

Read Novel Billionaire Baby Daddy By Yoshyaw Chapter 28

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Bianca looks different. Her hair is tied in a ponytail and she's in black leather pants and jacket. She has black boots. She looks bada**. She looks like a cold a**a**in and that makes me wonder, was she prepared for this night? Did she know this would happen.

She moves in front of Sydney and crouches then grips his chin. That action makes me angry for some reason.

"If it isn't my fiance with his pregnant s***." Bianca looks into Sydney's eyes with a mocking glare. Sydney maintains eye contact without any movement. "Where were you two running off to?" Neither one of us speaks.

I hid one grenade in my dress pocket. Reaching it would be a big risk. Oh God, I feel so useless. I look around and see it's only the six men I saw earlier. I look at the 9mm guns Sydney placed down but Bianca's shrill voice interrupts me. "Whatever you're planning Isabella Styles will never succeed." She taunts me. I look at her and find that she's standing next to the guns and looking at me. I hope Sydney has a plan.

I sent Luke the SOS text about twenty minutes ago. I really hope whatever it is they're doing they better hurry up. As I say a silent prayer, Bianca's boots come to my line of sight. I raise my eyes to her face.

"Isabella, sweet sweet Isabella. You just had to come to the picture and ruin it all. Can you imagine, the Italian and USA mafia coming together." Bianca says in a dreamy tone as she brings her hands together. "All that had to be ruined by you. You just had to get pregnant for him." Oh, no. Bianca sees my panicked face.

"You thought I was a fool, didn't you? The secret meetings, your visits to Dr Greene with him. The cold Sydney would never do that to just anyone. Then Sydney touched your tummy in the hospital and talked to you. What was it you told her Syd?" I'm confused. I don't remember Sydney touching my belly in the hospital. Unless I was unconscious. What did he tell me? What is Bianca talking about. I look at Sydney only to find him glaring at the road.

"Tell her Sydney. After all, she deserves to know." Bianca taunted. This makes me to look at Sydney but he's in the same position. I almost look at Bianca but a movement from far catches my eye and suddenly relief washes over me. They are here. I try to act normal as I count to ten.

“Bianca.” Everyone’s attention moves to me. I feel their eyes on me. Good. “I need to pee. The baby kicked my bladder.” The men snicker and I place a desperate face. Bianca glares at me but I look straight into her eyes.

“Giovanni, take Sydney and you, take her.” Bianca orders as she points to a man next to me. A man behind Bianca moves forward without and goes to Sydney and yanks his white shirt. I feel the same done to my arm.

“Easy. I’m pregnant.” I say matter of factly but the man doesn’t respond. Bianca gets into the first car and just as I’m forced to get into the car, the man’s grip loosens. I look behind me confused and see six bodies on the ground and a standing Sydney who’s aiming his gun at Bianca. How did this happen?

Luke and other men surround Bianca’s car and order her to get out. I walk towards Sydney and take his hand. “What the hell happened?” He only smirks at me and takes my hand then leads me to another white sports car. “What about the other one?” I ask Sydney.

“It will be handled.” I look at him on confusion but don’t say anything. We get into the car and Sydney drives back into town.

“Where are we going?” I ask him.

“To my penthouse.” Sydney answers seconds later. I glance at him. He seems so deep in thought.

“My items are in the other car.” I try to keep him talking. Sydney unzips a lower part of his seat and takes out a phone. My mouth gapes open and my eyes almost budge out. Unbelievable!

He clicks on a name and calls it. “There’s a bag in the trunk. Bring it. And don’t forget to destroy any electronics.” What? My phone. No, not my phone.

“I need my phone. You can’t destroy it.”

“Have you thought that it could have been tracked and led us to the situation we were in?” I shut up.

We arrive at the penthouse and head up straight without a word between us. The elevator leads us straight to his home and I notice it’s the same house we had s** in. I feel heat rush from the tips of my ears and I turn around so quick and pretend to look around.

This place really is magnificent. The interior designer did a fantastic job and it’s so clean. Does Sydney have helps who do the chores?

I feel thirsty and head towards the open kitchen without a care. I look at Sydney but he doesn't seem to mind. I drink the water then remember the liquid Sydney told me to drink. "What did I drink when you got out of the car?"

"A tracker." I furrow my eyebrows. Sydney sees this and gestures for me to sit on a three-seater couch. I oblige. "The liquid was developed some few years back. It gets into a body and attaches itself on an organ." Sydney explains.

"Does it affect the person?"

"No. In most cases the person doesn't even know it's there."

"So I'll have it for life? Until I die?" I realize. "Why are you doing this to me Sydney?" I already lost my freedom to the mafia but this, this is just frustrating.

"If you hadn't followed my instructions do you know what would have happened?" I didn't want to think about the what ifs. I rub my round belly. Sydney hesitantly places his hand on it but I give him an encouraging smile. "I already lost my mother and baby sister to the Mafia. Not the both of you too." We look at each other. I notice my hand has stopped moving and Sydney's is on top of mine.

"The baby kicked when you were unconscious. I knew how much you wanted to feel it kick." Sydney's voice is in a whisper. I smile when he says this. I wished he was there when I woke up but him saying those words made me happier.

"Why did you leave? I waited for you when I woke up but you never came. When I went to visit my mom and watched this stupid show you were there with Bianca and said I was just some needy pregnant woman that you had to help. Do you know how that felt?" Whoa, these hormones are really making me talk about my feelings. Or is it just me? Maybe I just want him to feel bad and guilty. Nah, definitely the pregnancy hormones.

Sydney lowers his gaze to my belly but says nothing. I try removing my hand but he holds it. "Why do you do that?" He asks. Do what?

"Why do always escape or leave when things go bad between us."

"I'm not required to be in stressful conditions, remember?" Sydney scoffs in disbelief and before he says anything I ask.

"What is it that you told me at the hospital when I was unconscious?"