

Read Novel Billionaire Baby Daddy By Yoshyaw Chapter 25

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“According to the tests we did two days ago, your mother is physically, emotionally and mentally stable to be able to be back home in two weeks. We have reduced her dosage to a minimal so we will have to observe how she reacts to them for a couple of weeks and if it’s a positive change, she’ll be going with you.” Doctor Maxwell Norman has been on my mother’s case and has updated me since I learnt about her.

My uncle, Jason, let out a shaky breath. I glance at him and see he has a large smile on his face. It’s been long since I last saw him and to say I missed my uncle JJ is an understatement.

“I’ve waited for this talk for years. My sister is getting better. Thanks to you Bella.” I smile at him and take his hands into mine.

“She was never meant to be here.” I say in a small voice as I tear up. Pregnancy hormones! Or maybe it’s because I just realized I’m going to have my mom next to me with no limitations. She’ll be there when my son will be born.

I visit my mother together with JJ for about three hours and head home. Being six months pregnant is using up my energy at a fast rate. I get into my car and head to Harry’s.

I find no one home and I head straight to the kitchen and look for something to eat. I feel fat but I don’t care. At least not now. I have no one to impress so I can eat as much as I want. I mean it’s normal to add some weight when pregnant but I can always hit the gym after birth. Sometimes I wish Sydney was here and pretend I’m mad at him for calling fat. I really need to stop reading this novels.

A knock on the door brings me back to reality. I place the yoghurt that I have just found on the counter and head to the door. Without thinking, I open the door and come face to face with Bianca. What now?

“Bianca?” She looks as perfect as she always is. Her dark hair looks like it just came from the salon. Its so shinny and soft. She’s dressed in a white blouse, a black pencil skirt and a black and white blazer. I don’t look at her feet since she’ll notice I’m a**essing her outfit and I don’t want any comment from her. I bet she’s in white heels.

“I’m going to ask this once and don’t even think of lying to me.” She holds a dangerous glare meant to scare anyone but I don’t cower away from her. Is it about the baby? I hope not. If it is then that means the Italian Mafia is involved in this since the princess is engaged to Sydney. “HEY!” I hear Bianca. Why am I zoning out a lot?

“Ask away.” I tell her sarcastically with a fake innocent smile and she rolls her eyes.

“Where is he?” WHO? Oh. And I start laughing.

“And who is ‘he’?” I decide to mess with her.

“My fiance. Sydney.” Bianca grits her teeth with frustration.

“You’re looking at the wrong place.” I say in a clipped tone. His name infuriated me. His kiss a month ago before I signed my life over to the mafia is still on my mind. I am happy he kissed me. Even though he’s engaged, I never regretted it. It was so short but the sweetest kiss I ever had and I wouldn’t mind having a repeat of it. The forbidden fruits taste the sweetest. I sigh. He just had to go back to Bianca.

I try shutting the door but Bianca puts a foot to prevent that. Look at that, white stilettos. “Tell me where he is.” She says in a threatening voice.

“You’re fiance isn’t here Bianca. Go look for him somewhere else or I’m calling the cops.” I start feeling frustrated and I want to pee. She only narrows her eyes and before she turns she looks at my belly making my hand move to it. She smirks. A lot of scenarios cross my mind and I immediately shut the door. I close my eyes and take a deep breath as I lean on the door. I open my eyes two seconds later and that is when I notice what Bianca has been insinuating. Sydney has disappeared!

Should I look for him? I ask myself as I head back to my yoghurt. Could he be hurt? No, it’s not my problem. But what if he’s kidnapped? Or worse, murdered? No, no, no. Don’t think that way Isabella. Maybe he only left for some hours and Bianca is only exaggerating. His a big man, a mafia lord. He can take care of himself. Why do I even care?

I finish my yoghurt and continue reading my novel.

I hear another knock an hour later. Nope. I’m not getting that. I check the time. Three o’clock. Where did Harry and Amelia go to? I ignore it but the knock is heard again. I decide to peek but my phone beats me to it with a text message from... Sydney?

Sydney

We need to talk. Come with Joey.

I don’t reply. What’s wrong with this man? His fiance is looking for him and he wants to meet up with me? I decide not to go. I go to the door then peep. I see Joey standing patiently.

"Tell him that I'm not feeling well. I need to rest." I tell Joey after opening the door and poking my head out. Joey raises an eyebrow in amus****t. "You can tell I'm lying right?" He nods then releases a short laugh.

"Apparently, he says it's important for you two to meet." Joey reminds me of Neville Longbottom from Harry Potter, only in a suit and looks older. Could it be him? They look so much alike. Someone clearing his throat brings me back to the present. What's wrong with me zoning out a lot lately?

"Sorry. But I really don't want to meet him." My phone rings immediately after I say this. Sydney.

"It's either you go with him willingly or by force." He hangs up and I stare at the phone dumbfounded.

"Stupid, egoistic, controlling men. I hate them." I say with gritted teeth. I go into the house and take my shoes and follow an amused Joey. "Stupid bodyguards."

This time Joey takes me to an Italian hotel out of town. 'Hotel Due Mondi'. Why would he bring me to an Italian hotel? Joey gets out of the car and I follow him to the elevator. He presses the top most floor and we ride in silence.

An Italian speaking couple joins us when we reach the second floor but get out after some floors higher. I look at my nails and realize I need to work on them. The elevator stops and Joey gets out and I follow him to a door written on PH3. He opens the door with a key and allows me to get in first before doing so but doesn't close it.

"Ah, Joey. Good to see you back with a visitor." Sydney's voice comes from a corner. I turn my head and see him on the counter of a mini bar. This place is so huge. A penthouse. Everything seems in order and is in either black, white or grey. The place is so nice. But what is Sydney doing here?

Joey excuses himself and leaves after shutting the door. I hold onto my phone tightly and head towards Sydney.

"Your fiance is going crazy looking for you." I say with a smile. A mocking smile. "Why would you hide away from your beloved?" Sydney rolls his eyes and gestures for me to sit next to him. I take a chair furthest from him and he smirks.

"Juice? Water? Anything?" Sydney says as he stands and heads towards the fridge.

"Water." He takes a bottle and gla** and hands them to me.

"So, how have you been for the last month?" I scoff. As if he would care.

“Why did you invite me here?” I think about my question. Nope. “Why did you force me here? In an Italian hotel to be precise?”

“I gave you an option. And you chose willingly. Good choice.” I roll my eyes. I realize Sydney is almost back to the playful Sydney. But maybe it’s because he needs something from me. I sit alert. “And ever heard of the saying, living right under your nose?” He shrugs and comes to sit next to me.

“Cut the crap Mr Kings, I need to leave.” Sydney raises an eyebrow. “We’re back to formalities now, right Ms Styles?” I show him a serious face and not answer.

He sighs. “What do you know about Amelia Russo?”

Amelia Russo? Who is Amelia Russo?