

## Read Novel Billionaire Baby Daddy By Yoshyaw Chapter 31

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Hearing Sydney say those words is something I've never expected. Since we met I've always ended up getting angry at him. We also have a good share of good times together. The teases, him cooking for me, the kisses and time in the cottage. Sydney has shown me a playful side of him and even shown vulnerability -something I know he doesn't show to many people. I smile at this but my smile falters when I think of Bianca.

"We can't raise our son in the mafia Sydney." Sydney seems disappointed when I say this. I know he wants me to tell him I like him back but I have to be sure of what I'm getting myself into. When I say the words, there'll be no turning back.

"I have a plan. I don't know if it'll work and I don't want you to worry about it." This piques my curiosity.

"You'll tell me later. Right?" I ask him and he nods.

"You should get some sleep. We've had a very long day." Sydney says. I check the time on my phone. 2. 17 Am. The day has really been long. Finding out about Amelia, almost getting abducted, and telling Sydney that we're having a son, then having confessed our feelings. I know mine was indirect but still. "We can have that cuddle you wanted if you still want it." Sydney offers unsurely and I chuckle. He's cute.

"I don't know. It'll feel awkward since I know you like me." I tease Sydney but he rolls his eyes and orders me to move closer and I do so.

"You're so demanding you know that?" I say sleepily. He's so warm and larger than me. I feel so comfortable and protected. "But I love it." I finish. He places his arms on my stomach and I drift to sleep. Before I fully succ**\*\*b** to sleep I feel Sydney place a kiss on the side of my head and mutter "You are mine Izzy." I smile. "I'll let Bianca know that you're mine too." I say and he chuckles and that's the last thing I hear.

I wake up alone. I look around the room and see my duffle bag next to the bed. I make the bed at a slow pace then take my toothbrush from the bag and a change of clothes. I then laugh at the irony. Looks like I had planned for the turn of events. I do my morning routine while singing in the bathroom without a care in the world.

I go to the kitchen and find some chocolate milk and ginger cookies on the kitchen island. An older woman comes from the kitchen with some bacon and places the plate next to the milk. "Hi." I say. The woman turns to me with an expressionless face then when she sees my belly she sports a surprised look.

“Hello dear. I’m Rosy. Mr Kings said you’d enjoy chocolate milk and some cookies. Would you like something else?” Talk about professional. I roll my eyes. “Can you not talk like that? I’m not Sydney.” Rosy smiles a little and gestures for me to sit. I do as she says and eat the cookies then my eyes widen. “Are there more? Gosh, I’d eat this for a year.” I say excitedly and Rosy laughs. “We could arrange that. But it wouldn’t be healthy, would it? I giggle and eat some more.

“Where did Sydney go to?” I ask after taking the last cookie.

“He said he had things to do at the office.” She only says this as she takes the utensils but I stop her. “You don’t have to. I can do things for myself.” I say awkwardly. I’m not used to having someone do things for me. She only brushes me off and continues doing her things. I notice Rosy isn’t much of a talker so I decide to call JJ. I go to the duffle bag and search for a phone but find none. I see a box inside with a new phone.

‘It’s ready to use. Everything is transferred to here. SK.’ I smile. He has a nice handwriting.

I call my uncle and it takes some time before he picks up.

“Hello.” He says breathlessly.

“Did I call at a bad time?”

“Bella? No, no I’m just from the gym. How is it going?” We talk for some time before I hang up.

Should I call Harry? I miss him so much. I close my eyes and press the call b\*\*\*on. After three rings he picks up.

“Hey.”

“Oh my gosh B, you had me so worried. Where are you? And why are you using a new number?” I smile at his concern.

“Don’t worry about me H. I’m fine even though I miss you. Sorry for not telling you I was leaving.” I say apologetically.

“You’re with him, aren’t you?” I pause for a second before I reply.

“Yeah. I’ll be here for a while.”

“The house feels so lonely. And I think I’ll go visit Uncle James. I got a call today. He’s getting worse.”

Guilt fills my heart. I took my adoptive dad to the best doctors immediately when I could afford but only visited him once with Harry. "I'll come with you. When are you leaving?"

