

Read Novel Billionaire Baby Daddy By Yoshyaw Chapter 27

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Spending some time alone in my room made me realize how I always meet up with Sydney and end up getting mad at him then storm out. It's always a circle with him. I start laughing at the scenarios. I love being pregnant. I mean, I never got any drama (apart from my kidnappers) in my life until now and I get to practice the pregnant hormones with Sydney. The cold billionaire who got me pregnant with a son I can't wait to meet. I rub my tummy and start humming for a minute until I hear a knock. Harry comes in and sits on my bed next to me.

"Hey." He starts.

"Hey."

He scoots closer to me and engulfs me in a hug. "Amelia told me you seemed upset earlier." He kisses my forehead. "I'm always here for you, you know that?" I nod and relax in his arms. "Do you want to talk about it?"

I think about his question. I can make it seem like it's about me.

"How do you know you love someone?" I ask Harry. It's a trap question. Harry stays silent for a while before he answers.

"I don't know. You just know you do. You want to make sure that person is happy before anything else. You can even give up your happiness for them." Harry says.

"Do you love her? Do you love Amelia?" I bite my lip in anticipation.

"Yes." Harry says in a whisper making my heartbeat accelerate. "I'm in love with her and I'm so scared." This piques up my curiosity. Does he know something?

"Why? How can you be scared?"

"What if I'm taking this so fast? What if I scare her with those words?" He then smiles. "Do I really deserve that angel?" I almost scoff. Angel? Then I'm Beyonce.

"Tell me about her. How well do you know her?" I try again. Harry only looks at me in confusion. "That can give me a hint about her feelings." Harry nods at this.

"We met a year and a half ago when I was in one of my travels and hooked up twice. She told me she was just from a bad breakup so dating was out of question. We talked for a month and suddenly we stopped. Something about her losing her phone. She

called me four months ago after I decided living here saying she got a job here." I listen to everything and try to piece everything. Blank.

"So, does she have any likes, hobbies, talents?" I urge him further.

"She loves red." I noticed her clothes. Most of them are red in different shades. "Plays the guitar. Speaks Italian fluently and loves Italian food." Bingo.

"Anything about her parents or siblings?" I inquire and I hope Harry doesn't realize anything of this.

"No. She never talks about her family. They died some years ago." Harry says with sadness. That witch! I almost shout.

"Babe! Bella! Dinner is ready." Amelia shouts from the kitchen. I tell Harry I'm not hungry and he leaves. I want to call Sydney and tell him everything but I don't trust even my phone. Maybe it's bugged too. I sigh and lay down. I need to sleep.

Sleep. Something I crave but can't have. Why? Because I know I'm living with someone from the Italian Mafia under the same roof. Oh, and I want to speak to Sydney.

Me

Can we meet up?

Sydney.

I'll pick you up in 20.

I pick up my yellow sundress and a cardigan. I pick up my toothbrush and other hygiene necessities, some underwear, three dresses and two T-shirts and a pair of yoga pants. I'll be away for a while. I really can't pretend to like Amelia anymore. I'll just go to the cottage. I place the items in a duffel bag. I heard Amelia and Harry go into their room an hour ago. They must be asleep if not doing... their thing.

I shut my door soundlessly. I'll text Harry when I leave. I look at my phone. Eight more minutes. I decide to go to the kitchen and take a bottle of water.

"Going somewhere?" I almost jump out of my skin. I turn to the voice.

"Amelia. You frightened me." She gives me a smile but I head towards the fridge.

"Why do you have a bag?" She asks again and I sigh.

"Not that it's your business but I need sometime alone. I'm going to my uncle JJ." I say curtly. Gosh! I'm so obvious.

“I didn’t mean to upset you.” Amelia says in an innocent voice and I almost pity her.

“It’s okay. I’ve got so much in my plate and pregnancy hormones are not helping. Try dealing with Italians and you’ll get what I mean.” I say nonchalantly as I fake a laugh trying to get a reaction from her but I get none. I sigh. So much for trying.

Amelia doesn’t say anything for a while. She takes her bottle of water and gets up. “I think I better head to bed. Wish you all the best with your alone time.” The stupid smile appears again but I only give a curt nod and smile sarcastically. Just in time my phone lights up with a message from Sydney saying he’s here. I take my bag and leave.

Sydney sees the bag and his eyebrows shoot up in question. I only shrug and sit after dumping it in the back seat. Call it instinct but I look up at Harry’s window and see a shadow move away.

“I think she suspects I know.” Sydney only hums and drives. I notice Sydney is driving to the cottage. The road deserted. Seems like were the only ones driving. The car is filled with uneasy tension. I open the window to let some air in.

Five minutes later a car comes so fast from behind and overtakes us. I stare dumbfounded. I thought Sydney drives fast. I see Sydney’s jaw clench.

“Under your seat. There guns. Take them out.” It’s an order. He says calmly and I look at him confused. Another car does the same and stops next to the first one blocking the road. “Do what I say for once Isabella.” Sydney’s voice is strained.

I try to lean but my tummy gets in the way. I try another way even thought it takes a longer time but I move my hand randomly under my seat. There’s some heavy cloth but other than that nothing. “I can’t…”

“Under the cloth.” Sydney cuts me off. I follow his instructions and my hands touch something metallic. Bingo. I take out one gun but Sydney tells me there more. I do the same and find two more and a grenade. Wow!

I load the guns as fast as I can as Sydney stops the car in front of the two blocking the road. I discreetly place two guns on Sydney’s lap. “No matter what happens stay inside.” I want to argue but Sydney shoots me a look.

“Take this. Send Luke a message saying SOS. Nothing else. And there’s a bottle in my coat. Drink that liquid. I’ll explain everything later. Don’t open the windows or doors.” I listen to everything he says. Before he gets out I take his hand and place on my round tummy. “We need you. Come back to us.” He nods and gets out of the car. I close his door so fast and send Luke the ‘SOS’ text. I try to remember what the other thing is as I look at what is happening. I see some men pointing towards the car and I know they are talking to me.

There about six men against Sydney. Should I help him? I take the phone and place it on his seat and I notice the coat. Oh yeah! I check frantically in every pocket till I find a small white bottle with clear liquid. I trust Sydney so I take it without any thought. It tastes like water.

I look ahead and see Sydney placing his guns on the road as one of the men moves close to him. There could be some men around the car too. I check but a gunshot makes me stop in my tracks. Oh No! I notice my eyes are shut but I fear seeing the worst in front of me. The window next to me is hit with so much force making me to look up. From the corner of my eye I see Sydney is okay and I sigh in relief. The man orders me open the door but I don't. He aims his gun at Sydney and I open the door immediately.

"I told you to stay inside no matter what." Sydney says when I'm dragged next to him.

"They were going to shoot..." I hiss.

"Well, well, well. Isn't this just the perfect reunion?" A female voice sneers making me look up.

Bianca Russo.