

The Billionaire's Secret Affairs

Chapter 11 By Shein Althea

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Anya immediately hurriedly arranged the papers she had searched for earlier. She checked the time again and it has been thirty minutes since Carla called. She was already in a hurry to finish quickly.

"What are you doing? Why in such a hurry, baby?" Andrius asked. Anya did not realize that he was close to him. She looked up to see him carefully. He squeaked but obviously suppressed the hidden grin.

"Can I undertime? There's an emergency that happened. Can I just finish it all tomorrow?" she said hesitantly while looking at the piles of papers on the table.

Andrius nodded at Anya. Anya thought he would leave but he remained standing in front of her desk. Anya did not ask and continued working the rest of the files.

"Your cleavage is showing, baby."

"What?"

Anya was shocked and blushed after, while Andrius chuckled s**illy. He just loved Anya everytime he teased her.

"They are all mine, baby. Next time, wear your old clothes. They were better," he said while winking at her.

"You're really rude!" Anya shuddered at the same time she slapped Andrius' arm.

Anya was disgusted. It was a waste of her effort to make herself beautiful, if Andrius preferred her former fashion. She sighed and stood up. She was about to walk away when he turned her forward.

Andrius grinned as he bit his lip then said, "Can I have my goodbye, kiss? I'm tired baby, I need an energizer."

Instead of being annoyed with him, Anya could not help but laugh softly. Andrius looked so cute in his pouty lips. Her anxiety suddenly disappeared because of this. She smiled with a mischievous thought.

Anya approached him slightly and put more pressure on Andrius. She also made sure that his chest was attached to her body. Andrius sighed and blushed at what Anya had done. He looked up to see her and once grinned.

"I have a law. If you want us to stay longer, don't lap me on the lips," she said here. Anya stretched out just to reach his ear and whispered.

"You're a tease, Mr. Monterio."

Anya immediately walked away from Andrius and walked quickly, carrying her handbag. When she was sure that her distance from him was a bit far, she turned around with a flying kiss.

"Such a naughty girl. You're gonna pay for it, baby," Anya heard him say before the elevator opened and she went inside. She gasped. She was in deep trouble, she knew.

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In a few moments she was making her way to Carla's condo. She sighed again. She could not count how many were there that day. As far as she knew, this day was not for her.

"Thank you." Anya said that before she got out of the car.

Anya immediately went to Carla's suite and rang the doorbell. Without opening it she was nervous. Carla has a suicidal tendency, which was why her parents pampered her well.

She kept ringing the doorbell until the door opened. She breathed a sigh of relief because of that but also frowned at the sight of her friend.

"What happened to you? You look wreck, Carla!" she said and entered inside the unit. She was the one who voluntarily invited herself because Carla might even shut her down.

Carla just smiled at her and staggered towards the living area of the unit. She sat on the carpeted floor and picked up the beer in a can, then spilled it. When she was satisfied, she addressed her and answered.

"All men, you idiots! You gave it your all, still lacking!" Carla sobbed.

Anya just watched her friend in everything she does. It was as if her heart was pounding at what she saw. Carla was a happy go lucky type, but now; she was a wreck. She was pitiful to look at. The hair was blown and does not seem to have been washed yet because she still has some make-up on the face. She bowed her head and was obviously drunk.

"What are you, that's just a man. I'm sure you can find someone else. You're beautiful, Carla. So cheer up!" Anya said to Carla. She even raised her voice so that her friend's sadness would disappear.

She approached Carla and she sat down next to her. She grabbed her head and leaned it on her shoulder. She also patted her arm. To alleviate the sadness it felt.

"I love her, Anya. We've been together for two years." Carla said as she tried to adjust to stare at Anya. "Am I so insignificant because even for that long time he did not even love me?"

Carla's eyes were in pain. It was reflected in her eyes. It swells and darkens at the bottom due to crying. Carla seemed to be attached to the relationship. And, Anya was also hurting for it. She felt it because she had already gone through what his friend was going through.

'That man is very stupid.'

Anya shook her head as she stared at Carla. She did not know what she should say to her. She also did not know the man she was referring to. Carla was very secretive to the man she was wondering about because her friend was not like that before. Just now.

"Maybe he's not for you, Carla. You can find others too."

