

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

Chapter 3 Chapter 3 The childbirth

The next morning...

Natasha woke up with a sore on her lower back. She felt like each muscle in her body was spent. It was as if a road roller had run over her.

"Mm..." she groaned and sat up, her lower back hurting.

She recalled the erotic night she had had with that man. She had been keeping her virginity for her future husband for the past twenty years. But she had lost it last night to a stranger.

That man seemed to have lost control. He had tormented her the whole night.

When she looked around the room, she didn't find a trace of him. She dragged herself out of bed, a grimace appearing on her face. Her legs wobbled from the pain down there, yet she maintained her balance.

She found her dress lying on the floor. It was not in the state to wear. She remembered how ruthlessly he had ripped the dress.

"What should I do?" She murmured, looking around. "I can't stay here any longer. I have to find something to wear."

Her wandering gaze landed on the walk-in closet. She limped into it.

The closet was full of male stuff. Various shirts and trousers were hanging meticulously. What astonished her was that all the clothes were black. It reminded her of the man wearing black pants and a shirt with a black mask.

So much black made her heart tremble. She took a shirt and put it on without wasting any time. Then she dashed out. All she wanted to do was get out of here as soon as possible.

A vast hall with luxurious furnishings welcomed her when she came out of the room. She didn't have time to marvel at the house. She sprinted, not caring if anyone was watching her.

The marble floor was so smooth that she slipped twice. But she managed to keep her balance and ran out. Keeping her breathing steady, she pushed harder and ran faster.

She soon crossed the heavy iron gate. She was not sure where she was, nor did she know which direction she had to proceed. Besides, she didn't have her purse with her. But one thing she was sure of was that she had to escape.

Shame and guilt overcame her. She wanted to get away from that man, from the memory of that night. She ran like a madwoman on the walkway without caring about the curious glances from the onlookers.

Her breathing was sharp and frantic, and her eyes were filled with tears. Sweat dripped down her brow and splattered on her chin. Her mind raced faster than her. The memory of the stranger's hands over her body added to her agitation. It made her run fast.

After running for what seemed like an eternity, her body gave up. Her calves were burning. She plopped on the ground and sobbed.

"Are you okay, sweetheart?" A voice from the top of her head compelled her to look up.

Natasha saw a woman looming over her.

"Do you need help?"

Natasha nodded hypnotically. "Please drop me off at home," she begged.

"Come with me."

The woman led her into her car and drove off.

Natasha arrived home several minutes later and noticed her aunt and cousin in the hall. She headed to her room, not willing to face them.

Natasha's cousin Nia sneered, watching her limp. "She had a great fuck last night, I must say," she murmured while removing her nail polish.

Caroline, Natasha's aunt, tossed aside the magazine she was reading and hissed, "Don't say it. We can't let your father know."

Nia rolled her eyes. "Relax, Mom."

Natasha leaned over her knees in the shower. She was numb, her eyes bloodshot. Water cascaded down over her, making it difficult to differentiate between tears and water droplets.

She didn't know how long she had been sitting here. Her body trembled, and her fingertips and toes wrinkled. But she showed no sign of stepping out of the bathroom. It was as though she was unaware of the physical discomfort.

Knock-Knock...

"Natasha. What are you doing so long in the bathroom?"

Caroline's crisp voice jolted her out of her trance. She looked at the closed door but made no move to open it.

Bang-Bang-Bang...

"Are you dead?" Caroline snapped. "Come out right now. Someone is here to pick you up. You can't stay here with us until you give birth to a child."

Natasha shuddered even more, frightened. She sprang to her feet and hurried to the door.

"Where are you sending me away?" She asked as soon as she opened the door.

"Baby's father will take care of you from now on," Caroline replied.

"I am not pregnant."

"You will get pregnant soon." Caroline gave her a disgusted look from head to toe. "Dry your hair. You can't fall ill. Hurry up." She turned around and went out.

Natasha stared at her departing form, her heart twisting with trepidation.

Ten months later...