"Tomorrow. But I don't think you really have to come. You're pregnant and you need enough rest. And besides I need to be alone for some time." He says the last part in a low voice.

"What? Why? What about Amelia?"

"We broke up." Oh.

That sentence gives me mixed feelings. Harry really liked her. No scratch that, he loves her and to be honest, I think a tiny bit of Amelia at least likes him. No one can fake emotions that much. I feel so bad but the Italian thing makes me so happy but angry. How dare she play with my best friend's feelings like that? "I'm so..." I notice Harry already disconnected the call. I sigh and place the phone on the bed next to me.

"Should I go back to Harry's?" I ask myself.

"No. Absolutely not. You're staying here with me." Sydney's voice startles me. I look up and find him leaning on the door frame.

"I thought you were doing your CEO things. And eavesdropping is bad." He only shrugs and comes next to me.

"I had some more important things to do before I go to the office." I look at his suit. Why does he look good in everything? "And I'd like to announce that I'm now a free man." He says in a husky voice as he leans towards me. A minute passes before what he just said clicks in my mind and I look at him with wide eyes.

"No way. That easy?" He nods as he smiles. "But you told me you signed the contract with the Italians."

"Yeah but what Bianca did, you know attacking us, made the contract void. And since the Italians are angry, there's gonna be war." He sits next to me. "And that brings me to the next thing."

I try sitting up and Sydney helps me while amused when he sees me struggle.

"Have you ever thought of moving to another country?" He asks after I sit upright.

"No. Maybe visiting but I never thought of moving to another place." Sydney only nods with a thoughtful expression.

"I have to go. I have a meeting in an hour. Take care." He kisses my forehead and leaves immediately as I welcome my good friend, loneliness.

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"You have to stay in my safe house for some time. It's two hours from here." Sydney breaks the comfortable silence at dinner. I look up.

"What about you? You're coming with me, right?" I ask. His face shows regret as he shakes his head. "I have to take care of things." I don't say anything. I look at him and know he has something else to tell me. He remains quiet as he eats but his mind is elsewhere.

"Something on your mind?" I take his hand. "I'm here for you, you know." He gives me a small smile at my words and I smile back. I squeeze his hand lightly before releasing it.

"I know every woman has a dream wedding." Sydney blurts out after we resume eating in silence. I turn to face him and look at him weirdly. "I know you have one too." He notices my look and lets out a frustrated sigh.

"I need to protect you Izzy. I need to know you're safe. I need to defeat the Italians and come back to you." He gets up from his seat and comes next to me and crouches without breaking eye contact.

"I know this isn't how it's supposed to be. Heck, I only told you I lo... I like you yesterday. Please don't take it the wrong way."

My heart beats so fast. I don't want to think it's what I think it is. Never build your hopes up for them to only be crushed afterwards. "Just get to the point Sydney." I say in a whisper. I don't trust my voice right now.

"Will you marry me Isabella Styles?" It's a shock that I don't faint.

"What's this about Sydney?" How did it come to this? 'You should be saying YES goddammit.'

"Please don't think the wrong way." Sydney says with pleading eyes. "You remember that contract about us getting married for a year?" Oh! My heart drops. That!

I nod slowly. "Well, how about we do it now? I'm now a free man and we can give our son the perfect family he deserves." My heart continues to break. It's about the baby.

"But now, I want us to do it without the contract. No time limit. No payment. No conditions. It's not about our son this time. It's about us." Oh God! But why is he proposing now?

“Shouldn’t we wait until everything is okay?” I ask him. I notice Sydney is still crouching and I wonder how long he can do that.

“No. We have to do it now. At least that way, you and our son will be protected. I’m doing it because it’s necessary.” I understand what Sydney is trying to tell me.

“In fact, why postpone the inevitable?” Sydney smiles at this and I beam at him.

“So when do we get married?” Gosh! That feels odd coming from my mouth.

“Does tomorrow sound good?” I stare at Sydney in shock.

“T,,, tomorrow?” I stammer. “I don’t even have a dress. What can be done in less than twenty hours?” Sydney takes my hands in his.

