sent Nathaniel stumbling a few sides away. Nathaniel didn't seem bothered though.

He didn't mind.

In fact, he walked right back to the playground and continued playing.

That was when the chubby boy pushed him again. Nathaniel finally got upset. He got up and began tussling with the other

boy.

Ellie ran forward with Eudora. The look of alarm in her eyes were as stark as day. She tried to pull the boys apart. The chubby boy got upset when he realized that his opponent had somehow gotten an adult on his side. He started yelling at the top of his voice. "I'm gonna yell for my dad. My dad's gonna beat you up! My dad's the best!"

"....." Nathaniel wanted to call his father to his rescue too. But he didn't have one.

"What's wrong? Don't you have a dad?" The chubby boy snatched the toy that Nathaniel was holding on to from Nathaniel's hands. The look on the boy's face was one of smugness. "You don't! You don't have a dad!"

“...” Nathaniel stuttered. The other boy was right. Nathaniel flushed. A sudden boost of courage surged through his small form. He stepped forward and gave the chubby boy a hard shove.

Ellie couldn't stop him in time.

The two boys got into a scuffle. After some time, the chubby boy finally pushed Nathaniel away from him with a hard shove. “You don't have a dad! I have a dad! My dad's going to kick your ass!”

Nathaniel stumbled away from the other boy. His eyes welled with tears. He looked on the verge of bursting into tears.

That was when a large and warm hand landed gently on his shoulder. Before Nathaniel could turn around and see who it was, he heard a low, melodic voice sound behind him. “Of course he's got a dad.”

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The towering man approached Nathaniel as he spoke. His voice sounded low and melodic to the boy's ears.

Evan kneeled on one knee and looked Nathaniel in the eye. The boy felt like a young prince in the presence of his knightly escort. The man's voice was a low gentle murmur. “Your dad's here now. No one's going to pick on you anymore.”

Nathaniel stared at the man before him. It was the stranger whom he had seen at their apartment.

The boy froze. His large round eyes stared stupidly at the man. His mother had warned him to stay away from this stranger. He was dangerous, his mother had told him.

They had to keep their distance from him.

Otherwise, awful things would happen to them.

For a moment, Nathaniel found himself at a loss. He had no idea what to say or do.

He simply stared dumbly at Evan like a lost duckling.

Why was the stranger pretending to be his father?

He knew what his mother had warned him about the stranger. But honestly, he thought the guy was really cool.

He had a team of tall men dressed in black suits following him around.

They stood behind him like his own guard and appeared to be at his beck and call.

It was like something that he had seen in a cartoon a few days ago.

In the cartoon, the king was constantly shadowed by his many guards.

Nathaniel didn't know what a CEO was. All he knew was that Evan was exactly like the kingly character in the cartoon that he had watched a few days ago. He looked cool and awesome.

He had guards and servants at his beck and call.

Nathaniel wasn't far from the truth. Evan was an impressive character.

A moment ago, the chubby kid's father had come running when the fight had broken out between the two boys. The sight of Evan and the train of personal assistants and bodyguards trailing Evan had driven the other kid's father into sheer terror. The man had grabbed his kid and tried to run.

Evan's bodyguards had stopped him before he could go anywhere.



“Please don’t go anywhere,” one of the bodyguards had droned at him.

The other kid’s father had looked as if he were ready to wet his pants. He had looked around him with disbelief in his eyes. This looked like a scene out of a movie. He hadn’t expected something out of the movies to happen in reality too.

What made things worse as the fact that his stupid child had been the one who had gotten them both in trouble in the first. place.

He desperately wanted to give the kid a good lesson that he would never forget.

That’d teach him to pick on other kids in the future.

Look at what he’d done. He’d stupidly picked on the son of a powerful man.

“Sir, the kids are just playing. Let’s not cause a scene,” the other kid’s father said to one of Evan’s bodyguards attempting to muster a smile.

He stole my ball!”

His kid started yelling at his father then. “Dad, beat that kid up. He stole my

while

“Shut your mouth, boy! You’re going to get it from me when we get home!” The man yelled at his kid and smacked the boy on his cheek hard. The latter was stunned. His father never hit him!

Why had his father hit him?

The chubby kid burst into tears and started wailing. Snot and tears streamed down his face. He looked a pitiful sight.

