

Desires DH 381

Chapter 381

There was a small press conference before the show.

Rain would be there as the representative of all the models. The designers of the JK Couture would show up too.

They left their dresses to their assistants and went to the dressing room. They got to wear some makeup for the press conference.

Anya had been interviewed with Lola before.

At that time, Anya gave interviews to defend herself. Now she showed up as a designer and signaled her talents to the world.

Anya was nervous.

The stylist liked Anya's face. She knew that Anya was nervous, so she tried to comfort Anya, "Ms. MacMillan, don't worry. You're amazing. People would love you."

Anya smiled at the stylist. "Thank you."

"Close your eyes. It's time for the eyeliners," said the stylist.

The stylist was very gentle as she put makeup on Anya's face.

Anya didn't feel anything.

As the stylist put makeup on her face, Anya gradually calmed down.

Anya became more gorgeous after she wore makeup.

She was so beautiful that Rain was jealous of her.

“Evan is obsessed with Anya’s face. So, Anya would lose his heart if she is not pretty anymore.”

Rain thought about it. Her nails dug into her palms.

Rain wanted to disfigure Anya’s face.

“Why didn’t I think of that before? I could find a scapegoat.”

Rain shifted her gaze away and smiled wickedly.

Evan would dump Anya if her face was disfigured.

Everyone was dressed up after 15 minutes. Jake came in and saw Anya in the crowd, who was dazzling like a goddess.

Jake was charmed by Anya. He totally forgot about Anya’s boyfriend.

Jake came back to his senses after a while. He walked to Anya and said tenderly, “Are you finished?”

Anya nodded. “Yeah.”

Jake stared at her. “Great. The media are all here. You can go out if you’re prepared.”

Anya felt uncomfortable and turned her head. “OK.”

Jake realized that he was making Anya uncomfortable. He turned to Amber and other designers. "Are you prepared? You can go out now."

Amber and the designers exchanged meaningful looks. "Sure, Mr. Hanson."

They walked out of the room.

Anya stood up. But she sat for a long time, and her legs were numb. She lost her footing and almost fell.

Jake reacted quickly and hugged Anya. "Be careful. Are you alright?"

"I'm fine. My legs are asleep." Anya wanted to break free from Jake's arms. But he fell hard for her and hugged her tightly.

Anya struggled. "What are you doing, Mr. Hanson?"

Jake didn't move. Rain immediately took a photo of them and sent it to Evan. "Evan, look at Anya. She's cheating on you. I'm pissed off."

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When Rain sent the photo and message to Evan, she didn't get a reply from him. However, Evan had seen these things.

It was just that he didn't want to have any affairs with Rain.

Of course, this photo made him sullen. He had long known that Jake had some feelings for Anya, but Evan was very confident of himself. He believed that he did better than Jake in every aspect, so Anya would definitely choose him, rather than Jake.

But clearly, Evan was overconfident. Judged by this photo, Anya didn't seem to reject Jake.

Evan fixed his eyes on the photo. The more he looked at it, the more displeased he became.

He couldn't stand Anya falling in love with other men.

Thinking of this, Evan couldn't focus on his job anymore. He put down the document in his hands and stood up, about to go to the runway show.

It was in the venue.

Jake was still hugging Anya. Anya, on the other hand, felt awkward. She pushed him away. Only then did Jake realize how improper his action was. He also felt embarrassed, saying, "Sorry, Anya... I shouldn't have hugged you..."

Anya tidied her clothes and highlighted a fact. "Mr. Hanson, I have a boyfriend."

She knew Jake fancied her. But she had been tired of coping with Evan. She didn't have extra time or energy to deal with Jake.

As Jake heard it, he froze, feeling awkward, but he tried to remain calm. He had long known that she had a boyfriend, but he didn't want to give up.

"I knew. Sorry, I shouldn't have done that."

"It's alright." Anya continued in a polite tone, "Mr. Hanson, let's go to the press."

"Okay." Jake refreshed himself and took the lead to go away.

Anya looked at his back, took a deep breath, and followed out.

At the time, dozens of reporters were sitting in the audience, holding their cameras and Dictaphones to prepare for the beginning of the press.

As for Amber and the others, they had long arrived, including the model representative, Rain.

Everyone was here, except for Anya and Jake.

When Anya and Jake finally took their seats on the stage, the photoflash lamps began to work.

