

Read Novel Billionaire Baby Daddy By Yoshyaw Chapter 36

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ISABELLA'S POV

We just arrived two days ago in Toronto. This is the best gift Sydney has given me. Time to bond with my mother as he's away. He knows how much I want to make up for lost time with my mother and he did it before I even told him so. He also thought that having my mum here with me when I was about to give birth would be good for me. I know deep down he's scared to leave me alone in case anything happened to him and to say I'm terrified would be an understatement. The other reason Sydney sent my mum with me was for protection. The Italians could come for her and take her like they did to Harry. Harry. I still can't believe that witch Amelia would have them take him away. I don't even know if he's alive.

"What's wrong baby?" My mother's voice startles me. I look up and see her giving me her small smile. I try to smile back but I can't. "I just hope Harry is okay. And I kinda miss Sydney." I say but she smiles at that. She hugs me and I instantly melt in her embrace.

"He'll find Harry. You'll see." She kisses the crown of my head and I smile. "And are you saying I'm boring?" She pushes me away and fake glares at me and I laugh.

"You are the best mum." I kiss her cheek and she hugs me again. Our moment is ruined by a door bell. My mum and I look at each other. No one knows we're here. My mum kisses the crown of my head one last time and gets up. "For a record, I miss Max so much." She winks and gets out of my new room to see who's at the door. Max, her doctor proposed a month ago after talking to me before she was discharged.

I just giggle and take a pistol under my pillow and tiptoe to listen.

"I need to talk to Isabella. It's urgent." I hear a familiar voice that I can't place. I move to the wall closer and try to peek. "Who are you? And who is Isabella?" My mum asks and I try to hold in my laugh.

"The pregnant woman peeking knows me." Luke says and turns to my direction with a smile. I move from the wall wide eyed. "How did you know?" I ask.

Luke just shrugs nonchalantly. "That's just how you are." He moves to the couch and sits and I stare at him flabbergasted. Am I that easy to read? I try to mask my shock and move closer to him but place the gun behind me. My mum sees this and looks at me questionably.

"We have a problem." Luke's face turns serious. For once my heartbeat skips. Is this about Sydney? Is he hurt? Luke raises his head and looks at me and panic crosses his face as he stands and comes to me. "s***, sorry Isa. Sydney is okay. It's just that Liam knows you're here and so both of you have to move." He leads me to a seat. My mother gives me a gla** of water and I drink.

"Liam?" I've heard that name somewhere. "You mean Sydney's brother?" Luke nods at this. "How'd he know?" Fear grips me at once.

"He has someone following him. Be ready at four pm. You'll have visitors and you have to do whatever they say. Don't argue and just follow instructions. I look at my mother and find her looking at me. She nods at me and I nod back. "Okay." I say and Luke stands to leave.

"Sydney says hi." He says with a grin and I find myself grinning back. "Why are you grinning when you say that?" I ask but he only continues grinning until he's out of the house leaving me confused. I look back towards my mum. "He's so weird." She only chuckles at this and then nods at that.

"I don't remember any Liam from this crazy life story." My mum says as she tries to lighten up the mood. I had to explain everything to her when we landed and got into this house. I told her about dad's death and she told me she knew about it. Dad told her everything he did apparently. What she didn't know was that they took me and gave me away. And why.

"He's Sydney's brother. He wants Sydney's t**le and he hates him." I tell her as I try to remember what Sydney told me. "Sydney told me he's so stone cold and enjoys people's cries." I shudder at that.

"Do you think it was a good idea to merge the company with Sydney's." My mum asks after a few minutes of silence. I thought about it and asked the lawyer about it. "Yeah. I trust him." I say and take a sip of water.

"And I trust you." My mum says.

I hear someone knocking at the door. My eyes automatically move to the clock and I see it's almost four o'clock. My mum and I had finished packing our clothes an hour ago.

"I think they're here." I hear my mother say. I take the pistol and follow her. She takes a deep breath and opens the door revealing three... catholic nuns? They smile and we smile back awkwardly.

