

Desires Die Hard

Chapter 6

Chapter 6

The only reason why Shane had asked him out for tea was because he wanted the land that the Weltons owned in Easton, it was worth billions of dollars

That piece of land belonged to the Weltons for decades. There was no way Evan was going to let Shane have it. "Mr. Welton, are you going to accept Mr. Brown's invitation?" Hayden asked carefully.

Everyone knew that Evan was a relentless man whose methods were cruel and merciless. No one in Nordeny could compare to him. He could break you with a snap of his fingers. His moods were inconsistent and unpredictable.

No one dared to incur his wrath. Everyone feared what he would do to them if they did.

As his employee, Hayden had to walk on eggshells around Evan all the time. His heart raced whenever he had to talk to his boss. The young man was worried that he might say something wrong and anger Evan.

With a loud clink, Evan set his expensive, custom-made ceramic cup he was holding down on the desk heavily. He was going to find out exactly how Shane planned to steal his land from him. He grunted, "Yes! Of course!"

"Sure, Mr. Welton. I'll make the necessary arrangements," Hayden said immediately as he jotted it down and then continued going through the rest of Evan's schedule with him.

Somewhere in the middle of the session, the old matriarch of the Welton family called. Evan knew exactly what the old lady wanted from him as soon as he got the call. With a quick wave of his hand, he sent Hayden out of the room.

As soon as he answered the call, the old lady's voice sounded from the other end of the line asking him about his love life. He knew it. "Evan...when are you going to bring a girlfriend back home and let your granny take a look at her? I've got one foot in the grave now and you...you're hardly young anymore...can't you let your granny have a look at her granddaughter—in-law before she dies? Let the old woman have a chance to play with her grandchildren?"

A slight frown creased Evan's smooth brow. He wasn't old, was he? He was only twenty-eight. Was that old? He hadn't yet reached a man's prime, had it? Wasn't that supposed to be thirty?

His grandmother was such an impatient lady. "Granny, I'll bring one home. ...if I find someone I like."

"I heard that before...you've been using that excuse for years. I've not seen you bring anyone home!" the old lady scoffed in mock anger. "You're going to bring a lady home by the end of this year. If I don't see a girlfriend when the year is up, I'm going to get you one myself."

Evan was speechless. "That's settled then," the old lady said. She hung up before Evan could say anything.

The young man's fingers tightened around his phone. He could hear the dial tone ringing in his ear. His expression darkened. There were plenty of women out there who were willing to come home with him. But he only wanted to bring the woman he loved

back. Meanwhile, at JK Couture, Anya left Jake's office and was making her way to her desk.

The designer who was helping her get settled at her new job was a young woman two years older than she was. Her name was Carol Walker

Carol was on the plump side. She couldn't help the instant spark of envy lighting up inside her when she saw how pretty Anya was. Carol w

She must be a skank, Carol cursed inwardly

Carol had a thing for Jake, "Well, this skank better not try and seduce Jake or I would tear her into pieces," Carol muttered angrily under her breath. She then shoved a pile of drafts at Anya and instructed the latter to get the designs revised and cleaned up by tomorrow morning. She whirled around and stalked back to her own desk.

Anya eyed the tall stack of papers in her arms. It nearly reached the top of her head. Hex: That was a lot of drafts...there was no way she was going to make it home tonight. The content is on [Read the latest chapter there!](#)

What about her kids? They needed their milk!

Chapter 6

Anya could feel her breasts grow heavy at the heaviness reminded her that she had to go pump her milk in an hour's time. The content is on [Read the latest chapter there!](#)

She would bring the milk back home and then rush back to the office was the only way to create that her Cae while she stayed late in the office that night. The content is on Read the latest chapter there!

The thought of her kids filled Anya with motivation. She carried the stack of papers back to her desk and started to work on the drafts.

After some hours have passed, Anya's breasts felt like hard, heavy boulders hanging off her neck. She really had to get her breasts pumped.

Chapter 7

Chapter 7

Anya didn't want anyone to know that she was breastfeeding. She snuck out of the office with a small tote bag, containing her pump,

and headed for the washroom on that level.

