

That can be arranged chapter 1

Chapter 1 A Painful Separation

"She's the woman who can bear my child?"

"Yes, Master Nicholas. She's the only one in the entire Brentwood City who is genetically compatible with you."

In the darkness, Tessa Reinhart was half-delirious as she lay on the king-sized bed, clutching and clawing at her thin clothes. She felt as if flames were licking her body, and she whined, "It's so hot, I can't stand it..."

The door closed with a heavy thud, and a towering figure sauntered over to the bed.

Tessa tried to open her eyes to see the person approaching, but all she could make out were the blurry edges of what would otherwise have been a rather chiseled face.

Even so, she could still feel the dominance that radiated from the person, and as he drew near, the air around her suddenly grew so dense that she could hardly breathe.

The next moment, she felt a weight pressing down on her. The heat of her body seemed to wane as soon as the hard contours of the man's body molded against hers. Relieved and tempted by the inexplicable coolness that washed over her, Tessa arched her back fearlessly as though to close even more distance between herself and the man, wriggling impatiently as she mumbled, "More..."

At that moment, Nicholas Sawyer's gaze darkened, and a sense of hot urgency ran down his spine. "Don't move," he whispered huskily, seductively, his voice like velvet.

The Sawyers had extremely rare genetics, but rarer still were women who could bear Nicholas' offspring, and this mewling woman beneath him happened to be one of them.

He would never have intentionally gotten close to women, much less fool around like a rogue. The only reason he was doing this tonight was to fulfill the duty, Remus Sawyer, his grandfather, had given him.

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

Presently, the woman in his arms completely ignored his orders as she writhed and ran her hands all over him, the soft curves of her silhouette pressed precariously against him.

Gulping convulsively, the man turned into a hungry beast, ferocious as lust cascaded over him and made him grab hold of Tessa by her waist, flipping her over. "Woman, you're the one who asked for this!"

"Ah!" Suddenly, a searing pain went through Tessa, and she stiffened at the unfamiliar sensation. The pain itself was so extreme that for a minute, she was almost lucid. Who is he? she asked herself frantically, belatedly. What am I doing here?

She recalled going over to her stepmother's to demand the inheritance her mother had left for her, only to be drugged by the latter. When she woke up much later on, she had found herself confined in this strange place.

An abrupt and rough thrust cut off her thoughts. "Ow..." she cried out piteously, protesting against the violation, but the man didn't show any sign of stopping as he continued to have his way with her, his assertion evident and overpowering.

Drops of sweat trickled down the man's body, and amidst his low grunts and her tortured panting, he went on to thrust tirelessly into her, switching positions as he pleased as he reduced her into something like a rag doll.

With one final shriek, Tessa felt an intense wave of pleasure crash over her like a tsunami. She threw her head back as she rode out the euphoria, then collapsed onto the bed, completely blacking out.

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

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Ten months later, in the delivery room of Prime Hospital, Tessa's sweat had soaked through the bedsheets as she clutched the protective rails on either side of her, her knuckles turning white. "Argh! It hurts!" she cried while enduring the pain that tore through her abdomen.

"Keep pushing harder. I can see the baby's head..."

"Wah—" A loud baby's cry resounded in the deathly silent delivery room, heralding the birth of a new life.

"Your duty has been fulfilled, and from now on, the child has nothing to do with you!"

The cold and impassive voice filled Tessa's ears as she lay ashen-faced on the hospital cot, so weak and drained that she couldn't even lift a finger. All she could do was watch wide-eyed as her child was carried away by someone else. "M-My baby..."

Hot tears streamed past her cheeks uncontrollably.

After the night she had spent with that man, whose identity she still did not know, Tessa found herself kept under housewatch. Not long after that, she discovered that she was pregnant.

The person guarding her to keep her from escaping told her that if she were to deliver the baby safely, then her brother, Timothy, would get the best treatment there was for his medical condition.

Upon hearing that, Tessa agreed immediately and without a second of doubt.

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

After their mother passed away, their vicious stepmother, Lauren, cast Tessa out of the house and cut off the funds for Timothy's medical treatment, leaving him on the brink of death.

When Tessa agreed to give birth to the baby even without knowing who the father was, she couldn't be bothered about it. She had lost everything and everyone but Timothy, and she would have given her life willingly if it meant saving his.

But as the baby grew in her and she began to feel his first kicks and his strong heartbeat, she started to become reluctant about making good on her promise to hand the baby over as soon as she gave birth to him.

After all, he was a part of her—her very own flesh and blood!

And now, he was taken away from her forever.

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Meanwhile, outside the hospital, a luxurious Maybach was idling in the dimness of the night.

An elderly man sat in the backseat of the car, his hair entirely gray and his face somber. There was a sharp gleam in his eyes, and the air seemed to grow still around him, for he commanded a sense of fearsome authority.

Not long after, a doctor marched over to the car with a newborn in his arms. "Congratulations, Old Master Sawyer. It's a little prince!"

When the elderly man heard this, his eyes lit up with unadulterated joy, and he grinned as he took the crying baby into his arms. "How wonderful! This is a cause for celebration! I finally have a great-grandson!" Then, the joy seeped out of his voice as he barked grimly at his assistant next to him.

"Tell Nicholas that that woman sold this baby for ten million and fled into the night!"