Nathaniel couldn't stop himself from bursting out into guffaws at the sight.

Ellie couldn't laugh at all. Her heart had nearly stopped. What was wrong with Evan?

No sane man should go running around claiming strange boys as their sons!

The woman yanked herself out of her stunned stupor. The next second, she was racing forward and tugging Nathaniel to her side. Her voice was shaking with nervousness. "Come on, Nathaniel. Let's head home now."

Evan held his arm out and stopped Ellie from leaving. His voice remained gentle and polite. "Ms. Albrecht, I'd like to invite these children to join me for lunch. Would you be alright with that?"

"Thanks for the invitation. But the kids aren't used to eating out," Ellie said as she stepped forward and put herself between the twins and Evan. The look of caution on her face was as stark as day.

"We can pick somewhere nice. A decent restaurant that does kids' meals," Evan said. He couldn't curb the protective streak inside him, nor the voice in his head that was telling him to do something nice for the kids.

It didn't matter that the results of the DNA test had proven that they weren't his children. +

His gut told him otherwise.

His gut told him that these kids were his.

Ellie wasn't interested in having lunch with Evan at all. They had gone to a lot of trouble to mislead the man with the DNA test. She wasn't going to let the twins get anywhere near him.

She wasn't crazy.

She wouldn't know how to explain to Anya why she had let Nathaniel and Eudora have lunch with Evan if she agreed to the man's invitation for lunch.

Ellie's refusal was firm. Evan couldn't pick on an old lady. He turned towards Nathaniel instead. "That boy tried to pick on you just now. I'll have him apologize to you."

Nathaniel blinked. His eyes were almost the exact shape of Evan's. The boy didn't say a word for the longest time. Then, he finally caved and nodded after a moment of hesitation. Nathaniel was just a kid, after all. A kid who had just been bullied and wanted an apology.

Evan quirked his lips into a smile. It was a beautiful smile that made him look even more handsome.

The young man beckoned the chubby kid and his father over. His bodyguards, who had been watching the two carefully, knew what to do immediately. They escorted both the kid and his father to where Evan was standing.

Evan didn't have to say a word at all. The chubby kid's father plastered on apologetic smile on his face and gripped his son by the neck firmly. A string of apologies left his lips. "I'm so sorry. The boy didn't know what he was doing. Please accept our apology."

The kid didn't want to apologize to Nathaniel at all. But his father insisted. In the end, he spat out a sullen word. "Sorry."

Having gotten the apology that he had demanded, Evan turned towards Nathaniel again. "Do you accept his apology?"

The boy blinked. After a moment's thought, he nodded.

Evan nodded too. He raised his hand and made a gesture. The bodyguards led the chubby kid and his father away.

Nathaniel stared as the two walked away. Then, he looked up and stared at the man next to him.

The boy's heart was seized by a wave of admiration. Evan was incredible.

He was going to tell his mother what had happened today when he got home. Evan had helped him out. He wasn't as scary as his mother had made him out to be at all.

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"Thank you, Mr. Welton, for your kind offer, but I'm afraid we'll have to pass." Ellie shielded Nathaniel and Eudora fiercely like a lioness with her own cubs. Her gut churned with worry. She was terrified that Evan might suspect that they were his should he take another step closer and get a closer look at them.

That was why she grabbed the kids and fled the scene immediately after turning down Evan's invitation to a meal.

Hayden stepped forward and whispered in Evan's ear after the trio had left. "Mr. Welton, do you need me to get them back?"

Evan's personal assistant had no idea who they were at all.

But he had heard Evan call himself the boy's father.

He was still reeling with shock from the unexpected revelation. He should've expected it though. Families like the Weltons had plenty of skeletons hidden in their deep and dark closets.

He decided to keep his shock and questions to himself.

"It's alright." The look in Evan's eyes darkened. He wasn't in a hurry.

He might have his suspicions but he lacked evidence.

Without proof, he had no claim to the kids.

as going to

He was going to get his hands on irrefutable evidence that pointed to the children's parentage. Then, he was welcome his kids back to his family.

As for Anya... well, she was joining his kids as well.

Ellie left the mall with Nathaniel and Eudora in a frenzied haste. Within moments, they were out of the mall.

