

The Billionaire's Mistake

by Alison Reid



She swallowed.

“Sebastian... I—”

He didn't look up.

Papers were spread neatly across his desk, his attention fixed on a file as one hand tapped impatiently against a folder. He hadn't even acknowledged her presence, as if she were an interruption rather than a person.

“I need to tell you something,” she said, hating the tremor she couldn't quite suppress.

Still nothing.

The silence stretched, thick and suffocating, until finally he lifted his head.

“What is it?”

The flatness of his tone nearly undid her.

“I'm...” Her breath caught. She forced herself to continue. “I'm pregnant.”

The words landed between them like a weapon dropped on marble.

For a heartbeat, nothing moved. Then Sebastian's mind imploded.

His father's voice crashed through him—sharp, absolute. Women can't be trusted. Love is transactional. The hospital room. The bitterness. The public humiliation he had sworn would never be repeated. Heidi's smile. Heidi's

laughter. Heidi in bed with another man. Every betrayal, every warning, every scarred memory surged forward in a violent, blinding rush.

Fear took the shape of fury. So, this was it.

Only hours ago, he'd been entertaining the unthinkable—accepting the pull between them, wondering if something fragile and dangerous might actually exist. And now she stood there with this. This revelation.

Had this been her intention all along?

Had she calculated it? Orchestrated it? Slept with him hoping for permanence—security, status, marriage?

Christ, he'd been a fool.

He was on his feet before he consciously registered the movement, the chair scraping softly against the floor. The look he levelled at her held no confusion. No concern.

Only assessment. Cold. Precise. Stripped of mercy.

“You...” His voice was low, controlled to the point of menace. “What?”

“I—I'm pregnant,” she repeated, barely above a whisper. Her hands curled into fists at her sides, nails biting into her palms as she braced for whatever came next.

The air between them turned volatile—dense with everything unspoken. Fear. Accusation. Heartbreak. The kind of moment that fractures lives without warning.

Neither of them yet understood just how completely this would break them.

“You can't be serious.” The anger flared so quickly it almost knocked the breath from him.

“I'm carrying your child,” she said softly. There was no defence in her voice. Only truth.

Sebastian stared at her, not as a man processing shock, but as one calculating risk. His eyes narrowed. His jaw locked.

“So,” he said slowly, dangerously, “this was your plan.”

Her breath caught. “What?”

He came around the desk, each step deliberate. Controlled. “This. All of it. You get close. You play innocent. You let me think you’re different—and now suddenly you’re pregnant.” His mouth twisted. “Convenient.”

“No,” she whispered, shaking her head. “Sebastian, no. I would never—”

“Don’t insult me by lying,” he cut in sharply. “I’ve seen this before. I know exactly how this works.”

Her colour drained. “You’re wrong.”

“Am I?” His voice was ice. “Because from where I’m standing, this looks like an attempt to trap me.”

The word struck like a physical blow.

“I didn’t plan this,” she said, her voice breaking despite her effort to hold it steady. “I didn’t expect it. I didn’t want—”

“Of course you did,” he snapped. “Women like you always do. You see an opportunity and you take it.”

Pain constricted her chest. “I don’t want anything from you.”

He laughed—short, sharp, cruel. “That’s what they all say. At first.”

She stared at him, sick with disbelief. “Sebastian... I’m scared.”

“Scared?” His tone was flat. “Why? If this is my child, you’ve just secured yourself a very comfortable future.”

“I don’t want a future built on your suspicion,” she said, anger finally cutting through the hurt. “I wanted you.”

The words seemed to repulse him.

“I won’t ask if you’re keeping it,” he said coldly, as if discussing a transaction. “Why would you terminate? It’s your leverage.”

“Sebastian—”

“You won’t see a single cent until I know it’s mine.”

She backed against the door, nausea rolling through her as she fought to stay upright.

“I want a paternity test,” he added, voice stripped of all humanity. “Before I even acknowledge this.”

“Yes...” The word barely carried sound.

He turned away, dismissive. “I can’t believe I fell for your act. I can’t believe how stupid I was.”

Her hands trembled. Tears burned, but she didn’t move. She wanted to scream that this wasn’t manipulation, that it wasn’t a game—that it was real, that it was their child, that she loved him. But the words lodged uselessly in her throat.

Sebastian looked at her once more, his expression cold and calculating. “You can go. I’ll call my lawyer. You keep this quiet. No drama. No mess.”

“I’m sorry,” she whispered, her voice fracturing. “I never wanted it to be like this.”

“Don’t lie to me.” Contempt curled his lip. “You’re exactly like every other woman I’ve ever known. Dishonest. Manipulative. Always thinking about what you can get.”

Each word landed like a blow.

“That’s all women are,” he finished quietly. “And that’s all you are.”

Matilda’s shoulders sagged as the tears finally fell. She turned away, her heart splintering beyond repair. She had known he wouldn’t love her. But she had never imagined he would believe she had done this on purpose.

And that was what destroyed her.

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