"I'm sister Lydia. She's Sister Lillian and she's sister Jane." The one who seems to be the leader points to the others. "We're here to share the gospel of our loving God. We

noticed you're new so we wanted to pa** by." One of them says with a smile. My mum moves aside letting them in while her face is filled with shock.

"Have a seat." My mother says as I watch them.

"We'd love to but you both have to take off your clothes first." Sister Jane says. I hear a gasp beside me and I almost laugh. Sister Lillian and Lydia start laughing and I lose my patience.

"Who the f*** are you guys?" I ask aggressively and my hand moves to the pistol.

"Hey, calm down. We're here to get you out of here. But first you have to change into these." Lydia says.

"You're not sisters are you?" I ask and Jane snickers. "Nope. We work for Sydney Kings." My hand relaxes but I don't let my guard down.

"Who really are you?" I ask. Lydia removes her robe leaving behind a tank top and denim shorts. "We don't have time for introductions. Let's get moving." She gives me the robe and I look at it questionably.

"Tell me who you are. If you work for Sydney then you work for me." I say strongly. Lydia smirks and gives me a card that looks like Joey's. Riley Rodriguez.

Jane gives me hers before she gives my mother her robe. Mia Rodriguez. I look at them. "We're sisters." Jane clarifies and I only nod. Lillian gives me hers. I notice she has her robes on. Candice Martins. I give her card and she puts it back in her shorts that she's worn inside the robe.

"Mia and Riley will stay here as I take both of you to a car waiting for us a block away. No need to take your bags now since someone might be watching us." Candice explains. I really wish I had my phone here and tell Sydney what's happening.

"Can I make a call?" I ask. Candice tells me it's okay and gives me her phone. I go to my room and dial Sydney's number.

"Sydney Kings." I hear Sydney's cold voice and I smile.

"Hi Mr Kings. It's Mrs Kings." I say playfully and Sydney doesn't say anything for a few seconds. "Izzy? Baby, is that you?" My heart literally stops for two seconds when he calls me that.

I laugh. "You missed me that much huh?" I say half seriously and half-jokingly. "You can't even imagine how much." Comes the reply. Did I call him to get these heart stops or whatever they are called?

“You sent Candice, Mia and Riley?” I ask.

“Yeah. They are some of the best fighters I know. You can trust them.”

“Okay. Thanks. I need to get back to them.” I don’t want to stop talking to him. I missed him so much.

“Yeah you do. I’ll come to you. I’ll always know where you are baby.” That name again. Damn.

“I have the tracker inside my body. Don’t worry about me.” I say and he laughs.

“Yeah. And Izzy...”

“Hmm.”

“I love you.”

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I get into the black van in a trance. “What did Sydney say to you?” My mother asks when I get comfortable. “You’ve been out of it.” She says sneakily.

“I love you.” He told me that. He told me he loves me.

“Okay. You’re smiling. Now I’m curious.” My mum laughs and I look at her and the urge to hug her overwhelms me. I place my hands around her cheeks and bring her close to me and kiss her cheeks and she laughs. I’m just so happy that I don’t know what to do. I want to scream in happiness and sing in my so bad voice. I got my voice from my dad apparently.

“He loves me.” I laugh as a tear falls. Candice pats my back. I even forgot she’s here.

“I never knew I’d get to see my Bella in love.” My mum says as I smile. What she says hits me. I never got to say the words back. Am I in love with Sydney Kings? I think of all the times we were together. The arguments, the time in the cottage, him teaching me how to shoot and time in the apartment.

I really do miss him right now. He’s made me so angry many times but maybe I should blame the pregnancy hormones? And talking about pregnancy, he’s been so supportive and helped a lot. He’ll be a great dad. I think about my dad’s death. Will he be disappointed that I married the man whose father killed him?

“Mum?” I turn to my mother and find her looking at me expectantly.

“Hmm...”

“Would dad approve of my marriage? Would he hate me for marrying a mafia lord? Would he be disappointed in me for carrying their blood in my womb?” My heart beats so fast when I ask these questions. I never realized the weight of this matter before I asked.

