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"Are you happy that you're leaving?" Valdo was standing by the door with a smile on his face.

"Happy is an understatement." I looked down at the sleeping baby and smiled. "It's time for her to see the world, we've been here for three long weeks." Valdo chuckled then walked beside me. He took her tiny hand in his. The way he looked at her made my heart weep; I could tell he loved her. For the past three weeks, he's been helping me cope with the stress that came with having a premature baby.

The first week was rough because she could barely breathe on her own and I was worried that she wouldn't make it, but by the second week she could breathe on her own, and now I can feed her regularly by breast or bottle. She even opened her eyes a few time. He hasn't left through all this. He's visited every day and called during the days to make sure that we were okay. Kevin and Hannah also visited regularly. I've truly become part of their family.

"I can't believe you named her Jamaica," Valdo said, still looking down at her.

I laughed, "You're the one who made me fall in love with Jamaican Curry Chicken."

He shook his head and looked at me, "We'll have to carry her to Jamaica at least once a year now because she can't be named after a country and not know it."

"Good point. As soon as I get my life together."

He gave me a weird look, then nodded. "The release forms have been signed, and we can leave when you're ready."

"I'm ready," I replied quickly.

"Wow, that bad ugh?" I nod my head. I couldn't wait to be back at Valdo's apartment, sleeping on my comfortable silk sheets bed and eating good food. "I'll go, call nurse, Voila." He gently removed his hands from Jamaica's then slowly leave the room.

I looked down at my baby in admiration. She's so beautiful even without hair on her head; her cheeks were fat and soft. How could I regret this? Yes, the journey was challenging, but the destination will be thriving. I can do this. I have Valdo. He's proven that's he's not going anywhere, and he will not hurt me.

Nurse Viola came in the room with a wheelchair, "Good morning, Jakoby. How are you?"

I smiled at her, "Happy. I like talking to you, but I think it's time for me to leave."

She laughed, "It's okay. I understand. Jamaica is healthy; you are healthy. There is no need to stay here."

"I'm gonna miss you." I smiled sadly at her.

She shrugged, "Let's not get all teary. I don't want to cry today."

I looked down at the wheelchair, "I can walk; I don't need a wheelchair."

She shrugged, "Hospital policy."

I nodded, "Okay." I slowly got from the bed and sat in the wheelchair."

Valdo moved out of the way so that nurse Viola could wheel me out. He followed closely behind us.

We remained silent until we reached the door, Valdo had pa**ed us a few minutes ago to go bring around the car.

"He's a keeper."

I looked up at her and smile, "He is. But I don't think he likes me that way."

She rolled her eyes, "Honey, of course, he does. Have you not seen the way he looks at you and the baby? He's crazy for you."

I gave a small smile, "Maybe he just sees me as a little sister."

"Sweetheart, brothers don't look at sisters like they want to kiss them." Nurse Viola had an idea of my situation. She knew Valdo wasn't Jamaica's father and she didn't question me about what happened either. She didn't judge me, and I know she only wants what the best for me.

I blushed, "He doesn't want to kiss me again."

"Again?" Voila raised her eyebrows, "Hmmm....all I'm saying is that you have a good man who obviously loves you. Please don't mess it up; this is your chance to change your life. "

I nod my head; I won't mess this up. "I.." before I could reply a car horn interrupted. I lifted my head to see Valdo exiting the driver's seat.

I looked up at the nurse and smile, "Thanks, I promise I won't. "

"Don't move," Valdo instructed as he opened the back door. He came over to me, then look down at sleeping baby, "may I?" I nod then he slowly lifted Jamaica out of my arms. He walked back to the car. I stood from the wheelchair and watched as he gently placed Jamaica in the car seat.

When did he get that?

As usual, he read my mind and answered, "I bought it two weeks ago. I know we'd need one." he gently straps her down to the seat the close the door.

I smiled at him, then turn to my nurse, "Thank you."

