

Read Novel Billionaire Baby Daddy By Yoshyaw Chapter 21

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The only sound in Isabella's room.

Its been five hours since I was allowed to see her. I take her hand and look at her. She seems so fragile. So small. All this because I couldn't take care of her. Because I told her she could come with me to the office. Because I broke up with Bianca. Because I can't get out of the mafia. Because I... Because I got her pregnant. She's here because of me.

Bringing Isabella into my life was a huge mistake. A mistake that I don't regret. I look at her face and remember the day she came for the interview and bumped into me. She looked so fierce and even though that Martha had tried to degrade her during the interview she stood up for herself. She looked so fragile but fierce at the same time. I was intrigued.

I place my palm on her bump. Something I've always wanted to do since I discovered she was having our baby. My baby. I'm a s***er for kids and I've always wanted one. My mother always wanted my father to leave the mafia but my father never wanted to. This led to arguments and fights each day. Since Liam looked up to my dad he always chose his side while I was on my mum's. I would spend my days with her and my little sister, Sofia. They were involved in a car crash after my mom threatened to tell the cops but I knew the crash was planned. Specifically by dad and his men. Due to depression, I spent days with kids around Sofia's age until I loved them.

I notice that my palm is still on Isabella's tummy and before I retract it, I feel something hit it. I look down in shock and I feel it again. The baby kicked! An overwhelming feeling lands into my chest. The baby kicked! I look at Isabella praying that she wakes up. It's always been her wish to feel the baby kick. I feel something wet on my cheeks and when I wipe it. I notice it's tears. Did I just cry?

"You really should wake up Izzy. Our baby just kicked. I know how much you wanted to feel it." I continue watching her tummy in amazement. "Our baby is so strong."

I look at the bandage wrapped around Isabella's head and a picture of Bianca pushing Isabella comes to my head. I've been so stressed about Isabella and our baby's health that I forgot about Bianca. She'll pay for this.

Looking at Isabella makes the guilt inside me increase. "You b*****." A voice comes before I'm yanked back and a fist collides with my jaw. That hurt. I immediately fold my fist to fight back before I recognize the person who hit me is an angry Harry. Very angry Harry.

“Everytime B is next to you she ends up in this damn hospital.” He lifts his fist again but I block it. “Don’t even dare.” I hiss. Harry is too angry to be intimidated but moves away from me.

“I think you’ve done enough but you have to leave. I can’t bear seeing my best friend here so many times all because of you.” Harry’s voice sounds calm but I know it’s further from it. He moves to Isabella’s side and takes her hand. I know he’s saying the truth. I should go so far away from her and the baby. Isabella should have felt her baby kick. I took the feeling away from her.

A girl I’ve never seen before with auburn hair stands next to Harry and rubs his back soothingly. I hadn’t even noticed she has been here the whole time. She kisses his cheek and I assume it’s Harry’s girlfriend. I know Isabella is safer in their arms. I should let her and the baby go. Maybe this way I’ll protect them.

I thought taking Isabella to the cottage would protect her. I did everything. Hired bodyguards, ensured to change cars before going to the cottage and even ensured we had no close neighbors that would cause trouble but who she needed protection from has always been me. I’m such an idiot.

“I have to head somewhere. Can I talk to Isabella for a minute?” Both Harry and his girlfriend turn to me. Harry glares at me but the girl looks at me with an unreadable expression. I don’t care what they think so I move towards Izzy. Harry looks conflicted but is pulled towards the door. I wait for the door to shut before looking at the mother of my baby.

“I’m sorry.” I notice that I really wanted to say that after doing it. “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.

I get out immediately and see Harry’s girlfriend outside the door. I know she saw and heard everything but I’m too tired to say anything. I move past her and rush outside. For some reason I find it hard leaving her there. What will she think of me? Will she ever forgive me?

I might seem like a coward. Running away from his problems. Instead I feel staying next to Isabella makes me a coward. A coward who places his needs before hers and the baby’s. A coward who keeps on hurting Isabella since he couldn’t sacrifice himself for her happiness. The cottage has made me know who the true Isabella is. A determined,

strong and pa**ionate woman. The first day in the club, I saw a s**y, beautiful and playful Isabella but my perspective started changing when she brought me to the hospital after being attacked by some gangsters. They paid for it.

I get into the car and head straight for my penthouse. It feels like months since I came here. The broken gla**es and torn shirts are nowhere to be seen. Seems like Rosy came to clean after the nasty breakup.

I go to the kitchen and take some whiskey. I relish in the burn as it moves down my throat. I take another gulp. Soon I'm done with the gla** but I add some more.

Isabella has made me weak. I need to get back my old me. The ruthless and cold Sydney Kings. This is the last time I'll think about Isabella and her baby. At least I'll I only think about the company and my life. No more clinic trips with some hormonal woman. No more caring for someone else safety.

But why do I feel like I'm doing something wrong?