“Oh Bella.” My mother puts her hand on mine. “You are one of the strongest women I know.” I look at her ridiculously. Did she look at herself? She only gives me a small smile and continues. “You’ve been through so much and look at you right now. How could he not be proud of you?” She looks behind me at where Candice is and leans towards me.

“You told me Sydney wants an out of all this?” I nod. “Then your dad would have been happy. Sydney is so different from his dad and others and I approve of him.” I smile. “I saw how he looked at you at the airport.” She winks and my cheeks heat. I smile at what she says.

“I never told him I love him mum.” I say defeated and my mother gives me a sad smile.

“You will. He’ll be back for you.” She says. It is then I notice the car stopping. And I turn to Candice.

“What’s happening?” I notice she’s taking out a gun. She stands and moves to the window and looks outside.

“We are under an attack. I’ve notified Luke and he’s on his way. He should be here in two minutes.” She then looks at my belly.

“Don’t worry. Just give me a gun.” I already know she thinks of me as a liability. A swollen bellied woman would be hard to move fast.

She looks at me hesitantly with her cold brown eyes and I say in my authoritative voice to hand me a gun which she does with a whatever. I roll my eyes and prepare it in seconds. I turn to my mother and see she already has a gun.

“You shoot?” I ask dumbly and she smirks. Carolina Styles just smirked at me.

“What do you expect from a woman whose fiancé was the best shooter in the FBI?” And she winks. I love this c**y side of hers. I laugh and another puzzle fits in. No wonder I’m good with guns.

We position ourselves strategically. My mother lies down on one side of the van and Candice on the other side. I kneel on one of the chairs in between since I can’t lie down.

“Let’s do this ladies.” Candice says with a smirk when we hear the door shuffle. We wait expectantly for the door that seems to be taking long to open. “Just get done with it.” I groan lowly and both Candice and my mum hear and they snicker. The door opens and the first thing we see is a gun before the hand and body appears. Looks like the person knows not to underestimate us.

“Thought you could fool us ‘sisters’?” A man says in an Italian accent. He opens the door fully and I see his face. He has tattoos everywhere. “Just get out. We don’t want any blood shed especially near a pregnant woman, yes?” He says but Candice shoots him between his forehead. My mother lets out a small shriek but composes herself immediately. See, I got a strong woman as a mother. I smile in pride.

As the man falls down with a thud, gunshots are heard around the van.

“Isabella. Don’t get out. We’ll be fine.” My mother says and my eyes widen.

“No mum. If you get out I’ll follow you.” I panic. I see a man coming near the van and I shoot at him on his throat. Gotcha!

“You’re pregnant Isabella.” Like that should be the only valid excuse.

“Luke should be here any second now. He’s got back up.” Candice says making me sigh in relief.

I look at the top and see the roof window. Should I take this risk? I ask myself after ten minutes and no sign of Luke or his people. The gunshots have increased. I take another gun and stand then open the roof window.

“What are you doing Bella?” My mother hisses but I ignore her and stand comfortably. I look around and see different men and none have noticed me here. I smirk. I love surprises. I shoot the closest one before moving to the others next to him. Other men look at the falling ones in surprise and try to find the shooter. I kneel down so fast before they see me making me to feel slightly uncomfortable in my belly. I sit on the chair and rub my belly soothingly.

“Are you okay?” My mother asks worriedly. “Yes. Eleven are down.” I say facing Candice who smiles at me.

“Since they are less we can get out and fight.” Candice says looking at my mum. “Well, only the two of us.” She clarifies looking at my mother.

“Let’s do this.” My mum says and fastens her bulletproof coat. They both take two guns and get out with determined faces. I look at my mum worriedly. “I love you mum.” I shout. “And I love you baby. Now I have a**es to kick.” She says and gets out of my sight. The gunshots increase and I start panicking.

'What should I do?' And where is Luke? I start searching for Candice's phone. I know she left it somewhere. I go to her bag and look for it and find it. I dial Sydney's number hoping that I haven't mistaken any digit and press call.