It was so dazzling.

Soon enough, a reporter began his question. "Hello, I am from Norton Entertainment. Mr. Hanson from JK Couture, this is your first fashion show, isn't it? Does it imply that you will extend your business to the showbiz?"

Jake took over the microphone and answered, "Yes, this is the first time for JK Couture to do the runway design. From today on, our work will move off behind the scenes and to the forestage. Not only

will we do the design for ordinary clients, but also all kinds of organizations in showbiz."

The reporter asked, "So this time, are all members in your team experienced?"

Jake nodded with a smile. "Of course."

The reporter continued, "But I heard that one of your designers, Anya MacMillan, is only a fresh graduate. And it's said that all her designs are not done on her own."

Apparently, this reporter was on target over Anya.

The other reporters aimed their lens at Anya and the flashes exploded around her.

Amber and the other designers didn't care about this, but Rain felt extremely jealous. Rain thought, "I

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am the main character vi

She then glared at Anya.

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Hearing the rude question, Jake's face fell, "Sir, I where

don't know.

you picked the rumor up. Ms.

MacMillan is indeed a fresh graduate, but she's capable to design independently."

The reporter was bribed by Amber to make a scene, so he pressed, "Mr. Hanson, new designers like h normally start their career by imitating their seniors. So it's reasonable to doubt that designers from Couture stand a chance to plagiarize."

Jake grew irritated at the accusation, "That's ridiculous. JK Couture thrives on the creativity of the designers. We can prove it with our upcoming show. Please don't slander us irresponsibly."

Jake stated in a cold voice. Then Amber pretended to casually take the microphone, "Mr. Hanson, actually I agree with the gentleman. We've never caught Ms. MacMillan working, but she ends up finishing ten pieces of design after a very short period of time. As her coworkers, we have our reason to doubt it."

“Ms. Melton, as Anya’s coworkers, I think you know pretty well that she is original.” Jake almost lost it. The design press became a mud-throwing site.

That would blacken JK Couture’s reputation.

Jake wouldn’t allow that to happen.

But Amber thought the opposite. She even would like to see JK Couture collapse into bankruptcy, which could ease her grudges against Anya before she resigned.

“Mr. Hanson, we are just speaking facts. We don’t mean to offend Ms. MacMillan.”

That sounded fair.

But it was nonsense.

Anya’s face grew pale. She had expected that they wouldn’t let her settle at JK Couture.

But she didn’t cheat.

She had no fear.

“I didn’t plagiarize or ask for help. If my words can’t be convincing, you can watch the show tomorrow Anya looked ahead and said firmly.

Due to the palpable tension, the host got in to change the focus, “Now let’s hear from the model.”

The microphone was handed to Rain.

Taking a triumphant glance at Anya, Rain started her interview. But the confrontation between the reporter and JK Couture was aired out.

It sparked comments on social media. [The designer is so attractive! Does she cheat?]

[Maybe the reporter had a reason.]

[I am in the design circle. I heard that JK Couture only displayed works of experienced designers in this show. How did the unqualified novice get the chance?]

[Don't say it's a sex deal. But she's so pretty.]

[So why bother to watch a show that involves cheating?]

[But the new designer is pretty enough to try in the show business.]

Their comments on Anya weren't nice, so when she read them, her face was pale with

anger.

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Before she went famous, she was accused of plagiarism. It would be the dirt on her and damage her reputation in the future.

Anya knew that Amber disliked her, but she had not expected that she could be so ruthless as to throw mud at her with the media.

She could not explain as she was not allowed to disclose her works until the fashion show.

Anya was furious and upset, but she would not be discouraged. Thinking of this, she went to look for Amber.

Amber was cheerfully talking with other designers in the hallway. novelbin

Anya walked over. Amber noticed her and looked at her with crossed arms. "What? Do you come to argue with me?"

"You ruined my reputation. I just want to tell you that I'll get even with you for this," Anya confronted he and said decisively.

Amber smirked, "Do you think that you can do whatever you want with Mr. Hanson's help?"

"Take a look at you! Are you qualified to accept the design task?"

"Is it the reason why you do that to me?" Anya realized that and soon refuted, "Ms. Melton, did you throw dirt on me because you are being too narrow-minded, or because you are jealous of my ability? I come to where I am now all by myself.

