

Desires DH 71

Chapter 71

The supervisor's office wasn't exactly a huge room but it wasn't small either. It was surprisingly neat.

"What's wrong with the drafts?" Anya asked as soon as she stepped inside the office. She had to get this dealt with immediately so that she could get on with the next delivery.

"What's the hurry?" The man beamed at Anya before stepping away to get her a glass of water. "Are designers like you always in a rush? Are you swamped with work?"

"We manage," Anya said, her eyes flitting about the place. She was dying to leave this place.

"You look terribly young. I bet you're still single," the man said as he brought Anya a glass of warm water.

A look of embarrassment flickered across Anya's face. She wasn't particularly keen on sharing details of her life with the man. "I think we should be talking about the drafts,"

"You must be new at the job. You don't really know how this works, do you?" The man seemed to find Anya too serious for his liking. He was just trying to make conversation. But she seemed so uptight!

Weren't young ladies these days supposed to be friendlier and less uptight?

He had heard stories about one-night stands and multiple partners..

Perhaps she thought herself too good for him.

He didn't think so. He made fifty grand a year and he owned a car and a house.

He wasn't that old. He recently turned thirty and was still unmarried.

He was interested in her and wanted to spend some time getting to know her. What was wrong with that?

"Let's talk about work. I still have other deliveries to make," Anya said politely. "I can't have them waiting for me. It wouldn't

be right."

The supervisor couldn't believe it. Anya really was a stick in the mud. Perhaps she was just an innocent and simple-minded young woman.

He couldn't believe his luck.

It would be great if she were still a virgin.

He wouldn't mind trying his chances with her.

"It'll be fine. I can give you a ride." The man handed the glass of water to Anya. "Have a drink."

"Thanks for the offer, but I really have to be going." Anya refused to take the water. She was getting a little upset. What was he trying to do?

She wished he would get to the point.

"You mentioned something wrong with the drafts. Please let me know what the problem is, I can try to fix it."

The man's lips twitched into an awkward smile. He wasn't particularly happy about Anya refusing his glass of water. "Alright then. Let's talk about the problem with the drafts. Follow me to my desk."

Anya found herself speechless but she didn't exactly have a choice. She could only follow the man to his desk.

When they got to his desk, the supervisor laid the drafts out on his desk and began listing out a laundry list of problems he had with them. In Anya's opinion, they were trivial matters. The man was simply wasting her time.

She couldn't help but suspect that this was simply an excuse to keep her here.

The young woman was prepared to pull her phone out and pretend that she had to take a call, then make her excuses and leave.

That was when the man's hand shot out suddenly and caught her wrist. "Let's exchange our contact data for me to get a hold of you if any more problems crop up in the future."

"Please let go of me!" Anya jerked back in alarm. In the midst of her panic, she nearly tripped and fell over.

It'll be easier

Luckily, the man caught her in time. That seemed to please the supervisor immeasurably. His grip around Anya's wrist tightened.

Anya reeled back in disgust and tried to pull her wrist free to no avail.

Before she could raise her voice and yell for help, the door to the office was pulled open forcefully.

Jamerson's thunderous voice sounded angry. "Billy White! What do you think you're doing?"

In his moment of panic, Billy thrust Anya away from him. The sudden shove sent Anya stumbling back and into a warm

chest.

She thought it was Jamerson.

The young woman turned around with an apology ready on her lips.

Instead of Jamerson, she was greeted with the sight of Evan.

Anya froze. She shoved him away hastily. "I'm sorry, Mr. Welton."

"Step aside. Don't leave." Evan threw a dark look at her.

His eyes seem

to see right through her.

She was lucky that they had been making a tour of the factory and had ended up at White's office. Otherwise, she might find herself being taken advantage of by another man.

This was exactly what had happened the last time.

Hadn't the same thing nearly happened to her then?

She never learned, did she?

Chapter 72

Anya froze when she heard what Evan had said. Did he just tell her to stick around?

What was going on?

She couldn't possibly ask him that question though.

She simply had to keep her questions to herself, step aside and find out for herself.

Anya found herself a place next to a potted plant. Evan's eyes flickered towards her slender form. A strange look flashed across his eyes. He had no idea why he didn't like the idea of some other man getting their slimy paws on the woman.

It was utterly confounding.

He couldn't stop his attention from wandering towards the

She had set him up.

This was ridiculous.

He must be possessed by the devil.

woman whenever she was around.

"My deepest apologies, Mr. Welton. I didn't know what Billy was doing with your staff. I promise this won't happen again," Jamerson apologized immediately. "Please don't get upset."

He had seen the way Evan had spoken to the young woman. He spoke to her as if he knew her.

They were clearly no strangers to the other.

Even if they weren't friends, the young woman was still an employee of Welton Group.

It wouldn't bode well for them if they offended her in any way. Billy was such an idiot.