“Relax Izzy. Everything is sorted out. Your dress is in my room.” Sydney says in a soothing voice but his words shock me even more.

“You had this planned?” He only nods as he gets up from his uncomfortable position and goes back to his seat. Of course he has already planned everything.

“Everything is happening so fast.” I say with disbelief.

“Everything will be fine. You don’t have to worry.” Sydney says this as he takes my hand. He rubs the back of my hand soothingly and I look at his face. I never knew I would be the one to marry the handsome cold billionaire. One of the most feared mafia lords. One of the hottest bachelors. I remember reading of how Sydney dated so many hot women and I smirk. He’s mine now.

“All you have to do is defeat the Italians.” With that we finish our dinner. I start to pick up the plates but Sydney insists on doing everything as I watch him. After he’s done I decide on getting some sleep. I feel so tired.

“Do you still want that cuddle?” Sydney asks and I nod eagerly. He only laughs and tells me he’ll join me in a bit.

I change into Sydney’s large shirt and get into bed. Sydney comes into the room in only pajama pants. His abs never cease to amaze me. He hops into bed and scoots over to me and raises his hand in front of my face. I move it further away from me then see a tiny black box.

“I believe I was supposed to give you this.” Sydney says huskily next to my ear as he opens the tiny box revealing a very beautiful diamond ring. I gasp.

“Do you like it?” He asks. “I love it.” I say still in a daze. He takes it and places it on my out stretched fingers. Sydney takes my hand and kisses the ring. “Perfect.” His voice is

still husky. I turn to him. Seeing Sydney smile every time takes my breath away. I lean to him and brush my lips against his.

“Thank you so much.” I say in a whisper.

“With this ring, I think I deserve a better kiss.” He teases and I smile. I lean to him and kiss him with everything I got. He returns the kiss with so much power and emotions. Emotions that match mine. And one of the emotions I notice is love. I push the thought away.

His hands cup my cheeks and tilt my face at an angle making him kiss me deeper and I moan at the back of my mouth. I feel desire growing in me and when I try to press myself against Sydney, I can't. This is one of the times I really wish I wasn't pregnant. We break the kiss and try to catch our breaths as we look at each other.

“You're driving me insane Izzy.” Sydney says breathless.

“Good. You're doing the same to me.” With that I lock my hands around his neck and bring him closer and kiss him again. I can't get enough of him. He responds to the kiss immediately and his hands roam from my hair down to my a\*\* as he squeezes them making me moan as we kiss.

Images of our first time together flood my mind and suddenly I want him. His mouth leaves mine as he starts kissing my jaw down to my neck until he finds my weak spot.

“I want you Izzy.” Sydney says in a rough voice next to my ear making my toes curl in excitement. I bring his face closer to me and lean next to his ear. “Then have me Sydney.” I say in a low voice hoping to have the same effect on him. His dark eyes dilate into a darker shade.

I take off the T-shirt and he looks at my stomach. He leans and kisses it as he looks at me. That is so hot. He raises and kisses me next from my shoulders to my lips. And then he says-

“You'll be on top.”

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I wake up feeling so hot. I try to move but notice a hand, Sydney's hand pinning me to the bed next to him while lying on my round tummy making me smile. My smile widens when I remember everything from yesterday night.

I look around and notice it's morning. The morning Sydney and I are supposed to wed. Sydney shifts behind me. His bare thighs brushing against me and suddenly I feel hotter than before but before any thought passes through my mind, the baby kicks making me smile.

"Gosh! If I get to wake up like this every day the...." Sydney starts but the baby kicks what I believe is my bladder. I get up from bed and head to the bathroom as fast as possible not even caring I'm naked.

I emerge five minutes later after brushing my teeth. Again, naked. I find Sydney sitting at the edge of the bed looking at something in his phone. He looks up when he hears me and his eyes widen in surprise and... Hunger.

"Damn Izzy. Are you trying to kill me?" I only smile innocently and find the T-shirt I was in yesterday night. Sydney stands and comes behind me. "You're so s\*\*y you know that? Pregnancy looks so damn good on you." I try not to get affected by his words and move away from him.