She nod and smile, "Remember what I said." Then she turned, walking back to the hospital.

Uvaldo opened the pa**enger door for me to enter. I smiled at him and entered. He quickly walked back over to his side and started the car. "Are you ready for motherhood?"

I pondered his question before responding. I never really thought about what it was going to be like. I always thought about the future and never about everyday things. This is my first child, and I didn't know a lot about motherhood. Voila had shown me a few tips on how to hold the baby, feed the baby, the dosage for her medication but she never actually told me what it would be like when I left the hospital. She never told me what to expect, so am I ready?

"I'm ready as I can be. I'll just let nature takes its course. I'll ask your mom or Zuria if I need to know anything vital."

"Good. We all want what's best for you and Jamaica."

"Thanks." I looked over at him and smile, "Thanks isn't even enough to show my gratitude."

"Don't mention it."

I looked back on the road but noticed that we weren't going towards the apartment, "Where are we going?"

Valdo quickly look at me, "Going to stop by mom to pick up something, is that okay?"

I nod, "Of course, it is. I'd love to thank them for the fruit basket they sent me three days ago. I'm sure they'd love to see Jamaica as well."

"For sure." Answering looking straight ahead.

I turn my head and look at my sleeping baby at the back, "She's so beautiful."

"Just like her mommy." He replied without taking his eyes off the road; I couldn't help but blush.

"I never knew I could love someone so much. It's just powerful."

Valdo chuckled, "Love is powerful, indeed. It makes one want to protect that person with everything we have."

"Even if it's not much."

"Even then."

I look at Valdo, "Imagine if you never bumped into me."

He quickly glanced at me, "You bumped into me and let's not imagine that. It's too painful to imagine a world where you're still on the streets or even worse."

I remained silent for the rest of the drive, mostly because I couldn't stop thinking about what would have happened if I never met Valdo. Around fifty different scenarios and none of them were happy.

"We're here," Valdo stated as he shut down the car.

I looked at the house and smile, remembering my last time here. I opened the door to passenger down to exit. Valdo exit quickly and walked to back door, opening it. He slowly opened the locked on the car seat; then he gently lifted the baby out. He gently patted her back and smiled, seeing him with her made my heart tingle. He's a natural at this. He looked over at me, "Time to go to mommy." He gently placed her in my hands. I held her against my chest then started walking towards the door.

"It's open," Valdo called out from behind me. "They're expecting us."

I couldn't open it because my hands were occupied so I waited for Valdo to pull it and when he did we walked in. When I entered the living room I heard a big, 'surprise!!' I nearly jumped out of my skin, then I started to smile when I recognised the faces; Kevin, Hannah, Zuria, Emily even Christina. I suddenly felt tears coming down my face, how can people I just met be so nice to me? And people I've known for years just abandon me?

I lift my head and look at Valdo as he rested his hands on my shoulder.

I turn my head to the group and smile, "Thank you guys so much."

"You never had a baby shower, and so we decided why not a surprise dinner." Zuria beamed.

"We also get to meet, baby Jamaica," Emily said with a grin.

"That's a nice name," Christina said from the back.

"Thanks," I looked at the shy teen with a smile.

Kevin walked up to me and looked at Jamaica, "Can I?"

I nod then gently place the baby in his outstretched arms. He looked down at her and giggled, "My first grandbaby." He looked over at me, "What's her nickname?"

I frown, "I didn't give her one."

"I think you should." Emily suggested, "Jam since her name is Jamaica."

"What's her middle name?" Christina asked.

"Gizelle." Even though my mother had hurt me, I wanted to give Jamaica something from her grandma.

"What about Jelly?" Valdo suggested.

I looked around at everyone's face; they were all nodding in approval.

"Jelly bean."

Hannah nod, "She does kinda look like a jellybean."

"Jellybean it is." Valdo laughed.

A toddler with shiny black hair came up and touched Zuria's side, "Mommy, I'm hungry."

