

Pregnant and Homeless by jollyreaderjennell chapter 16

/ [Pregnant and Homeless by jollyreaderjennell](#)

"Good morning, beautiful. How are you?" I turned my head and looked down at the woman who was poking her head through the back door window. I blushed at the older woman's compliment. It wasn't often I get compliments like that so early in the morning, or get compliment at all.

"I'm okay. How are you?" Lil mama was kicking me this earlier this morning, so my sleep was cut short, but I didn't mind because she kicking was a sign that's she's alive and well so It was the least of my problem.

"I'm great. Now get in the car, these fancy people don't like people hanging out in their driveways." I smiled at her words, then opened the backseat. I took a seat beside her and smile. "Are you ready to bake?"

I nodded, "I'm ready to learn how to bake." she laughed and touched my knee.

"I can tell you'll be a natural." she grinned. She looked at the driver, "That's Bryan, my driver. I don't know how to drive to save my life, so Kevin got me a driver." she smiled, "He treats me like a princess," the older woman said dreamily. I could tell there was no pretending in their relationship; their love was 100% real. She rolled her eyes, "Sorry, enough about me. Tell me about yourself. What did you want to do before fate took its course?" when she looked down at my tummy, I knew exactly what she meant. So I answered her accordingly.

"I received a scholarship to NWU for Civil Environmental Engineering. I have an interest in construction." Hannah raised her eyebrows, impressed, so I continued, "I think it's in my genes when I decided to do that my mother said that's what my father wanted to do as well, that's one of the few things I know about him." I shrug, "I don't know, but I just love building things."

She smiled at me, "Well, you can always follow your dreams after the baby is born."

I bent my head, "I lost my scholarship. I'll probably have to do something else."

She shrugged and rested her hands on my shoulder, "I thought getting pregnant was it for me, but it wasn't. I worked in restaurants after restaurants, diner after diner until I saved enough money to create my own business. I started with a small bakery that sold coffee; I had four seats for my customers. Now I have a chain of small bakeries that sell coffee, I admit, I didn't do it all by myself, but I started it, and that's what matters." she looked in my eyes and smiled, "You can do it too," she laughed, "Not the bakery part. Still, you can go back to college after the baby is born, and you can get your degree in Civil Environmental Engineering. You can be whatever you want to be; you just have to believe it. I believe in you, Uvaldo believes in you now it's time for you to believe in yourself."

I ponder her wise words. Both her and my mother were in similar situations, they both got pregnant young, both worked in restaurants and diners, but they both had different results. My mother continues to work for restaurant that controlled her while Hannah started her own business. I guess my mother didn't try hard enough.

I looked at Hannah and smiled, "Thanks."

"Uvaldo told me his plans to help you. I want you to accept his help because he's doing it from his heart. I work with single parents every day, Valdo knows that yet he's never had a personal interest to help them individually and yet he found you on the streets and offered you so much. He's never done that before, but he saw something in you, and I know you saw something in him as well or else you wouldn't be living with him."

She had a point. There was something that drew me to her son, that made me believe his words. It was fate that led me to find his apartment that night. Fate led me to him, so why not accept fate and let it lead the way but apart from his generosity, there was something else deep down that made me accepted the offer.

I looked at Hannah, "I tell him Thanks every day because I'm so grateful that he found me, I had my doubts about him at first but after meeting you and Kevin all of those doubts vanished. You guys are the most loving family I've ever met, and you've taken me under your protection, and for that, I'm forever grateful."

She smiled, "Thank you, Tiffany. It means a lot to me to hear you say that."

I took a breath before telling her the truth, "My real name is Jakobia Taylor, Tiffany is a made-up name I use. I told Valdo last night. I'm sorry I lied, but I had to be careful."

She smiled, "It's okay, honey. I used to tell people my name is Summer and let me guess; you're not twenty you're eighteen."

I nod, "I'll be nineteen in a few months."

She smiled, "You'll be happy to know that you're not the youngest in my program. The youngest is fourteen."

I looked at her with raised eyebrows, "Her name is Christina and just like us she thought her boyfriend had some sort of feelings for her, but unlike us, her parents are supporting her 100%. They've decided to give the baby up for adoption when it arrives. They think that's the best option for her since she's so young." I felt pity for poor Christina, the fact that she had to give her baby up. Just the thought of doing that makes my head hurt. For the six months I've found out I was pregnant I've been nothing but happy about my baby, just sad about things turned out.

"She sounds strong." I imputed.

Hannah nodded her head, "She is and very intelligent too."

