

The Billionaire's Accidental Legacy

by Alison Reid



Two weeks after the transfer, Hannah's phone rang.

She had been in for her blood test the day before, the needle prick still faintly tender in the crook of her arm. Since then, she'd noticed everything—every flutter of warmth, every low twinge in her abdomen, every wave of fatigue she couldn't quite explain. She'd told herself it meant nothing. That hope was dangerous.

So, she'd stayed calm. Or tried to.

Now her phone buzzed against the kitchen counter, the clinic's number lighting up the screen.

Hannah's breath caught.

She wiped her hands on a tea towel she hadn't realised she was clutching and answered, fingers trembling despite her resolve.

"Hello?"

"Ms. Sullivan, this is Nurse Patel from Willowbrook Fertility," the voice said warmly. "I'm calling with the results of your blood test."

The world seemed to narrow to the sound of that voice.

"Yes," Hannah whispered.

There was a pause—brief, deliberate, pregnant with possibility.

“Hannah, your hCG levels are strong,” the nurse continued. “Everything looks exactly as we’d hope to see.”

Hannah sank into the nearest chair, her knees suddenly weak.

“So...?” she managed.

“You’re pregnant.”

The words washed over her in a rush of disbelief and wonder. Tears blurred her vision before she could stop them, her free hand lifting instinctively to her stomach.

“I am?” she breathed, laughter threading through the sob that escaped her.

“Yes,” the nurse said gently. “Congratulations. We’ll schedule a follow-up blood test in a couple of days to confirm rising levels, but this is very good news.”

Hannah could barely hear the rest—appointment dates, reminders, instructions—because her heart was pounding too loudly in her ears.

Pregnant.

She ended the call and sat there for a long moment, the kitchen utterly still around her. The refrigerator hummed softly. The clock ticked on the wall. Ordinary sounds anchoring her to a moment that felt anything but ordinary.

Then she pressed her palm flat against her abdomen, a quiet, reverent gesture.

“Hi,” she whispered, her voice breaking. “I’m your mum.”

Joy bloomed in her chest—fragile, fierce, and overwhelming. It filled the spaces grief had hollowed out, warming places she’d thought might stay cold forever.

For the first time in over a year, the future didn’t feel empty.

It felt full.

Her phone was still in her hand when the weight of the moment shifted into something else—something she needed to share. Hannah scrolled to Sally’s name and hit call before doubt could creep in.

Sally answered on the second ring. “Well?”

“I’m pregnant,” Hannah said, the words tumbling out on a breathless laugh.

There was a beat of silence. Then—

“Oh my God,” Sally breathed. “Hannah. Are you serious?”

“Yes,” Hannah said, tears slipping free again. “It worked.”

A delighted squeal sounded down the line. “I knew it. I knew it. I’m so happy for you I could cry.”

“I am crying,” Hannah admitted with a laugh.

“I’m coming over,” Sally declared immediately. “No arguments. I’ll bring pastries. This is a pastry-worthy occasion.”

Hannah smiled, pressing her hand to her stomach once more. “Okay.”

She ended the call and leaned back in her chair, the joy still humming through her, quiet but unshakable. She was going to be a mother.

And for the first time since she’d lost Ethan, that truth felt like both an ending—and a beginning.

Bennett thought briefly of the surrogate as he reviewed the morning’s correspondence.

The implantation was scheduled for today. Henry Jenkins had mentioned it in passing yesterday, tucked neatly between contract renewals and estate

matters, as if it were no more significant than a board resolution. That was how Bennett preferred it—handled at arm’s length, reduced to logistics.

Henry was his proxy. Paid well to manage details Bennett had no interest in dwelling on. This was not something that required emotion. It required precision.

The day was unfolding exactly as expected.

Bennett worked from his study; a room designed for efficiency rather than comfort. Floor-to-ceiling shelves lined the walls, a broad desk dominated the centre, and the décor was restrained, almost austere. He rarely ventured into the city these days; Langford Park was fully equipped, and his home office more advanced than most corporate headquarters. His personal assistant simply adapted to wherever Bennett decided to be.

Control, always.

The intercom buzzed.

“Yes?” Bennett said without looking up from his screen.

“Sir,” Andrew’s voice came through, crisp and professional. “Mr. Jenkins is here to see you.”

Bennett’s fingers stilled.

“Henry?” He glanced at the clock. “I wasn’t expecting him today.”

“Neither was I, sir,” Andrew replied carefully.

A pause stretched. Bennett considered it, then straightened. “Send him in.”

“Very good, sir.”

Moments later, the study door opened, and Henry Jenkins stepped inside, briefcase in hand. Impeccably dressed as always, he carried the air of someone accustomed to precision—but today, something in his expression was off: tightened, controlled, serious in a way that demanded attention.

“Bennett,” Henry said. “I apologise for the interruption.”

Bennett rose slowly. “What’s happened?”

Henry didn’t sit. That alone sharpened Bennett’s attention.

“There’s been an issue at the fertility clinic,” Henry said. “They contacted me this morning.”

Bennett frowned. “Define issue.”

Henry exhaled. “They’ve discovered a discrepancy in their laboratory records. They won’t discuss details over the phone.”

Bennett’s jaw tightened. “Does this affect today’s procedure?”

“Yes,” Henry said evenly. “The implantation has been postponed.”

Silence pressed in, sharp and immediate.

“For how long?” Bennett asked.

“They’ve requested a meeting,” Henry replied. “Tomorrow morning. Both of us.”

Bennett absorbed that, mind already recalibrating. Delays were inefficient. Errors were unacceptable.

“What kind of discrepancy?” he asked, voice low, controlled.

Henry shook his head. “They wouldn’t specify. Only that it’s serious enough to require immediate consultation.”

Bennett turned toward the window, the estate stretching endlessly beyond it—orderly, obedient, unchanged. Yet a flicker of tension prickled along his spine, unfamiliar and unwelcome.

“Very well,” he said after a measured pause. “We’ll hear what they have to say.”

Henry hesitated. “I thought you’d want to be prepared.”

“I always am,” Bennett replied coolly, almost dismissively.

But as Henry turned to leave, a faint, unfamiliar unease settled low in Bennett’s chest. Something had deviated from the plan.

And Bennett Langford had never, ever trusted anything he couldn't control.

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