Would he have continued to flirt with the young woman if they hadn't arrived in time to stop him?

Jamerson felt his hand itching at that thought. He would really like to give Billy a good hard slap on his face.

Evan planned to pay them a good price for their factory. If the sale fell through because of what Billy had done, Jamerson swore that he would make the idiot pay!

"What happened?" Evan ignored Jamerson's apology and turned his eyes towards Billy. There was an edge of steel to his

voice.

Billy was terrified. He had no idea that his innocent attempts at hooking up with a designer from JK Couture would incur the wrath of the CEO of Welton Group.

How was he going to talk himself out of this mess?

"Nothing..." Billy stuttered nervously as he scrambled for an explanation. "I was discussing work with Ms. Macman

"Is that so?" The note of disbelief in Evan's voice was as stark as day. He turned towards Anya and asked the young woman, who was standing quietly in a corner. "Is he speaking the truth, Ms. MacMillan?"

"In the future, it'd be great if Mr. White could refrain from calling me into his office when we're alone," Anya said. She didn't want to get anyone in trouble. All she wanted to do was get out of this place as soon as possible. She had other factories to go and deliveries to make.

“Have you been harassing my female employee, Mr. White?” Evan asked. Billy felt his legs turn into jelly when he heard that. He nearly fell to his knees out of sheer terror.

“Please apologize to Ms. MacMillan,” Evan said with a hint of steel to his voice.

Anya stared slightly. Her eyes were filled with disbelief as she stared at Evan.

Was he speaking up for her?

That seemed impossible.

He hated her, didn't he?

Anya felt as if she were dreaming.

There was no way Billy was going to defy what was clearly an order from Evan. He nearly tripped as he hurried towards Anya. Apologies fell from his lips profusely. “I'm so sorry, Ms. MacMillan. I'm so terribly sorry. This will not happen again. I'll never call you into my office when we're alone again.”

“Please accept my apology, Ms. MacMillan.” The man was shaking with terror.

He had allowed lust to override his reason for a moment. He hadn't meant any harm. He had only wanted to tease the

young woman.

Billy ha

hadn't expected to draw the wrath of so many people. He honestly regretted his actions.

“Please make sure this never happens again. I’ll be expecting the new designs to be ready by next Monday, Mr. White,” Anya said coolly

Billy nodded his head profusely.

“Mr. Welton, apologies have been made. Let’s continue the tour of the factory, shall we?” Jamerson asked with a note of uncertainty in his voice. He didn’t want the incident to affect the sale of the factory.

“Let’s skip the tour. I’ll be happy to offer you a good price for the factory if you’re willing to consider the sale, Mr.

Jamerson.”

“Thank you, Mr. Welton.”

They had discussed everything that had needed to be discussed for the deal. Evan and Hayden headed out of the office.

Anya followed them out and left the office as well.

The man had spoken up for her just now. She had to thank him. Anya slowly made her way towards Evan. “Mr. Welton, thank you for speaking up for me just now.”

Evan stopped in his tracks. The tone of his voice was mild. “Ms. MacMillan, do you honestly have no sense of self- preservation? Or perhaps.

…perhaps she had reserved her wits for setting him up. But Evan didn’t think it necessary to say that out loud.

He stopped himself in the nick of time.

Nevertheless, Anya knew what he wanted to say. She knew it. He had never cared. In fact, he had just insinuated that she was a loose woman. He was convinced that she had set him up.

“Thanks anyway,” Anya said. She shoved the strange and inexplicable feeling that she had felt earlier, tightened her fingers around her stack of drafts and pivoted on her heel. The next moment, she was walking out of the factory.

Chapter 73

Anya was trying to keep her distance which surprised Evan.

He expected her to gush at him with gratitude or stick to him like glue. But she didn't. He couldn't help but be slightly

curious.

She had the guts to set him up and have sex with him a year ago. Why was she keeping her distance now?

Well, he had been the one who had told her to stay away.

If she honestly wanted to set him up again or draw his attention, she should be pouncing at every opportunity that allowed her to spend more time with him.

But she wasn't. Perhaps she truly had changed

This was the first time Evan faced doubts about his views of Anya.

Yet these weren't enough to completely sway his opinions of the woman.

In fact, he wasn't going to start liking her because of them.

At least, that was what Evan told himself.

Those strange thoughts he had been having about the woman? They must have stemmed from his curiosity about her.

Having come to a conclusion about his feelings for Anya, he set those thoughts aside and turned his attention away from her. He didn't ask her how she was making her way back and if she might need a lift.

Instead, he headed back to his car with Hayden. Evan slid into the back of the car. He leaned back against the seat and shut his eyes as Hayden started the engine.

Hayden started driving. It didn't take long before he caught Anya ahead of them. She was making her way down the street slowly.