The car stopped slowly, and Hannah both looked through our window. "We're here." Hannah opened her door and exited the vehicle, and I followed after her. I looked around and noticed that we were no longer in the upscale side of the city but in a middle class to poor community based on the surroundings.

"Welcome to Harlem, northern Manhattan." she looked around the place and smile like it was the best place on earth. She stopped then pointed at the building in front of us, "Welcome to the Dakota Foundation for Single Mothers."

I looked at the building that had her name on it and smiled. She made it from poverty; I can too.

"After we got married, Kevin surprised me with this. I told him it was my dream to help women who are in the same position I was, and he made my dream come true." As she gave her husband praised, I remembered that I still don't know how they got together.

She held my elbow and walked us towards the door of the building. She opened the door and entered. "We're a little late, so some of the ladies are probably here already." We walked down the narrow dark pathway until we reached the end. "This was the only building on sale, but I don't mind the little walk." At the end of the pathway, we exit in a big room. There were about six women their, all engaged in a deep conversation.

"Good morning, ladies." They all stopped and looked up at the voice. When they saw Hannah, their faces all lit up with a smile. I could tell they loved her and they did so because she had made a change in their life one way or another.

Hannah pat my shoulders, "This is Jakobia." she turned to me and smiled, "Introduce yourself."

I looked at the older woman nervously. It felt like I was the new kid in school again, and I hated that feeling after moving so many times as a child. I looked at women who were smiling and me, and it gave me a little confidence. In my previous school, the students never smiled at me, and now these women were smiling at me like they were happy to have me. I pushed away all the terrible

memories of the past and smiled at them. "My name is Jabokia Taylor. I'm eighteen, and I'm seven months pregnant. I was homeless a few days ago. I like building things, and I can't bake to save my life."

They laughed then they all said, "Welcome to DFSM." I smiled at them then they started to come towards me, one by one.

A woman who was around twenty-three with dirty blonde hair came up to me, "I'm Emily. I am twenty-one. I have two kids, Jason and Harry. Their father is in prison for r***** a ten-year-old girl. Nice to meet you." she held out her hands, and I shook it. She didn't look sad when she told me her story; it seems like she's said it so many times that it lost its meaning. The man she loved was a p*****. Finding that out must have hurt.

Another woman with dark hair and hazel eyes came up to me and hugged me when she released me, she smiled. "I'm Zuria Giovanni. I have a son, Alessandro. My husband died three years ago, he was shot fifteen times." she took a deep breath. She continued, "I was homeless like you until I met Gabriele, so I have an idea what you've been through. You can talk to me anytime you want, I'm always available." she wiped away a tear that had fallen and smiled then moved away so the other ladies could get a try.

A young redhead came to me and gave me a shy smile, "I'm Christina. I'm fourteen, five months pregnant. I'm the youngest here. I was stupid enough to believe my boyfriend and then boom pregnant at fourteen."

I rest my hands on her shoulders, "Don't worry. I was stupid too. I made history repeat itself. My mother kicked me out, at least you still have your parents."

"At least you get to keep your baby." My heart sank at her words. I could tell she wanted to keep her baby, but her parents won't allow her, they were probably forcing her to give away the baby, and because was so young she didn't have much choice in the matter.

I thought I had it hard, but compared to the other women's story, I had it easy.

Pregnant and Homeless by jollyreaderjennell chapter 17

/ [Pregnant and Homeless by jollyreaderjennell](#)

I used the key Valdo gave me in the morning to open the apartment door. When it clicked I turned and pushed the door opened. My eyes widen at sight in front of me the cleared my throat. I always knew Valdo was handsome, but it was the first time I really saw how s**y he was as well. Especially with an apron on.

He turned to me and smile, "You're back earlier than I expected."

I shift my eyes up to his blue ones then nod slowly, "We ran out of food at the soup kitchen. So it was over in two hours."

He smiled, "The turn out must have been amazing."

I nodded, agreeing, "It was." I even saw some other homeless persons who I knew. Most of them were shocked to see me behind the counter serving them, but they didn't question it. I walked over to the couch and took a seat. Valdo placed the dishcloth down and then joined me.

"Did you enjoy your time at DFSM?"

I nodded my head and smile, "Yea, I did. The ladies are great. They all have different stories and background, but they all end up single with a child or pregnant one way or a next. Some of the stories brought tears to my eyes." I sighed, " I thought my life was awful to when I heard some of the other stories I rethink about my situation. I feel stupid around them. There is a girl; her family literally kicked her out, whereas my mother just told me to leave, and I did. I didn't wait to see if she regretted her words I just left. So whatever trials I've faced for these six months is really my fault because I probably should have waited for my mother to calm down."