That was when Ellie finally released a sigh of relief. Nathaniel appeared baffled by the woman's visible relief though. Why was she so afraid of Evan?

What was going on?

Why would his mother tell him to stay away from Evan?

Nathaniel didn't understand what was going on at all. He stared up into Ellie's face, his own adorable face and its delicate features scrunched with confusion. "Grandma, who was that? Is he a good guy?"

"It doesn't matter. We have to stay away from him, alright? That means you and Eudora. The both of you have to stay as far away from that man as possible," Ellie got down to her knees and spoke sternly to both kids. "The world is a dangerous place. It's filled with strangers who might try to lure you away with candy to strange and faraway places. You can't follow them. If you do, you'll never see your mother again."

Nathaniel didn't seem to understand the severity of the situation. Neither did his sister, Eudora.

Eudora was clearly the more obedient child. She wasn't as inquisitive as Nathaniel and lacked her brother's questioning mind. All she knew was that Ellie had just told them what to and what not to do. She wasn't going to question her grandaunt

The girl simply nodded.

Nathaniel, on the other hand, wasn't satisfied with what Ellie had said. He pressed on insistently. "Why can't we follow

them?"

"Because these are bad men who like stealing nice kids from their mothers. You're both nice kids. Your mother will never see you again if you're stolen by these terrible, bad men," Ellie explained patiently as she tousled Nathaniel's and Eudora's hair fondly. "You don't want that, do you?"

Of course not. Nathaniel didn't want that at all.

He shook his head profusely. "I want Mommy."

"You'll have to be good then. You can't go around talking to strangers, alright?"

Nathaniel and Eudora nodded their heads obediently.

Having convinced the twins to stay away from strange men like Evan, Ellie brought them back with immediate haste. Once they were home, she sent the kids to play in the living room while she headed to the balcony with her phone. She had to call Anya and tell her what had happened.

Anya picked up the call within seconds. Words rushed out of Ellie. "Anya, we ran into Evan at the mall."

Anya was busy with work. She had her draft laid out on her desk before her at the moment. But as soon as she heard what Ellie had said, she shot to her feet in alarm. "What happened? Are the kids

fine?"

The young woman dared not raise her voice.

She didn't want her colleagues to overhear her conversation with Ellie.

"They're fine. But Evan told Nathaniel that he was his dad... what should we do?" Ellie was terrified of Evan. Men like Evan, who treated their company as their empire and the world as a battlefield, wouldn't stop until they got what they wanted.

"Why would he say something like that?"

"Nathaniel got into a fight with another kid at the mall. Evan was in the area and stepped in. I've got the twins back home. now," Ellie said. "What should we do? I have a feeling... that he's not convinced that the twins aren't his."

Ellie's instincts were right on the money. Anya shared her aunt's suspicion.

Evan wasn't your average man. He held power over every company in the capital city.

He was smarter than the average man and possessed more means at his disposal.

Anya couldn't let her guard down. "Don't worry, Ellie. The DNA test results speak for themselves. He's not going to suspect. that the report's been fabricated. It doesn't matter what he thinks. He has no proof,"

Ellie nodded. She agreed with Anya. But she couldn't help but worry.

Anya had gone through hell so that she could have the twins. They couldn't let Evan rob Anya of her children. That would

kill her.

“Anya, perhaps you should consider quitting your job,” Ellie said after taking a deep breath. After all, out of sight, out of mind. Perhaps distance was the solution to their current predicament.

“I’ve been thinking about it. I’ll quit after I’m done with the two projects I’m working on right now.” She had been torn between quitting and staying.

But she wouldn’t compromise her kids for a job. JK Couture might be a good employer but she would give up her job and any prospects for a career for her precious angels.

“I’m glad to hear that.”

Anya ended the call and sank back down into her seat. Worry ate at her ceaselessly.

Evan didn’t speak to Anya about the incident at the mall. The young man mentioned nothing about running into Nathaniel and Eudora. A few days passed and Anya finally stopped worrying about the matter.

Chapter 156

Because of what her cousin had told her, Lola went looking for Rain two days later.

The two young women worked in the same company,

It wasn’t exactly a challenge trying to locate Rain.

Lola called Rain and asked her out for a cup of coffee.

Naturally, Rain’s curiosity was piqued. She wondered why Lola had sought her out.