"Mr. Welton, that's Ms. MacMillan," the man blurted out without thinking. The next moment, he was fervently wishing that he hadn't said that.

Evan didn't seem particularly interested in the young woman.

He had gone out of his way to speak up for her today but that didn't prove anything.

Besides, Evan didn't like to have women he didn't like around him. It was one of his biggest pet peeves.

Hayden had a feeling that his boss was going to yell at him any moment now.

Surprisingly, the young man seated in the back of the car didn't. He simply opened his eyes slowly and stared at the young woman who was walking down the street.

His eyes were hidden in the shadows within the car.

Evan didn't say a word.

Without any explicit instruction from the man, Hayden dared not stop the car. He simply continued driving. The Bentley sped past Anya.

The next moment, she was but a tiny figure in the distance.

They headed onto the main street. The bright lights of the street lamps spilled into the car. Evan's phone rang.

It was Dan.

The young man pulled his phone out and looked at the screen. It

He answered the video call. "It's late. What do you want?"

"You recommended me a designer which didn't make the cut," Dan said. The young man was currently seated on the couch in his house and swirling a glass of wine in his hand.

"What's wrong with the designer I got for you?" He recalled instructing Jake to deal with it.

The creative director had recommended their best designer. That designer had been in this line of work for a very long

time.

But Dan was telling him that Jake's choice hadn't made the cut. His cousin's standards must be really high.

“Doesn’t know how to think out of the box. Has gaudy designs. My cousin does not approve.” Young ladies these days liked fashionable stuff. They wouldn’t work with anyone whose taste they didn’t agree with.

“Are you telling me you want another designer?” Evan asked as he pinched the bridge of his nose.

“That’s right. Get me another designer,” Dan said before taking another sip of his wine.

“I’ll speak to Jake tomorrow.”

Dan laughed softly. “Actually, I have someone in mind. Why don’t you just let me have her?”

There was a strange smile on his lips. Evan frowned. “Who is it?”

“The young lady from the MacMillan family. Anya MacMillan.” She had graduated from a renowned design college after all She should be able to get the job done. She was young and was around the same age as his cousin. They should be able to understand each other just fine.

“Are you serious?” The crease between Evan’s brows deepened.

He could’ve picked anyone. Why had he chosen Anya of all people?

“I am. She’s the one I want,” Dan said confidently. “Make the necessary arrangements.”

Chapter 74

“I want a reason. Why?” Something flickered in Evan’s eyes. He had no idea what was going on inside his friend’s head.

Anya was new at JK Couture. She had neither the experience nor the skill to get the job done.

There was nothing personal about his judgment of the woman's capabilities. He was simply making an objective

assessment.

"I think she's up for the job. What's wrong? Is that not reason enough for you? Or are you simply unwilling to let me have her?" Dan said teasingly

Evan scoffed loudly. What was Dan talking about?

Anya wasn't his. Why wouldn't he let Dan have her?

"You have no idea what you're talking about. I'm just trying to help your cousin," Evan said coolly
"Anya's new at her job and she's only a junior designer serving her probationary period. Are you sure there aren't any other reasons why you're picking her as your cousin's designer?"

"Well, if you really want another reason...." Dan stroked his chin thoughtfully before giving Evan an impish grin. "She's pretty I'd like to get to know her better."

Evan scoffed loudly "Sure. Do as you please."

"You'll let me have her then?" Dan grinned sharply at his friend. There was an interesting quirk to his smile. Til come pick her up tomorrow then. You're not allowed to change your mind or get upset"

"I won't," Evan said. He wasn't interested in talking about Anya. "If there's nothing else, I'll hang up"

"Alright, bye"

Evan ended the call and threw his phone onto the seat. He gazed out of the window. The skies had darkened Frustration stirred uneasily inside him

He ought to be impressed by Anya

She seemed to have every man chasing after her.

Evan scoffed softly Irritation niggled at him. Despite his iron-clad control, he caved to his annoyance and tugged at his collar hard. The topmost button popped out of its buttonhole

He shut his eyes and pressed his fingertips into his eyelids. Then, he sank into his seat and forced himself to drag his thoughts away from Anya.

Meanwhile, on a distant street that Evan had passed earlier

Anya hugged the drafts to her chest tightly as she walked briskly to the nearby station

She had to make her way to the next factory.

Fortunately, the supervisor at the next factory wasn't a creep who wanted to put his paws on her because of the way she looked. He took the drafts from Anya dutifully and started work on them Immediately.

That was the last factory. Anya stretched her limbs and made her way out of the factory slowly.

The sky had turned dark.

The young woman took a look at her watch. It was half past seven.

That was great. It wasn't that late.

She could head over to Cindy's apartment, spend some time with her best friend, then head back home and spend the rest of the night with her precious angels.

Tension eased from Anya's body. She strode out of the factory. That was when her stomach began to growl loudly. She

was starving.