While the young woman was quietly pumping her milk in a cubicle in the washroom, Evan had just finished his meeting and was now heading down to the tenth floor. He needed to talk to Jake about JK Couture's plans for a future expansion in the fashion industry.

Anya clutched her pump nervously as she filled two big bags full of milk. Then, she cleaned the pump and kept it in the tote bag. She stared at the two big bags of freshly pumped milk. She was going to bring this back home during lunchbreak for her kids. There was enough milk to last them the afternoon. Anya placed the bags of milk into the tote bag as well. She planned to sneak back into the office and keep the bags of milk in the fridge.

She kept her eyes on her bag as she stepped out of the washroom, not paying attention to her surroundings. Suddenly, Evan emerged from the elevator and collided into Anya.

Anya jerked forward, loosening her grip on the tote bag. One of the bags slipped out of and smacked squarely in Evan's expensive and pristine black suit. A creamy liquid burst from the bag instantly. Alongside it came a rich and heavy smell of milk. Anya's breast milk splattered all over Evan's expensive suit.

His suit was now stained with a sticky pale yellow liquid.

Evan's personal assistants, who had joined him for the meeting at JK Couture, gasped sharply. What had just happened? What was wrong with this woman? Was she out of her mind? How could she throw milk at Evan? Was she trying to get herself thrown out of the building?

Everyone stared stupidly at the sight before them. None of them dared to make a single sound.

Everyone was waiting for Evan to say something. The look on Evan's face was absolutely menacing. In fact, if looks could kill, someone would be dead right now. Everyone shivered at the look of outrage on his face.

Anya knew she had gotten herself into trouble again.

She cast her face down immediately and froze like a deer caught in headlights. She dared not make any sudden moves or any sound at all. Her fingers clutched her tote bag tightly to her chest.

She started praying fervently in her head. She couldn't afford to get fired. She couldn't afford to incur Evan's wrath. But somehow, she had upset him again.

Evan's eyes swept across the yellowish-white stains on his suit. His eyes seemed as if there's fire in them. "Look at me!" He boomed, his harsh voice echoing across the office. His voice was as cold and biting as the harsh winter.

Anya dared not. She was on the verge of tears.

This was her first day at work. She just wanted to do her job. Why did she keep running into this man? She couldn't believe she just spilled breast milk on him. She must have the worst luck in the world. "I'm not going to repeat myself again. Look at me!" Evan was obviously livid.

Anya finally lifted her face up and looked Evan straight in the eye.

The look in Evan's eyes darkened when he realized who was standing in front of him. Anya. His hand shot out and grasped her wrist. "You again! Are you going to say that you're not up to anything again?"

The deathly grip Evan had on her was hurting her. She struggled to free herself but Evan wouldn't let her go. Instead, his fingers tightened further around her wrist. The pain nearly made Anya burst into tears.

Was he trying to break her wrist? He didn't have to hold onto her so hard!

"Talk! Did you do that on purpose?"

"I didn't! It was an accident..." Anya sobbed. She looked pitiful and woeful but in Evan's eyes, it was all an act. This was just another trick up her sleeve, wasn't it?

She wanted to marry into the Weltons, she had drugged him. Then, she had feigned ignorance when they had woken up in bed together.

Evan had his suspicions about the smear of blood staining the sheets then. That couldn't have been real blood. 1/2

10:53

Chapter 7

There was no way this woman had been a virgin before that night. She had probably gotten surgery to create the illusion that it had been her first time.

Evan was sure of it. That fueled his anger more. "You can stop that act right n - Fel reeltite trtith Anya hobs inNe or suffer the consequences." The content is on Read the latest chapter there!

"I'm telling you the truth! I'm not lying!" Anya shook her head profusely.

"You're not?" Evan didn't believe her at all. His grip on her wrist tightened. Anya thought she was staring the devil in the face. She

was in hell. She had been such an idiot for nursing a love for the man. She had thought him a gentle and kind person. But he wasn't. He was cruel and brutal. His cruelty had bled her dry of all hope. She no longer held any fantasies about him.

Anya intended to defend and deny the whole situation. However, when she caught the stginayofin Evan's eyes \hencourage wilted. He was probably going to kill her if she stood her ground. The content is on Read the latest chapter there!