Valdo looked at me intently then spoke, "You should have waited for mom to calm down, but that probably wouldn't have changed anything. I believe everything happens for a reason, you might know the reason why all those bad things happened to you but you will in the future. My mother is a living example. She used her past to help others build their futures. She's helped so many single mothers. You're destined for greatness."

I smiled at his kind words. "Thanks." I looked at his apron and raised my eyebrows, "What are you cooking?"

He smirked, "Let's keep it a secret until I'm finished."

I laughed, "Okay, fine. But we have to use the cake I baked today for dessert."

He grinned, "Deal."

I stood up from the couch, "I'll go take a shower and a nap. You can knock when you're finished." I handed him the baking tin that contained the first cake I ever baked.

"What type of cake it is?"

I smiled, "It's a secret until dinner time." He laughed as I made my way to my room.

.....

I smiled up Valdo excited about the meal he'd prepare. He grinned, "Go ahead, lift the cover." I gave him one last look then brought my eyes back to the cover. I used my left hand to lift the lid off the food slowly. Anticipation was killing me,

but I was curious about his cooking skills, after all, the man can't be rich, generous, have a great personality and cooks. He'd be too perfect.

I started noticing a mustard-looking colour which made my curiosity heightened, so I lifted it higher to see that it was curry chicken, plain rice and a potato salad. I placed the lid to the side then smiled at him. "It looks good. Indian?"

He shook his head, then lift the lid of his dish. "No Caribbean."

I raised my eyebrows, surprised. "Have you ever been to the Caribbean? or did you google the recipe?"

He smiled, "Both. I went to Jamaica two years ago. I ordered Curry Chicken and plain rice when I went to a restaurant. It was amazing that I had to learn how to do it myself and so when I came back to New York I went on Youtube, and I learnt how to do it. I've been cooking Jamaican dishes since."

"So I won't get poisoned?"

He laughed and shook his head then looked me in the eyes, "You'll just have to trust me."

I smiled, "I do."

He smiled, "Then let's eat."

I took up my fork then inserted it in the soft piece of chicken. "You're tasting the chicken first?" I nod then continued, "That's like eating dessert below the meal. Start with Rice, mix it with the gravy." he took up his fork then start mixing the gravy and rice together, and the rice became yellow like the chicken. I looked at

him with uncertainty, and he smiled, "That's how the Jamaicans eat it, at least most of them. Believe me; it's going to taste delicious."

I smiled then mixed the rice and gravy as he did, then took some up with the fork. I opened my mouth and placed the fork in it. Surprised at the taste, I lifted my eyes to his blue ones as I chewed. This my first time eating anything remotely from the Caribbean and it tasted amazing, and it wasn't even cooked by one of them.

When I swallowed the content in my mouth, I quickly took the next scoop up. Valdo looked at me pleased that I was enjoying the food he cooked. Instead of going again, I looked at him and smiled, "This is really good. You need to show me that Youtube page."

"I'd be happy to teach you myself." He said before taking his first sp***. I stared at him for a few seconds admiring the movements of hands as they flex each time to pick up a different scoop. Who knew watching a man eat could look so s**y?

Probably because he is s**y.

For God, sakes, Jakoby. You're pregnant with another man's child!

Grow some sense!

I cleared my throat then looked back down on my food, but my eyes didn't stay too long down before Valdo spoke again. "I thought we could watch a movie after we've finished, after all, it's still a bit early." he paused for a second, "Of course, if you're tired I.."

"I'd love to." I interrupted. It was hard for me to watch tv during the day yesterday, but I might not be the same today because of one big difference. Valdo was here.

I frowned when I realised someone was missing, "Where is King?"

"He's with my friend, Eric." I gave him a questioning look, so he continued, "He uses him to catch girls." I made a face, and so he tried to explain, "Woman like men with dogs."

I smiled, "True. I'd go out with a guy who has a dog any day, but if he has a cat, I'm staying away."

Valdo laughed, "What's wrong with men who have cats?"

I smiled at his defensive attitude, "You had a cat, didn't you?"

He lifted his head in confidence, "In fact, I've had four. I grew up with three of them then the other one when I started working for Kevin."

I nod, "That explains it."

He smiled, "Explains what?"

I shrug, "Oh, nothing just the fact that you cried in front of your boss."

He frowned, "I don't see the comparison."

"Men with cats are either weird, shy or soft and in this case, you're the soft guy, or you were the soft guy. You've grown up into a man the day you brought King

home." There was a 50% chance that all the words coming from my mouth was garbage, but I had to be confident with my garbage.