The young woman pulled her phone out and called Cindy. She had to tell her friend that she was heading over right now.

Cindy picked up her call within seconds. She spoke before Anya could say anything. "Are you on your way now, Anya?"

"That's right. How did you know?" Anya said with mild surprise as she rubbed her rumbling tummy.

"I can read your mind, that's how!" Cindy said with a laugh. "I also know that you're starving."

Cindy's words gave Anya another surprise. That was why they were best friends. Cindy knew everything. "You're right. I'm so hungry right now."

"I'm on my way to your place right now," Anya added.

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"Stay where you are. Turn around and take a look."

"Turn around? Why? Anya had no idea what Cindy was talking about. Nevertheless, she did exactly as Cindy told her to..

She was greeted with the sight of her best friend. The young woman whom she had not seen for years had a phone pressed to her cheek. She was crossing the street and heading towards her slowly.

It had been years since she had seen her best friend. The adorable little girl whom she remembered had grown into a pretty

young woman.

Anya felt a sudden wetness in her eyes. She threw her arms around Cindy as soon as Cindy walked up to her. "Cindy, how did you manage to find me?"

"I called your office. They told me where you were." Cindy wrapped her arms around Anya in a tight embrace.

It had been years since they had last met.

Cindy remembered how beautiful Any used to be. She had grown more beautiful.

Chapter 75

It was a long while before the two young women finally let each other go. Anya could not stop the excitement from escaping in her voice as she started telling Cindy about what had been going on in her life.

Cindy seemed more concerned about the growling in her stomach. "Let's grab a bite. I can hear your tummy growling too. You must be starving."

Anya nodded.

Cindy was right. She was starving.

Cindy's convertible was parked right ahead. It was a flashy red Ferrari. The woman was loaded.

She wasn't afraid to flaunt her wealth too.

Anya followed Cindy to her car. There was a hint of self deprecation in her voice as she teased her friend. "It's been a while since I've taken a ride in such a fancy convertible. I feel almost embarrassed to be seen in it. I look like a homeless person standing next to you."

Cindy burst out into laughter when she heard that. She cupped Anya's face and squashed those soft and smooth cheeks- between her palms. "I'll take care of you from now on. You're going to live like a queen."

"Great! I can't wait."

"Let's go."

Let me buy dinner. Cindy didn't care that Anya had been driven out of the MacMillans. In fact, that only made

her double her efforts to be nice to Anya.

"Sure."

Cindy's posh Ferrari drove like a dream in the night. It didn't take long before they arrived at a fancy restaurant.

The two young women got out of the car and headed inside the restaurant.

After dinner, they got some snacks before Cindy drove Anya to her new apartment.

Anya had no objections, of course.

Cindy's apartment was located in the fanciest part of Nordeny. The land that the apartment building was built on was

worth a fortune.

The cheapest apartment cost at least ten million.

Everyone living in these apartments were either filthy rich or knew people in high places.

They took the elevator to the top floor. There were only two units on the top level. One of them belonged to Cindy. Anya wondered whom her neighbor was.

Cindy told her she had moved in today. She hadn't seen her neighbor yet.

She had a feeling that her neighbor had multiple residences and that this was one that he or she rarely frequented.

The young woman punched in the passcode that unlocked the door and let Anya into her apartment.

Anya didn't stand on accord at all. She slipped into a pair of indoor slippers and followed Cindy into the living room. Her best friend was rich. The place had been lavishly decorated with crystal chandeliers hanging from the ceiling, glazed glass windows lining the walls and expensive marble tiling the floors.

"Make yourself comfortable. I'll go get you a drink." Cindy threw her bag onto the couch and headed towards the open kitchen to grab Anya a drink. "What would you like to have? Pepsi? Coke? I remember you used to like Coke. Let me grab you a can of that."

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"It's alright. I don't drink Coke anymore." She had started watching what she was drinking since she had started breastfeeding.

She stayed away from coffee and soda.

Cindy had no idea that she had kids. Her friend was naturally surprised by her reply. "Are you on a diet? You used to love

Coke."

"What would you like to have then?"

"Water will do."

"Are you seriously on a diet?" Surprise flashed across Cindy's eyes as she got her friend a glass of warm water.

Anya wasn't fat at all. In fact, she appeared on the thin side. She didn't need to lose any weight.

"No, I'm not dieting." Anya gave Cindy a long silent look. She wasn't sure if she should tell her friend that she was now at

mother of two children.

"What's it then? Are you cutting back on sugar because it's not healthy?" Cindy asked curiously as she made her way back to the living area with a glass of warm water.

She didn't want to intrude but she couldn't help but be concerned about her best friend.

"Cindy, there's something I have to tell you you have to keep this a secret." After a moment of hesitation, Anya stared straight into Cindy's eyes and said slowly. "I'm breastfeeding. That's why I have to watch what I eat and drink,"

The glass in Cindy's hands nearly slipped through her fingers and fell onto the floor.