Anya was still comforting her. She confronted her and handed her a beer. She would not have accepted it but her friend might get upset so she finally accepted. She saw that she smiled at what she did so it was probably okay for her to get drunk to sympathize with her.

"Let's get wasted tonight, Anya. Only you can understand me. You're like a sister to me. Please, join me now," she said to her and cried again.

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Anya was shaken. She wondered if it was right to condemn her for drunkenness, but she knew Carla was stubborn so she would just let it go.

Maybe Carla needed this for herself.

"Do you still remember Anya, Bryan McLarren? How much pain did he do to you? How did he leave you at your wedding?"

Anya got appalled. He turned to Carla who was just innocently pouring her beer.

"I don't want to remember it, Carla. It's been a long time. I've moved on." Anya said boldly to her friend. He doesn't want to worry anymore. That complicated thing happened a long time ago in her life.

Carla laughed sarcastically. That sounds like a joke she was saying earlier.

"Don't make me a fool, Anya. I know you still love him. I know you still hurt because of that worthless man!"

Anya was silent at what Carla said. She was caught off guard because it was true. She was still hurting, that even the most handsome man Andrius did not heal it.

Sure, she liked Andrius. But, her feeling for Bryan was deep. He was her first love and they were about to get married. But, he left. He left because of Carla. Her best friend. And she could not accept that he loved his friend but she was the one he courted. Very stupid.

"I'm sorry about Bryan, Anya. I didn't know he loved me. I didn't like him. I respected our friendship. But he is stupid! The men are stupid!" Carla said as she continued to sob.

Even Anya's chest tightened when he remembered that thing. It was a long time ago, but it still lingers in her memories. It was annoying sometimes that what else she does not want to remember was that it will still squeeze her brain.

She knew she was unfair. She was using Andrius to forget that she was once a miserable girl. She hoped that he would replace Bryan in her heart. That Andrius would heal the wound created by his first love.

Andrius was such a tease. He was very playful for her but he was kind. She liked being with him. She liked his company. He was happy when she was with him.

She was not dumb. She knew she liked him. And she thinks she was getting there. Andrius already made a small way to enter her heart. And, she couldn't wait to finally be healed because of him.

Because of the thought she suddenly missed Andrius. She did not even realize that the beer she was drinking had run out. She took another one and drank it. She will get wasted tonight. Just like Carla said earlier.

"I will do everything to know who's the b****, Anya. I will never let her have him. He is mine!!"

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Anya looked at Carla and nodded. She would not contradict her first. Maybe she was just drunk so she could say things.

"Can you help me, Anya?"

Surprised, Anya nodded in agreement. She felt her stand up so she supported her friend towards the couch and laid her down. She even patted her shoulder when she saw that it was getting close to sleep.

"Tomorrow ... everything will be alright Carla. The pain will fade and a new love will grow," she whispered here.

Carla smiled and said, "Shala..mat, Anya."

Anya moved away from her a little. When she felt dizzy she sat down again. Surprisingly, she drank only two bottles of beer. She took the can and it was cheap. It was a Smirnoff Mule she had been staring at earlier.

Anya shook her head and smiled to herself. Sometimes really, she was a fool. She took the cellphone out of the bag and called Andrius. Without getting an answer she frowned. She squeezed her senses first and decided to stand up again. She even peeked at Carla and when she saw that she was sound asleep she decided to go home.

Anya closed Carla's condo carefully before continuing to the elevator. She can still walk properly. Beer helped to relieve the pain in the middle of her thigh.

She was sober but not drunk.

When she was in the hotel lobby, her phone suddenly rang. She took it inside her bag and looked at who it was. She smiled instantly, when she read the name on the screen. It was Andrius.

"Hey, baby. Why'd you call? Is there any problem?"

Anya smiled even more as his voice reflected concern. This was what she liked about him. Andrius was caring, it just doesn't seem obvious.

"Can you pick me here? My head is throbbing. Please, Andrius," she said pleading.

"Baby, you don't need to beg. I'm your slave, Anya. Just a sec, and I'm on my way to you, baby." Andrius last before turning off the call.

Anya's smile did not vanish. Her heart fluttered in an instant.

Andrius Monterio was special to her and special to her heart too.