"If you wish to rely on Mr. Hanson, I can tell him your thoughts and advise him to care more about you. It was useless to frame me furtively."

Amber, who had planned to humiliate Anya, turned gloomy hearing her sharp remarks. She screeched, "Anya MacMillan, shut your fucking mouth up. Who wants the care of Mr. Hanson? We don't want to hit the casting couch like you."

Anya coldly looked at her, "Ms. Melton, I have recorded how you humiliated me. If you do not apol or clarify it in public, I will send the recording to Mr. Hanson.

"Justice will prevail." Anya turned around after she finished speaking.

Amber got furious. She held Anya back and shouted, "Anya,MacMillan, how dare you scheme again

me! Fuck you!”

Amber pushed Anya to the door and knocked her head against the wall.

The rest designers had no intent to help Anya.

When Amber was about to hit Anya, they heard a deep and attractive voice from afar. “This is the cult of the design department of JK Couture?”

They all turned to look for the source of the sound.

When they found who that man was, they were all startled,

It was Evan.

Why was Evan here?

Jake heard the noise and hastened to come.

“Mr. Welton, welcome,” said Jake, who bowed low to Evan.

Evan was unhappy with him since he had hugged Anya. He threw a cold glance at Jake and snorted. “Mr. Hanson, is this how you lead your team?”

“If anyone does not want to work in JK Couture, leave as you please. Look what trouble made!”

you

have

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Evan scolded them harshly. Nobody dared to say a word. novelbin

They all held their breath for fear that they would enrage Mr. Welton and got fired.

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“Mr. Welton, I am sorry for today’s farce. There is some misunderstanding at the press briefing.” Jake explained cautiously.

Evan did not want to respond to him, but he had to be fair. “I wanted to ask Ms. MacMillan.”

The designers felt relieved hearing that.

They were afraid to be told off by him.

After all, it was Amber’s fault, and they did nothing to Anya.

However, Amber feared that Anya would complain to Evan about this. She thought, “Mr. Welton would be businesslike. But if he trusts Anya, will she be fired?”

Therefore, she walked to Evan and wanted to sue Anya first. Before she could speak, Evan opened his mouth. “Ms. Melton, I have heard the conversation between you and Ms. MacMillan. If it was not an accident or slander, don’t you think you should apologize to her?”

Amber panicked and looked upset.

She looked at Evan in disbelief that Mr. Welton would let her apologize to Anya in front of so many people.

“If you do not apologize, I cannot let you stay in the JK Couture,” Evan said bluntly.

Amber was terrified. She had not got the offer from EU Designs yet. If she got fired suddenly, EU Designs would reconsider her. She dared not take the risk and looked at Evan with mixed feelings.

After several moments of apparently painful internal struggle, she apologized to Anya, “Ms. MacMillan, I am sorry for today’s behavior.

“Could you please forgive me?”

Amber bowed low to Anya when other designers were looking at her.

She felt humiliated but had no other solution.

She could only apologize.

Anya did not accept her apology. It was not the first time that she had done that for mischief. She did not soften and said, “I won’t forgive you. It had negatively affected me and could not be solved with a simple apology. I need you to clarify it online.”

Anya said without being servile or bumptious.

Evan somehow started to appreciate her.

His girl was no pushover.

“Ms. MacMillan...” Amber hesitated as she did not want to embarrass herself. She hated Anya more but dared not show her hatred.

Anya continued, "You don't want to do that? Then I won't forgive you."

Evan echoed her words, "I agree with Ms. McMillan. It could set an example in JK Couture. If such a thing happens again in the future, I would not be soft."

"If Ms. Melton disagrees with this solution, you don't need to attend the show to

Amber could not calm down anymore. She hastened to agree, "Mr. Welton, I can clarify."

"OK. Then continue with your work." Evan said coldly.

The other designers hurried off. Jake left with them to prepare for the show.

Amber bit her lips and stood there for a while before she left.

With no one around, Evan looked deep into Anya's eyes. "Follow me."

Anya did not like talking with him too much in public. Considering that he had helped her, she followed him into a room at the end of the hallway.

It was an empty office.

When they closed the door, Evan held her with both arms and had her up against the wall. He whispered in her ears, "Have you been touched by another man in the dressing room?"

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Anya was puzzled by his question. She stared at him with eyes open wide. "Evan, why do you ask this?"

Who had touched her in the dressing room?