She should just tell him that she had done it on purpose. What's the worst that could happeneyouldaihiplly hate-heNrfore She had already given up on ever gaining his favor or interest a long time ago! She should just bite the bullet and do it. The content is on Read the latest chapter there!

Anya forced her tears back and bit her lips. "That's right. | did that on purpose. Can you let me go now?"

Chapter 8

Chapter 8 Anya forced her tears back and bit her lips. "That's right, | did that on purpose. Can you let me go now?"

He knew it! She had done it on purpose. Anya's confession didn't make Evan feel any better. In fact, he could feel discomfort churning in his gut. "And about what happened a year ago. You planned that too, didn't you?"

“Yes,” Anya said flatly. “I did. | planned that too. | was trying to seduce you.” Evan loosened his grip on her wrist instantly. His face darkened. “Well, get lost then. Don’t let me see you again.”

“I’m not leaving. | work here now,” Anya said after gathering her courage. She cradled her wrist in her other hand tenderly, “Mr. Welton, I’ll stay away from you from now on. Please leave me alone too.”

The woman just said she worked here.

Something flickered across Evan's eyes. He studied the young woman before him. That explained why she had been in the elevator this morning.

“You're working for me then?” Evan spat out with a voice that anyone feared. “No. I’m with JK Couture,” Anya said swiftly before picking up the bag of spilled milk. What a waste.

That was for her kids. She was left with only one bag of milk. That meant less milk for her precious darlings. She had already drained her breastmilk. There wasn’t going to be any left if she tried pumping them again.

Caught up in her thoughts and still mourning the loss of perfectly good milk for her kids, Anya didn’t notice the furious look on Evan’s face at all

“I’m sorry, Mr. Welton.” Anya shoved the empty bag into the tote bag and got some tissue paper out. She thought she should help Evan clean some of those stains off his suit. She didn’t really want to upset him and get in his bad side.

Evan misinterpreted her gesture as another attempt to get her hands on him again. He pushed her hands away roughly,

The young man pulled his expensive jacket off and flung it at one of his personal assistants. Then, with an infuriated look on his face, — he marched right into JK Couture.

Evan stormed into JK Couture like a god on a rampage, his personal assistants trailing after him like his fearful followers. Anya simply watched them leave.

She heaved a sigh of relief. She had to do her best to stay out of Evan’s way. Honestly, he was the devil incarnate. A strange and inexplicable feeling came over her after the wake of her relief. Evan truly hated her. She didn’t understand why he detested her so much. It was as if she were a monster. He couldn’t even bear to take another look at her.

Memories of a distant past surfaced in her head.

She was fifteen then. She was young and innocent. There was a party at the Weltons' and it was her first time meeting what she had thought was prince charming in real life. Evan Weltons. He was eighteen then.

The young man was handsome and dignified. He carried himself like a prince and his princely ways had stolen the hearts of every young girl at the party. Anya had been no exception.

She was a young girl who had tasted young love for the first time. Like an idiot, she stood in the distance and stared at him in awe. She did not dare to approach him, talk to him or ask him for any form of contact details. She was afraid of being rejected by him. Since then, she had been in love with him for many years.

However, that love ended one year ago when her stepmother and her stepsister had set her up and made sure that she had woken up in his bed.

She saw the fury and abhorrence in his eyes. This made her realize that she would never be able to get to know him. She had already lost her chance with him.

Anya pulled herself out of her thoughts and gave herself a light smack on the cheek. She had to pull herself together.

She didn't care about Evan Welton at all. All she had to do now was to stay away from him, keep her mind on her work and find a way to take back what was originally owned by her mother. She had to make her stepmother and stepsister pay for what they had done to her too. She also had her two precious darlings to take care of.

She couldn't afford to be distracted right now. Chapter 9

Anya took a deep breath and collected herself. She made her way down the other end of the aisle. No one was around. The young woman pulled her phone out and called Ellie.

The call was picked up instantly. Ellie's gentle voice sounded on the other end of the line. Anya felt herself calm down at her aunt's voice. "Anya, is there something wrong?"