What was going on here?

Breastfeeding?

Anya was married with a kid?

She hadn't told her anything about that! Cindy was utterly stupefied.

The moment of shock passed quickly. The young woman collected herself. "Are you married, Anya? Why didn't you tell

me?

Anya shook her head. "I'm not married. As for the kids...you're the only one who knows. Can you keep it a secret?"

A sound of confusion escaped from Cindy's lips. She seemed baffled. "What do you mean? What happened?"

"It's a long story. Let's save it for another time," Anya said with a faint smile. "You have to keep it a secret. I can't let the MacMillans know."

"You can count on me." Cindy had no idea what was going on. She was still trying to wrap her head around the fact that Anya was now a mother. But they were best friends. She would bring this secret to the grave if she had to.

Chapter 76

"I'll have to leave soon. They're waiting for me at home," Anya finally said after a long chat with her friend. Her eyes flew towards the clock. It was past nine.

She had to go home and put her kids to bed.

“Of course. You’ve got a kid to take care of now. I won’t keep you then,” Cindy said. She was still trying to get used to the fact that Anya was now a mother.

“You should drop by Ellie’s place sometime. I’ll introduce you to Nathaniel and Eudora.”

Cindy froze momentarily. “You’ve got two of them? Are they twins?”

Anya nodded.

Cindy felt momentarily overwhelmed.

She couldn’t believe it. Her best friend had twins.

“I have to go now.” Anya finally rose from the couch. It was time to head back.

Cindy got to her feet as well and walked her to the door. “You can spend the night at my place the next time you have to work late. It’ll save you some time getting to work the next morning.”

Anya nodded.

Anya shut the door gently, then turned around and headed for the elevator.

A soft ding sounded at the other end of the corridor as she headed towards the elevator. The doors to the elevator slid open soundlessly.

Evan strode out of the elevator. He had his fingers pinched around the bridge of his nose. Anya, who had been making her way towards the elevator, stopped in her tracks. Evan froze as well.

They stared at each other with a stunned look in their eyes.

“Mr. Welton,” Anya said hastily as she broke out of her stunned stupor before Evan did. She didn’t wait for his reply. Instead, she quickened her pace and made a beeline for the elevator.

Evan gave her a long hard look. His hand shot out and wrapped itself around Anya’s wrist as the young woman sped past him. With a hard tug, he dragged Anya back until she was standing right before him again. “What are you doing here? Have you been stalking me?”

Anya didn’t say a word.

Honestly, stalking Evan needed guts and she wasn’t that brave.

She shook her head. “No. My friend lives here.”

“I’m the only resident on this floor.” Evan had no idea that he had just acquired a new neighbor.

“That’s not true. My friend lives on this floor too,” Anya pointed at the other apartment. “That’s her apartment.”

The crease between Evan’s brows deepened. “Stop trying to lie to me. I’ve been living in this building for some time. I’m the. only resident on this floor.”

Anya knew he wouldn’t believe her.

She tried not to get upset about it. “I’m not lying and I can prove it. Let me go and I’ll walk right over and knock on the door. My friend will answer the door.”

“Don’t bother.” Evan wasn’t interested in listening to anything that Anya had to say. A sudden rush of irritation surged inside him. He couldn’t help the note of hostility in his voice when he spoke again. “Do you know Dan Baker?”

He should have realized that he had gone out of line when that question flew from his lips.

He shouldn't care..

He should've ignored her.

But they kept running into each other and then, his friend had told him that he wanted Anya.

And here they were, running into each other again. The series of coincidences stirred up waves of irritation and frustration

inside him.

Anya seemed to attract men like honey to bees.

Somehow, that upset him.

Dan Baker?

Anya froze when she heard the name. She tried her best to remember where she had heard that name.

It struck her then. The Bakers was part of the Nordenic Quartet.

She had heard of them..

But she didn't really know any of them personally.

Anya had no idea why Evan had brought up the Bakers. She simply answered his question honestly. "I know that name."

"You know his name?" So, they knew each other?

But how did they get to know each other?

It struck Evan then that the woman standing before him wasn't as harmless as she appeared to be. She seemed to know

everyone.

"That's right. But I don't know him personally," Anya said as she tried to pull her wrist out of his grip.

"Mr. Welton, I have to

get back now. Please let me go."

want me to let you go," Evan eyed Anya's flawless features. The next moment, he was yanking her towards the wall and leaning into her, trapping her between him and the wall. His next words came out in a low, husky voice. "You were waiting for me, weren't you? Well, here I am."

"Are you playing hard to get?"

What was he talking about? Anya froze in stupor when she heard the words leave Evan's lips.

Was she playing hard to get?

She had no idea he lived here too, damnit!

