

## Read Chapter One of The Surrogate of Mr Billionaire by Deb jaya

### *Chapter 1 Chapter 1 The procedure*

A young woman was bound to an operating table, her hands and legs spread wide. The blue gown she had put on was folded up to her waist, exposing her lower body. Her face was pale in fear. Her body was trembling non-stop. It was difficult to tell whether she was shaking from the cold or fear.

Natasha Wynn looked at the various instruments displayed on her right, including scalpels, forceps, scissors, clamps, and many others whose names she didn't know. Then she moved her gaze to the nurse with a mask on her face, standing next to the operation table. Her heart twisted when she saw her preparing an injection.

She was always afraid of the injections. She wriggled but couldn't get her hands and legs free from the clamps that held them to the operating table.

"Let me go, please," she pleaded. She began to regret agreeing to this arrangement. "I don't want to do it. Let go of me." The more she spoke, the louder she sounded.

"Shh..." The nurse pressed her index finger against her lips. "Maintain the silence."

Natasha shook her head frantically. "I don't want to do it. I want to go home. Please..."

"You have already signed the agreement," the nurse reminded her. "There is no retreat." She grabbed her arm to inject the drug into her veins.

"No..." Natasha screamed, wriggling harder. Even the operation table shook.

"Help..." She yelled at the top of her lungs.

The nurse stepped back, scowling. "Relax. It won't hurt."

Her words were not enough to calm Natasha. The sight of the sharp, pointed needle made her blood run cold. Her pupils dilated as the nurse approached her.

"No, no, no..." She shouted, shaking her head.

"Why is she shouting?" A deep voice rang out inside the room, drawing her attention.

She shifted her gaze to the entrance and noticed a man in a white apron with a mask on his face approaching. She figured it was the doctor. His presence terrified her even more.

"Doctor, I don't want to do it."

The doctor frowned and looked at the nurse. "Isn't she ready for the process?" he asked as he put on the gloves.

"She is," the nurse replied promptly.

"Why is she now saying no?"

"No idea."

"Let me go."

"She has signed the agreement," the nurse continued without bothering her cry.

The doctor glanced at Natasha dejectedly. "I won't be able to perform the procedure on her if she keeps moving. Sedate her."

"No, no, no... please."

The nurse prepared another injection. She grabbed her arm and injected the sedative into her veins.

"Ah..." Natasha screamed when the needle pierced her flesh. The pricking pain lasted only a fraction of a second. To Natasha, it was the most painful thing she had ever experienced. However, she didn't get time to recover from the shock as she quickly lost consciousness.

The doctor came out of the operation room several minutes later, with the nurse following closely behind him. "Make a quick report saying she is perfectly fine for the process," he said. "Mr. Watson doesn't like waiting a long time."

"Sure, doctor."

As they walked away, a ward boy pushed the unconscious Natasha out of the room on a stretcher and into the ward.

Two hours later...

Natasha gradually regained consciousness. She opened her eyes with a squint. Her head felt heavy, and her body felt a little numb.

"Mm..." She sat up slowly, pressing her hand against her brow.

"You are awake." A nurse came up to her with a smile.

She felt a chill run down her spine as she recalled the incident in the operating room. She was afraid the nurse would prick her again with an injection. Her hair sprang on her back. All she wanted to do was jump out of bed and run. But her legs were numb.

She clutched the bedspread tight as she watched the nurse get in closer. "Can I go now?" she asked, her voice faltering.

"It is not done yet."

"What? But..."

The nurse blindfolded her before she could say anything else.

"Wait..." she yelled. "Why are you blindfolding me?" She tried to remove the patch that covered her eyes.

"Don't move. Or else, I will give you an injection."

The word injection was sufficient for Natasha to stop defying. She remained speechless, not even daring to breathe.

The nurse held her arm and said, "You have to get out of bed."

Natasha docilely clambered down from the bed.

"Stand still." Another instruction came from the nurse.