He started laughing so hard he had to take up his gla** of water. When he was finishing drinking, he looked at me. "Yes, I was a bit soft but.." he paused, "But that doesn't mean it's because I had a cat, I did grow up without a father. My mother was very soft on me, treated me like a prince, even though we couldn't afford it."

I shrug, "I think it's the cat."

He grinned, "Explain."

"Cats love attention, they want to rub themselves on us all the time and so being good humans, we can't just ignore them as they spin around our feet, so we take them in our hands and rub them down." I had a cat for three weeks. My mother had found in behind the diner she was working at, and she didn't leave it out in the cold, so she brought him home, but he didn't last long because he was killed by a car. Even though I only knew the poor thing for a few weeks, I was attached to, and when he died, I become so depressed. I made a tiny coffin and buried him in apartment yard, and of course, two days later, my landlord's dog dug him up. Lil Loly had it rough.

"I see your point. They may or may not have contributed to my being soft." I smiled at his confession. "We should finish eating before the food gets cold. Another thing you need to know that Caribbean people don't like cold food."

I laughed and took up the fork once again.

Valdo looked into my eyes and smile, "Tonight was fun." I nod, agreeing. "I'm going to keep you up on that offer you made."

"Which offer?"

"The one where I teach you how to cook Jamaican food."

I smiled, "Oh yeah, that would be great. Dinner was amazing. You're a wonderful cook."

He chuckled, "That's because you're an amazing guest."

Meh!

He was humble, one of the many qualities I admired about him. I smiled into his beautiful eyes, "Well, goodnight." he smiled then leaned in to kiss me on the cheek as he slowly removed his lips from my face I turned my head which caused my lips to collide with his. And just like that temptation to kiss for real came to my mind.

What would I be like if I kissed him?

But I didn't get to try because he tried first.

Pregnant and Homeless by jollyreaderjennell chapter 18

[/ Pregnant and Homeless by jollyreaderjennell](#)

His lips brushed mine softly, and for a few seconds, I forgot that Valdo was a stranger and that I was pregnant with another man's baby. The kiss wasn't like any of the others I shared with Will, it was 100% better, This wasn't a kiss from a teenager, it was a kiss from a man, and it felt amazing. I finally understand what the movies mean when the main character feels b***erflies. But my b***erflies didn't last one because Valdo suddenly pushed away from the kiss.

I opened my eyes, and we awkwardly stared at each other. Valdo closed his eyes and sighed, "I'm sorry. That was an accident."

A blush creeps up my cheeks as I nod. At least he didn't say it was a mistake, because mistakes don't feel so good.

I looked into his enchanting blue eyes then told him what he needed to hear, "I'm sorry. It's completely my fault."

He shook his head, "No, it isn't. I kissed you; first, you respond. I should have never done that."

I shrugged, "It's okay."

He sighed and shook his head, "But that's the thing, Jakobia. It's not. I want you to trust me and what I did was crossing the line."

I crossed the line with you the moment I realised I found you attractive.

"I already trust you. I know you didn't intend to kiss me. It was just a spur of the moment kind of thing." I wish I could say that alcohol was the one who did the kissing, but neither of us drank anything but Apple juice unless the company started adding in some extract ingredients that we don't know about.

He scratched his head, uncertain, "I'm sorry."

I shrugged, "It's okay." The kiss confirmed the lingering questions in my head. The two questions were answered. The Kiss made me feel beautiful and Yes, It's possible to have feelings for a man different from the one who got me pregnant.

"You should get some sleep, you must be drained." he reached behind me and turned the lock on the door, pushing my bedroom door open. I turned and glanced briefly in my room then back at him.

"I'm exhausted," I admitted, but I instead spend the rest of the night with you, but I'll settle for sleep.

He gave me a light smile, "Goodnight, Jakobia" This time he didn't drop a kiss on my cheek, probably scared that history will repeat itself. He took two steps back but didn't take his eye off me.

I smile, "Goodnight, Valdo."

I watched as he disappeared down the hall then I turned and entered my bedroom. I closed the door behind me and sighed. I walked over to the bed and lay down on my back and look at the ceiling.

Having feelings for someone who wasn't my baby's father wrong, but why does it feel so good?

.....

"Aren't you supposed to be at work?" I asked the man looking at the city view.

A smiling Valdo turned, "Good morning and no, today is Saturday." I looked at him, shocked. I was never good with telling time or days but to know it was already Saturday meant that time was moving very fast, even though it feels like I've known Valdo for years, it's only been a few days.

I nod, "So, no work on Saturdays?" I paused, "So what exactly do you do on weekends?"

"I go to the gym, the park and supermarket." I noticed the clothes he was wearing. He was drenched in sweat, which meant he probably just returned from the gym.