She arrived at the cafe located in the same building as their office buzzing with curiosity. “What’s up? I didn’t expect you to ask me out for coffee. Aren’t you busy?”



"I caught a break" Lola said as she smiled at the other young woman and stirred her iced mocha with her straw nonchalantly. "What would you like to have?"

"A cappuccino," Rain said after taking a glimpse at the menu.

Lola nodded and lifted her hand. That caught the attention of a waiter in the vicinity. Within moments, she placed the order for a cup of cappuccino

"What's up?" Rain placed the menu back on the table and asked the young woman seated before her.

Lola coughed. It was an unpleasant position to be caught in. She remembered what her cousin had told her to tell Rain. She always did what her cousin told her to. The young woman steeled herself before blurting out bluntly. "Rain, you should stay away from Anya"

"What?" Rain's eyes widened in shock. A streak of curiosity flashed across her wide eyes as she studied Lola carefully. "Why?"

"Don't ask why. Just stop getting her into trouble or putting her in a spot." Lola couldn't simply tell the young woman that Anya had caught Evan's eye.

Evan hated it when people went around gossiping about his personal life.

"I think I deserve an explanation." Rain wasn't someone anyone could push around and she wasn't going to let a woman hang around Evan and try to get close to the man.

She wanted Evan. She had wanted him for a very long time.

If she could, she would marry into the Weltons right now. She would be the young wife of Evan Welton and the mistress of the Welton family. Every woman in Norden would gaze upon her with envy.

“Well... it’s because because. The gears in Lola’s head turned furiously as she scrambled for an explanation. Something popped into her head instantly Her cousin wasn’t going to mind. “My cousin’s interested in her. She caught Dan’s eye.”

Rain wasn’t interested in Dan.

This should work

Rain let out a sound of surprise. She didn’t seem convinced though. Was Dan honestly interested in Anya? “Are you

serious?

Well what had Anya been doing in Evan’s apartment then?

This didn’t sound right. Something fishy was going on here.

“Of course” Lola said smoothly. “Talk to Dan if you don’t believe me. I would advise you to play nice and not get into trouble with him though. He doesn’t know what you did to Anya. She didn’t mention a word to my cousin. But you’re going to find yourself in a lot of trouble if he finds out!”

A crease appeared between Rain’s brow. She gave Lola a thoughtful look. The other woman had no reason to lie to her. After a moment, she decided to trust Lola’s words. “Alright. I know what to do. I’ll stay away from Anya.”

“That’s great.” Lola released a sigh of relief inwardly. She had managed to fool Rain after all.

She wasn’t going to take any responsibility for what might happen if someone found out that she had lied about Dan’s interest in Anya though.

Time passed quickly. Soon, it was the weekend. Finally, a break from work.

Jake tried to ask Anya out for dinner. Anya lied and said that she was spending the weekend with her best friend, Cindy.

She might have gotten out of a dinner with Jake, but she couldn't run away from one with Evan.

The man had helped her out of a tough spot and gotten her away from Shane. She owed him dinner.

The young woman decided she should get that over and done with this weekend.

They could go their separate ways after that.

With that thought in mind, Anya sent Evan a quick text while she was brushing her teeth that morning.

"Mr. Welton, are you available for lunch this afternoon? I believe I owe you one."

She received a reply within seconds. "Ms. MacMillan, I'll see you at my apartment."

The text that Evan had sent her was baffling. Anya frowned as she studied the ambiguous text. Why was Evan asking her to turn up at his apartment so early in the morning?

"Mr. Welton, I was thinking about lunch at half past eleven."

Her text received a swift response "Ms. MacMillan, I intend to dine at home."

Anya was utterly bewildered by Evan's reply.

"Mr. Welton, I don't understand what you're trying to say."

The next text from Evan read, "Haven't I told you? I'm eating at home. That's why you should head over to my place right

now.

Anya found herself utterly confused. “Are we having breakfast instead? I don’t mind trading lunch for breakfast. But please remember to keep your word, Mr. Welton.”

“Sure,” Evan replied.

The young man placed his phone down after sending the final text. He was still in bed. Resting on his soft, navy-blue sheets, Evan smiled to himself. She would be right where he wanted her if she turned up at his apartment.

There was nowhere she could run.

Chapter 157

Anya was clearly extremely cautious of Evan. She brushed her teeth and cleaned up hastily.

