

# Desires Die Hard

Chapter 16

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"I'll pay for the tea. You can take down my details." Anya wanted to get out of there as soon as possible. She didn't want Evan to spot her and think she was here for him.

She turned around and headed to the counter to have her details taken down.

Shane wasn't done talking to her yet though. He had completely forgotten about Evan. He reached out and grabbed Anya's arm. "Ms. MacMillan, why don't you let me have your contact details too?"

There was no way Anya was giving this man her number. She shoved his hand off her arm and scurried off like a terrified rabbit who had just spotted a hungry wolf.

Shane didn't go after her. Instead, he simply narrowed his eyes and stared hungrily at the young woman as she made her way to the counter.

He had caught a faint scent of milk when he had grabbed her arm. That had smelled faintly like...breast milk.

Shane had some kinks when it came to sex. He enjoyed sleeping with married women and he especially loved sleeping with women who had just given birth and were breastfeeding. \*

They smelled naturally sweet. Like milk. That was what Anya had smelled like. But he recalled that Anya wasn't married. She couldn't possibly have had kids and was breastfeeding, could she?

Shane lost himself in his thoughts again. Evan was losing his patience for the man. His eyes darkened with anger. He scoffed softly, then walked up to Shane. "Mr. Brown, it appears that you are otherwise occupied. I'll leave you to your business then. We can have tea another time."

The next moment, Evan was turning around and striding out of the café. Without looking back, he headed straight for the entrance.

That was when Shane realized that he had been distracted once again by yet another beautiful woman. He hurried after Evan and apologized profusely. "I'm really sorry, Mr. Welton. | ran into a friend and spent a few minutes catching up with her. | hope you don't mind."

Shane wasn't afraid of Evan. But he couldn't deny the fact that the Weltons currently held the most influence among the Nordenic Quartet.

It didn't matter what he felt, he simply had to swallow his pride and play along. If he wanted to achieve his ambitions, he needed to stay humble.

One day, he would take over Evan's position on the throne. He would reign over the Nordenic Quartet then. There wasn't anything wrong in swallowing his pride for the moment in order to achieve his goals.

Evan didn't care for conniving nouveau riche folks like Shane. But he lacked complete dominance over all the businesses in Nordeny. He couldn't afford to drop his guard against anyone. That included the young man before him. Shane Brown, the man who had risen to wealth recently. The man whom he held little regard for.

"Mr. Brown, let's have tea another time." Evan walked away with his chin slightly raised. He isn't interested in wasting any more time talking to Shane.

But Shane really wanted the piece of land that the Weltons had. He trailed after Evan stubbornly. "Mr. Welton, why don't we have dinner instead? Is tonight good?"

Evan had lost his patience with the man. He threw a look at Hayden.

Hayden knew what to do. He slid between Evan and Shane and stopped the latter right in his tracks. Hayden politely explained to Shane, "Mr. Brown, Mr. Welton will inform you when he is available for another meeting."

"He came all this way. Why not stay for a cup of tea?" Shane knew he wasn't going to catch up to Evan with Hayden in his way. They were in public. He couldn't start throwing punches at a mere personal assistant in public.

His face darkened. "Or does Mr. Welton think himself above my company?"

Hayden gave Shane a polite smile. "Of course not! Mr. Welton wouldn't have appeared in here if he thought something that requires his attention came up. Please let me apologize on his behalf." The content is on [Read the latest chapter there!](#)

Shane snorted. A streak of anger flashed across his eyes. That was an utter lie.

Evan was simply jerking him around. He had accepted his invitation b

had left before they could have a proper conversation. He really is something. Shane wasn't going to let this go anytime soon. The content is on [Read the latest chapter there!](#)

Meanwhile, Anya had left her ID at the counter. She dared not spend another second in this café. She clutched her bag tightly and headed back to the office.

What an unlucky day.

She had to pay a hundred bucks over a spilled tea before she had got

her first paycheck. She should have bought so many toys for her darlings with that. Anya was furious. The content is on [Read the latest chapter there!](#)

She realized that her luck has gotten worse ever since she had met Evan. She really had to keep her distance from the man. She didn't want to be this unlucky forever.

Chapter 17

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Anya let her thoughts wander as she headed to the bus stop. Unfortunately, her skirt and white blouse were now stained with tea. The wet parts of her clothes stuck to her uncomfortably. Sadly, she didn't have another set of clothes on her and was stuck with these wet ones.