"So you're heading to the park soon?" he shook his head.

"I went to the park already. I only have the supermarket left on the list, but it's too early." I turned and looked at the clock hanging on the wall behind me. My eyes widen at the time, that couldn't be right. Valdo noticed my shock and chuckled, "You overslept."

"Overslept," I frowned, "That's an understatement." the clock was saying 1:03 pm, and I usually woke up at 7 am, that's six hours over!

Valdo shrugged, "I knew you must have been tired after last night so I let you sleep and it's not like I have anything for you to do around the place anyways. The weekend is kinda boring for me, I just sleep most of the time and watch movies."

"That's all you do?" Saturdays are chores day when I lived with my mother and Sunday was for relaxation, if she wasn't working.

He nodded, "Yea, I have nothing else to do."

"What about your laundry, cleaning the apartment. When do you do that?"

He smiled, "Mrs Prime comes every Monday, she does my laundry and the cleaning, but if there is minor cleaning needed, I usually do it myself." At least he didn't have a live-in maid.

“Oh, okay. So I’ll just do my laundry today then.”

Valdo shook his head, “Of course not, Mrs Prime will do it for you.”

I shook my head quickly. The only person other than myself that ever did my laundry was my mother, and I don’t exactly feel comfortable letting others washing my clothes, much less, underwear.

No, thank you.

“I can do it myself; really, I don’t mind.”

“But I do, you’re pregnant. It would be best if you weren’t putting too much pressure on your body.” his words laced with care.

My body was used to all types of pressures; after all, I was homeless for six months. I’ve seen everything, done things too. Washing my own clothes isn’t that bad, so I told him. “I’ve lifted boxes to get a few bucks, washing my clothes isn’t going do any damage that wasn’t done by those boxes.

He sighed, probably realising that I wasn’t going to give in. “Fine, you can do your laundry, but you have used a laundry mat. There is no way I’m letting you wash those with your hands. Your feet are already swollen, don’t want something to happen to your hands too.”

I beamed at him, “Deal.” he smiled in return.

“Before we get excited about doing laundry, you should at least eat some breakfast. You must be starving.” My belly growled as he spoke which caused him to laugh out loud, “So at least you’re belly agrees with me. Eating for two is a serious thing.” It was indeed. The longer I stay pregnant was, the more I ate. I was hungry at least every two hours; sometimes, I kept this to myself because I wasn’t used to eating ten times a day. But Valdo made it his goal to make sure I ate at least fifteen times a day. I remember him calling his mother yesterday every two hours to check on me and make sure I eat.

Hannah would always end the call with a smile and the words, “He cares for you, my dear.”

Every time he called a particular organ in my body would not stop beating fast. I’m surprised it was expected today, especially after the brief kiss we shared and the dream that followed it.

And a dream it was!

I smiled into the enchanting boy eyes of my baby’s father, “She looked just like her daddy.”

Valdo laughed and placed his hands around my waist, “Nah, she looks like her beautiful mother.” he smiled at me softly, “Thank you, Jakobia.” he leaned in and placed a soft kiss on my lips. “You’ve given me the greatest gift any man could ever ask for, Our beautiful, beautiful daughter and our son.”

I laugh, “Let’s not forget Junior. I bet he can’t wait to see his little sister.”

Valdo shrugged, “Well, he’s doing a pretty great job taking care of his grandparents.”

I smiled. How did my life become so wonderful? I had a husband who loved two beautiful children and me. I had family that loved and adored me, and that's all that matters.

My mother pushed her head in the room, "Is that the new addition to the family?" she laughed proudly. She was so happy that I was able to finish high school without getting pregnant as she did. I even got a degree in Environment Science, where I met Valdo, who was an environmental activist. We hit it off pretty quickly, and in five months we were married.

Our parents thought we were rushing into things, but we knew better. We belonged together.

I shook my head after remembering my crazy dream. If only things were as wonderful as they were in my imagination. If only I'd finish high school and get my diploma then go to university as I'd planned, maybe I would have met a man. Perhaps he would have fallen in love and had beautiful babies. But that's all it is; a dream is a dream.

Valdo words brought me back to reality, "So what do you want for breakfast?"

"Scrambled eggs," I said excitedly.

Valdo laughed, "You seem to love that."

I nod and smile.

That's because in my dreams when you brought me breakfast in bed; it was scrambled eggs.

Pregnant and Homeless by jollyreaderjennell chapter 19

/ [Pregnant and Homeless by jollyreaderjennell](#)

“A couple that prays together stays together.”

.....

