

# Pregnant and Homeless by jollyreaderjennell chapter 11

"Are you sure you'll be fine on your own?" Valdo asked as he stood five feet away from me dressed in a suit ready to leave the apartment.

I nodded and gave him a small smile. "I'll be fine. I've been on my own for six months a few hours by myself isn't going to kill me."

He hesitated before answering, "Well, it's just that you'll be in a strange place by yourself."

I smiled, I wanted to say, "Been there, done that." but instead I said, "I won't be alone. I'll have King with me." At the sound of his name, King rushed over to me. "See, he likes me. We'll have a good time together. I'll also read the book you gave me. I can watch TV too. By the time you get back from work, I won't even realise that so much time has pa\*\*ed.

He nodded, "Okay, fine, but I'll leave you my number just in case anything happens."

"Great."

He placed his briefcase on the ground, then dug into his left pants pocket. He took out his wallet and opened it, and after finding one of his business cards, he handed it to me, "This is my direct line. If anything happens, call this number. If you want anything, call this number."

He was acting like a father sending off his child to the mall for the first time. His concern warmed my heart, and I couldn't help but smile. No one ever cared this much about me, well, except my mother. "Thanks. I'll be okay."

And for the first time in six months, I really believed myself.

I'll be okay.

I looked down at my belly; We'll be okay.

"Are you sure?"

I nodded in response, "100%."

He smiled at me and picked up his briefcase off the floor. "I'll be back before five." He gave me one last look before turning. He started walking towards the apartment but stopped abruptly. I looked at him and frown. Did he leave something?

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He turned around facing me one last time, "There is not a lot of food in the apartment. Thank God, I remembered. He fumbled in his pants again and retrieved his wallet. "Here are fifty dollars, you can order something for lunch. There is a restaurant list in the kitchen. You can choose anyone you want, and they'll deliver it. Don't worry about dinner; we're having that with my parents."

"Thanks," I replied as he handed me the fifty dollar bill.

He gave me one last smile before turning around. He walked straight to the door without looking back. I was a little disappointed because I wanted to see his enchanting blue eyes one last time before he left.

"See you later," he said as he closed the door behind him.

"Bye."

King growled, and I look down at him and smile, "It's just you and me now." he growled in response.

I smiled and patted his head, "Let's go get a seat." I walked into the living room and sat on the nearest couch. I laid my head and back and closed my eyes.

The shortness of the couch was relaxing; I sighed in contentment. Who knew I'd be here sitting down on a soft, comfortable couch wearing clean clothes? Who knew I'd meet a man as nice as Valdo willing to help a girl like me?

Who knew I'd be still living after six months, pregnant and alone on the streets of USA?

Definitely not me and yet here I am.

I was no longer looking behind me every three minutes to see if someone's following. No longer worrying where I'll be sleeping today—no longer worrying about what I'll be wearing—no longer worried about what I will eat.

Because everything is okay.

Uvaldo Dakota was helping me, a stranger, to change my life, and I have him to be grateful for.

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I sighed as I pressed the power button on the remote. Nothing on TV interested me, and I wasn't in the mood to read either. Bored out of my mind, not knowing what to do I start looking around the room.

An idea popped into my head when I noticed King laying down in his bed.

The park.

I loved the fresh air that parks offer and I know King wouldn't mind going either. He didn't get to go very often because Valdo works from 8 to 5, which meant he was used to spending most of the day by himself but not today.

I slowly stood from the couch. "King. We're going to the park." At the sound of his name, he jumped from his bed and came towards me. He stood in front me looking up with his tongue out. I laughed, "You love the park don't do?"

I pat his head, then lifted my head to the door. Valdo didn't leave me a key beside the door on the key ring hook rack; there were a few keys. With King threading at my feet, I walked over to the door. I took the single key off the shelf and looked at it then at the door. I looked like it could work, so I push it in the door and turn. When I hear the click, I smiled. I pull the door towards me, and it opened. I pull the keys out with a smile on my face.

"C' mon boy, you're going to the park." I gesture my hands for King to come with me, but he stopped at the door looking at the closet to the side. "Come on," I repeated, but he didn't move. I looked where his eyes were and smile. "You're a brilliant dog, smarter than me."

I reached over I took the blue leash off the hook. I slowly bent down to his level and placed the leash around his neck. When I was finished, I patted his back and slowly stood using the wall as support.

"Now you're ready to go."

I walked through the door with the keys and the leash in my hands. I close the door behind us, then locked it with the key, not leaving without making sure it was closed.

I used my previous memory to guide me to the two elevators. I pressed the down button then stood to wait for the elevator to come up. When the right elevator opened, it revealed an older man in his late fifties, early sixties. He had salt and pepper hair, bushy eyebrows and dark brown eyes. He looked at me from my eyes down. It stopped at my tummy for a few seconds then continued down, but when he noticed King at my feet, he rolled his eyes and mumbled something to himself before walking past me in the direction I came from.

What a creep!

He has a thing for pregnant girls, yet he hates dogs.

Creep!

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I shook my head and entered the elevator with King by my side. I look down at the King, who was watching the elevator door close. "You don't like him either, don't you?" I brushed my hands through his hair.

It's creepy when a man his age looks at a girl my age that way, especially since I'm seven months pregnant.

I sighed and shook my head. I don't need to be thinking about the creep who lives on the same floor as I do.

The door of the elevator opened, so I tighten the leash around my waist, "Let's go have some fun, King."

On the way out of the apartment building, my eyes made four with the day security/receptionist. He had olive coloured skin and dark hair. He was definitely a Latino. He flashed me a smile and looked down at King, "I didn't know Mr. Dakota got a new dog walker." He said in a thick Spanish accent.

I smiled at myself for guessing right, "I'm not the dog walker. I'm Mr Dakota's guest. I'll be staying here for a few months."

He nodded his head and then stretched his hands out for me to shake, "My name is Gane Lovato and yours?"

I took his hand and shook it, "Tiffany Jakoby. Nice to meet you, Mr Lovato." I smiled at him. He is way nicer than the one that works in the night; maybe it was his Latin roots.

He smiled in return, "Nice to meet you too. Enjoy your stroll in the park."

"Thanks," I said before continuing my journey to the door.

I exit the apartment with a smile on my face. Not once did Mr Lovato made me feel unwanted or bad that I'm young and pregnant; in fact, he didn't even acknowledge my pregnancy.

I looked left then right, not quite sure which direction I turn since I've never really been around these sides before. I look down at King for some help, and his eyes were looking left, so I followed it.

A dog was giving me directions. What can go wrong?