

## Read Novel Billionaire Baby Daddy By Yoshyaw Chapter 30

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ISABELLA'S POV

I sit in bed and think of the six months I've known Sydney. I only heard about Kings company but was never interested in its owners. Who knew my ex cheating on me was the best thing that ever happened to me? I went to that club and drunk then decided to get back at him by giving someone else what he wanted, my virginity. Guess I used Sydney in a way too.

I think of what happened some hours ago. The guns, grenades and blood really gave me light of what is truly Sydney's life. I should be scared. I should run away from him. But I want to do this for him. For my baby. I think of all the arguments Sydney and I have had and smile. We always get back together. I know Sydney wants to protect the baby and I and I really appreciate that but in a way I want to help him protect the three of us.

I'm I going crazy?

Spending time with Sydney has awoken these unknown emotions from me. I want to stand beside him. I want to hold that gun with him and shoot the enemy. Okay, I'm being so dramatic and so I should stop. Is it the kiss making me think like this? Is it because I want more? Desperate even?

Sydney is a cold and brooding man. 'Don't forget the part that he's engaged.' My brain reminds me. What I'd do to show Bianca that the America Mafia lord will be mine. I mean that's what I really want and I'm just possessive that way.

But what if he's never meant to be mine? What if with time I won't have these feelings towards him? What if he only wants me for the baby? He was ready to find someone else pretend to be his wife for a year so what makes me sure he'd want me for me?

"I can hear gears turning inside that pretty head." I hear a voice coming from the door. I didn't close the door since it was hot and I wouldn't open the window at night. There was I time I stayed out in the cold and got an asthma attack when I was young.

"What do you mean? I was asleep until now." I show him my best sleepy face. And he rolls his eyes. "You're turning around the bed. Look at your bed." He says while pointing at the bed. "And I can hear you groan and sigh." He moves closer to the bed.

"What's wrong." He says in a concerned voice. I tell him it's nothing but he doesn't move.

"I'm never like this. I mean, I'm never a thinker. I just do stuff and regret later." I bite my lip waiting for what he has to say but he only chuckles. Music to my ears.

"You're the opposite of me you know. I plan everything. I even plan backups." I smile at that.

"That means you're responsible. A leader. While I'm just an irresponsible and naive girl." I expect Sydney to laugh but he doesn't. He only looks at me.

"I think you are a strong, independent and smart woman Isabella Styles." He says with confidence. I just look at him curiously. He doesn't have to say nice things to make me feel good about myself. "Not all single women decide to raise kids on their own but you did. You accepted our son. That shows how strong you are. Then when..."

"Stop, stop, stop." My heart can't take anymore and Sydney has a questioning look. "I don't want to hear anymore." I say looking down.

"Hey, what's really bothering you Izzy. I'm here for you." Harry said the same words but I don't say anything. Maybe I should pretend he's Harry and get this off my chest.

I lie down and signal Sydney to come behind me and cuddle. I do it all the time with Harry. Well not so much now but you get the point. Sydney moves behind me leaving some space between. I chuckle at this and roll my eyes. "Are you scared of me Sydney?" I can feel hi glaring at me before he moves closer.

He's so stiff and seems uncomfortable. I sigh. I can't pretend he's Harry. This is Sydney Kings. I turn and face him. He moves behind leaving some space in between so we're not chest to chest.

"Sorry. I'm used to cuddling with Harry as I tell him my secrets." Sydney's facial expressions change and I realize I said the wrong words. "He's like a brother you know." Sydney still says nothing. "If you're going to pout the whole time then you better get back to your bed." I say.

"I'm not pouting. So you better start telling me your secrets." He says as he tucks some hair behind my ear. He doesn't even seem to know that he did it. He starts rubbing small circles on my arm as we stay in silence and I memorize his face.

"I like someone. Like really, really like someone." I start after closing my eyes. I don't want to think the person I'm telling this to, is the same person I'm talking about.

"I suddenly feel insecure. I don't know if he likes me back or if he even thinks of me in the slightest. Sometimes I think that it will all end and I'll be this single mom and my son won't have a dad. I..." I feel Sydney gripping the spot he was rubbing me. "You are hurting me." I say in a pained voice and he immediately lets go.

“No one else will raise our son apart from us. You hear Isabella? Stop thinking about some stupid boy who will only break your heart.” He says with so much venom and I almost laugh because he’s talking about himself but I don’t. “There are people who really like you. Not that you should search for them because you know I won’t allow it. You have everything a man would wish for. And no man should make you feel insecure.” Sydney says as he continues rubbing my arm. But he’s the one making me feel so insecure.

“Now it’s your turn. Do you like someone?” I bite my lip and shut my eyes again. Sydney only chuckles before he answers.

“Yeah. She’s the most amazing, beautiful woman I’ve ever met.” My poor heart. I feel tears form so I try so hard not to open my eyes. “She’s so strong, confident and smart. Her eyes light up when she talks about something she likes and have this fire when she’s mad. Every time I look at her, there’s this skip in my heart.” He chuckles and I fake one too.

I feel hands on my chin. “Open your eyes Izzy.” Sydney says in a soft voice but I don’t. He’ll see the tears. He asks the same thing again and I open them only to find Sydney so close to me.

“I don’t regret going to that club and meeting her. I don’t regret my plans for making her a surrogate and I definitely don’t regret kissing her now.” He says this and his lips are suddenly on mine.

Tears run down from my eyes and I give myself to the kiss. The kiss is slow and feels so intimate.

“I really like you Isabella Styles.” He says and a big smile forms on my face.