I hummed the lyrics to ‘Chained To The Rhythm’ as I place my dirty clothes in the washer. I couldn’t have been happier when Valdo told me he owned a washer and dryer, that meant I got to stay in and avoid a lot of moving and lifting.

I bent to take up my dresses off the floor. I heap them up in my hand then slowly start to stand up straight again, but that didn’t happen because I felt an intense pain in my abdomen. The dresses fell from my hands, and my hands went to my belly, and suddenly pain intensified, causing me to scream out. I left on tight on the washer for support, afraid that if I let go, I might fall.

The laundry door was pushed open, and a very concerned Valdo stared at me, “I heard you scream, what’s wrong?”

The pain was still piercing through my body, but I found the strength to speak, “I don’t know, but it hurts, it hurts so bad.” I moved my eyes from his blue ones and looked down at my tummy.

“Oh my god,” Valdo whispered shock.

I look at him worried, but his eyes were on the ground “What’s wrong?”

He swallowed then looked up at me slowly. “You’re bleeding. We have to get you to the hospital now.”

I look down, but I couldn't see anything because my belly was so big. I lift my head and look at Valdo, "I don't understand, why am I bleeding? What's happening to my baby?"

Valdo rushed over to my side, "Shh...there is nothing wrong with your baby. It would help if you stayed calm. You're going to the hospital right now." Although his words were soothing and soft, they didn't help all sorts of those to stop coming through my mind.

Something is wrong; why am I bleeding? Is my baby okay?

"Give me your hands" He gently placed his hands over mine. "I won't let you fall; just trust me." Putting all my trust in him, I slowly lift my hands off the washer and into his. He smiled, "Great. Now stay calm. Breath in and out slowly. One." I followed his instructions and breath in slowly the exhale. "Two," I repeated and waited for him to say three, but he never did. Instead, I was in his arms in a blink of an eye. Shocked, I held onto his shoulder and looked into his deep blue eyes, terrified. "Three."

One of his hands held my hand, and the other my legs.

Bridal Style.

Like most girls, I've always imagined what it would be like to have a man carry me like this but never in any of my imaginations would this be the scenario.

I'm not a bride, I'm a damsel in distress, or should I say a pregnant teen in distress?

"Are you okay?" he asked, looking down at me.

Unable to find words, I just nod.

“We’re going to the hospital now. Everything is going to be fine.”

I looked at him, and a tear fell from my eyes, “Promised.”

He paused, “Pinky Promise. I’d hold up my pinky, but it’s kinda occupied.”

I laughed and rested my head on his shoulder and closed my eyes, praying to God that my baby is okay.

.....

I slowly opened my eyes and looked around my surroundings, but the pain in my body caused me to groan.

Someone jumped up from beside me, “Doctor, the anaesthetic is wearing off.” It was Valdo.

A female figure came over me, “Ms Taylor, how are you feeling?”

I opened my mouth to speak, but no words came out.

“Nurse give her some water.” A pet** African American woman came over to me and placed the plastic cup to my lips. I lifted my hands to the cup and took it from her. I took a few sips of the water then pa** the cup back to her.

“How are you feeling Miss Taylor?” the doctor ask again but my mind was all over the place as I try to recall the last couple of hours, but I couldn’t remember anything after Valdo, and I arrived at the hospital. I look down, and my tummy and panicked.

“What happened?” I asked in uneven breaths. “What happened?” I could feel the tears coming down. I had a big belly when I pa**ed out, but now I didn’t see any. “Where’s my baby? What happened to my baby?” I start sitting up fully but end up groaning in pain. “Where’s my baby?” I asked again through the tears. I look at the doctor, the nurse then my eyes landed on Valdo. He looked tired and worn out; something’s not right. So I repeated, “Where’s my baby?”

The doctor rested her hands on mine, “Calm down, Miss Taylor. You were rushed into labour, and we had to perform an emergency C-section. Your baby is currently in surgery.”

“Surgery?” I asked with a frown. Why would she need surgery?

“Since she arrived a little earlier than expected her lungs weren’t developed properly and so she’s having some problems breathing on her own. We have our best pediatric and cardiac surgeons working on her.” her face showed as much sympathy as she could, but I didn’t help me. I started crying. The doctor and nurse gave us a look then excused themselves from the room.

“Hey, hey.” Valdo took over me and rest his hands on my shoulder, “The doctors are doing the best they can. You need to stay strong. For her and yourself. She’ll be fine.”

I opened my tear-filled eyes and looked at him. “Did you see her?”

He nods, “Just a glimpse and she’s as beautiful as her mommy, strong too. She’ll pull through. My parents are praying for her down the hall, right now.”

"They're here?"

