

Read Novel Billionaire Baby Daddy By Yoshyaw Chapter 22

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"I'm so sorry." I feel my hand lifted and connects with something soft. "I've put you into so much danger so many times and for that I'm sorry." Danger? Who is this person talking to me?

"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." What did he do? Why don't I agree with what he's saying? Something lands on my stomach. I wonder why he would place his hand on my stomach.

"I'll miss you. Goodbye Izzy." Izzy. I've heard that name before. And why can't I move anything? What happened to me? I feel so tired. Maybe I should sleep some more.

"The effects of the medicine should wear off in a couple of hours." An unfamiliar voice says. I try to open my eyes but the task seems hard. I try again but blinding light flashes through my eyelids making me to shut them immediately. I try again and this time they stay open. I try to adjust to the light before looking around. I see Harry next to a man who I assume is the doctor.

"Harry." I try lifting my forearm to gain their attention. The doctor sees me first and comes to my side.

"Isabella. You're awake." Harry says next to me. I try to smile at him.

"Could you please wait outside as I examine her?" The doctor turns to Harry.

"Is it necessary?" Harry asks as he looks at me. I nod and give him a reassuring smile.

"Yes. It will only take a few minutes." Harry nods at this and leaves after kissing my forehead. I feel like I've had too many kisses on my forehead.

"You hit your head and had a concussion. We gave you strong painkillers and induced coma for a day to help your body get enough rest since you're pregnant." Pregnant. Oh God! Panic rose inside me immediately.

"How is my baby doc? Nothing happened to it right?" How could I forget that I'm pregnant? "The baby has a heartbeat but you'll have to see get scanned before leaving." I nod at this.

“Okay. Now you have to answer some questions.” I slowly nod at this. “Can you tell me something about yourself?” The doctor who I now know is called Hakeem looks at me intently.

“I’m Isabella Styles. Twenty four. And pregnant.” He nods at this and writes something. “Can you tell me what you remember as a child?” A picture of my kidnappers hitting me comes to my mind. “I’d rather not talk about it.” The doctor gives me a reassuring smile and jolts something down. He continues with the physical check-up and five minutes later he’s done.

“You’ll meet up with Doctor Greene in an hour and after that you can go home.” He closes the files and leaves. Harry enters immediately and comes to my side. “Amelia will be here in twenty minutes.”

“What about Sy...” Harry cuts me off. “You’re still asking for him? You’re here because of that imbecile.” His harsh words make me flinch. I remember Bianca pushing me after accusing me of taking Sydney away from her.

“He was here and left shortly after I came.” Harry says minutes later with a sigh. Will he come back? “Look at me B.” I raise my eyes to his. “I think it’s best if you come back to my house. I think you shouldn’t associate with him.” Anger inside me rises at his words.

“And why would I want to stop seeing the father of my baby?” Harry tries to take my hand but I don’t allow it. “Harry, he was in a meeting when Bianca pushed me. Now it’s his fault?” I don’t blame Sydney for what happened. No one should.

“Then where is he? Don’t you see every time you wake up he’s gone? Everything is always like a replay. You wake up, ask for him, find out he’s not here then pretend it is okay for him to not be here. Just be real for once Isabella.” Harry is almost shouting by the time he finishes.

“I need to be alone.” I announce. Harry seems like he wants to say something but I cut him off. “Please.” He looks at me then comes next to me and kisses my forehead.

“I’ll be back in an hour for your appointment with Doctor Greene.” I nod and he leaves shortly after.

After meeting with Dr Greene I tell Harry that I want to go to see my mother. Obviously he doesn’t allow it. “I just want to be with my mum, Harry.” I know he wants the best for me since I’ve only been discharged.

“You have to rest Isabella. Do you have to act like a brat?” He seems frustrated.

“Take me to the clinic Harry. I want to see my mother. Call me a brat but I only need her. Just this once.” I say with desperation laced in my voice and I don’t care what Harry says. I’ve always wanted to be with my parents. Tell them my problems, ask them

questions and cry as she holds me. Now that I have my mum, I can't pass it. I want my mum to hold me. I feel so emotionally drained.

Harry takes a sharp U-turn and heads towards the clinic. I try to hide my victorious smile. "Now that wasn't hard, was it?" I tease him.

"Don't push it."

Harry takes me to my mother's room where she's reading a magazine and leaves after saying hi.

"What happened to your head baby?" The older 'me' looks at me with concern.

"Don't worry mum, I'm fine." I try to dodge the question. She looks at me with a raised eyebrow. After so many questions, I tell her everything.

We talk about everything and her progress.

"There's something I've been meaning to tell you." I nod for her to continue. She looks anxious making me worried immediately. "What's wrong mum?"

"I met someone a year ago." Oh. "Your dad and I were only engaged when he died but I loved him so much. Max will never replace your dad and I really hope you'll be okay with us." I always wondered why mum used her dad's name but I never questioned it. Mum deserves to be happy and if she is then I can't stop her.

"When will I meet him?" Mum smiles at this and talks about him. I needed this. My mum is the best medicine I could ask for. We search for something to watch until we come across a celebrity show.

"And now let's introduce the power couple." The host, Emma, says announces and the audience clap enthusiastically. Seems like she's already said who's coming. Two people emerge from the backstage holding hands and waving with wide smiles.

Bianca

Sydney

"Sydney Kings and Bianca Russo. Always a pleasure for having the both of you here." Emma says as she hugs Bianca. My heart is beating so fast. Why are they together? Why is he with her?

"Was this filmed some time back?" I ask while my eyes are transfixed to the screen.

"It's live." My mother says while sipping some water. Oh!

“Yeah, you know. We’ve been having some small... issues but here we are, together.” Bianca answers this. She’s wearing a red off the shoulder dress that fits perfectly with a diamond necklace and studs. Her hair is styled into something fancy and has little make-up. She looks beautiful. Next to her is Sydney with a black tailored suit and a red tie. His hair has a different haircut which makes him look so dreamy and handsome. They look good together.

“What do you mean by small issues?” Emma looks intrigued by the piece of information to be spilled. I roll my eyes. Reporters.

“Oh! You know common problems like jealous women after my man.” Bianca kisses Sydney on the cheek with a grin. Sydney makes no move to push her. I feel so hurt. “But Sydney would always choose me.” Bianca ends and Sydney nods at this and smiles. He now gives Bianca a kiss on the cheek as Emma awws.

“Sydney. Please do tell us about these women giving you trouble.” Emma turns to Sydney. Sydney laughs as he takes Bianca’s hand in his.

“I wouldn’t call that trouble. The woman was pregnant and needed help and so I decided to help her.” His voice is calm. No emotion is seen or heard when he says this.

“My fiancé is always selfless and caring.” I don’t listen anymore. I’ve heard enough.

“Mum, we’ll have to do this some other time. I feel so exhausted.” My mum gives me a concerned look.

“Okay honey. I’ll call you tomorrow.” I smile at her and get away. I stop a cab and head towards Harry’s house.

My heart feels so betrayed and destroyed. This is why I should have kept away from him. I knew from the start how toxic he is. When we arrive I check for stray tears but I find none. Good.

I get into the house with one thought: I hate Sydney Kings.