

Read Novel Billionaire Baby Daddy By Yoshyaw Chapter 29

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SYDNEY'S POV

"I'm sorry. I'm so sorry." I kiss the back of her hand. "I've put you into so much danger so many times and for that I'm sorry. I don't know how you'll take this but I have to leave. We might meet again in future and I really don't know what to think about that. I wish I could tell you you're the best thing that has happened to me so far and I'm sorry because I tried to get you involved with my life for selfish reasons." I kiss her forehead. I place my palm on her tummy and wish for the same feeling. I wait for a minute but nothing happens. I guess I wish for things too much. "I'll miss you. Goodbye Izzy." I kiss her forehead once again. I look at her face trying to memorize everything. Out of compulsion, I kiss the side of her lips.

The memory has been engrained into my mind. Isabella is asking what I said to her but I'm not ready to confess to her. Today everything went well but what if Bianca hurt her or the baby? I would never have lived with myself that's for sure.

I look at my hand holding Isabella's and release it. "It doesn't matter what I said that day. It was nothing important." I try to say nonchalantly but Isabella is looking at me curiously. It's like she can see past these walls and read everything in my mind. That's unnerving. I look away and take Isabella's half bottle of water and drink the rest of it.

"Was Bianca there? How does she know what happened?" I love how Isabella notices details so fast. When Bianca mentioned the hospital incident, Isabella had the same confused look.

"No. But Amelia was. I don't know why I was so stupid to realize sooner." The Amelia situation is so frustrating. Isabella doesn't say anything.

"Are you okay?" Isabella asks and I look at her curiously. "I know there might be a war between the Italian and American mafias." I sigh. The moment we shot the first Italian man a war was declared against us. Bianca was taken and locked up in a cell I haven't used in a long time. She might seem stupid but she's loyal to her family.

"Unfortunately there's gonna be a war." I run a hand through my hair. I have to get everything ready. Isabella takes my hand into her smaller ones.

"Don't worry, you can do it." I almost smile but I notice something in Isabella's pocket. "What's that in your pocket Izzy?" She tenses at this.

"I totally forgot. How could I be this careless?" She mutters making me confused. She puts her hand into the pocket and pulls out something. Is that...? "What the hell Isabella?" I shout. Is this woman suicidal?

"I forgot, okay? I was to throw it at the men when I told Bianca I had to pee." Oh, Isabella.

"Did you notice it would have still affected us?" I feel anger inside me rise. "Give it to me." She wastes no time and I take it. The safety is still on.

"Anything else still on you?" I ask her.

"You wouldn't believe." Isabella snickers and I laugh a second later. "Do you want me to do anything when you fight against the Italians? I'm good with guns." Isabella says with a proud smile and I find myself staring at her. I go to the fridge and open a secret cabinet then place the grenade in.

"The only thing you'll be doing is being safe by staying at home. That's unnegotiable." I say with finality. Nothing else can happen to her or the baby. I place my arm on her belly at the same time Isabella does. We smile at each other with no words said. Gosh, I want to kiss her so much.

"Let's get you to bed." I say instead.

"Or we could watch a movie as the adrenaline wears off." I don't watch movies. They are a waste of time but I still nod. "But I have to take a bath first. I reek." Isabella says as she makes a disgusting face. Cute.

I lead her to a spare room and leave for my room to get her something to wear. Since she's pregnant my T-shirts might be a little bit tight on her so I search for the largest one I have. I find one I haven't worn in years and some basketball shorts. I head to the room she's in and hear water running and some singing. I cringe. Let's say singing isn't her thing.

I head back to my room and bath too. I think about how Isabella handled herself today. She took the guns and handled them confidently and she looked so hot. A beautiful pregnant woman holding guns with that confidence. A major turn on. I switch the settings to a cold shower.

My mother and sister's death broke my heart. I always wanted a family but I never got one. Isabella gave me hope and I would never let anything happen to her. I promised to protect her from the Mafia but Luke made me realize bringing her in would protect her. The Italians wouldn't want to cause war with us but it seems like it was inevitable. The war might be a disaster but to me, it might be the key to freedom. An out I've been searching for. The war might be hope for me to have a family with Isabella. But first I have to protect her and the baby.

I get out of the shower and put on some joggers and a wife beater then head to find Isabella.

“You made me a pregnant woman playing basketball.” I notice the faint blush and I smirk.

“A hot pregnant woman playing basketball.” I correct as I walk towards her without breaking any eye contact. “There’s something I’ve really wanted to do since I saw you this evening.” We kissed but since then I want to do it over and over again. It was like a part of me was switched on.

Isabella immediately grabs my neck and pushes my head to her kissing me. I try not to press into her as I kiss her back with the same intensity. I feel her hands pull my hair and I try everything to not turn her around and destroy her for any other person. We kiss until we both run out of breath. I place my forehead on hers and try to catch my breath as she does the same.

“Is it so bad I want to have sex with an engaged man?” I still. Isabella only grins.

“This really sucks. I’m pregnant and horny but you had to go to her.” She pouts as I laugh.

“Everything will be okay. I swear.” I promise Isabella but she says nothing. A small nod from her makes me smile.

She makes about ten of them and I look at her. “Are we expecting someone?” She nods with a smile I look confused. She didn’t tell me.

“Who?”

“Our son.” Silence. Then it clicks. Damn!