She soon realized what annoyed him. Jake was the only man that had entered the dressing room.

However, they did not mean to do that.

When she stood up, her legs were asleep, and she lost her balance. Jake supported her with his arms. and did not release his grip immediately.

How did Evan know that?

Had he got people watching her? Anya felt a little disgusting at the thought of this. She questioned him with her lips bit, "You have me followed?"

"It seemed to be real." Evan did not answer her question. Instead, he held her by the chin and announced, "Anya MacMillan, you are mine. Don't let any other man touch

you."

Evan said arrogantly.

Anya paid no attention to his words. She frowned in anger. "Evan Welton, are you watching me or not?"

"No." He noticed her furious look and answered her.

"Then how did you know that?" Anya continued.

Evan had to explain, "Someone took a photo." At this moment, Evan loo

When Evan realized that he had submitted himself to Anya, he heaved a sigh. "Anya, I am not joking. I don't want any men to touch you."

“We are just colleagues.” Anya cooled down a little bit, knowing she was not being watched. “The man who took the photo must have an ulterior motive.”

“I have been sitting in the same position too long, and my legs got asleep. When I stood up, I lost my balance, and Mr. Hanson helped me up. You can ask the other girls in the dressing room if you don’t trust me.” Anya said discontentedly.

Evan found that he was jealous for nothing.

He knew that Jake had a soft spot for her and reminded her, “Well, I am jealous. Can’t you feel his affection for you?”

“I know. I have told Mr. Hanson that I have a boyfriend.”

Evan raised his eyebrows and looked at her with surprise. “You have told him?”

“Yes, you can ask him.”

Anya couldn’t stand his jealousy and possessiveness, which might prove his care for her.

“I trust you.” Evan would not be so stupid to ask Jake. He relaxed his grip and stroked her cheek. “I am sorry. Don’t get angry with me.”

Anya was enraged not for his jealousy. She had thought that she was being watched.

And she hated being watched and shadowed.

It would make her feel no freedom.

“Could you let go of me?”

Anya pursed her lips and wanted to push him away.

Evan suddenly lowered his head and pressed his lips against her.

He said in a charming voice, “This is the apology for my jealousy.”

Then he continued to kiss her gently.

Anya trembled, and her face flushed.

Evan’s kisses would always make her lose her composure.

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Rain knew Evan arrived and came to find him. But when She was in the hallway, nobody was there.

She put her feet down very hard on the ground and bore hatred for Anya.

She could only leave.

As Evan had stood up for her, Amber could only contact the media and explained the whole thing. The explanation at once gave rise to much discussion online.

Though not an actress, Anya attracted no less attention than the actress.

Her beautiful appearance was the main reason for that.

The netizens all paid attention to her beauty.

After Amber's clarification, they started to discuss. [Is this a trick of JK Couture? Why did they slander the poor designer and then clarify for her?]

[Whatever the truth is, Anya is the prettiest.]

[The designer of JK Couture could be an actress.]

[Did JK Couture do this to gain more popularity?]

[It turned out that the bully in the office could be found everywhere. I used to be bullied by a senior worker, who always deliberately put me in trouble. I am with Anya.]

[So the unscrupulous media and people just threw dirt on other people without any proof? Are they sadfishing?]

[I knew from first sight that Ms. MacMillan would not plagiarize others' work. She looked like a person of integrity.]

[Why did JK Couture keep the designer who would frame others?]

[Stupid designer! Fuck off! She is so shameless to slander her colleague.]

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The netizens started to denounce Amber.

Amber felt depressed when she saw the comments.

However, she could do nothing. Were it not for Mr. Welton, she would not have suffered such taunts.
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Depression and fury caught her when she saw the harsh words online. If EU Designs knew about that, would they employ her?

After this incident, she would lose her reputation and be discredited in the design circle.

The more she thought about it, the angrier she became.

The hatred for Anya grew intense in her heart. She swore that if she had a rough time, she would let Anya suffer the same.

As she was looking at the cellphone with anger, Jake walked over to give her a dressing-down.

He intended to scold her for getting everyone embarrassed.

If JK Couture wished to grow, such kind of thing should never happen again.

“Amber, you are a senior worker in JK Couture. Why did you make such a mistake? Now that Mr. Welton and the society knew that, what benefits do you think could it bring to us?” Jake walked to her and started to blame her with no mercy.