"You told me that like a thousand times yesterday night. We've got a wedding to attend I believe." I try to act nonchalantly as I head to the kitchen.

"I'm craving for some chicken sandwiches. Make me some." I say as Sydney follows me.

"I never knew I was hired by Isabella soon to be Kings to be her personal cook." Sydney says with a smug look.

I try to open my mouth to retort back but no words come out.

Isabella Kings.

Isabella Kings.

Isabella Kings.

The name repeats in my head. I love it. I look at Sydney and notice he's looking at me with an emotion I can't place.

"Just make the sandwiches." I say and turn then start going to my temporary room.

"Izzy. What's wrong?" Sydney touches my hand and pulls me to him making me turn to face him. He takes my face in his hand and caresses it lovingly. I lean to them.

"I'm just emotional because of the pregnancy." Sydney only nods and kisses my forehead.

“By the power invested in me, I now pronounce you husband and wife.” The judge finally says. Sydney takes my hand and pulls me closer to him and kisses me lightly with a smile. I smile too.

Jason pats Sydney’s back congratulating us but asks to speak to Sydney for a minute. I have to go to the bathroom anyway.

A mirror is placed on the other side of the bathroom making me look at myself as I head towards it. The pale blue dress really compliments my skin tone. The make-up artist did a splendid job. When I’m done I decide to head out to Sydney.

I find a note a neatly wrapped box with my name when I open the door. I look around to see who might have put it there as my hand discretely moves to my thigh where I placed a gun. Since being surrounded by the Italians I want to be careful.

Should I take the box?

What if it has a bomb? Maybe I should call Sydney. No, I don’t have to depend on him to do simple stuffs like picking up boxes. Gosh, why I’m I so paranoid these days? I used to be a ‘act then face consequences later’ type of girl. But now I have two lives in my hand. I can’t risk my baby’s.

I skip the box cautiously as I head towards Sydney. I have to tell him. Before I turn my phone rings. I take it and see it’s an unknown number. I should ignore it but I don’t.

“Isabella speaking.” I inwardly curse myself. Did I have to say my name?

“Ah, Isabella Kings!” My heart rate increases. “You know it’s rude to assume gifts.” I look around. Is he watching me? I pat my thigh discretely but the person seems to notice.

“No need for guns Isabella, or should I call you Izzy?”

“Who are you and what do you want?” I sneer.

“Take your gift. I’m sure you’ll love it.” The voice is playful.

“I don’t take gifts from strangers.” My voice seems dangerous and courageous but inside I’m shaking. I cut the call and continue walking towards Sydney. He smiles at me and I try to do the same but his smile falters.

“What’s wrong Izzy?” He asks worriedly.

“Don’t call me that.” I snap and Sydney seems shocked. “Let’s leave. I’m tired.” The call made me agitated. I have to tell Sydney but I don’t. He only nods and types something on his phone as he leads me outside.



As soon as the car stops in front of us someone calls me but I try to ignore them. Sydney turns to address the person as I enter the car. Right now I don't care about other people. I feel like I'm losing my mind.

"That was rude." Sydney says as he sits next to me. I lean on him as he rubs my back. "What's wrong baby, talk to me."

I tell him everything that happened. "I was scared Sydney. I didn't know what was going to happen to me. To my baby. It was like he read my thoughts. I mean, nobody was there but he knew what was happening." I notice Sydney's body has gone rigid.

"How did the box look like?" Sydney asks cautiously.

"Silver wrapper and a blue bow. Size of a small book." Sydney doesn't say anything. Suddenly he tells the driver to pull over. I look at him questionably. He kisses my forehead and tells me that everything will be okay.

The car stops next to a cliff and Sydney gets out immediately leaving me behind. I see the same box in his hand and I gasp. He moves further away from the car but I have to follow him. I don't know what he wants to do but we're in this together.

"Stay in the car Isabella." Sydney shouts but I don't listen. I follow him.

"Stay in the goddamn car for f\*\*\*s sake Isabella. Don't you listen?" This makes me angry.