Chapter 77

"Mr. Welton, I'm doing no such thing. Please let me go," Anya said. She could hardly breathe with Evan's weight on her.

He was a strong, large man, built like a fortress.

She felt as if she was being crushed by a wall.

They were standing too close. She could feel the heat of his breath hitting her skin.

Anya felt her gut churn with unease.

This was too close. Anya's arms shot out. She tried to push the man off her.

But it was to no avail. The young man didn't budge a single inch.

"Ms. MacMillan, I believe I told you a year ago to stay out of my sight. Why won't you listen?" Evan's strong hand fell heavily on Anya's shoulder. His crushing grip was hurting her.

Anya winced before looking straight into Evan's eyes. She knew that he still hated her to the core. She tried to ignore the twinge in her chest. "Mr. Welton, I didn't mean to. I didn't know that Welton Group acquired JK Couture. I needed the job."

"I tried my best to stay away after that. I never tried to put myself in your way," Anya explained patiently. But all Evan could see was her soft, red lips.

His eyes fell on her lips as the young woman spoke. He couldn't stop looking at them.

He really wanted to kiss her.

He wanted to know what she tasted like.

"Mr. Welton, please believe me. I'm not doing this on purpose."

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Anya gave Evan a careful look after she was done talking. She wanted to know if he was upset. Surprisingly, he wasn't. Instead, he simply gave her a long and unfathomable look.

The look made Anya extremely uneasy. She would really like to leave right now.

Before she could push him away again, the man suddenly spoke, "I'll pay for a night with you. How much do you cost? How about tonight?"

He was a grown man who had natural urges too.

Anya had set him up a year ago and that had upset him very much.

But somehow, he couldn't help but be overcome by desire for her tonight.

The heated desire he felt rushed to his head. Reason fled him. He wanted to have sex with this woman.

"Name your price," Evan said again.

Anya froze. She stared at Evan, the man whom every woman in Nordeny was crazy about.

Her head went blank.

He hated her, didn't he? Shouldn't he want her to stay away from him?

Why would he want to spend the night with her?

But that wasn't the point. She couldn't believe that he thought he could buy her for a price.

What an insult to her pride.

Anya broke out of her stunned stupor and turned him down flatly. "I'm not for sale, Mr. Welton."

"How about a hundred grand for a night?" Evan's eyes darkened.

He was hungry for the faint scent of milk coming from the young woman's body. He had to struggle to stop himself from kissing her.

"Maybe you didn't hear me the first time, Mr. Welton. I'm not for sale," Anya bit out angrily before adding, "I'm leaving, Mr. Welton."

Evan had lost all reason at that juncture. The young man couldn't care less what she said. He pinched Anya's chin hard. His voice was low and husky with desire. "Why are you running? This wouldn't be the first time we're doing this, remember?"

"You're mistaken. I'm not running." Anya knew Evan wouldn't believe her, no matter what she said. She didn't want to explain herself anymore. All she wanted to do was to leave.

"You've got a sharp tongue. I think you need to be taught a lesson. Don't you think so?" The fingers gripping Anya's chin tightened. The next moment, Evan was leaning down and smashing his lips into Anya's soft ones forcefully.

He kissed her forcefully and with everything that he had.

If he could, he would devour her whole..

Chapter 78

Never in Anya's wildest dreams would she have dreamed of Evan kissing her.

They were standing right outside Cindy's apartment!

She wondered if Evan had had too much to drink tonight. That was the only reason that could explain his bizarre behavior.

He hated her, didn't he?

Yet, the kiss felt so real. Anya felt her head going dizzy as she struggled for air. She could taste it. There was no stench of alcohol in the man's mouth.

He tasted not of alcohol but of something sharp and clean.

Evan was not drunk.

Why had he kissed her then?

Why had he offered to pay to spend the night with her?

With the little reason that she still had left in her head, Anya gradually came to her senses. Evan believed that she had set him up and tricked him into bed. He must think that her services could be bought at a cheap price.

The thought of that made her stomach turn.

CEO of Wel

He might be the CEO of Welton Group but so what?

He might be the man she had once been madly in love but so what?

He was kissing her. But had he sought her consent before doing that?

Anya gave Evan a hard shove and pushed him away. Her fingers had curled tightly into fists. She lifted her hand and sent it swinging at his cheek. "Mr. Welton, you've stepped out of line. Perhaps you didn't hear me the first time. I'm not for sale."

Having said her piece and given the man a hard slap for his inappropriate behavior, Anya clutched her bag tightly, turned around and headed for the elevator.

Evan didn't try to go after her. His eyes darkened as he touched the cheek that she had slapped. The look in his eyes sharpened with rage.

He had to give it to her. She had spunk.

He couldn't believe that she had hit him.

The young man stared at Anya's slender form as she marched right into the elevator.