"Me too, me too." Another little voice said, running in the room.

Zuria looked down at the boy and smile, "This is my son, Alessandro."

Emily pointed to the blond boy, "And that's my son Harry." She frowns at the little boy, "Where is your brother?"

"I'm here, mommy." Everyone's attention turned to the little boy who entered the room. His face was covered in, well, I'm guessing, Chocolate cake. I bent my head to laugh at the child while his mom took a deep breath.

"Jason, is that the cake I baked this morning for dinner? I told you we couldn't eat it." I could tell Emily was angry, but she kept her cool.

"Mommy you said we couldn't eat it until we got here and we're here," Jason said innocently.

Kevin laughed out loud; I couldn't blame him because I wanted to laugh too.

Emily looked at me with sad eyes, "I'm sorry, Jakoby."

"It's okay. He looks too adorable to be angry with him."

"I think this is a sign for us to go and eat." Hannah sang.

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"I really enjoyed tonight. Thank you so much." I looked up at Valdo with a big smile on my face. Tonight was beautiful; the love and union that everyone showed each other were so pure. We shared jokes and stories from the past; it was a blast. The best dinner I've had in years. Being around these wonderful people made me wish I'd run away sooner.

You're welcome." Valdo said, returning my smile. "You must be exhausted so I won't keep you up."

I nod and smile, "I am."

He smiled at me, "Goodnight then."

"Goodnight." I smiled at him, then turned towards my room.

The door was open, so I just used my foot to open it wider. As I walked in, my eyes widen at sight in front of me. At the corner of the room looked like a mini nursery; there was a crib with dream catchers above it. The surrounding corner was painted in baby pink with flowers and candy. It looks great, like a baby's room. I walked over to the area and smile. He remembered what I said about wanting to be close to the baby. I can't believe he did all this.

I look down at the sleeping baby and smile. I gently placed her in the crib. She stirred a few times, but I pat her back gently for her to fall asleep again.

I slowly walked out of my room and back to the living room where Valdo was. He was sitting by the tv with the remote in his hands; he turned around when he heard my footsteps. He looked at me with a frown, "Are you okay?"

I took a seat on the opposite sofa then looked at him and smile, "Yes, I am. The room looks beautiful. Thank you so much."

He smiled, "You're welcome."

"Did you do it yourself?"

He laughed and shook his head, "No, I don't have a creative bone in my body. I hired someone to do it."

"It looks amazing. Thank you isn't enough to express how I feel."

He grinned, "What is?"

I laughed, "I don't know. I'm just so grateful."

"Don't worry about it." He stared at me for a few seconds then he turned his attention to the tv. "Do you wanna watch a movie with me?"

I really want to sleep, but how could I deny him company when he's done for much for me, "Sure. I'd love to." I stood from my sofa and came over to the one he's in. He was close, an elbow away. Was that too close? What if I accidentally farted, he'd hear and smell it. I'd be embarra**ed for life.

Calm down Jakoby, that's not going to happen.

I got rid of my crazy thoughts out of my mind and looked at him. I watch as he skipped through Netflix for a movie.

He turned to me, "Do you have a genre preference?"

I shrug, "Anything is okay."

"What about this?"

I turned my eyes at the tv, "Jumanji: Welcome to the Jungle. Hmm, the Rock is in it, so we know it's going to be good, Kevin Hart and Jack Black were pretty funny actors, so it's going to be funny. I'm not sure who the girl is, but I'll find out."

He pressed the play button, and the movie started playing. He stood from the couch and went to shut off the lights. "It's better this way." He came back to the sofa; this time, he was even closer to me than he was before. Instead of focusing on how close he was to me, I turned, my attention to the tv.

Jakoby, you're going to focus on enjoying the movie, not on the handsome man beside you.

Focus.

After five minutes into the movie, I found my eyes slowly shutting and soon enough, I was sleeping.