"Don't ever cuss at me Sydney. Because you married me doesn't mean I do what you tell me." I hiss. Sydney places the box on the ground carefully and comes to me.

"I don't know what's in there and I can't risk your life. Get in the car." He says coolly.

"What about you? You're risking yours? I'm not letting you do it alone. We're together in this. This is now my life too."

Sydney lets out a frustrated groan. "Stand here then. Don't move. Please, "The last word did it. I obeyed. I nod and as he turns to leave I hold his hand and pull him to me in a punishing kiss.

"Be safe." I say. 'I love you' is what I don't say. Sydney nods this time with a smile and heads to it. He opens the box slowly and when nothing happens he picks it up. I take it that it's safe and I go to him. Inside is a piece of paper and the box is covered in blood. Sydney takes the paper and unfolds it.

I love dramas. I mean, they make life interesting. Don't you agree Izzy? I knew you wouldn't pick up the box. I know Sydney would stop the car and take it out after I find a way to get it you. This just proves that I get what I want no?

I almost forgot congratulations on your marriage. Isn't it just cliché, you marry the daughter of the man you killed? Does she even know about that part? The part that your family separated her from her dearest mother?

Sorry for keeping you on the roadside for long. Next time make sure to think carefully before doing anything. Just a piece of advice from the Italians.

Ciao.

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Time stopped.

Everything stopped.

"Isa..." I raised my hand to silence Sydney. I wasn't ready to listen to him. I wasn't ready to look at him. The note was scrunched up in his fist but I didn't look up.

Is this Russo's plan? To break us apart on our wedding day? We're still on the road to Sydney's apartment but I've received the biggest shock of my life. I had a pathetic life because of the family I just joined. This was supposed to be my happiest day. The day I married the man I love. My mother. Oh, mother. She lost everything because of these monsters. How I'm I to look past that and live with him.

I feel something touch my face snapping me back to the real world. Sydney's thumb wipes the tears I never knew I had but I move away. "Let's go and talk about this. You're stressing the baby." Sydney says.

"I don't want to be with you in one place. I'll take a cab." I say as I take in deep breaths to cool me down. Sydney insists on taking the cab but I don't have the strength to argue and so I just get into the waiting car.

"How about I buy you a drink? You look like you need one." I looked up from the beer I was drinking and my eyes landed on a very handsome man. He had a perfect jawline with a 5 o'clock shadow on it. His lips looked so plump and inviting and I imagined how it would feel to smash my lips with his.

I remember the first time I saw him. He looked so handsome. So dark, mysterious and dangerous. Why would I get involved with someone who had that type of aura? There were so many men I could choose from but I chose him. I had to choose the man whose family destroyed mine.

“Where are they?” He slurred as he looked for the bottles of beer. I pretended to help him search but I knew where they were. I gave them to Miss Julia who in return gave me some food or money to buy it.

“Where are they, you stupid child?” He pulled my hair and dragged me to the smallest and cleanest room in the house – my room. “Give them to me.” He roared making me flinch.

“You made her leave me. Now you’re taking my beer? All these because I needed the cash? We could have just left you in the streets to rot. You destroyed my life.” He always said this but I never thought about his words.

His usual beatings and kicks left me bleeding on my floor. He was always interrupted when he started hitting me but no one came today. Miss Julia didn’t save me today.

‘I can’t go anywhere. He’ll always find me.’ That was my last thought before losing consciousness and succ\*\*bing to the darkness.

I wake up and find myself in bed tucked in. I feel so tired so I don’t try to sit up. I look down and see my enormous belly. “At least I have you.” I whisper to it as I rub it and try to think of how our lives will be. I know I’m trying not to think of the note and betrayal and I don’t think of Sydney but I find that impossible.

‘What should I do?’ I groan. I’m almost seven months pregnant. I can do this. I can make a plan just for me and the baby. We can totally do this. I don’t think I’ll be ready to forgive Sydney or his family soon.

“Isabella?” I hear Sydney’s voice from the door. It’s midnight. What does he want? I don’t answer him.

“I’ve been checking on you. You had a nightmare an hour ago.” Sydney says. I want to scream at him that he shouldn’t care at all. He shouldn’t pretend that he now cares.