Then, she changed into a fresh set of clothes, grabbed the expensive dress that was worth a hundred grand and made for

the door.

Ellie caught her as she emerged from the kitchen. Her aunt had a bowl of congee in her hands. She seemed surprised that Anya was heading out so early in the morning on a weekend. “You don’t have work today, do you? Why are you heading out so early in the morning?”

“I have something to attend to. I’ll be back soon,” Anya said as she slipped into her sneakers. “Tilbe back to feed the kids later. They can have formula milk for breakfast.”

“Alright, I know what to do,” Ellie said with a nod. “See you later then.”

“Yup.” Anya nodded lightly. She had to leave before her precious darlings woke up. She wouldn’t be able to slip away once they were awake and crying for their mother.

Anya lifted the bag that held the exceedingly expensive dress that Evan had gotten her and made her way down to the bus

stop.

She boarded the bus and made her way towards Evan’s apartment.

It took her approximately half an hour before she arrived at Evan’s fancy apartment.

She stepped into the lobby and informed the security guards where she was headed. After the guards checked her ID, Anya was let through and allowed to ride the elevator to the penthouse.

She stood in the middle of the elevator and sniffed lightly. There was a faint tinge of perfume in the air. During the entire ride, the young woman chanted quietly to herself. She was going to have breakfast and then she was going to leave immediately after that.

Anya repeated that to herself a few times before the elevator doors slid open.

The young woman clutched the handle of her bag tightly before stepping out of the elevator.

Someone let her into the apartment almost as soon as she knocked. It was the same housekeeper she had met the last

time.

The housekeeper smiled warmly at the young woman. “Ms. MacMillan, you’re finally here. I brewed you some herbal tea the last time you were here. I’ve put them away in the freezer. I’ve been waiting for you to pick them up.”

The woman stepped aside and let Anya into the house.

“Thank you.” Herbal tea? Anya didn’t recall asking anyone to brew her herbal tea.

It didn’t matter. She wasn’t going to accept anything from Evan.

“Is Mr. Welton around? I’m here to have breakfast with him.” The string of words rushed out of Anya.

The other woman seemed to know something. A soft smile graced her lips as she pointed at the walkway to the bedroom.

“Mr. Welton’s waiting inside for you.”

“Inside?” Anya frowned as she eyed the dim walkway. Unease sat in her gut. “I think I’ll wait for him here instead.”

“Mr. Welton told me to inform you to head to the bedroom when you arrive.” The housekeeper wasn’t going to disobey the instructions that Evan had given her. In fact, she had to make sure they were followed to a tee. “Please don’t keep him waiting, Ms. MacMillan.”

The housekeeper turned away and headed back to the dining room after that. She had breakfast to prepare and she was worried that Anya might ask too many questions. Questions that she couldn’t answer.

Anya s

stared at the retreating back of the housekeeper and frowned deeply.

She did have a few questions for her. But she had scurried off because she had other work to tend to. It wouldn’t be appropriate for Anya to run after the woman.

She might simply find some other excuse, tell Anya that she needed to attend to something else, and find herself another hiding spot.

Any idiot could tell that the housekeeper was avoiding her.

Anya stood in the living room for a few minutes. Finally, she decided she should just get it over and done with. She steeled herself, then slowly made her way to the bedroom.

She reached the bedroom. The door was shut. Anya knocked lightly. "Mr. Welton, it's Anya, I'm here."

As soon as she said that, she heard Evan's voice from the other side of the door. "Come in."

"Mr. Welton, I think I'll wait outside for you." There was no way Anya was stepping inside Evan's bedroom.

She stood at the door and waited.

Evan was waiting in his bedroom as well. A minute passed. The young man realized that Anya wasn't going to come in on her own free will.

He stopped waiting and pulled the door open himself.

The door to Evan's bedroom slid open soundlessly.

The young man stood at the doorway. He was dressed in a black silk sleeping robe that hung on him loosely.

Anya stared at him. Her eyes fell on the vast expanse of naked skin and instinctively traced the firm contours of the man's muscles. Her ears burned. Her heart started racing. The young woman whirled around the next moment. "What would you like to have for breakfast, Mr. Welton? Like I said, I'm buying."