"Ellie, I'll be back for lunch in a while. I got milk for the kids," Anya whispered. She kept her voice down so that no one could hear her.

"Okay," Ellie said. "I'll be taking the kids to the supermarket to get some groceries. I'll see you for lunch then." "Yup," Anya replied. "I have to get back to work now, Ellie. I'll see you later. Bye." "See you later."

Anya ended the call, then hurried back to JK Couture with her tote bag.

She sneaked into the pantry, stuffed the bag of milk into a bento box and shoved it in the fridge while no one was noticing. Her heart finally set at ease, she returned to her desk and threw herself back into work.

Meanwhile, in Jake's office, Evan had made himself comfortable in Jake's seat. The managing director kindly allowed him to take his chair behind the desk. His long legs were folded across the other as he listened quietly to Jake share his plans for the company's expansion.

Jake reported JK Couture's plans sternly. "Mr. Welton, we have plans to expand our target audience to luxury consumers. We are looking at bespoke services for celebrities and socialites and collaborations with international designers. We intend to expand to the global market and achieve global reach. That's our current plans for JK Couture's expansion."

"And?" Evan asked. His knuckles rapped against the smooth surface of Jake's desk. It was driving Jake into a panic.

What did Evan mean by that?

Was the man displeased with the plans that Jake had just shared with him?

Jake was honestly worried that the plans that he had worked on for six months might go down the drain with a simple rejection from Evan.

"That's all we have now."

Evan scoffed. "We'll proceed according to your plans. I want an update every three months. I'm going to withdraw my support for your initiative for bespoke services if the results are not ideal."

"Don't worry, Mr. Welton, we'll do our best to build our brand and enhance the Welton's brand as well," Jake said confidently.

Evan wasn't interested in listening to Jake's ramblings about his ideas. He unfolded his legs and stood up. Then, suddenly, he said. "I heard you got a new hire."

"Yes, we're short of designers. We hired one today. She's Anya MacMillan," Jake replied. "Do you happen to know her, Mr. Welton?"

So, it seemed that the woman hadn't been lying. She was working at JK Couture.

Maybe she had gotten a job here because she hadn't given up on him yet.

Evan fell into a deep silence. Then, after a moment, he said nonchalantly. "No, I don't."

Having said that, he marched out of the office briskly with his personal assistants followed hurriedly after him. Soon, it was time for lunch.

The staff working at JK Couture headed to the canteen in the building. Anya couldn't. She had to go home and get her milk back to

her kids.

As everyone headed off to the canteen, she hurried to the pantry and grabbed her milk. Then, she shoved it into her bag and raced downstairs to catch the bus.

Fortunately, Ellie's apartment was only a short distance away from Welton Group Tower. 1/2

Chapter 9

The bus ride back home took only fifteen minutes.

It was extremely convenient.

Anya clutched her bag to her chest and raced out of the elevator. She sped past the hall and accidentally ran into a young woman tottering on high heels. It was Sydney.

She hadn't seen Sydney for a year. Anya stared at her stepsister, the woman who had set her up. Rage burned inside her. Sydney stared right back.

Her eyes widened in shock. She seemed to have forgotten where she was. The young woman stepped forward and intainedofabe. Pier veica w tipping with derision. "It's been a while, hasn't it, dear sister? Where have you been? You honestly have no shame, do you? This is Welton Group Tower. Evan's office, for goodness' sake!" The content is on Read the latest chapter there!

Anya couldn't be bothered with her. But she wasn't going to let herself be pushed around byher@tepsistet either. rene indifferently, "That's none of your business. I'm no longer part of the MacMillan family, so stay out of my business." The content is on Read the latest chapter there!

"Naturally, I can't tell you what to do. I'm just shocked that you would dare turn up at Welton ene after

atyou ist toFUI. elton. Are you trying to seduce him again?" That was all Sydney wanted to know. She needed to know if Anya was interested in The content is on Read the latest chapter there!

Evan too. The young woman had vanished for a year. Now, she had suddenly turned up.

Sydney was truly worried that Anya might have cast aside all propriety and shame and decided to seduce Evan into marrying her!