Amber could not stand his reprimand and refuted him, “Mr. Hanson, I am telling the truth. What did I do wrong?”

“You still had no desire to repent?” Jake glared at her.

He had thought she would realize her mistake when Evan reprimanded her. It turned out she did not.

“Do you think that is the truth?” Jake got serious. “Tell me. What advantages could we take of this affair? Look at the comments of the netizens. Is that what you want?”

He used to think she would be more mature as she was an experienced designer and would not be so stupid to slander others. It turned out he was wrong.

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His sternness terrified Amber. However, she still retorted, trying to pass the buck, “I just had a reasonable doubt that she would copy or ask others to help. Couldn’t I doubt this?”

“Mr. Hanson, we all know that you are partial to her. Aren’t you gonna explain something?”

Hearing this, Jake was agitated. “Amber, do you want to lose your job?”

“No. I am telling the truth. I did nothing wrong,” she persisted.

Jake thought she was unreasonable. How could she insist that she didn’t do anything wrong?

People believed that the scene was designed to make JK Couture famous and they harshly criticized it on the Internet.

How could she persist that she was right?

Jake reckoned there was something wrong with her mentality.

“Now we need to focus on the company’s interests. Don’t talk about anything else. And I don’t agree with your judgment. I treat you all the same,” he said grimly.

Amber sneered, "All the same? How dare you say that? I don't believe that you have no selfish motive for taking her to Foxville.

"We all know that such a young designer won't be qualified to go there on behalf of our company,

"Can you explain your decision?"

Jake suddenly understood that she did this to Anya because of the Foxville thing. However, he didn't make the decision.

Evan got to pick the person.

Could she reprimand Evan for being partial to Anya?

She couldn't.

Jake believed that Evan had his reason and he didn't have to doubt it.

"Amber, now I understand everything. And I don't think you can stay here anymore. You don't need to help with the show tomorrow." He thought it was useless to argue with her.

She had no professional ethics at all and showed no sign of repentance.

He couldn't let her stay in the company.

Amber screamed, "Are you trying to fire me? For what?"

"Because I told the truth?"

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“It’s not about that!” Jake found that she was stubborn. It was because she had told the truth in an inappropriate situation.

“No more talking. You shall leave today. I will give you the quarterly bonus for last month.”

Then he left right away.

Amber suddenly realized that she did focus on the wrong thing just now. And she started to chase him.

She couldn’t lose the job.

Evan and Anya made out for a while in the office. Then he let go of her and asked, “What do you think of a self-driving tour with the kids this weekend?”

Anya paused for a moment. “This weekend?”

“Yes. I notice that they are at home most of the time. You seldom take them out, right?” he said straightforwardly.

Anya nodded in shame.

She did this because she was trying to keep away from him.

“So is it OK?”

She hesitated a while and then nodded.

Though she was reluctant to take the kids out with him, she shouldn’t be that selfish to reject him.

The kids hadn't gone out for a long time, after all.

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In the evening, almost every netizen knew that Anya was framed.

Thus, they stopped criticizing Anya and began to give negative comments on Amber.

After Anya went back to the mansion, she looked through some news and felt a bit relieved.

She was worried that it would damage her reputation and had a bad impact on her future career. Fortunately, she went through it smoothly.

But it was Evan's credit. Anya was clear of that.

Then she cast a peek at the man who was playing with two kids. Suddenly, something that was related to the MacMillan family came into her mind. They didn't admit that her mother was one of the legal heirs to their property.

Even if Jamie tried his best, it was hard for Anya to win the case for she lacked the evidence.

Anya silently looked at Evan for a while, hesitated, and walked over. "Evan, I have something to tell you."

Evan looked up at her, saying, "Okay, what's that?"

"We... Let's find a quiet place." Anya licked her lips and felt too awkward to start the topic.

She knew once she asked Evan to help her, she would have to give in everything to him.

But she didn't have other choices. After all, she couldn't forgive the MacMillan family for their hurt on her and her mother.

"Okay." Evan gave Eudora to Ellie, stood up, and went to the second floor with Anya.

They went into the study.

Anya glanced at Evan, bit her lip, pondered for a while, plucked up her courage before saying, "Evan, could you help me with one thing?"

Evan raised her brows and smiled. His beam made Anya a bit anxious. She wondered whether Evan was planning something against her.

"Why are you smiling?"