I jumped up at the sound of Jamaica crying. A gentle hand touched my shoulder, then the person said, "Shh, it's okay. I'll go get her."

I felt the person getting up, then leaving me. My eyes were still close, and I could still hear my baby crying. I slowly opened my eyes and registered the surroundings. I was laying down on the couch. The room was lit up by the tv which was on pause. That's when I started remembering what happened.

I fell asleep while watching Jumanji with Valdo.

When I sat up from the couch, I noticed Valdo walking in the room with Jamaica in his arms. Her crying had calmed down a little bit, "I think she is hungry." he whispered as he rocked her in his arms.

I nod my head agreeing, "I'll have to breastfeed her since I haven't gotten any Enfamil."

"I bought some; we have a cupboard full."

"Thanks, I don't want her to wait. I hate hearing her cry. So I'll try breastfeeding."

"Okay," he strolled over to me while at the same time rocking the crying baby. He bent to my level and then placed her in my outstretched arms.

I look down and her crying face, "It's okay baby girl, you're gonna get something now." Was wearing a sundress with V neck, so it was easy for me to take out my breast and put it in her mouth. She instantly stopped crying and started s***ing. I looked up at Valdo with a smile and noticed he was looking at the baby.

When he realised that I caught him staring, he started apologising, "Sorry, very sorry." He turned his head and started looking at something.

I laughed, "It's okay." It's not like he saw all of the breasts; he could only see a part of. I'm sure he's seen breasts before, he isn't a virgin.

He laughed, "We know what calms her down now."

"Food can calm anyone." I replied with a smile, "I'm sorry; I fell asleep on you."

He shrugged, "It's okay. I knew you were exhausted. I'm not sure why I asked you to watch it with me, anyway."

"Some things are better when you have people to do it with, like watching a movie. That's why people go to the cinema instead of watching it at home."

"Yeah, it's good to have someone to laugh with." I couldn't understand the look that he was giving me.

"I promise not to fall asleep next time."

He laughed, "I'll keep you to that."

"You should probably finish watching the movie. It's almost finished anyway." I looked back at the tv; there were only fifteen minutes left.

"I'll spoil it for you."

I smile, "I slept through most of the movie if anything I spoiled it for you."

He walked over to the couch and sat, "Nah, you're snoring didn't bother me at all."

I looked at him surprised, "I do not snore,"

"You do."

"I don't." I defended.

He smirked, "Oh, yes, you do."

I opened my mouth to speak but closed it back. I looked at Valdo, "I'm sorry."

He laughed, "I'm joking, you weren't snoring. You slept like a baby."

I sighed, "For a second, I believed you."

He shrugged, "There is nothing wrong with snoring."

I looked at him with raised eyebrows, "You snore, don't you?"

"Occasionally." He answered, honestly.

"How did you find out?" I asked because I was curious to know more about him and his life, just like he knew about mine.

"My mom. She recorded a video of me sleeping and played it back to me when I woke."

I laughed, "I bet you wouldn't have believed her if she didn't show proof."

"That's exactly why she did it. I was convinced I didn't snore and then boom!" His face had a huge smile on it, and it made his eyes even more beautiful.

I giggled and shook my head, "You're mom is pretty cool. My mother wakes at the slightest of sounds. If I got up to use the bathroom, she heard, and that's how I know I don't snore because she would have never allowed me to sleep in the same bed as her."

"Same bed?"

I nod, "Yea; it was a one-bedroom apartment."

"Didn't she have a boyfriend?"

"She did, but she never brought them home. I guess she didn't want me to be exposed to that kind of life."

"How do you think your mom is managing with you gone? Do you think she misses you?"

I looked at him sadly, "I think she's probably going crazy. I know she loves me. She's probably worried sick."

"I think it would be good for you to go back, just to make sure she knows you're okay."