He smiled, "Of course. You're the daughter they never had, and they love you and the baby very much."

I nodded and wiped the tears from my eyes but more came. If you told me I'd be here a few weeks ago, I'd laugh but looking at Valdo. I knew this is 100% real. I have persons in my life that cares about my welfare and that of my child.

"Zuria Giovanni is also here."

I've only met her once, and it was my visit to DFSM. She was very friendly to me, told me to ask her if I ever wanted anything. We didn't talk for long either because she had to leave, but our brief conversation was enough for me to know she is a good woman. Her actions of coming here at this time showed exactly how great of a woman she is.

"That's so sweet of her."

Valdo nod, "Yes, it is. She's been through a lot, just like you. Different circ**stances but she can relate. The other girl's circ**stances didn't allow them to come, but they sent well wishes."

I nod. After what happened to me six months ago, I stopped believing in humanity, stop believing that people care, but after meeting Valdo, his mom, stepdad and the ladies at the centre, my view changed. There are persons in the world who still care, who still have a heart, even if it's a little piece.

These six months have also taught me to hope. Hope for the future. Hope for the best.

That is why I'll stop crying and start praying that little girl makes it out of that Operation room alive and that she continues living for at least a hundred more years.

Valdo looked at me and said, "My mother came from a very religious household. She had to pray at least five times a day, and she was used to it. She loves God very much, and when I was growing up, she tried to instil her love for God in me. I love God, as well. I don't pray every day, and I'm not a saint, but I pray sometimes. Especially times like these." he paused and looked in my eyes, "I don't know what your religious beliefs are or if you have any, but it's good to pray. It helps." he took a seat in the chair beside my bed, "I'd like us to pray together. Pray that she pulls through. Pray that you'll have her in your arms to kiss and to hold. What do you say?"

I looked in his blue eyes and smile, "Let's pray."

Pregnant and Homeless by jollyreaderjennell chapter 20

/ [Pregnant and Homeless by jollyreaderjennell](#)

"Have you named her yet?" I turn to look at Nurse Viola and smile then look back at my tiny baby that laid in the incubator.

"No, I haven't. I'm trying to come with names. The other moms have been trying to help me, as well." I've become friends with other mothers with premature babies, they're all nice, and they understand what I'm going through. Premature babies are at risk all the time, and so we're always worrying.

Nurse Viola chuckled, "That's sweet of them, let me guess Crystal wants you to name her Crystal?"

I laughed, "Not really; she wants me to name her Diamond."

Nurse Viola laughed, "She's such a trouble maker." Crystal has been in the hospital for a month with her son, Christopher. He was born premature and has done over ten surgeries so far, but he's so strong and so his mother and father. Crystal stays at the hospital with him, and her husband visits them every day.

"Are you talking about me?" I turned in the direction of the voice and smile.

Zuria wrapped her hands around me and pulled me in a hug, "How are you?"

"I'm okay. Staying strong." I said with honesty. I am okay; I don't feel depressed because I have the support of so many wonderful people.

"Great, because I have good news," she said excitedly.

I smiled, "Really, what type of news?"

"So one of my neighbours is moving out, so I got you the apartment," I said with a big grin, but the only expression on my face was shocked, "I thought since the baby is here, you'd want to have your own little apartment but based on your expression I'm guessing you don't want to move."

I scratched my head, then smile, "Thank you so much. Probably one of the nicest things anyone has ever done for me."

"But?" she said with a smile. How can she be so happy and I'm saying no to her offer?

"I really like it at Valdo's place. He's super nice to me, and so is his parents." Is that really the reason I'd want to live with a man I met only two weeks ago?

"Hmm..are you sure it's the not the man you like?"

I turned my head to blush, and I noticed Nurse Voila smiling at the corner of the room. I turned to look back at Zuri, trying to hide my blush.

"It's completely fine to like him. He's handsome, and he's so sweet," she said with a smirk.

"It's just that he's been extremely nice to me; he opened his home and family to me." I tried to ignore the part about me liking him but failed.

"If it makes any difference, he likes you too."

"Really?" I asked way too enthused.

Zuria laughed, "I knew it! And to answer your question, yes. He likes you. If he didn't, you wouldn't be staying in his apartment; you'd be staying in one of his mother's private shelter. The fact that he's kept you with him all this time shows exactly how much he likes you. The roses in your room who bought them?"

"He did."

Zuria nod with a grin, "Yes, he did. If he didn't like you, he wouldn't bring roses every time he comes to visit, which is every day by the way."

I smile at her words, "Maybe he thinks of me as a little sister. His parents think of me as a daughter." As I said the words, I knew it a lie because brothers don't kiss sisters on the lips and if they do then gross.