“You knew all along but never told me.” I state. “Why didn’t you tell me anything?” I feel something burn my chest. I feel it squeezing and clawing but I try to persevere. I’ve gone through worse. But this hurts more.

Sydney moves next to the bed and stands in my line of sight then kneels to my level. “Yes.” He says that and the feeling in my chest intensifies. “I figured it out a month ago but I had no courage.”

“You people destroyed my life.” I say as matter of fact.

“And I have no excuse for that. My family has killed so many people without a care in the world.” Sydney takes my hand and lifts it to his lips but I yank it away. I need a clear mind.

“My mom. Her fiancé died when she was eight months pregnant. The man she was going to get married to in two months. She almost died of shock and had an early birth. Three years later she’s separated from the baby. How could she be sane after all that?” Tears run freely and I don’t wipe them. Sydney has to see what they caused me.

“Izzy.” His voice cracks. “I might be this cold hearted man but I... “I don’t let him finish. I don’t want to listen to his lies.

“Why?” I feel so tired. “Why would you kill my father?”

“He was a threat. He discovered us.” I let out a bitter laugh.

“And now I’m part of you’re stupid family.” Talk about irony.

“I’ll get us out of this Isabella. I swear.” Sydney says with so much hate making me look up at him in surprise. The mafia killed his mother and sister. I remember him telling me that.

“Why didn’t you tell me?” I ask still looking at his face.

“I didn’t know how. I planned that I would after everything was over. You don’t need this stress.” He says but I say nothing.

“Izzy. I won’t let anything happen to you.” He takes my face in his hands and for once I let him touch me. My father died when Sydney was only two years old after all.

“You said there’s no getting out of the mafia.” I remember.

“I have a plan. But first I need you to do something.”

I look at him curiously. He always has a plan. “What do you need me to do?”

“What do you think of merging our companies?”

I didn’t expect that. “Why?”

“Think about it. We’re going to be gone for a while and you’re supposed to take over in about eight months. Merging will both benefit us and since we’re married, our child can take over.”

“Let’s talk about this some other time. I’m still not over my dad’s murder.” I say and Sydney nods in understanding.

“You have to move to the safe house in Toronto in twenty hours’ time. I already planned for you and your mother. I don’t know how long we’ll fight with the Italians but I promise I’ll be back.” Sydney kisses my lips and I return it immediately.

“I have to tell you something but promise me that you’ll trust me.” I nod immediately.

“The blood in the box.” I remember the box had blood and the note was placed in it. Why do I feel this isn’t good news? “Another note was placed inside and it was covered in blood. It was Harry’s. They have him but I’m going to get him back to you.”

I cry. Sydney takes me and hugs me for a long time. “I already have people looking for him. I didn’t want to tell you but I can’t keep anything from you.”

“I promise I’ll get him back baby.” He says after a long time.

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### **SYDNEY’S POV**

“Isabella and her mother just got into the Toronto safe house.” Luke, my best friend, tells me. I’ve sent him to take care of my wife and her mother in Toronto as I try to finish this mess once and for all. My wife. Isabella Kings. It still sounds unreal but I f\*\*\*ing love her name. I love her. I just have to end this once and for all then go to her and the baby.

No one knows that Isabella is out of the country since Luke and I tried to make it as discreet as possible. It’s part of my plan and I pray it works. I want the best life for my family. The mafia will only destroy it like it did to me. To Isabella. We killed her dad just like we killed my mum. Since then I have been trying to act on the plan I read in a book when I was six years younger. A plan that I have started by taking the first step. Isabella has already signed the merging contracts which makes it easier to manage both companies later. The next step was to get Isabella out of the country discreetly. Done.

I take two knives and insert them on the section I made for them in my belt then get out of my office. The guns are already in place. I see Joey and signal him to follow me to the cells.

Security is tight around here and sometimes I get so bored going through the same long things. I place my finger on the scanner then move to the next door and stand in front of the screen for it to scan my face. I then move to the last door that requires a long a\*\* pa\*\*word and a handprint. The doors are designed that there people who can only access the basic things so they only use the finger scanner. As the ranking increases, the more doors you can access. I access all since I’m the boss here. After every door the number of people decreases until I can only see one person after the last door. Philip, my brother’s right hand. I f\*\*\*ing hate him.