Natasha sat supinely on a recliner on the porch, admiring the colorful flowers in the backyard. She had her hands on her baby bump. She had been living in this isolated villa with high boundary walls for the last ten months.

She was completely cut off from the rest of the world. She was not even allowed to use her phone.

No one came to see her. Only an elderly lady stayed here to take care of her. She didn't talk much, but she always gave her food and medications on time. A male doctor came to see her once a week for a check-up. Other than these two people, she had not seen anyone else during those days.

"Mm..." She winced as she felt back pain and stomach cramps.

She often had a spell of cramps that subsided after some time. She assumed it would go away. So, she remained seated, rubbing her tummy.

However, the pain became more intense with each passing minute. She even felt wetness down there.

"Ah..." She screamed, clutching the armrests.

"What happened?" The elderly lady ran over to her. She came to a halt when she noticed water dripping from the recliner. "Stay here, and don't move." After instructing her, she hurried away.

"Umm..." Natasha groaned, biting her bottom lip.

Two sturdy men rushed over to her after a while. They carried her out of the house in their arms.

Several minutes later...

A ward boy pushed Natasha into the delivery room, and the doctor and nurses rushed in.

"Um... Ah..." Her scream echoed throughout the room.

She pushed harder as the doctor instructed. Her face turned red, and her breathing became frantic.

"Push hard," the doctor yelled.

Natasha was already exhausted, but she pushed with all her might.

"Ah..." An ear-piercing scream escaped from her mouth as the baby came out.

"Waa-Waa..." The baby's cry rang out inside the room.

As the second baby was about to be born, the pain intensified.

Natasha was on the verge of passing out. She lacked the strength to push the baby out.

"Push again... The baby will suffocate." Someone yelled, but the voice seemed to come from afar.

She then felt a jolt as someone shook her.

"Push..." This time, the voice was loud and clear.

Natasha clutched the bedspread and pushed again, holding her breath. She propped herself up on her elbows and continued to push. She didn't stop until she was sure the baby was out.

"Huh..." She exhaled loudly, dropping her head on the pillow. But she didn't hear the baby cry.

"Baby..." she murmured. "What happened to the other baby?"

Nobody responded to her.

"What is going on?" She saw the doctor hurrying out. "Wait..." She looked up at the nurse, who was busy resuscitating the baby.

"Why are you not answering me?"

While she was thinking about the second baby, the doctor came over to a man in a black suit.

"Mr. Watson." He bowed to him. "One baby is healthy. But the other one is not breathing."

The man turned to him, his green eyes turning colder. "One alive is enough," he said flatly.

"Sure..." the doctor swallowed the lump in his throat and returned to the delivery room.

"Doctor, why is the baby not crying?" Natasha cried out as soon as she saw him coming in.

The doctor hesitantly stared at her. He then shifted his gaze to the nurse. "Leave it. Show the other baby to his father."

"Sure, doctor." The nurse took the alive baby in her arms and went out.

"Doctor..." Natasha called him again, making him look at her.

"Listen..." He went closer to her. "The baby is not breathing. It is a stillborn. The father is content with one alive baby. Don't think too much, okay?"

"What..."

"Waa-Waa-Waa..."

The baby started crying all of a sudden before Natasha could ask anything.

"Baby..." she screamed.

"Oh... I have to inform him." The doctor turned to go out.

"Wait..." Natasha grabbed his wrist, her eyes brimming with tears. "Please don't tell him."

"What? This is his baby."

"He is satisfied with one baby. He doesn't know the second one is alive. Please don't tell him."

The doctor looked left and right, not knowing what to do. Her pleading gaze made him weak.

Natasha got the courage to persuade him after noticing his hesitation. "You have already told him the baby is not breathing. If you go to him and tell him the baby is alive, he can cancel your license for not properly checking the baby. In the worst-case scenario, he can even send you to jail. "

The doctor shuddered when he heard it. He was well aware of Mr. Watson's power and cruelty and his adamance to listen to any excuses.

"Alright." He finally nodded. "I won't reveal it. But make sure that he would never find out about it."

"I will never let him know," Natasha promised.