"Sydney Kings." I hear his voice.

"Luke should be here. Where is he?" I ask.

"Izzy? Thank God you're okay. What are you talking about? Why should Luke be there?" He starts to panic and I sense it but he covers it immediately.

"We're being shot at and he should've been here ages ago." I hiss. I'm getting stressed.

"Izzy baby. Calm down. Brea..."

"Don't tell me to f***ing calm down when my mother is out there shooting at people while I'm here. Just f***ing send people as fast as you can." I cut the call and throw the phone against a chair. I immediately hear my mother's voice in pain.

I take a gun and get out as fast as my pregnant body takes me. I try to run towards her voice as I shoot two more people. I see her behind the car hiding and holding her shoulder that that is soaked in blood.

"Mummy. Hold on. I cut a piece of the sister's robe and tighten it around the wound.

"You shouldn't be out here baby." She says before she groans.

"I know. But those men made me angry. They should have known never to mess with an angry pregnant woman." With that I position my mother in a comfortable position before I stand with a determined mind. They unleashed the mafia lord's wife within me when they hurt my mother.

The tigress has awoken.

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SYDNEY'S POV

"Isa and her mother just got into the black van with Candice." Luke says and I breath in in relief. It's time to go find Harry and take down Marko Russo.

I walk to my safe and press in 'Rose22' and it immediately clicks open. I smile as I think of my pa**code. 'Rose.' It was the day I received a file on Isabella's dad. His information said he had a daughter. Isabella Rose Styles. I never told Isabella that I knew her name until they day we made love a few days ago and I moaned her middle name during our high.

I take out a HK p9 that I had bought for Isabella but was yet to give it to her and load it. Look like I'll buy her another one. Isabella handles her guns so well and I loved seeing her face light up when she saw the different guns. My wife's a bada**.

I hear a knock breaking my thoughts before I grunt a get in. Joey and Kane get in. I take my other gun. An M9 that dad gave to me after my first kill. "Gather everyone. We're leaving in ten minutes." I say without looking at them. I take a small duffel bag and stuff in some bullets, knives and some M83 smoke grenades. I find masks beside them and take them too. I'll need them. I usually have a duffel bag prepared beforehand but I gave it to Isabella when she left for Canada.

I turn around and find Joey gone and a silent Kane. "Make sure we have enough gas masks. We're going to need them." He nods and gets out. I take the bag and decide to go see Amelia. "Damn these doors." I grunt as I pa** through the third one. Three minutes later I move to the last cell and open it. Amelia looks better than two days ago. But she's so dirty.

"This is your last chance to tell me any other information I don't know." I feel like she's hiding something. Amelia looks at my clothes and the bag.

"Your brother is working with them." I had an idea about that but I wasn't sure. "That's everything I know."

"I could decide to kill you know since we have no use for you." I taunt and she glares at me before her eyes soften.

"If you do that, tell Harry I love him. I never got to do it." What she says shocks me and I give a curt nod and move away from her as fast as possible. I told Isabella that I love her without thinking and she never said anything back. It hurt to think she never felt anything towards me. The funniest thing is I now feel so insecure.

I move to the bas****t parking lot where the cars and my men are waiting and I get into the first one and we go immediately. After all this is over, I'm going to be with my wife and baby. I'm doing this for them. I love them so f***ing much.

"Boss, the warehouse is in a mile." Kane says.

"We'll stop in half a mile." I say and he nods. I take out my guns and switch on my earpiece.

“Everybody have your gas masks on.” I order through the earpiece and I hear a series of ‘yes boss and sir’. “Joey, get one for Harry and find him. You know the plan. Don’t you?” I ask and he answers with a confident ‘yes boss’ as he takes out an extra gas mask. The cars come to a halt and we all get out armed. I place the knives in their positions in my belt and lead my men.

I think of a fast plan. We are thirty four men. “Seven will surround the warehouse. Two each at the south, east, west and north wings and one at the entrance. Kane take care of that.” I say through the earpiece as we look at the Italian men. I try look closer and see what’s happening but I can’t. To do that I’d have to move closer and risk us being seen.