When the last door grants me access a long hall greets me. I walk to the furthest part of the hall where there are torture cells that host people who... wrong us.

I move directly to the last one and place my thumb for another scan. At this rate, I can draw my right thumbprint with my eyes closed I swear. The light changes to green before I push the door open. Joey follows me silently into the blood reeking cell. I'll never get used to this.

"It's time to attack." I sit on the chair in front of the tortured woman. Joey takes some pills and a bottle of water then gives them to her. She mumbles thanks before taking the Advil and drinks the whole bottle of water.

"I have an open cut on my thigh." She says after a while. My eyes drop to her thigh where a cut and some blood is seen. The area looks swollen and purple. Her red hair sticks to her face that shows she's in pain. Amelia seems fragile but she's strong considering the amount of pain my brother Liam has inflicted on her. Joey inspects it and nods then leaves. He's going to bring the materials to clean them.

"Did you find him? They'll transfer him in two days to another warehouse." Amelia's worried voice says again. She broke up with Harry the day she told her sister Bianca where to get us. Apparently, she's in love with him and she left him to save him but the opposite happened. They took him to use him as bait against Isabella and Amelia. Amelia is the black sheep of the Italian Mafia as I am for the American.

Since she didn't know how to find us she gave herself to us in one of the attacks after gaining enough information. She'd help me if I save Harry. I never thought twice since I know how Izzy loves Harry and I'd do anything for her. She's after all the love of my life.

"We'll go there tonight. He'll need medical attention so I've already prepared a place four hours from here with every medical help and doctors you'll need." Amelia nods at this with a straight face but I see a smile she's trying to fight.

"I'm doing this for Isabella. f\*\*\* with me and you're dead Amelia Russo." I say as I stand. Joey gets in and starts cleaning the wound. As I open the door Amelia stops me.

"I never underestimate a person in love Sydney Kings." She says with an innocent smile. I nod curtly and immediately get out as Isabella's face fills my mind. I wonder how she is right now.

My private phone rings. 'Can't I get a f\*\*\*ing minute?' I groan as I take it but my face immediately lights up when I see her name.

"Grandmother."

"Uh uh it's Lola

I laugh at that. She always wants me to call her according to the country she's in.

"I take it that it's good in the Philippines."

"It could have been better with my grandson and his new wife here. I'm so mad at you." She scolds me but I laugh.

"Still keeping tabs on me granny?" I tease her.

"You don't call me anymore and it feels like you've forgotten me. How I'm I to know if you're still alive in that horrendous life?" She sighs dramatically. I missed her so much.

We talk for some ten more minutes before she hangs up with my mood lifted but when I look at the file on my desk, it dampens instantly. f\*\*\*ing Marko Russo.

"Troubles brother?" Liam's voice comes from the door. I look up and see he has his famous smirk and mischievous eyes. What now? "What do you f\*\*\*ing want Liam?" His smirk broadens and he moves to a chair in front of me and sits on it.

"Isabella Styles." He says with a sigh and I pretend not to care about anything he says. "Or should I say Isabella Kings?" I snap my head to him giving him the reaction he was looking for. He looks at me with a face that shows he's achieved something. "You got married and I never even met my sister-in law? Do you hate me that much Sy?"

"I'm not into your games right now. I'm busy." I snap.

"Father knows about her and he really wants to meet her." He stands as he says this but I say nothing. "I don't know if I should tell him your pregnant w\*\*\*\* went to have a good time somewhere else?" He says in a mocking tone and I glare at him. Calm down Sydney. "Pick a country Sy." My glare doesn't waver and Liam pretends to shiver.

"Your cold eyes could send me so far away." He opens the door slowly bit but before I breathe in peace, he drops the bomb. "Like Canada." He winks and leaves shutting the door aggressively.

I stand immediately and take my phone. Liam knows where Isabella is. I dial Luke's number who answers the call immediately. "We have change of plans."