After some time, Evan finally withdrew his gaze. He was terrified by the impulse that had seized in him earlier. Evan wasn't an inexperienced young boy. He was a grown man who had survived countless trials and tribulations of the harsh world.

He returned to his apartment. Slowly, the young man cooled down and returned to his senses.

He had acted rashly earlier.

What had caused his moment of madness?

Why was he still thinking about that woman?

Evan's eyes darkened. He stared out of his window. It stretched from the floor to the ceiling. The night beyond was pitch

black.

The young man looked exhausted. He casually yanked his collar loose.

Did he honestly want the woman? Or was it something else that he sought?

It didn't matter anymore.

She had set him up and lured him into his bed a year ago. Well, he wanted her back in his bed now. Shouldn't she be pleased?

Perhaps she was playing hard to get.

She was playing hard to get and denying it.

Evan's eyes fell shut slowly. He tried to shove the thoughts of Anya out of his head.

But he couldn't...he found himself longing for the taste of her lips.

They were soft and tasted sweet. Like strawberries.

The calm that he had carefully gathered fled him once again.

Evan pinched his brow hard. He decided to abandon all reason.

He had reached the appropriate age where he should have a lover.

It didn't matter that she was someone who had set him up.

Evan pulled his phone out of his pocket and called Hayden. He told his assistant to prepare a contract. It was a contract procuring Anya's services as his lover.

He was willing to pay her two hundred grand every month.

She had been the young lady of a rich family. She must have suffered some hardships after being driven out of her family. She wouldn't refuse such a generous offer, would she?

Evan instructed Hayden what to do and ended the call. Then, he headed for a shower.

Meanwhile, Anya was still in a daze when she got home. Ellie was the one who opened the door for her.

Her aunt saw the strange look on her face and was concerned. She thought Anya had got herself into some kind of trouble. "Are you alright, Anya? You look terrible. Weren't you at Cindy's?"

"I was. I'm fine. I tripped and nearly fell. I'm still recovering from the scare, that's all." Anya patted her cheeks and made an attempt at feigning composure.

"I'm glad nothing happened to you. You should be more careful in the future."

"I will, Ellie." Anya slipped into a pair of indoor slippers and peered into the living room. She didn't see her kids. "Where's Nathaniel and Eudora, Ellie?"

"They're asleep." Ellie headed to the kitchen and got Anya a glass of water. "Have some water."

"Thanks." Anya took the glass and took a small sip. The water helped to calm her down a little.

"It's late. You should get a shower and go to bed."

That was what Anya was thinking of doing as well. She allowed the shock of the night to ease out of her.
“Alright”

What an eventful night.

Chapter 79

Shower was a brief affair that took twenty minutes. Anya changed into a fresh set of pajamas and headed to her bedroom.

Her precious angels had curled up against each other and were fast

Anya tiptoed her way towards them and gave them each a light peck on the cheek. She slid into bed next to them, wrapped her arms around them gently and went to sleep

All she had now were her two precious children and Ellie She mustn't allow Evan to find out about her kids

But honestly, she had been shocked by the kiss tonight

No matter how hard she tried, Anya couldn't fall asleep Sleep evaded her

Her head was filled with images of the distant looks on Evan's handsome face She couldn't stop thinking about his slightly cool and surprisingly soft lips

The young woman knew she shouldn't be thinking about Evan

Because the man didn't love her. He only wanted to have a good time

The thought mortified her

It was driving her insane.

Anya gave herself a harsh rebuke privately before shutting her eyes. With her kids in her arms, she gradually fell asl

She woke up the next morning

Anya didn't dream of Evan Before she could open her eyes, she felt something warm and soft kissing her cheeks

The kisses didn't stop

They were wet

Anya's eyes snapped open instantly. Her precious angels were awake. She found herself sandwiched between them as they sprawled on the bed and pressed kisses to her nose, eyes, and cheeks

Nathaniel wouldn't stop kissing her He was especially enthusiastic with his kisses

Her cheeks were wet with salival

Eudora, on the other hand, was a quiet kisser when compared to her brother

She kissed like a princess, planting soft kisses on Anya's cheeks

Anya found her head swimming as she turned from side to side, eyeing both her kids as she beamed brightly. "What naughty little devils you are!

"Mama...mama...mama...no...no..." A flustered look appeared in Nathaniel's eyes when he heard what Anya had said. He shook his head furiously, as if trying to tell his mother that he wasn't naughty or the devil.

Neither was his sister.

Anya heard Nathaniel said 'no' loud and clear.

She froze and stared at her son in surprise.

Weren't kids supposed to start talking when they were two?

Nathaniel was only one this year.

Anya couldn't believe her ears.

He might be an early bloomer.

Anya thought girls were meant to be early bloomers when compared to boys. The average girl started talking sooner than the average boy. But Nathaniel seemed to be the exception.

He had been the first to take his first steps and the first to call Anya 'mama'.