“Marcus. Send in Barry.” Barry is a customized drone with cameras and bullets. One of my men, Marcus, made it and I bought it. It cost a fortune but it serves well since it is programed to shoot when controlled and we can use it for spying.

“On it sir.” Marcus’ excited voice comes through and I smile. After two minutes I hear him again. “We have fifteen men inside but I can’t locate Harry Stones. There two women t*****. One of them seems to be unconscious while the other one just woke up.” No Harry?

“Wait. There’s a room. I’ve followed one man into it. West wing on the right side. A man is t***** into a chair battered up.” That might be him.

“Tell me his description. Hair?”

“He seems muscular. Blonde.” Is Harry even muscular? I try to remember his physical appearance. “That’s Harry.” I say.

“Someone saw the drone.” Just as he says that I hear shooting and I order the men to run into the warehouse. I kill three men before getting into the entrance. I see two men down while the others pointing their guns at me.

“Questo ti appartiene?” Franco, Marko’s right hand man, asks as he holds the destroyed drone. (Is this yours?)

I smirk and move towards him. The men’s guns click as if to remind me that they are there. I never forgot.

“Puoi averlo se vuoi.” I say coolly. (You can have it if you want). He only throws it towards me with a snarl.

“Where is Marko.” I ask even though I know he won’t tell me.

He laughs and gives me a victorious smirk. "In Canada." My heart skips a beat in shock and Franco starts laughing. Isabella could be in so much danger and I'm wasting so much time.

"Canada?" I ask nonchalantly even though my heart pounds faster and Franco continues laughing. I have to say the code word for my men to get in.

"Thought you could fool us, yes?" Franco asks in disgust.

I smirk. "No. I knew this would happen. You just fell into my trap." With that, my men started filling in releasing the smoke grenades and shooting at everyone. I put on my gas mask and follow Franco to the room Marcus told us about and throw a knife into his shoulder making him drop and howl in pain. I go to him and take it out then cut the other shoulder. The smoke makes this easier. He cries in pain and I get into the room and find Harry gone.

"Someone has taken Harry. Find him." I shout. I get out of the building when I see my phone ringing.

"Sydney Kings." I answer impatiently.

"Luke should be here. Where is he?" I hear Isabella's voice and my mind doesn't register what she says for a second.

"Izzy? Thank God you're okay." I say relieved for a second before what she said clicks in my mind. "What are you talking about? Why should Luke be there?" I start to panic when I think that Isabella could be in danger.

"We're being shot at and he should've been here ages ago." She says in anger. She's stressed.

"Izzy baby. Calm down. Brea..."

"Don't f***ing tell me to calm down when my mother is out there shooting at people while I'm here. Just f***ing send people as fast as you can." She cuts the call immediately before I ask anything else.

Isabella is in trouble.

"Joey call Luke immediately." I say into my earpiece. "Marcus. Find Isabella's position immediately." I hurry towards one of the cars.

"Sir. We found Harry Stones." David says and I tell him to take Harry to the place we prepared.

Right now, I have a wife to protect. I drive to the airport.

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I get into my private jet and wait impatiently for take-off. What's taking long? I wonder two minutes later. A minute wasted is a minute of my love in danger. I tap the arm rest for a minute before I stand and storm to the c**pit.

"Why are we still on the f**ing land?" I ask and the pilot who's pushing the b**ons jumps in his seat.

"You have to calm down. We've already started the take-off process and you should be buckled up sir." Leila, the co-pilot says. I take in a deep breath and try to release my frustrations then huff and go back to my seat. I find Joey seated and typing something.

"We have a problem sir. It seems Luke is captured by your brother." Joey says cautiously. I rub the bridge of my nose in frustration. Why are all these happening right now?

"What about my wife?" I ask.

"Her mother was found with a bullet in her left arm. Candice and Mrs Kings were nowhere to be found." My blood boils instantly. "Some men are following the tracker in her." Joey adds meekly.