Evan watched as Anya tried to keep her eyes away from him. His lips quirked up into a ghost of a smile. He reached forward, placed his hands on Anya's shoulders and tried to turn her around. Anya mistook his touch for another attempt at

copying a feel. She jerked in alarm and tried to step away.

In her panic, the young woman tripped over her own feet, stumbled, and fell into Evan's arms.

Her attempt to escape Evan had ironically led her to walking right into Evan's embrace.

Evan stared at the woman in his arms. His eyes darkened. He wrapped his arms tightly around her and locked the woman in place with a hand on the back of her head. Then, Evan leaned in and stared as panic and fear rippled across Anya's eyes. His voice was low and husky. "That's enthusiastic. Still gonna pretend that you're not interested?"

"What a coincidence. I'm really interested right now. Are you up for a round in the bedroom?"

What Evan was suggesting was as plain as day.

flushed with embarrassment instantly.

Anya

It wasn't intentional. She had tripped!

Besides, she wasn't interested in having sex with the man in broad daylight!

Chapter 158

Tur Welton please step away from me I believe you invited me over for breakfast." Anya tried to stop the wave of monification from washing over her and turning her cheeks red as she shoved hard against Evan's towering form.



But she was no match for the strong young man

The young woman was trapped in the embrace of Evan's strong and unyielding arms.

The young woman barely moved at all.

Her body was pressed hard against his firm chest. Amidst her struggle, she couldn't help but rub herself against the man. Her touch set something in Evan aflame.

Evan's dark eyes were set in an abyss. A strange dark fire burned in them. His eyes held nothing but Anya's reflection. What had the woman done to him? Why couldn't he let her go? He seemed to have lost command of his very own arms.

Evan hadn't realized the extent of power the young woman held over him until now.

His thoughts remained rooted on Anya while his arms tightened around her.

How he wished he could devour her alive and make her a part of him.

His embrace drew the two of them closer.

Anya could feel every line and contour shaping the man's firm body. She could feel something digging into her hip... her walls began to burn with mortification.

The young woman struggled fiercely to free herself from Evan's arms. "Mr. Welton, please let me go."

What

are you wearing Evan had no intention of letting the woman go. Instead, his arms tightened like a vice. His voice turned husky and low. He dipped his head and leaned in. His lips hovered above Anya's. It was as if he was going to swoop in and force a kiss on her at any moment. "You smell sweet. Like milk."

Anya's head went utterly blank when she heard what Evan had said. All thoughts fled her mind.

Had the man just caught the smell of milk on her?

She was still breastfeeding That explained why she smelled like milk.

Anya was deathly afraid of what conclusions Evan might end up drawing if she didn't try to get away from him right now.

fight with a growing desperation. But the more she struggled, the tighter Evan's arms went around her. She managed to free one of his arms. The man pinched Anya's soft chin and leaned in. His lips drew closer to Anya's. They were barely an inch apart. Any closer and they would be kissing. "Ms. MacMillan, why won't you reconsider my offer? I'll be good to you. In fact, I can let you have this apartment if you like it."

"You show how much this place costs. I'm a generous lover. You can have it. Take it as a gift from me. What do you

think about that?"

She wasn't interested in his generous gift at all.

Anya wasn't a prostitute selling sex for favors or money. By insinuating that she could be bought with an expensive gift, Evan was insulting her in the worst way possible. Unfortunately, she was no match for him. All she could do was stomp on the man's foot forcefully.

Evan hadn't expected that at all. Startled, his hold on Anya loosened.

The young woman seized the opportunity and stepped away from Evan immediately. She clutched the front of her blouse fearfully and stared at the man nervously. Evan looked unruffled. He looked exactly like what he was. The guy who owned the place. She couldn't stop herself from glaring furiously at the man before her. Her voice was firm when she spoke again. "Mr. Welton, please respect my wishes."

"I've told you many times. I'm not interested."

"Shouldn't you spare a thought for the kids? They need a father. A kid picked on Nathaniel a few days ago. Did you know that?" Evan knew that Anya was going to turn him down again. But he was confident that the woman would yield to him eventually. That was why he wasn't upset or frustrated at all. Instead, he simply smoothed the front of his robes and told Anya about the incident at the mall.

A father for her children?

The young woman froze. This was why no one messed with Evan. He was undoubtedly one of the williest men in Norden. He had just set up a trap for Anya.