Chapter 9

Chapter 16

"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 a public place 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 10

Chapter 10

"What I plan to do with Mr. Welton is none of your business." Anya stared coldly at the stepsister. Her voice showed no emotions at all. She spoke to her as if she would a complete stranger.

Her stepmother and Sydney had turned up at the MacMillans when Anya was ten. Sydney was only a year younger than she was. Anya initially thought that Sydney is the daughter that her stepmother had with another man but she was proved wrong later.

Her father had been having an affair with Melissa behind her mother's back for years. They had Sydney in secret. After her mother had finally been driven to an early grave, Melissa had joined the MacMillan family openly.

Melissa and Sydney set her up a year ago. Her father hid himself behind his own mother and kept his silence. At that moment, she had decided that she didn't need a father like that.

"You...you're shameless! You've ruined yourself and now you're trying to ruin Mr. Welton too? I'm warning you. Stay away from him! Otherwise, you're going to get it from me!" Sydney hissed. The young woman was green with jealousy. She envied Anya's beauty. Her lovely and exquisite features, her pale skin, her large eyes and her cute button nose. She was like the Helen of Troy. She had a face that could launch a thousand ships.

What about Sydney? She was pretty but she wasn't beautiful like Anya was. That made her guts churn with intense jealousy.

She knew that beauty was what captivated men and drew them to women. She had been worried that Anya might turn up after a year's disappearance and decide to go

along with what her mother and she had lured Anya into. She might decide to seduce Evan into marrying her.

Sydney would never let that happen!

Anya glared at her. She didn't continue the argument though. She didn't have any allies. Besides, she had two children waiting for her at home. She couldn't risk them. She had no choice but to swallow her pride. All she could do now was try to make it through the end of the day.

The young woman shoved down the rage burning inside her and said aloofly. "I'm not interested in that man. You know perfectly well that I've already slept with him. You can have him if you want. I'm done with the guy."

Scorn dripped from Anya's every word. She didn't wait to hear Sydney's retort.

The young woman clutched her bag tightly and marched out of the building.

Sydney glared murderously at Anya's back. A streak of hate flashed across her eyes. She was burning with rage. That b*tch. How dare she talk to her like that!

She had to do something about that woman.

She might be lying about Evan.

There was no way Sydney was going to let Anya rob her of Evan.

Anya got out of Welton Group Tower and headed quickly to the bus stop.

Her bus arrived the second she got there.

She quickly boarded the bus and paid her fare. She found a seat next to the window and sat down. The young woman watched the cars outside go by as the bus drove down the street.

She had to become stronger. Better. That was the only way to ensure a comfortable and good life for her precious darlings and Ellie. That was the only way she could take back what was rightfully hers. She was going to make her stepmother and her stepsister pay for what they had done. Justice would be served!

The bus sped down the street. She reached her stop within ten minutes. Her aunt's apartment was in sight.

Anya collected herself and took a deep breath as she stared at the drabby looking apartment block in front of her. She tried to muster a smile. If she smiled, Ellie wouldn't notice that her spirits were down.

Meanwhile, somewhere on the sixth floor of the apartment block, Ellie was playing with Anya's two children. She clearly loved the kids. They were one year old. They could walk but still couldn't talk. All they could do was make cute babyish sounds to convey their

The young boy was incredibly handsome. His fair skin and chubby face seemed to take after Evan's. He had dark hair and a seemingly sharp strong nose and a strong jaw. His face might be that of a chubby little kid, but he was clearly a smaller replica of Evan. Anya figured he was going to break so many hearts when he grows up. The content is on [Read the latest chapter there!](#)

His sister, Eudora, took after Anya.

She had gotten a good amount of her father's features, her pink cheeks, her bright and sparkling blue eyes. The apartment was filled with an atmosphere of familial bliss. The content is on [Read the latest chapter there!](#)

eyes. The apartment was filled with an atmosphere of familial bliss.

Nathaniel made unintelligible sounds as he tried to get his aunt to give him his toy. Eudora sat quietly in a chair, holding her doll and watching her brother and aunt. The content is on [Read the latest chapter there!](#)

Someone rang the doorbell.