"AND YOU JUST DECIDE TO TELL ME THIS NOW?" Joey flinches but I don't care. An emotion I haven't felt for a long time envelopes me. An emotion I'm feeling for the second time since Isabella came into my life. Fear.

It's time to end this once and for all.

"It's a possibility the people who have Luke have Mrs Kings too." Joey says. How is she doing right now? Is she scared too like I am? I bet she's giving those b*****s a hard time. My lips try to curve into a smile but I fight hard against them. I'll smile when I have my family back into my arms.

One hour and thirty minutes later I tell my driver I don't need his services. Joey gets into the car and writes the address to the coordinates sent to him by Marcus.

I drive as fast as I can but I feel like we're not fast enough.

"Sir, if we go any faster we might not be able to save Mrs Kings. We'll end up in hospital." Joey says and for the first time I hear a hint of worry lace his voice.

“Don’t f***ing tell me what to do when my wife needs me.” I snap and step on the gas. I love driving fast but for the first time I don’t enjoy it. I take a sharp turn when the navigation tells me so making us sway. The car moves from the road and I notice I can’t control it. I try to press on the brake pedal but nothing. I need to get to Isabella.

With that thought I try once again. I see we’re heading towards a tree and this could kill us. I steer the wheels to my side and move it in a way the tree could stop the car without much damage to us.

“Sir.” I hear a voice from far. Everything starts coming into focus and I notice Joey on my side. I look around and find I’m on the ground on some field and the car looks a mess.

“Sir.” Joey calls again and I look at him.

“Hmm.”

“I’ve called some men to pick us up. They should be here any minute now.” Joey explains.

‘Was I driving that fast that I lost control?’ I wonder. But I have to get to Isabella. Isabella.

“Let’s get going. We need to help Izzy.” I wince as I get up.

“You’re hurt. Your head is bleeding.” Joey says as he opens a first aid kit. “Let me clean it up, sir.” I shake my head no but immediately regret.

“I think I should handle this sir. You might have a concussion. You got the biggest hit.” Joey says worry filled in his voice. I look at him and his face shows the same emotions. What happened to him?

“No. Izzy needs me. I’ll help her and I’ll rest when she’s safe in my arms.”

Joey sighs and cleans up my wounds before the cars come.

“You hit your side of the car. Why?” Joey asks suddenly and my eyes widen in response. Joey might be older than me but he respects me a lot and never questions me. This is a first.

“It was the only way to stop the car.”

“But mine was the…”

“f***ing leave it. Why are those stupid men taking long?” Just on cue I hear a car approaching. I try to get up and Joey helps me but I push him away making me stumble.

“Sir...”

“Let’s go. I have no time for talks Joey.” He nods and we get into the SUV and drive to the same destination Joey had keyed in earlier.

“Sir. I have some news.” Joey says after ending a call. I nod for him to continue without looking at his direction. I have a killer headache but I was trying to control it.

“Your brother. Mr Liam Kings is dead. He was shot in between his eyes, in the his left lung and the stomach.” Joey says cautiously. And my headache intensifies.

“Give some f***ing painkillers.” I roar.

ISABELLA’S POV

I feel some pain in my abdomen and I’m worried about the baby. It’s been two hours since Marko Russo captured me.

I had just killed Liam. I was so shocked that I let my guard down and the next thing I know was a knife held against my throat.

“Such a pity.” A voice thick with an Italian accent says next to my ear and my body tenses.

The discomfort in my tummy has increased that I hadn’t heard Marko get into this dirty room that consists of an old metallic bed and an old dirty mattress.

“What do you want you imbecile?” I sneer not trying to show the worry for my baby in my eyes. Sydney told me that they use any type of reaction or emotion against a person.

He smirks. “Your lover just landed and got into a car I sent to pick him up. Thought you should know.” He looks at me and I glare at him in defiance even though my heart is beating so fast. What is he trying to say?

“I don’t think you should build your hopes up for someone who might be dead as we speak.” Marko says lacing his voice with sympathy but I know better.