She nearly walked right into it. For a moment, the young woman had been seized by the impulse to yell at Evan. "Nathaniel and Eudora don't need a father!"

Luckily, she didn't. She collected herself before speaking again.

"Mr. Welton, Nathaniel and Eudora have a father. Their parents are working abroad at the moment." Then, after another pause and a very deep breath. "Thanks for your concern, Mr. Welton."

Evan simply laughed softly. He didn't try to press on further. Anya was more of a challenge than he had expected. "Wait in the living room. I'll get dressed."

"Sure." Anya was relieved that the man had stopped talking about Nathaniel. She still had the dress with her. Her fingers tightened around the bag. Then, she headed back to the living room.

Chapter 159

The housekeeper had a few bottles of herbal tea ready at the coffee table when Anya stepped into the living room. “Ms. MacMillan, Mr. Welton instructed me to brew this. Please take them with you when you leave

“They’re good for you.”

The housekeeper seemed like a friendly woman but Anya couldn’t help the tension stiffening her shoulders. A crease furrowed her brow. She didn’t need herbal tea

If she wanted any, she could get them herself.

She wasn’t going to accept anything from Evan.

“Thank you,” Anya said politely. She couldn’t spill her honest thoughts to the housekeeper. It wasn’t the woman’s fact

“I have to get back to work. Please let me know if you need anything.”

The young woman nodded.

The housekeeper headed back to the dining area. She had to get breakfast ready for Evan and Anya. Anya sat down carefully on the extremely comfortable couch in the living room and waited for Evan.

He was still in his bedroom, changing into a new set of clothes.

Ten minutes later, Evan emerged from his bedroom. The young man was dressed in comfortable, casual sportswear.

It was a really casual look.

Without his usual starched white shirt and black pants, Evan didn't seem as distant and forbidding. In his casual sportswear, he appeared almost friendly and approachable.

Anya couldn't stop her eyes from lingering on the man.

It had been some time since he had seen Evan in something so casual.

She didn't allow her eyes to linger for too long. After another glance, she withdrew her gaze and waited for the man to approach her.

Evan strode towards the young woman slowly, then sat down and made himself comfortable on the couch. "What would you like for breakfast? I'll have the housekeeper prepare it."

"I'm fine with anything." Anya would very much prefer to not have breakfast with Evan in the first place. She struggled to keep her composure and finally managed to say in a voice that did not betray her fear and anxiety, "Mr. Welton, this dress will look better on someone else. I'm returning it to you."

Anya placed the dress on the coffee table.

"It's a gift. I don't want it back." Evan eyed the obstinate woman before him.

"Don't I have the right to refuse a gift?" Anya said coolly

Her reply had Evan bursting into laughter. What an interesting woman. "Let's have breakfast first"

"Sure." Anya wasn't interested in getting into a prolonged argument with the man over a dress

She had made herself perfectly clear and she was going to leave the dress behind when she left

The dress wasn't the most worrying thing on her mind. What worried Anya were Evan's sharp mind and devious traps

She was worried that she might walk right into one of his traps and end up saying something that she shouldn't

Just like how she had nearly done when he had brought up Nathaniel

It was clear that the man still suspected that the twins were his children.

It was going to be a challenge to convince him otherwise

Anya tried to refrain from talking too much. Evan didn't speak at all. Instead, he simply studied the young woman quietly Anya felt like a prey. Evan was the predator.

It was as if he was a ravenous wolf that might lunge at her at any moment and devour her.

To stave off those thoughts, Anya turned her eyes towards the view outside the window.

They waited in silence as the housekeeper prepared a sumptuous breakfast for them.

When breakfast was ready, Evan rose to his feet. "Come on, have breakfast with me."

Anya turned away from the window and threw the man a look. Then, she nodded silently.

She was only having breakfast with the man because she owed him for what he had done for her during her dinner with

Shane.

This was simply a gesture of thanks.

She shouldn't worry that much. All she had to do was have breakfast.

That was what Anya told herself privately. It helped. She wasn't as nervous now.

She took a seat at the table in the dining room calmly.

The housekeeper began to fill the table with a sumptuous spread.

Once she was done, she turned towards Evan. "Please enjoy your breakfast, Mr. Welton."