"I should, but I'm just not ready yet. It was hard growing up with a single mom in a small town. Everyone judged you. People used to call my mother w****, give her

bad looks. She's had it rough in that town so I can imagine how she felt when she found out I was pregnant. I don't want to go back there unless I'm 100% ready for their criticism or when I've made something of myself. "

"I grew up in New York, and single mothers are pretty common, so I didn't have to face all that, but I understand what you mean, and when you're ready to go back, I'll be here by your side 100%. I won't let anyone hurt you." By the look on his face, I knew he'd defend me if anyone tried to hurt me after all he's been protecting me since he met me.

I looked in his eyes, and I knew he was telling the truth. "Thanks."

He smiled and look down at Jamaica, "She's sleeping again."

I look down at her and smile, "Yeah, but she's going to be up in a few for a diaper change."

"I can help with that." He volunteered quickly.

I laughed, "It's not as easy as it sounds. It's a lot of poo to deal with." I was shocked the first time I had to change her, but I've gotten used to it.

"I'm sure I can manage."

"What about changing diapers?" I questioned.

"I've watched a few videos; I've prepared for this." I looked at him. Did he really watch videos just to learn how to change a diaper? Why do all this for a baby that wasn't even his? He smiled at me, "I wanted to help you as much as I can. You're going to have the baby all day to yourself, and so I wanted to learn somethings so that when I get home, I'll be able to help."

I didn't know how to respond, so I just stared in his eyes instead. God, thank you for letting me bump in this man. "I think I've said thank you too many times today, you must be tired of me saying it to you."

He smiled but didn't reply. We just sat there and looked at each other in silence for a minute or two. He was the one to break the silence, "I think we should put her back in the crib and get some sleep ourselves."

I nodded, agreeing. I gently took my breast out of her mouth and placed it back in my bra.

Valdo stood then held his hands out, without hesitating, I placed Jamaica in his arms. He waited until I was standing for him to start moving towards my bedroom. When we entered my room, he gently put her in the crib. He didn't leave the room immediately; he looked down at her in admiration. "She's amazing."

I look down at Jamaica then back at him, "She is."

He turned his attention from the sleeping baby to me. That's when I realised how close he was, and he was very close. "I want to kiss you." He whispered.

My eyes widen as I looked into his blue ones. With my heart beating fast, I managed to reply, "So kiss me."

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We stared at each other for an odd way. The swirl of emotion I saw in his eyes made me gasp. However, before I could ponder about it, he smiled and before I knew it, his hands were resting below my ear and his thumb gently caressing my cheek. I couldn't stop myself from staring in his eyes. We weren't kissing but sometimes just looking in his enchanting blue eyes was enough to make me lose my mind.

Finally, his lips touched mine. I automatically closed my eyes to enjoy the feeling of his lips on mine. Sparks flew in every direction, and nothing else seemed to matter, the world around us disappearing slowly. Kissing him made me forget about all the problems in my life and how much pain I've been through. The only thing that mattered was being here with him.

This was by far the best kiss I've ever had in my life, and yet it was a soft kiss. Our lips were moving in perfect sync; I placed my hands on his shoulder and pulled him closer. It was a good minute before we finally broke away for air. Without pulling away, he rested his forehead on mine. I slowly opened my eyes and lifted my head to look in his.

The colour was so intense my pulse started racing. Did I do that?

We just stood there, staring at each other. Frankly, I was too afraid to talk. What if he regrets kissing me again?

What if I am a terrible kisser?

What if tasted like Cheetos?

What if?

"You're overthinking." He whispered.

I blushed and looked down at his chest.

I didn't know what to say.

Valdo and I kissed.

We kissed.

Valdo kissed me on the lips and with tongue. He said he wanted to kiss me and he did. With my permission!

"Stop thinking so much." He whispered again.

"I can't help it," I whispered in reply. I had to think about the kiss, what's going to happen after this? There is no way we can ignore that it happened. There is no way we ignore that we have some sort of feelings going on. At least I did.