Tears fill up my eyes as I look straight into his eyes. “f*** you Marko Russo. Sydney will find you soon enough. If I were you, I’d start running.” I say with a smirk. I feel a crump in my stomach and I wince slightly.

“Troubles with the baby?” Marko says with a sickening smile.

“Get the f*** out of here Marko. This is last warning.” I say even though the pain is still there.

Marko only smirks before grinning like a mad man.

“Wha...” He starts saying something but he’s cut off by gunshots. And I smirk.

“Told yah.”

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ISABELLA’S POV

Marko’s eyes blaze with anger after the mocking tone I use.

“Even if you hide me under the ocean, my Sydney will always find me.” I taunt enjoying it. “Do you know why?” Marko’s eyes don’t leave mine but I notice him clenching his fists from the corner of my eye. “I am his. And he’ll always destroy whoever touches what’s his.”

The gunshots increase and become louder. Marko screams in frustration and I smirk. “He’ll get you Marko Russo. And I’ll be the one to end you as he holds you down.” His eyes shift to my belly and I see a smirk form in his mouth.

“I see the water Ringo gave you is working.” I furrow my eyebrows in confusion until.

“What water? And who’s Ringo?” I question. There’s no water I was given.

“The drinking water that you ate with your ‘lunch’.” Marko clarifies and makes a sign of quotation marks on the word lunch but I start laughing.

“You mean the water he poured on me?”

“WHAT? You didn’t drink it?” I shake my head no and laugh. “He said she drank the whole bottle.” He says to himself but I catch the words.

“Ah. The taste of betrayal. How is it?” I mock but he comes and slaps me hard. Ouch! Could’ve just told me it hurt rather than showing me. I spit out the saliva mixed with blood in disgust. ‘Now I have an aching cheek too.’ I groan internally.

He yanks me and opens the chain around my wrist. “Let’s get going!” He takes his phone and calls someone. “il cazzo di elicottero è qui?” He stops talking and eyes me. “Porta Ringo al quartier generale. È una talpa.” (Is the f***ing helicopter here?) (Get Ringo to headquarters. He’s a mole.)

I don't understand anything but his grip on my hand tightens making me wince. My tummy is now hurting and I'm so worried about my baby. Oh Sydney. Where are you?

"Hurry up, f***ing b****." Marko sneers and moves even faster.

"I can't." I want to tell him my tummy hurts but I don't. He might take it as an advantage. He moves the rusty bed to another side revealing an old door on the ground. "Brilliant." I praise mentally. We go through the secret door to the underground. I take longer since I'm pregnant and in pain.

"f***ing slow down Marko. I'm pregnant." I hiss when he pulls me roughly but of course, he doesn't care. The narrow underground route is so dark and smelly. I wonder how he's moving so fast without a flashlight on.

"I'm tired." Can't he see that? I'm struggling here. We finally reach a locked door. Marko lets go off my hand to take out what I assume are keys. Should I fight him now since I'm free? But my baby... Before I finish my thought my hand is yanked roughly again by his stiff and rough hands. Sydney is a Mafia lord but still has soft hands. I'm so tempted to ask Marko if he works at the construction site. Who knows. He might be a builder? But uses his bare hands without something to protect them to carry the stones.

'No, no, no don't think of how he got those bad hands Isabella. Focus.' I scold myself. we climb up a lot of stairs for about five minutes and end up behind another door. I hear something like blades slashing through the air on the other side the door.

Marko opens the door with another key and pulls me to follow him. Oh no! We're going into a helicopter. Looks like I'm flying with Marko. "Where are you Sydney?" I mutter under my breath as I rub my belly soothingly with my free hand to release some pain.

Marko orders something in Italian and turns to me aggressively. "Get inside. No funny business." He tells me sternly.

"You're funny." I retort but he only moves aside and a large man covered in tattoos takes me. "Don't f***ing touch me." I hiss.

"Don't cuss. Your baby can hear you." He smirks and the first thing I notice is his accent.

