

## Read Novel Billionaire Baby Daddy By Yoshyaw Chapter 23

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It's a month since I heard from Sydney. A month since I started despising that manipulative man. A month since I experienced something close to heartbreak. I don't know if I should call it heartbreak since I can't say I loved Sydney but my heart was broken. I felt betrayed. I felt used. Sometimes I miss him but I have to move on. I accepted my baby won't have the picture perfect family for him. Yeah, I'm having a boy. A boy I would call mine.

Harry's bedroom door opens and a sleepy Amelia comes out. She looks tired in the morning and I try as much not to think why. She's dressed in short pyjama shorts and a matching top written on 'NIGHTY NIGHTY'. She looks cute. What makes me wonder is the chocker on her neck. Why would she sleep with it. It has red rubies on it and a word I can't read engraved on it. Okay! It looks so beautiful though.

"Morning. Coffee." She mumbles and heads towards the coffee maker.

"Morning." I laugh and continue cooking pancakes. The morning is the same as others. Pregnancy is giving me a stage one case of insomnia. If there stages that is. The baby kicks a lot making me stay awake and talk to him. I sleep late and wake up earlier than Harry and Amelia.

"Any plans today?" Amelia asks. I flip the pancake before turning to her.

"I've watched too many movies so I'm going to start reading novels. I'm heading to the bookstore later." Amelia nods at this as she sips her coffee.

Since I came from the hospital Amelia has tried talking to me saying that I should talk to Sydney. I asked her why she sided with him but she'd only say 'maybe there's more to the story.' Yeah, right. As if that made any sense. They say fool me once shame on you, fool me twice shame on me. Is it?

"Pancakes." Harry says in a childish voice as he comes to the kitchen and hugs me. "I swear I'll marry you." He gives me a sloppy kiss making me cringe.

"Ewww. HARRY!" I hit his head with the back of my hand. At first I would wonder if Amelia was okay when Harry said words and did things that would make his girlfriend jealous but she never seemed bothered by it. I even thought she didn't really like Harry. As a good friend, I asked Harry about it. He only said their relationship was based on trust before anything else. They are so happy together.

An hour later both Amelia and Harry leave for work leaving me alone. I take a shower and wear a blue t-shirt dress and white baseball shoes then take a walk to the bookstore. I love walking. It's some sort of stress reliever. People watching and laughing at things they do when they think no one's watching.

I get into the bookstore thirteen minutes later and start randomly walking. When I reach the business section I see some t\*\*les I had seen in Sydney's office. Maybe I should get them. I need to learn more about business anyway. I take two of them and head to the sci-fi section and also take a couple. By the time I'm done I feel so exhausted. Maybe I should start reading from here as I rest.

Ten minutes into the sci-fi, a chair in front of me is scrapped against the floor making me glare at the suit clad man. He seems familiar and has a grin as he sits. Can't a girl get some alone time here? I continue reading completely ignoring him.

"Interesting collection." The man says as he eyes my books on the desk. I continue ignoring him. Hope he takes a hint. "Hello? Someone there?" Nope. Not answering. "Ms Styles. You there?" I tense at this. My eyes immediately snap to him as he starts laughing. How does he know my name? A stalker maybe? But he doesn't seem like it. He looks so familiar though.

"Do I know you?" I raise an eyebrow at him. His hair is so black and has striking blue eyes.

He seems to be about twenty eight to thirty years old. His black suit fits him so well from where I'm sitting. Problem is, as I'm looking at his appearance, I'm comparing him to some jerk.

"Who would have thought such a pretty mind would forget an unforgettable face like mine?" He points to his face wagging his eyebrows. I roll my eyes. I'm really not in the mood for silly games.

"If you have nothing to say, I'm not really in the moods for you. Go bother someone else Mr..." He doesn't say his name.

"Can we talk somewhere else?" He asks in a slightly playful tone but I detect the seriousness in it. I notice a brown envelope on the table written on 'CONFIDENTIAL'. I look up back to him.

"I came to your office once with Sydney. Luke." Everything clicks into place at once. Luke James. I even heard Sydney talk to him once on the phone. Is he here on Sydney's behalf? Luke seems to read the question on my face.

"We can go to the nearby park and talk. Not many people visit the place. It's kinda private." Is this man serious? Does he think I will trust him? Sydney's friend? For all I

know Sydney might have sent him to me and for all I know, I have nothing to say to him or his friend.

“I’m going nowhere with you.” I say in a calm voice. Maybe it’s time to head home. I stand and start picking my books. I head to the counter and pay for them and head out but find Luke already waiting for me.

“This is important Isabella. They are just papers you need to sign.” Luke says next to me and helps me adjust the bag holding the books. Maybe I shouldn’t have bought big books. They are so heavy. “Need some help?” Luke takes out his hand for me to hand over the bag to him. Giving it to him means listening to what he has to say. I could just refuse and struggle with this heavy bag or I could give this willing person but listen to what he has to say to which I’m so curious about. I let out a sigh. I hand him the bag and immediately walk.

“Sydney’s told me so much about you.” I stop in my tracks and face him. “The papers I need to sign. That’s what we’re talking about.” I grit my teeth. Luke blinks twice because of my hostility but says nothing.

“He broke omertá” Sydney told me that was an offense that wasn’t lightly taken. Has anything happened to him? I haven’t heard of him since the show. “So this is about that.” I say. I want him to clarify.

“Yes. Since you know about us we can’t risk the organization because of it. So you have to sign some papers to ensure your confidentiality. From now on your every movement will be tracked. Your phone calls, text messages and emails will pa\*\* through our tech guys. Under no circ\*\*stances will you reveal about your knowledge to the government, police, co-workers, friends or even family. If any of these rules are to be violated, be sure to see your closest people being tortured to death as you wait for your turn.”

What the hell?