Her skin glistened under the wet patches of fabric. You could almost see her naked flesh under the clothes. It was an alluring sight.

Anya slowly made her way to the bus stop. Her figure caught the eyes of many pedestrians as they streamed down the streets. Their heads turned and their eyes fell on her and didn't move away.

The stares made the young woman feel incredibly uncomfortable. She kept her eyes on the ground and quickened her pace. That wasn't helping her though.

As long as her clothes remained wet, she was going to attract stares from the people around her. Anya was mortified. Should she grab some napkins from her bag and slap them over the wet patches on her blouse?

People on the bus were going to be staring at her as well when she boards the bus.

Anya clutched her bag tightly to her chest at that thought. She marched towards a billboard ahead of her. It was right next to the wall. If she stood right next to it, someone would have to walk right past her in order to spot her.

Then, she pulled her bag open and rummaged around for some napkins. She lifted the hem of her blouse up and shoved the napkins under her blouse.

At that precise moment, Evan's black Bentley drove past Anya. Ly

Evan had looked out of the window at that exact moment. His eyes landed squarely on Anya as she lifted the hems of her blouse and shoved a wad of napkins under her clothes.

The sight would've tempted any man to sin.

The skin under her blouse had glistened under the sun. It is as fair as fresh snow. Like snow, there was a certain purity to it. The sight awoken a pure human desire for beauty.

No man would have been able to look away from it.

Evan stared at Anya unblinkingly through the window. His eyes were dark, still and unrippled. You couldn't discern his thoughts from them at all. The only thing that betrayed his emotions was the slight crease between his brow.

That woman...damn that woman...she really knew how to catch a man's attention. Was this one of her talents? Evan's dismal opinion of Anya had remained unchanged. No other woman had dared to set him up and have sex with him.

The fact that she had claimed complete innocence after the deed had made things worse. That made his stomach churn with intense displeasure and disgust.

He detested Anya intensely. Yet... he couldn't help the snippets of memories flashing across his head every time he saw her. Memories of what had happened in that hotel room, on that bed, would appear before his eyes.

Some of those memories had been extremely vivid. They infuriated him. Yet he couldn't deny the fact that he had enjoyed himself that night.

1.10 He couldn't forget how good he had felt.

Then...he would remember that it had all been a setup. She had drugged him so that he would fall into bed with her. That knowledge tainted the experience he had felt that night. He was adamant to not have anything to do with that woman.

Evan withdrew his gaze and lifted his fingers to his brow. He gently massaged his forehead and tried to chase all thoughts of Anya out of his

mind.

The young man grabbed his laptop, turned it on and started going through his reports. Anya had no idea that Evan's car had driven past her at all.

She was busy shoving napkins under the wet patches of her blouse. After she was done, she continued her way towards the bus stop.

It was nearly two in the afternoon when she got back to the office.

Anya thought of the tremendous amount of work that Carol had given her. She was going to have to work very late at night. Without giving herself a moment's rest, she headed back to her desk and threw herself into her work. The content is on Read the latest chapter there!

Evening came. Everyone had knocked off work and left the office. Jake and Anya were the only two people left. They were the only ones still working. The rest of the office was vacant. The content is on Read the latest chapter there!

An intense silence filled the air. It was so quiet, you could hear the sound of stitches being removed and re-sewn as Anya worked on the designs.

Anya kept working for a long while. Finally, hunger got the better of her. She headed to the break room to grab a quick bite. When she was back in the office, burying herself in her work again. The content is on Read the latest chapter there!

Chapter 18

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The second she stepped into the office, Jake emerged from his room with a file.

He stopped Anya from returning to her desk when he saw her. "Anya, could you come over here for a minute?" "Do you need anything, Jake?" Anya asked as she made her way to the managing director.

Jake nodded before handing the file in his hands to her. "I need you to deliver this to Mr. Welton's office. Tell him it's JK Couture's plans for the second half of the year. We need him to take a look at it."

Anya froze when she heard that. Her fingers stiffened around the file. She couldn't move at all. She can't seem to form words. She stared at Jake helplessly.

"What's wrong? Are you alright?" Jake asked, a note of concern in his voice after he caught the way Anya had stiffened.