"You're not Italian?" I question as he handcuffs me. "Hey, don't handcuff me." I say even though I know he'll do nothing. Wow! I'm so talkative these days. The man says nothing and takes me to the helicopter and places large headphones on my head.

I feel a sharp pain in my abdomen. Is it time? No. It can't be. I just turned eight months. Will it be the same as my mum? Early birth due to trauma? "Oh God. Oh God. Oh God." I'm panicking.

“Breath in.” I follow what the voice tells me. “Out.” We continue for a couple of minutes till I feel better. I can’t believe I almost had an anxiety attack. It’s been months since I had one. I open my eyes and see the large man!

“Thanks.” I shout through the sound of blades cutting through air. He gives me a curt nod and gets in next to me. I look around and notice Marko is gone but I see a hand holding a pipe. Looks like someone is trying to get up to the roof. Could it be Sydney? I scream and the large man moves to me.

“I’m scared of heights.” I say. Lie. I notice the pilot is looking at me in annoyance and I internally smirk. “Can I have a minute to get myself together?” I ask shyly. I knew I should have gotten a drama degree. I’m such an actress. “It’s okay if you don’t understand. I mean this is a lot to take in when you’re pregnant and going to do something that you fear the most.” I shut my eyes and exhale and say unrecognizable things under my breath pretending to panic. I open my eyes and look at them then the large man just shrugs and the pilot who looks undecided takes a minute before he exhales. “Okay. A minute. Nothing more.” I smile gratefully.

I look ahead but at the corner of my eye I register the movements happening outside. “Your minute is up.” I hope I bought enough time. “Thanks so much. I think I’m now ready.” The pilot looks in front without a word and starts pressing b***ons. I see the large man take a piece of paper from my peripheral view and moves closer to me. He drops it down and bends after it. He comes up.

” You heard what boss said. No funny business.” He says as he tilts his head towards my feet and I look at him in confusion until realization dawns on me. I lean and see the paper wide open with words.

The American Mafia will be here for you. I’ll help you if you promise to do something for me.

I look at him in shock and nod. He brings his hand for me to shake and I take mine cautiously and shake his sealing whatever it is we’re sealing. He then gets up gets his gun out and shoots the pilot through the head.

“Marko has my sister at his headquarters. Cataliya Richardson. Send your men to get her and give her this letter.” I nod and shakily take the envelope with my handcuffed hands. “Tell her Luis sent you.” I nod again. We both look outside and notice Sydney’s men are here. “Good acting by the way.” Luis says and my eyes widen in shock. He noticed? “You had an anxiety attack earlier. Cataliya has them so I can detect a fake one.” He explains and I nod.

He takes my arm and I flinch. “Act along.” He says and I nod. I was just talkative some minutes ago but Luis just made me speechless. Shocker. I look out and see the men confused as they point their guns at the helicopter. Luis opens the door and gets me out making the pain in my stomach ten times worse and he stops.

"I think I might be going to labour soon. Let's get this over with." I say and he only looks at my face for some time before he gives me a curt nod.

"Shoot and I kill her." He says his voice booming and I jump a little. The door breaks and a limping Sydney comes through. He has blood covering his shirt. A cry escapes me. "Sydney." The pain in my belly intensifies and I fall in pain on my knees.

"Izzy." Sydney shouts and runs to me but stops when Luis points a gun at me.

"Don't move closer." Luis says.

"Sydney. He helped. Let him go." I cry and Sydney glares at Luis. "Sydney. Help me. Let him go." I shout and Sydney looks at me in panic.

"Go! Get out of here." Sydney shouts at Luis and Luis moves back cautiously. Everybody follows his movements and he eyes them. This is taking long and I'm in pain. Eventually he goes through the door.

"Follow him." Sydney orders and before anyone moves I shout. "Nobody move. Go to the Italians headquarters and get me a girl. Cataliya Richardson. And kill everyone else." I add to my order. The men look at Sydney in question.

"You heard your queen." Sydney shouts and everyone moves. Fast. Sydney runs to me and takes me into his arms. Safe. Heaven.

"Sydney. It hurts." I cry before everything goes black.