



The Surrogate of Mr. Billionaire

Chapter 8 A stranger

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When Natasha looked down at herself, she found her black skirt was soiled. There was dirt on her knees as well. Her elbows hurt.

She checked her elbows, only to see several scratches. The skin turned red.

'Jack will worry if he sees these.'

She brushed the dirt off her skirt and slowly walked ahead to find a public toilet. After looking for a while, she finally found a lavatory and went in.

She opened the faucet of the sink and cleaned her elbows first.

"Hiss..." She winced when the cold water touched her sore skin. After cleaning, she dried her hands with her handkerchief. Then she took two waterproof bandages from her bag and placed one on each of her injured elbows.

Bang...

She flinched at the loud noise of the door opening and closing. She turned to the entrance frantically and saw a man rushing in. Before she could figure out anything, the man dragged her into a cubicle and closed the door.

"Shh..." He sealed her mouth with his large palm.

Natasha remained affixed to the wall as if she were wallpaper,

not daring to move a muscle. Horror crawled up her arms, sending a wave of shivers down her spine. Her heartbeat was frantic.

She kept her gaze locked on the man's dark brown eyes flickering with a strange light.

The man was indeed good-looking. He seemed to be sophisticated. The black, shiny blazer he was putting on appeared to be costly. Common men could not afford such an expensive suit.

Natasha wondered what prompted a wealthy man like him to kidnap a woman like her. As she dazedly stared at him, she noticed his broad forehead covered in sweat beads that rolled down to his angular jaw. It was only then that she observed a glint of fear in his face.

'Is he hiding from someone?'

Bang...

Another loud bang rattled the toilet. She flinched, a gasp escaping from her mouth. Her heart leaped to her throat.

"Shh..." The man pressed her mouth even tighter.

"Search him in every cubicle." A deep male voice rang out. "He must be here."

Clomp-Clomp-Clomp...

Footsteps echoed in the room.

"Do as I say," the man whispered, leaning towards her. "Don't let them enter."

What a day it was.

First, she encountered some hooligans who vandalized her office. Then she got fired, and now a stranger apprehended her in a public toilet cubicle with henchmen around her. Was there anything else left to happen?

Natasha was pissed. However, she didn't want to get killed, so she nodded frantically.

"Boss, this is locked," said a man, pounding the door to the cubicle where Natasha and the man were hiding.

"Break it." A fierce order came.

The man signaled Natasha to stop them with a nod.

"Wait..." Natasha yelled. She was not sure where she got the courage to shout so loudly, but she couldn't stop herself from shaking. "D-don't break the door."

"Who are you? What are you doing there?" The deep voice spoke.

"What do you think I am doing here?" Natasha said, sounding confident. "Of course, I am using the toilet."

"Come out."

"I am not done yet."

"Come out. Or else, I will break the door."

Natasha looked at the man, who glared at her. 'Dare to let them in, I will kill you,' it was the meaning of that look.

She had no escape. Death seemed inevitable. With her shaky

hand, she opened the door with a narrow crack and craned her neck out. She shuddered when she felt something like the nozzle of a gun on her back.

A masked man dangerously loomed over her. He looked at her from head to toe and asked, "Have you seen someone?"

"I am seeing you." She glanced around and saw five more masked men behind him.

"Have you seen a handsome young man? He looks like a celebrity."

"No..."

The man squinted at her skeptically. But he walked out after a while, followed by his men.

Natasha heaved a sigh of relief with her hand on her chest, her back pressed against the wall.

"Thank you for saving me."

She opened her eyes, only to see his infectious smile. But she was not at all happy.

"Who are you?" she snapped and glowered at him.

The man chuckled and pulled a business card from his pocket. He gave it to her, saying, "This is my card. Contact me any time you like. I'd like to help you."

He walked out.

Natasha muttered something under her breath, glaring at his departing form. She tore the card without even checking his name and flushed the shredded pieces.

She also went out of the lavatory and headed to Jack's school.

Natasha gazed at the entrance of the school, sitting on a concrete bench in the yard under a tree. Since she had arrived early, she had to wait more than an hour for Jack to come out.

The students finally started coming out. Natasha stood up and approached the gate, a smile on her face. When she saw a cake box in his hands, her smile faded.

"Mommy..." Jack rushed over to her.

Natasha crouched down in front of him, holding his arms.

"Where did you get the cake?" she asked, looking at the box.

"Today is my friend's birthday," responded Jack with zeal. "He brought a cake from the 'Cake World'. He gave me the left-over pieces."

Natasha's smile faded straight away as she felt terrible. Jack's words reminded her again that she could not satisfy his desires.

"Why did you take the left-overs?"

"Mommy..." Jack felt awful, looking at her sorrowful appearance. He also noticed how swollen and red her eyes were. It made him realize that she had cried.

He often noticed her cry. He knew his mother was always worried about how she would cope with his medical expenses.

'Don't worry, mommy. I have more than enough money to

solve all the problems,' he was about to say it but paused in the end. He could not even tell her that he bought the cake and distributed it to the entire school. He was afraid his mother would think he was a monster.

Jack reached out to caress her cheek. "I am sorry, mommy. I won't do it again."

Natasha took him into his embrace. 'I am sorry, too,' she whispered to herself, her eyes welling up with tears.

"Let's go home." She got to her feet and walked away, taking his bag.

"But, mommy... The cake is yummy. You should taste it."

Natasha smiled, looking at his grin. "I will taste it."

Jack grinned from ear to ear, satisfied.

They arrived home several minutes later. While eating the cake, Natasha received a call from her best friend, Daisy.

She and Daisy went to college. While she dropped out of college, Daisy completed her drama major and became a model and actress. But they maintained their friendship.

Natasha would not have had this independent life if it were not for Daisy. She was always grateful to her.

She smiled as she answered the call, "Oh, my heroine finally has time for me."

"Uh... I am glad to hear your sweet voice," Daisy's crisp voice came out of the phone. "I just landed. And oh, I miss you so much. Meet me at my place in an hour. I have got something

to tell you."

"Why don't you come down here?" Natasha suggested. "I will prepare your favorite noodles with lots of scallions."

"Mm, sounds yummy. See you then."

The phone ended with that.

"Is Daisy coming here?" Jack asked, excitement brimming in his eyes.

Natasha couldn't help but be astonished. Sometimes she wondered if Daisy was her bestie or Jack's.

"Yes," she said, ruffling his hair. "She has returned from her shoot. Don't worry. She will leave for another shoot in a few days. Finish the cake quickly."

She got up from the chair and went into the kitchen.



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