The young woman shook her head profusely. She pulled herself together and mustered a smile on her face. It looked like a grimace instead. "Yes! I'm fine!" Naturally, she wasn't. She wasn't fine at all.

She didn't want to do this. She didn't want to see Evan again. But the other designers in the office had left. Jake's personal assistant had knocked off as well. They were the only people left in the office.

She was a junior designer still serving her probationary period. She couldn't possibly tell Jake to deliver the file to Evan himself. Frustration and fear roiled inside Anya's gut. What should she do?

"You should hurry. Mr. Welton should still be in his office but if you don't hurry up, he might be gone before you get there," Jake urged. He was unaware of the emotional turmoil that Anya was in.

Anya had no choice. She tightened her fingers around the file and headed upstairs.

The office was on the top floor. The thirtieth floor. The view was spectacular. You could see the entire capital city from that height. The corridor leading up to the CEO's office was lined with clear glass windows that stretched from the floor to the ceiling.

As she walked down the corridor, Anya could see from the corner of her eye the myriad of lights lighting up the city at night. She supposed that was the kind of view one got at the top floor of an office tower. A view that was naturally grand and imposing without seeming ostentatious.

The young woman withdrew her gaze from the window and bit her lips softly. How was she supposed to hand the file to Evan? She had to think of some way to do it.

Evan suspected her intentions. If she were to appear in his office, he would think that this was another one of her ploys to seduce him again. Anya remembered the look of hostile suspicion in Evan's eyes. It sent a sudden coldness shivering down her spine. Nothing good ever came out of their encounters.

She had to earn a living and feed her children. She had a revenge to execute. She didn't want to be fired from JK Couture before she could accomplish what she had set out to do.

She reached Evan's office within seconds. She stood in front of the door. It gleamed with a dark polish and was clearly made from an expensive

sandalwood.

Anya took a deep breath. Then, she gathered her courage and knocked. "Good evening, Mr. Welton. I'm a designer from JK Couture. Our managing director has a file for you. I'll have it placed at the door."

The young woman rushed through the string of words and sat the file on the ground lightly. She was going to leave the file there and get out of

1/3 the place right now.

Evan's personal assistant, Hayden, suddenly appeared behind Anya. He walked up to her. "Hi, can I help you? Are you looking for someone?"

Anya coughed awkwardly. "I'm from JK Couture. My managing director told me to deliver our proposals for the latter half of the year to Mr. Welton for his review."

Hayden nodded and smiled at her. "Sure. Where's the proposal?" Anya fell silent. She had just dumped the file in front of Evan's office.

"Let me get it for you," Anya said in a rush of words before racing back to the door. She picked the file up, ready to hand it to Hayden. The personal assistant eyed the file in Anya's hands for a moment before taking it. "I think you should come in with me. Mr. Welton might have some comments on the proposal. He'll need you to pass those comments on to your managing director."

Anya froze instantly. She would rather die than step inside that office. The sudden heaviness she felt in her breasts just made things a whole lot worse. The gods must find this hilarious.

She couldn't believe this. Somehow, her breasts had decided that this was a good time to swell suddenly with milk. Right before she was about to meet Evan.

It was too late. Hayden had knocked on the door and pushed it open.

Anya wanted to run away. But that was out of the question, especially if

she wanted to keep JK Couture, She can't just walk away without finding another job instead of talking to Evan. But she couldn't just walk away. She had a family to take care of. She needed money for that. The content is on [Read the latest chapter there!](#)

She plucked up some courage and stepped into the office.

As soon as she entered the office, the man seated behind the desk looked up from his work and stared at her. The look in his eyes darkened instantly.

"Mr. Welton, a designer from JK Couture is here with the company's plans for the second half of the year. Please take a look at their proposal," Hayden said before presenting Evan with the file.

Evan pulled his eyes away from Anya and turned towards Hayden. "I'll speak to her about JK Couture's plans alone. You can leave us now."

"Yes, Mr. Welton," Hayden said before stepping out of the room and pulling the door shut behind him.

The door slid to a shut softly. Evan flung the file onto his desk forcefully. His eyes shot up and stared straight at Anya. "Is this another excuse to see me again?"

"Why is your blouse wet? Another trick up your sleeve?" Evan had caught the wet stain on Anya's blouse.