He spoke clearly and was beginning to learn simple words despite being only one.

It seemed unbelievable.

Anya patted Nathaniel's face. He looked like a replica of Evan. Her voice was filled with love, "You're learning to speak your first sentence, aren't you, angel?"

Nathaniel nodded and stuck his chin out proudly, "Yes...yes...I am, mama...mama..."

Anya widened her eyes in startlement. She had been busy with work recently and hadn't been paying much attention to her kids. She hadn't realized that Nathaniel had begun to speak his first simple sentences.

She whipped her head towards Eudora. "Hey, sweetheart, can you do that too?"

Eudora behaved exactly like a one-year-old.

She wasn't speaking in sentences yet and she didn't really understand what Anya was saying.

The young girl simply blinked and stared at her mother with her wide and beautiful eyes.

It appeared that Nathaniel was the only one of the two who had begun talking.

Anya felt delight filling her heart. She lifted her kids into her arms, got out of bed and headed to the living room. She had to tell Ellie that Nathaniel had started talking.

She didn't have to though. Ellie already knew.

Her aunt was the one who had been taking care of Nathaniel and Eudora all this while. She had known that Nathaniel had

begun practicing his first words as he watched cartoons. The boy would mimic their actions and try to repeat the words the characters on TV were saying.

He struggled with the longer sentences.

But he spoke the simple sentences just fine.

Chapter 80

“Nathaniel’s talking now. Should I buy a cake to celebrate his first sentence?” Anya asked Ellie as she placed the children on the floor.

Ellie seemed alright with the idea. “Let’s do it. Nate’s a smart boy. He should get a treat for speaking his first sentence.”

Ellie bent down and began teasing Nathaniel. “I’m right, aren’t I? Nathaniel’s a smart boy.”

Nathaniel understood what his aunt was saying. He nodded firmly and said in his adorable little voice, “Yup.”

“What a great kid!” Ellie laughed and tousled the boy’s hair.

“I’ll go wash up now before I feed them.” Anya was delighted as well. She got down to her knees, gave both Nathaniel and Eudora a kiss before heading to the washroom to clean up.

After that, she unbuttoned her top and started feeding her kids.

She waited patiently as they got their fill of their mother’s milk.

When they were done, Anya had breakfast, then headed downstairs to go to work.

Like she had expected, Jake was waiting for her.

His fancy Audi was parked in front of the building. He looked as dashing as always.

The sight of Jake simply gave Anya a headache though.

It was almost as bad as running into Evan.

She honestly didn't want Jake to drive her to and fro work.

She could imagine what people in the office were going to say.

The other designers in the company hated her guts. She couldn't let them know that Jake had been driving her to work and sending her home after work.

It was going to spell endless trouble for her.

All Anya wanted was to do her job. She didn't want to get involved in any office politics or scandals.

Anya stood frozen to the spot. After a long moment of deliberation, she decided that she needed to speak to Jake and tell him to stop sending her to and from work. It was a waste of his time. Besides, it wasn't right.

Anya took a deep breath before heading towards Jake's Audi. She rapped her knuckle on his window lightly. The young man rolled the window down. "Morning, Jake. I'm not taking your car today."

"Why not? What's wrong? Jake peered out the window and stared at Anya. Her simple clothes did nothing to hide her natural beauty. He could feel his heart skip.

It must be great to be so beautiful. You hardly needed any dressing up to look good and turn heads.

Jake's eyes were bright with emotion. He had to stop himself from confessing his love to Anya right there and asking her to be his girlfriend.

But the time wasn't right yet. It was still too soon.

"Nothing's wrong. I know you've been going out of the way to send me to work," Anya gentled her voice as she spoke. "You're my boss. I can't have you driving me to work every day. It's not right. It would reflect badly on both of us if anyone else in the office finds out."

He had not expected that.

Jake had been expecting something serious. He laughed. "Don't worry. I'm the boss, remember? I have the final say in JK Couture. Besides, it's not out of the way for me at all."

Wasn't it? Besides, his having the final say in JK Couture had nothing to do with this.

She had read the company's rules and regulations. Office romances were forbidden.

Anya found herself speechless.

"Come on, get in. We're going to be late," Jake said.

Anya stood there motionlessly. After a moment, she bit her lips, then gave Jake an apologetic smile. "It's alright, Jake. I'll take the bus. It's a short ride."

Anya started marching towards the bus stop the next moment.

She didn't give Jake a chance to speak at all.

Before Jake could get out of the car and go after her, the young woman had disappeared into the distance.

There was nothing Jake could do but watch her board the bus and watch the bus leave. He slammed his foot into the gas pedal and sped towards the office.

He could tell that Anya was trying to keep her distance.

Perhaps he had been too forward and had startled her.

Jake decided that he would join Anya and take the bus with her the next time. They could use that time to get to know each

other.