Natasha remained rooted to the ground. She felt the gown slip away from her body. Then she felt a soft fabric drape over her head, cascading down to her thighs. She slipped her hands through the sleeves and instinctively touched the dress.

The fabric was soft and silky to the touch. It was light. It didn't feel like she was wearing anything. It made her wonder what type of fabric it was.

She had never worn something so soft.

"Why are you dressing me up?" She asked.

"Do you want to go there in a hospital gown?" The nurse asked back a question without answering her.

"Where are you taking me?" Natasha became restless. Wrinkles appeared on her brow.

"You will find out soon."

Clomp-Clomp-Clomp...

Natasha jerked back as she heard footsteps approaching. Someone else entered the ward. Before she could figure out what was going on, a big hand grabbed her arm and led her out.

Her heart dropped to the pit of her stomach. "Who are you? Where are you taking me?"

"..."

"I want to talk to my aunt. Please..."

"..."

All she could hear were footsteps.

Judging by the sound of the heavy footfalls and the tight grip on her arm, she figured that the person was a man. Natasha wished she could break free from his grasp and run away. But all she did was go with him without question.

Tweet-Tweet...

The sound of the car door unlocking startled her.

She turned her head aside. She was inside the car before she knew it.

Thump...

She moved away at the sound of the door closing. She reached out to take the blindfold off.

"Don't dare to open it," a deep voice boomed inside the car, causing her to flinch. "Otherwise, I have to tie you up. And believe me, you won't like it."

Natasha drew her hand down. She pulled her legs up and hugged her knees to stop herself from shaking. She hunched on her knees as the car began to move, her mind racing back to a conversation she had with her aunt a few days ago.

Her uncle raised her after her parents died. He was kind and sympathetic to her. However, her aunt didn't like her. She had always treated her badly as if she were a burden to the family.

When her uncle's company was about to go bankrupt, her aunt begged her to save the business and the family. She pleaded with her to repay their upbringing.

Natasha, who couldn't see her uncle in distress, promised her to do whatever she could to save the company. But she did not expect her aunt to ask her for surrogacy. She initially refused, but after seeing her painful expression, she agreed.

It was the day of the procedure. Her aunt accompanied her to the hospital.

Natasha expected the doctor to perform IVF. But she wasn't sure anymore. She had no idea where this man was taking her.

Screech...

The sudden stop of the car jolted her out of her trance. She sat upright, hanging her legs down from the seat.

The door clicked open, and the man grabbed her arm. He dragged her out of the car.

Natasha winced as soon as her bare feet touched the cold and gritty ground. She turned her head left and right as if she was trying to look at the surroundings. The cold breeze on her face made her shiver.

"Where are you taking me?"

"..."

She groaned inwardly. This man acted as if he was mute.

'Why am I expecting an answer from him?'

The warmth of the surroundings made her realize they had entered a house. As they moved forward, his boot made a stomping sound.

Click...

She heard the sound of the door opening. She felt chilled the moment she entered the room. The mild, flowery fragrance of the room freshener hit her nostrils.

"Ah..." Before she could figure out anything, the man shoved her down. She fell on something soft and fluffy. Her body bounced up and down gently.

Bang...

The door slammed shut. Natasha removed the patch from her eyes and looked around, only to find herself in a dimly lit room on a round bed with a white bedspread.

The room was twice as big as hers. The furnishings lavishly placed throughout looked expensive. Everything was elegant, whether it was the bed, the side tables, or the chest of drawers. The gold leaf that adorned the furniture made them distinct and showed that it was not an ordinary bedroom. The heavy brown curtains kept the outside light from entering the room.

Natasha looked around in awe, wondering how wealthy the person was. Her wandering gaze rested on an enormous round mirror mounted on the ceiling. Her reflection appeared so frail. What caught her attention was the sheer dress she had put on that could barely cover her body.

She cringed and covered her exposed cleavage with her hands.

Click...

The squeaking of the door made her jump. When she turned to the door, she saw a man with a black mask enter.