He thought she had done that on purpose. He had no idea that Anya's breasts were swollen with milk and that was the reason why her blouse had gotten wet. The content is on [Read the latest chapter there!](#)

Anya had been shocked by the man's blunt questions. However, she expected it. She knew that he would come to these conclusions: He was convinced that she was out to seduce him and that she had planned their every encounter. He couldn't be more wrong. She had done no such thing. The content is on [Read the latest chapter there!](#)

Chapter 19

Chapter 19

"You're mistaken, Mr. Welton." Anya forced down the waves of humiliation and unease that she felt in the face of Evan's blunt words and straightened her back. "It was an accident. I didn't do it on purpose."

Evan scoffed. An accident? He didn't believe a single word she had just said.

His eyes darkened. His voice was husky and edged with a hint of intimidation. "Ms. MacMillan, I hope you remember what I told you. I don't enjoy repeating myself."

What was he talking about? Anya would be so happy if she didn't have to see him again.

She was trying to stay away from the man. She wouldn't try and make her life difficult by appearing before the devil himself time and again. She treasured her life and her job.

Anya bit her lips. She didn't want to have to explain herself again. Evan wasn't going to change his opinions of her. There was no point in her trying to salvage her reputation. He wasn't going to believe a single word she said.

She took a deep breath. She was going to do her job. Her voice shook slightly as she tried to inject a dose of sincerity in it. "Mr. Welton, Jake told me to deliver you our plans for the latter half of the year. I've done exactly that. Can I go now?"

Evan felt an urge to keep Anya in his office. He probably thought she had set him up. After a year had passed, she had somehow found a job in his building. She must have something planned. Perhaps this was simply another one of her tricks. She was trying to reel him in by feigning disinterest.



“You can go after I am done reading the proposal,” Evan said before withdrawing his eyes from Anya. He grabbed the file he had flung onto his desk moments ago and started reading it carefully.

Anya stood quietly in front of Evan's desk, pain gradually swelling in her breasts. She had to get that milk out of her breasts. If she didn't do it right now, her breasts were going to explode.

Anya struggled under the agonizing pain of her swelling breasts. It was akin to having two huge boulders hanging from her neck. She dug her nails into her palms. Tiny red crescents appeared on her skin while tiny spikes of pain hit her.

The pain was a distraction from the agonizing swelling of her breasts. But it was a short-lived distraction.

The swelling in her breasts grew. Beads of cold sweat began to appear on Anya's forehead as the agony took its toll on her. She dared not excuse herself and rush back to her desk. All she could do was bear the pain in silence.

By the end Evan was done with the proposal, Anya's forehead was damp with cold sweat. Her eyes were rimmed with redness. Her nails had sunk deep into her palm and drawn blood.

“Is this what you call a proposal?” Evan flipped the file shut and looked up.

That was when he realized something was wrong with Anya. Her forehead glistened with perspiration. Her eyes were red. She looked like a victim of bullying who was suffering in silence.

Evan frowned immediately. He eyed the wet patches on her blouse before finally speaking in a frosty voice. “Ms. MacMillan, look at you right now. What are you trying to say? That I'm the bully here?”

Anya bit her lips and glared at the man. She wanted to tell him ‘yes’. Yes, he was.

In fact, she had been the victim all along. Since that night one year ago, she had been victimized for no good reason. And he had bitten her

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head off for it. Then repeatedly accused her for setting him up.

He was convinced that her turning up in his office had been another one of her ploys to seque itn) as © punish Ae he told her to stand there and wait while he reads through the proposal. The content is on [Read the latest chapter there!](#)

Anya wished she could scream at the man and tell him how much she had suffered. But she couldn't. She wasn't allowed that.

Not when she still had Sydney and her stepmother to deal with, she didn't want to deal with another enemy. She didn't want to add on to her

problems.

She simply choked back her sufferings and shoved every pain into a box. She spoke as Gait voice devoid of anger. "Of course not, Mr. Welton. You're mistaken." The content is on [Read the latest chapter there!](#)

After a moment, Anya took a deep breath and continued. "Mr. Welton, it appears that you have (Spent on comments-about the plan that we've prepared. If you'd let me have them, I will pass them on to my managing director." The content is on [Read the latest chapter there!](#)

Evan eyed Anya. Without any warning, he rose to his feet.