

Read Novel My Son Mother Will Be My Wife Chapter 1

My Son Mother Will Be My Wife Chapter 1—"Is it the woman who can give birth to my child?"

"Yes, Mr. Nicholas. She is the only one in the entire city of Brentwood whose genes are compatible with his.

In the dark, Tessa Reinhart was delirious, lying on the double bed. She grabbed and scratched at her fine clothing. She felt herself burn as she moaned:

—It's so hot... I can't stand it...

The door slammed shut and an imposing figure stepped up to the bed. Tessa tried to open her eyes to see the approaching person, but all she could make out of him were the blurry edges of what would otherwise have been a rather angular face.

She could feel the dominance that this person radiated, and as she got closer, the air around her became so thick that she could barely breathe.

The next moment, she felt a weight on her. The heat from her body seemed to melt away as the man's stocky body molded to hers. Relieved and tempted by the inexplicable coolness that bathed her, she Tessa arched her back without fear, as if she wanted to shorten the distance between them even more, squirming impatiently as she murmured:

-I want more...

At that moment, Nicholas Sawyer's gaze darkened, and a burning urgency coursed up his spine.

"Don't move," he whispered, his voice husky and seductive.

The Sawyers had very rare genetics, but rarer still were the women who could bear Nicholas's children. And this howling woman below him turned out to be one of them.

He would never have gotten close to any woman, much less had any kind of casual relationship. The only reason he was doing this was to fulfill the duty that Remus Sawyer, his grandfather, had given him.

Little did he know, however, that he would be filled with such intense desire for this woman, whom he had never met.

At that moment, the lady in his arms completely ignored his orders as she squirmed and ran her hands over him, the soft curves of her silhouette pressing against his body with weak movements.

Swallowing, the man transformed into a ferocious, hungry beast as lust overcame him and made him grab Tessa around the waist, flipping her over.

—Woman, you asked for it!

“Oh! Suddenly, a stabbing pain shot through Tessa, and she stiffened at the unfamiliar sensation from her. The pain itself was so extreme that she, for a minute, snapped back to reality. Who is she? she wondered frantically. And then: “What am I doing here?”

She remembered going to her stepmother’s house to claim the inheritance her mother had left her, and then drugging her. When she awoke, much later, she found herself confined to the strange place.

A sharp, rough push cut through his thoughts.

“Ow...” he yelled plaintively, protesting against the rape, but the man showed no sign of stopping as he continued to do his thing, making his obvious and commanding statement.

Beads of sweat trickled down his masculine body, and between his low grunts and her tortured gasps, he continued to thrust into her, shifting position as he pleased as he reduced her to something like a rag doll.

With one last cry, she felt an intense wave of pleasure wash over her like a tsunami. She threw her head back as she endured the euphoria, and then collapsed on the bed, passing out.

Her long hair flowed over one slender shoulder and Nicholas saw her birthmark, which was a shade darker than her pale skin and shaped like a delicate butterfly about to take flight.

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Ten months later, in the delivery room at Prime Hospital, Tessa’s sweat had soaked the sheets as she clung to the guard rails on either side with white-knuckles.

“Urgh!” Hurts! —She screamed as she endured the pain that tore through her abdomen.

“Keep bidding.” I can see the baby’s head...

“Waaaaa!” The loud cry of a baby echoed through the sterile delivery room, heralding the birth of new life.

“You did your part, and from now on, the boy has nothing to do with you!” The cold, impassive voice filled Tessa’s ears as she lay ashen-faced on the hospital cot, so weak

and exhausted she couldn't even lift a finger. All she could do was watch with wide eyes as her child was taken from her.

"My baby..." she wailed. Tears ran down her cheeks, against her will.

After the night she had spent with this man, whose identity she still did not know, Tessa found herself being watched at home. Shortly after, she discovered that she was pregnant.

The person who was guarding her to prevent her from escaping told her that if she delivered the baby safely, her brother, Timothy, would receive the best treatment available for his illness. Hearing that, she immediately agreed without hesitation.

Timothy suffered from a disease that atrophied his calves, and as his heart grew weaker by the day, he was confined to bed most of the time, just to stay alive.

After his mother passed away, his ruthless stepmother, Lauren, kicked Tessa out of the house and cut off funding for Timothy's medical treatment, leaving him on the brink of death.

When she agreed to deliver the baby even without knowing who the father was, she couldn't care about the situation. She had lost everything and everyone but Timothy, and she would have willingly given her life if it meant saving his. But as the baby grew in her and she began to feel its first kicks and pounding heartbeat from her, she became reluctant to keep her promise to give it up as soon as she gave birth.

After all, it was a part of her, her own blood. And now, he was taken from her forever.

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Meanwhile, outside the hospital, a luxurious Maybach was parked in the gloom of the night.

An older man was sitting in the back seat of the car, he had gray hair and a grim face. He had an intense gleam in his eyes, and the air seemed still around him, for he conveyed a sense of fearsome authority. Shortly after, a doctor approached the car with a newborn in his arms.

"Congratulations, old Mr. Sawyer. He is a little prince," he announced.

When the old man heard this, his eyes lit up with sincere joy, and he smiled as he took the crying baby into his arms.

"Wonderful! This is a cause for celebration! I finally have a great-grandson," she exclaimed. Then her joy escaped her voice as she barked poutingly at the attendant

next to her, "Tell Nicholas that woman sold this baby for ten million and ran off into the night!"