

Read Novel Billionaire Baby Daddy By Yoshyaw Chapter 19

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“What’s so exciting about watching necrophilia and a zoophilic?” I groan into the pillow I’m clutching while watching Twilight with Sydney. Yeah. I know. I wouldn’t imagine myself watching a movie with this man.

Sydney dropped me home from the doctor’s appointment and an hour later came back saying he had an argument with his father at his office and he needed to cool down. Since I had already started watching, he joined me. Worst mistake ever.

“I swear Sydney if you don’t shut up and watch I’ll drag your stupid a** out of this house.” I say shooting him a glare. Since he started watching he’s been complaining about every single item and complaining about their acting. Note to self; never watch a movie with Sydney Kings again.

“Why did...” He starts but I jump and shut him up. “That was the last warning. Now go do something else and let me watch in peace. Go somewhere else and cool down. I’m so sick of you complaining about everything.” I tug my hair in frustration. Sydney sees this and laughs. I glare at him.

“Okay, okay.” He says mid laugh as his hands are in a surrender position. Not in the mood to watch again I stomp my foot and go to the kitchen leaving behind an amused Sydney.

When we last met at the coffee shop Sydney accepted my terms and even though I knew this wasn’t right I wanted my baby to have a sense of what a family is when he or she grows up. Somehow I know Sydney can give me that and we don’t have to have the ‘falling in love s***’. Growing up with people I thought were my parents never made me understand the meaning of it. When I was adopted by James Fisher, I saw how love damaged a person. My foster dad was so lost and never happy and I did everything for him but it was never enough.

Sydney’s phone lights up and his facial expression hardens instantly making me curious but I remain silent. He takes his phone and calls someone as he gets out of the kitchen.

I continue making sandwiches and he comes back five minutes later with a cold look. “Pack your clothes. You’re moving.” He doesn’t say anything else and I stand blankly wondering what just happened. “Pack your things Isabella.” His voice is cold and I slightly shudder. I open my mouth to ask something but he gives me a cold look forcing me to shut up.

"I'm not going anywhere with you." I try to look unaffected by his glare but his eyes shows impatience and irritation.

"Don't be stubborn Isabella." His tone holds a warning. I look at him in the eyes and smirk as I sit on one of the island stools.

"I'm. Not. Going. Anywhere. With. You." Anger flashed in his eyes and for a second terror fills my body and the next I'm mesmerized by how his stormy grey eyes change to almost black. He doesn't say anything as he comes in front of me and picks me up bridal style and storms out of the kitchen to the door. Panic rises in me and I start protesting against his arms but they are so strong. I try to ignore how comfortable I feel and curse every word I know to him.

Two minutes later Sydney drives at an insane speed. I love speed but looking at Sydney's white knuckles and clenched jaw makes me panic. I shut my eyes tightly afraid of looking at the road. Suddenly, I miss how Sydney has been making fun of Edward and Jacob. I miss his crooked smile and sarcastic comments.

I peek at him and notice his jaws are still clenched but his knuckles aren't that white anymore. The speed in which we're moving has even decreased. I open my eyes fully and look ahead.

"What happened?" My question is answered by silence and I start to feel annoyed. "Why did you decide at once about me leaving?" I try again but the outcome remains the same. "Goddammit Sydney. I need answers here." I explode. Sydney only lets out a frustrated sigh and the speed of the car accelerates again. Is this some game to him? I look out and notice we're heading out of town towards the cottage. What could have possibly happened?

"I'll answer all your questions later." I hear his unwanted voice minutes later. "So you do speak." I say rhetorically in a sarcastic voice.

I look ahead as I try stroke my belly gently and this gesture doesn't go unnoticed by Sydney making his eyes linger for a while making me uncomfortable. I stop doing that and look out the window.

"I don't have any clothes or money." I state two minutes later. I don't bother looking at the man beside me and don't expect any response.

"You don't have to worry about that. I can get you some clothes by tonight." I want to protest but I remember he's the one in control here and I suddenly feel so angry.

"This is some form of kidnap. I'll warn you that Harry knows about this place." I blurt out the lie. The deadly expression on Sydney reappears and this time I don't bother to care. "Take me back. I have to take my phone, purse, clothes and medication." I notice my voice is calm. Very calm.

"I'll go back and get them for you." Silence. I can't believe this is the same person who's been so playful and now completely grumpy and... stressed.

As soon as the car stops in front of the cottage, I get out of the car immediately desperate for some tension free air. I follow Sydney into the house. "Tell me what's going on. Now." Sydney raises an eyebrow at my command and I try not to lose my confidence.

"I'll go get you're things. Just stay still." He says after a sigh. "I'm so sorry but I can't tell you. No stress, remember?" He starts heading out.

"Oh no Mister. You're telling me everything this instant. Or else I'll be gone by the time you come back." Sydney looks so frustrated and I take his warm hand. "You can tell me." I look into his eyes. I never noticed the bags under his eyes and he looks so tired. He pulls me to one of the love seats.

"What I can tell you is that Bianca ranted about you to her father and now he knows about you." Regret and sadness flashes through his eyes. "I really never meant to get you and our baby mixed into all this. I'm so sorry." I blink twice. Is this really Sydney Kings?

"Okay. I'll stay here." He gives me an appreciative nod. "But can I please tell Harry that I'll be here for some time? He'll run out of his mind if I don't."

Sydney looks at our hands for a minute. "Do you really trust him that much?" What I noticed about Sydney is that he rarely trusts anybody. I wouldn't really trust him too since all this started with his stupid plan but for some reason I do. Don't ask me why.

"I do. I trust him with my life."