Zuria, "Yea, of course, but not daughter, daughter-in-law."

I frowned, "But I'm not their daughter-in-law."

Zuria smirked, "Not yet." then she winked.

The idea of being Valdo's girlfriend made me a little happy. He's an amazing guy who wouldn't want to be his girlfriend, but there's just one problem. "What would people think?"

Zuria frowned, "Think about what exactly?"

"Well, I was a homeless pregnant teenager he met on the streets of New York, I don't.."

Zuria raised her hands to stop me, "Stop right there. I was homeless too, a pick-pocket and then one day I picked the wrong pocket next thing I know I'm walking down the aisle. Love is Love. It doesn't matter where you come from; what matter is what the heart wants. My husband saw something in me, and after me giving a hell of a time I finally fell in love, and I don't regret picking his pocket because he made me the happiest woman alive when he was alive. So let's not worry about what people will say."

I smiled at her sadly, "It's not just that; he's nine years older than me."

Zuria laughed, "Oh honey, Gabriele was ten years older than me, but it didn't matter because age is just a number."

"Not when he's fifty-five, and you're twenty. If that's the case, he's your Sugar Daddy." Nurse Viola said from across the room, causing Zuria and I to laugh.

"I like older guys, but I don't want no Sugar Daddy." I chuckled out.

"Good to know." My heart jumped when I recognised the voice.

I turn to look at Valdo, "We were just hmm..."

"We're just stating our preference for men. What do you prefer?"

"Women," he said with a smirk. Nurse Viola laughed from her corner and whispered, "Me too."

My eyes widen at the statement, but it quickly left my mind when Zuria spoke, "What type of woman?"

"I like a strong woman."

Zuria nods her heads, "Interesting and does age matter to you?"

Valdo shrugs, "As long as she's legal and not more than fifteen years younger, she's fine."

"Wow, interesting." Zuria looked over at me and smirked, "I know someone who fits the profile."

Valdo looked and smirked, "You're beautiful and strong woman Zuria, but I have my eyes set on someone already."

Zuria and Nurse Viola laughed, but I stayed silent, he isn't interested in Zuria, but he is interested in someone else. Is that person me?

"You flattered me Valdo and broke my heart a little bit too," Zuria exclaimed with her left hands over her heart.

"Well if it makes you feel any better, I'll send you some roses."

She shrugged, "Do you send Roses to all your female friends?"

He smirks at her then looked at me, "No, just the ones I care about."

Zuria and I both blush at the same time. Zuria didn't have any sort of romantic feeling towards Valdo, but when a man as handsome as him compliments you, you can't help yourself.

Valdo looked between Zuria, and I then asked, "So what are you guys up to?"

"I have to pick Alessandro from school, so I'm going to leave." Zuria stepped closer to me and gave me a quick hug. "Bye."

I frowned after her because it's only 8:36 am based on the clock on the way and that meant she just dropped him at school. Then I realise what her plan was, and I smiled. She wants to give us some time alone to talk.

"Have you eaten yet?" Valdo asked.

I shrug, "If you consider hospital food as eating then yeah."

He laughed and held his hands up, showing me a paper bag, "Great. I brought you breakfast."

I smiled thankfully. "Thanks. I really appreciate it."

He held on my shoulder, "Let's go to the cafeteria."

I turned and waved to Nurse Voila before leaving, "See you later."

We walked out of the room and started walking to the elevator. "So how is everything with the baby?"

I shrug, "She's okay. The doctor said she's progressing. She might be out in a few weeks."

"How are you holding up?" he asked when we stopped waiting for the elevator.

"I'm okay. I have the help and support of so many wonderful people, what more can I ask for?"

Valdo smile, "So have you named her yet?"

I shook my head, then an idea came to me, "What If I named her Uvalda?"

Valdo laughed and shook his head, "No. As much I appreciate you thinking about naming her after me, no. That is one ugly name, and I hated it all through school. I used to beg my mother to change my name, and of course, it didn't happen. I want you to give her a beautiful name, some that won't make persons laugh at her at school or bully her."

I smile, "Thanks. I've been thinking about names for days, and I still can't find the perfect one. I even tried books."

Valdo smile, "You'll find the perfect name for her, and when you do I'll be here to rate it on the how likely am, I get to laugh at because of my name scale."

"What did you get on your scale?"

He smiles, "Well, it was a scale of 10, and I got 20, so you know I got made fun of a lot. Puberty helped, though. By that time I was so handsome no one cared about my name."

I raised my brows, "What exactly did they care about then?"

He smirked, "Well, you'll have to find out on your own."