Evan nodded and with a wave of his hand, sent her off to tidy his bedroom.

The housekeeper knew that Evan wanted to be alone with Anya. She dutifully left the two of them alone in the dining room.

As soon as the housekeeper was gone, Evan gave Anya a long thoughtful look. The woman was drinking her bowl of congee slowly. The words that left his lips next seemed unexpected and out of the blue. "Shouldn't we talk about Nathaniel?"

Chapter 160

Here he was, bringing Nathaniel up again.

Anya had been prepared for this though. She placed the bowl of congee down on the table. "Mr. Welton... you don't have to worry about Nathaniel. He's got my cousin"

Evan huffed. It sounded like an aborted laugh. "He seems to miss his father"

"He has a father," Anya replied coolly. "Thank you for your concern for my cousin's children, Mr. Welton, but it's unnecessary. They've got parents who worry and care for them."

“Is that so?” Evan asked mildly before raising a glass of water to his lips and taking a sip.

“Yes,” Anya said firmly. Then, she paused for a moment. She didn’t want to linger too long on the subject. She knew that Evan had a way with words. The man knew how to set up verbal traps for his victims. She might let something slip accidentally if she weren’t careful. The young woman decided to switch the subject. “Mr. Welton, I’m done with breakfast. Can I leave now?”

Evan lifted the fork and knife off the table and started cutting his bacon. “It’s the weekend. Why don’t you join me for a game of golf later, Ms. MacMillan?”

“I have errands to run.” Anya had been dreading this. She had been worried that the man might try to keep her. She had

been right.

“Do

you

know how to play golf?” Evan asked as he savored the piece of freshly grilled bacon. He looked the very picture of power and grace as he ate. His voice was slow and measured when he spoke again. “I recall the MacMillans were avid golfers.”

Anya froze momentarily. He was right. The MacMillans played golf regularly. It took her a moment to reply the man. “I

don’t”

Her father had never taught her how.

That was why she didn’t know how to play golf.



That wasn't the point though. Even if she knew how to play golf, she wouldn't be interested in having a game of golf with

Evan.

"That's great. I'll teach you."

The young woman found herself at a loss for words.

Honestly, the young man had gone too far.

Anya took a deep breath. "Mr. Welton, I think you've gone overboard. I'm not interested in doing anything that involves spending more time with you."

"I'm simply inviting you to a game of golf. That seems like a fairly reasonable request." Evan laughed. His long slender

fingers were splayed across the glass on the table. He looked up and stared straight into Anya's eyes with his own ink black ones. "Perhaps Ms. MacMillan thinks herself too good for my company."

Anya found herself at a momentary loss for words.

She never said such a thing.

"Mr. Welton, I have a prior appointment." Anya didn't want to get into an argument with the man.

She tried her best to decline the man's invitation politely.

"Sounds like an excuse to me." Evan said. He was right. "Since you're going to refuse me, I shall retract my invitation. I'm ordering you to join me for a game of golf."

Anya's brow furrowed deeply. Incredulity and disbelief flashed across her eyes. "Mr. Welton..."

"Your boss just gave you a task. Are you telling me that you're not doing it?" Evan asked in a measured voice. "Ms. MacMillan, that's hardly professional. Are you going to refuse a task that your boss assigned to you?"

She didn't mind work. What she minded was Evan and being forced to hang out with him.

The frown on her face deepened. Anya's face gradually stiffened as she stared at the man before her.

Evan had left her with no other option. She would have to quit soon.

"You're not saying anything." Evan said. "I'll take your silence as a 'yes' then."

Anya finally spoke. "I'll join you for a game of golf, Mr. Welton."

It was just a game of golf.

It finally dawned on Anya. Her attempts at avoiding the man and keeping her distance were futile.

This was Evan Welton you were talking about.

Running would simply spur him into going after you.

She wasn't running anymore. She was going to quit once she was done with Lola's bridal gown. In the meantime, she would put up with the man.

"Are you sure?" Evan appeared a little taken aback. He had expected her to fight.

“I am.” Anya nodded. “Like you said, it’s work. I can’t refuse work from my boss, can I, Mr. Welton?”

Evan knew what she was trying to say. He was the boss and she couldn’t say ‘no’ to her boss. The man smiled.

He didn’t say a word. He would make her yield somehow.