



The Surrogate of Mr. Billionaire

Chapter 9 An opportunity

Daisy came almost an hour later and handed Jack a remote-control monster truck.

Jack's eyes were shining bright as he checked the car. "Thank you, Daisy."

"Give me a kiss." Daisy squatted in front of him and pointed at her right cheek.

Jack placed a wet kiss on her cheek and hurried to his room.

Daisy laughed as she stood up.

"You always bring such an expensive toy for him every time you come," Natasha grumbled as she came out of the kitchen with a bowl of noodles. "Don't do it."

"I am his mother, too. I have every right to spoil my son." She walked up to the dining table and took her seat on a chair. She sniffed the soup, a smile slipping across her lips. "Mm, smells good." She stuffed some noodles into her mouth with chopsticks. "Hmm... It's delicious."

"Glad to know that you like it." Natasha sat down across from her.

"I always like whatever you cook."

Daisy finished the noodles quickly and burped loudly.

"Picmotion Production House is looking for a fresh face for their upcoming drama series," she said, wiping her mouth with

a tissue. "You should give it a try."

"Huh..." Natasha gaped at her. "Have you gone crazy? Acting? Me? Now? No way..." She waved her hands.

Picmotion was one of the largest production houses in the entire nation. It only cast good actors. Natasha had left her acting career a long time ago. She had no confidence in her.

"Come on, Nats..." Daisy scowled at her. "You are beautiful, and I know how talented you are as an actress. You have maintained yourself well, even after the childbirth. What is the harm in giving it a shot? Jack will be seven in a few months. You should start your acting career. Or do you intend to spend the rest of your life as a typist?"

Natasha hung her head down, her face pale. 'I lost the job,' she murmured to herself.

"Easton Cobb is a young, well-known, and promising new director. I don't like him personally, though. I have issues with him. But everyone likes to work with him. Your life will change entirely if you can impress him... with your acting, of course. He is strict, honest, and sometimes annoying." She rolled her eyes and muttered the last three words, sounding vexed. "Go and give the audition."

Natasha's eyebrows knitted as she reflected upon her words. It would be difficult for her to pay the medical bills if she couldn't find a job quickly. In this moment of crisis, she was ready to do any job. Giving an audition was not a bad idea at all. If she did well, she could get a side role at the very least.

After thinking like this, she agreed. "Okay. I will try."

"That's it." Daisy clapped with excitement. "I have forms with me. Come and fill it up quickly." She rushed over to the sofa where she kept her purse.

Natasha also stood up and went over to her, a new hope blooming within her.

Later that day...

Harry, Sean's assistant, arrived at the villa. He had a blue folder in his hand.

Amber was a bit surprised to see him. But she maintained her calm demeanor and said, "You are here. Have a seat." She nodded to the large U-shaped black leather sofa in the hall. "Kelvin..." She glanced at the kitchen over her shoulder. "Bring a cup of coffee for Mr. Harry."

She returned her focus to Harry as she sat down beside him, putting one leg over another. "Sean is not home," she said. "He and Johnson have gone out."

"I am aware of it." Harry smirked, drumming his fingers over the folder.

Amber looked at the folder. "You can give it to me. I will hand it over to Sean."

Harry chuckled, moving his eyes down to the file. "Can you guess what is inside?" He waggled the folder in front of her face.

"I am too bored for a guessing game right now," Amber said in a nasal tone. "I will know it easily if you are generous enough to tell me." She toyed with her gold chain, smiling coquettishly.

Harry observed her carefully.

Amber looked gorgeous as always. But she looked even more attractive in her well-fitted maxi pink gown. A generous amount of her cleavage was on display due to the V-neckline of the dress.

His cock twisted as he stared at her alluring figure. "I can give it to you. What will you offer?"

Amber sneered in her mind, looking at his lustful gaze. She maintained a flirtatious smile on her face as she said, "It depends on what the information is about."

"Trust me, it will blow your mind."

"What is it all about?"

"Mr. Watson asked me to find out about his surrogate," Harry disclosed. "All the details are here."

"Is that so?" Amber felt uncomfortable. She wondered why Sean had suddenly become curious about that woman. "Why did he ask you to check on her?"

Harry shrugged. "No idea." He gave her a sidelong glance, his lips quirking into a sly smile. "Maybe he is planning to leave you."

Amber sprang to her feet, her face contorting with annoyance.

"Come with me." She strode to her room. "Kelvin... Mr. Harry doesn't want coffee."

Harry smirked as he followed her.

Amber grabbed his collar and pressed him against the wall as soon as they came into the room and closed the door. She had to tilt her neck back to look into his eyes. "Do you want me?"

"Badly," he replied hoarsely.

"Then do as I say."

"Your wish is my command." Harry wrapped his arms around her and kissed her.

Amber buried her fingers in his hair and kissed him back. Her body craved for it. When Harry began touching her everywhere, she lost her ability to think clearly. All she wanted was him to fuck her brain out.

They soon stripped naked and rolled onto the bed.

"You are mine," he groaned, throaty, demanding, pumping his erection deep within her. He showered kisses on her neck and shoulders, roughly kneading her breasts. "Mine," he reminded her again and turned her around, pushing her forward as he yanked her legs back.

The length and size of his arousal were brutal. Amber let out a cry.

Harry didn't slow down his movement, each thrust full and hard. He gripped her ass with one hand and pulled her hair

with the other, making her tilt her head back.

He leaned over to her and grunted out, "Remember always that you belong to me, only me."

"Ah..." Amber yelped in pain and pleasure.

"Uhh..." Harry also let out a throaty groan as he reached the climax and ejaculated within her. He plopped beside her, kissing her hungrily.

After resting for a while, Harry clambered down from the bed and got dressed.

"I should leave before Mr. Watson returns," he said, buttoning up his white shirt. He then picked up the folder that was lying on the floor and handed it to her. "Don't forget to give it to Mr. Watson," he said, his tone commanding. "I don't want to get fired... at least, not now."

He smirked.

"Hmm..." She nodded, gazing at the file with curiosity. "I will give it to him."

"I'll call you later." Harry went out.

She sneered, looking at his departing form. She impatiently opened the file and began to check the information.

Her hands started shaking all of a sudden. Her face turned pale. Sweat beads began to gather on her brow.

"Aurora Home," she murmured, her eyes widening. A wave of shivers ran down her spine. "No... This is impossible. She can't be Erin. No..."