"You never ask for my help, but you did it today. I am surprised." Evan beamed.

Anya's face blushed. Indeed, she had never asked for his help, but this time, she had no other choices. It

was very difficult for her to deal with it on her own.

"Okay, what's that?"

"Well... It might not be very difficult for you." Anya said softly, "It's about the MacMillan family."

"Details." Curious, Evan looked at her deeply.

Anya felt a bit panicked under his dazzling gaze. She subconsciously looked away and finished her words. "It's about my mother's legacy. The MacMillans don't acknowledge it, and they even ruined all the evidence. I want to take it back."

With that, she looked at Evan.

Evan pondered before saying, "Just for this?" For him, it was a piece of cake to manage it.

Most importantly, even if the MacMillans refused to return it to Anya, Evan could give her the same amount of money.

But he knew Anya disliked this way. Furthermore, she told him about this, because she wanted him to help her revenge on the MacMillan family. She wondered whether Evan was willing to give her a hand.

Anya stammered, "And... there is another thing..."

"What's that? Only if I can, I will help you make it." He was not bragging. After all, the current MacMillan family was not a patch on him!

To Evan, it was way easy to cope with the MacMillan family.

"My mother... Could you help me deal with the MacMillans?" Anya added, "I will repay you."

Evan smiled. "Repay me?"

"Yeah."

"Sounds good." Evan gazed at her with unfathomable eyes, his voice extremely charismatic. "I will help you more if you give me some rewards right away."

Anya was enlightened of what he meant.

Her face blushed a deep pink. She bit her lip, walked over, stood in front of him, and took off her dress.

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After taking off her clothes, her delicate and curvaceous body lay before Evan.

She was as beautiful as a fairy.

Despite his strong will, he was unable to resist the temptation of her beauty. He swallowed and his eyes were nailed on her charming face.

He nearly couldn't control himself.

A blast of cold wind blew, chilling her naked body. But Anya had no alternative, although she felt ashamed.

She wanted to take back her mother's stuff with his help.

She thought that it was worth doing it.

Anya bit her lips and walked close to Evan slowly. Then she hugged around his tight waist and kissed him on tiptoe.

The kiss was not skillful.

However, her lips were fleshy. Evan enjoyed it very much and his eyes darkened. His desire became stronger.

While she was kissing him, Evan took the initiative and held her in his arms. He put her on the desk and gently bit her lips, "Do you want something exciting?"

She felt his strong breath while he was talking.

She was a little stunned. Her ears suffused with blushes, which were as red as a ripe tomato. Her body trembled slightly all over and she felt scared as she didn't know what he wanted to do.

But it must not be like usual.

Anya didn't dare to think about it.

Therefore, she had to accept it.

The consequence was that she was pressed on the desk.

It lasted for more than an hour.

Ellie went upstairs and knocked on the door.

They hurried to stop.

Anya thought that if Ellie hadn't come, Evan would have continued. But she felt exhausted and dizzy.

Ellie kept knocking on the door.

They hurriedly tidied up their clothes and opened the door.

Anya's legs were so weak that she failed to stand up. She had to sit on the sofa with her face blushing scarlet, while Evan went to open the door in high spirits.

Ellie came in and fixed her eyes on Anya. She saw that Anya was fine and said with relief, "You can come downstairs for dinner."

"Okay, we'll come soon," Anya said hastily.

He looked back at her with a slight smile. He thought that she had done well this time.

She had been obedient when they had sex.

He liked her being submissive to him.

Although she was obedient because she wanted his help, he didn't care about it.

Then, when Ellie came in, she looked worried as she was afraid that they had sex.

She didn't want it to happen. They had been tried to avoid him. Now they failed and had to be with him

now. But they also needed to keep a distance from him.

When Anya saw Ellie coming in, she wanted to stand leaning on the sofa, but she didn't expect that she

still couldn't stand steadily. She suddenly felt slightly embarrassed.

"Ellie, Evan, you can go downstairs first. I want to sit for a while." Anya felt that she needed to rest for a

while.

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Evan knew that the wild sex exhausted her, so he asked, "Ms. MacMillan, are you okay?"

"I'm fine. I just feel a little dizzy now," said Anya.

When Ellie was about to come over, Anya fobbed her off with an excuse that she didn't eat much at noon and felt faint. And she asked Ellie to look after the baby.

Then, Ellie went downstairs.