I don't know exactly what I am feeling. Is it grat**ude? or Is it something stronger?

He took a step from me, "I guess it's time for us to talk."

It's never good when someone wants to 'talk' but I nod my head anyway.

"Let's have a seat on the bed," he held on to my left hand then pulled me towards the bed. He sat down then pulled me down to sit beside him.

He took a deep breath. I look down at my hands to avoid the intensity of his beautiful eyes and to avoid the possibility of rejection.

"So here's the thing," he paused for a few seconds, I guess he was trying to find the right words to use. He took a deep breath, then said, "I like you. I like you a lot, and I would like to get to know you better." He took another deep breathe, "Basically what I'm trying to say is that I'd like to date you. I'll understand if you don't like me that way, it won't change how I feel about you. "

I lifted my eyes to meet his own, did he really say what I heard? Did he say he liked me? That he wants to date me? He wants to get to know me.

Pinch me because I must be dreaming.

"Ouch!" I cringed and placed my hands on my arms.

"You said that out loud." he voiced with a smile.

I chuckled. So apparently I'm not dreaming, and this is 100% real. Uvaldo Dakota just told me he liked me, a lot. The not so strange thing about it was that I felt the same exact way. It wasn't just grat**ude I felt towards him. If it were then I wouldn't find him so attractive, I wouldn't be mesmerised every time I stared into his eyes. My pulse wouldn't race every time I saw him. My heart wouldn't warm when I see him holding Jamaica in his arms. I've never felt so loved and cared for until he walked into my life. This was definitely not grat**ude; it was feelings. I liked him a lot.

I looked into his blue eyes and smile, "I like you too, Valdo. You're the most generous person I've ever met in my life. You've given me hope for a better future. You've opened my eyes to a lot of things, and so yes, I want to get to know you more too. I want to go on dates with you." I chuckled, "I'd like to date you."

He grinned and lifted my hands to his lips. He kissed them gently then place them back in my lap. "Thank you."

I shook my head, "No, thank you. "This past month has been an eye-opener for me. I've met some amazing people who've shown me nothing but love, and it's all because of you. For a long time, I was lost, and then I found you."

"Technically, I found you."

I nodded and laughed, "Yes, sorry. You found me, and ever since then, my life has been filled with happiness." I smiled. "I want that to continue, and I know it will if I stick with you."

He lifted his hands and ran it through my dark hair. "This past month is just the touch of the surface of how happy I can make you."

"Are you saying I can be happier than this?"

He nodded. "Definitely."

I smiled and hugged him. "Thank you." I sighed into his neck, "For a minute, I thought you were going to say that you regret kissing me."

He pulled me away and shook his head, "I've wanted to kiss you from the first time I saw you."

I blushed his words, "Are you serious?"

He nodded.

"But I was pregnant, weighed a tonne." And let's not forget homeless.

"That didn't matter. One look at you and I was blown away. But I held back; I knew you weren't ready and you're probably still not ready. But I have wanted you from the very first moment I saw you."

The look on his face took my breath away, so I had to ask. "Is that why you helped me?"

"No, I would have helped anyone in your situation." He paused for a second then continued, "To be 100% honest, I wouldn't have made them live with me. But I found myself asking you to live with me, giving you my address. I surprised myself. You're an exceptional woman." My heart swelled. I wasn't quite sure what to say. I knew he wouldn't just invite any woman to live with him, but I didn't know why he did, until now. "I hope I haven't scared you."

I shook my head, "No, not at all."

"Good."

We stayed silent until I was confident enough to speak again, "So does this mean, you're my boyfriend?"

He laughed and nodded, "Yes, I'm your boyfriend, and you're my girlfriend."

I giggled like a high school girl. "I feel like I'm in high school again."

"High school romance is never serious, but this, this that we are about to begin is 100% serious."

I felt chills as he spoke those words. He was right. My relationship with William was never serious. He pretended he liked me when he was really after s**. The way he treated me after I told him about my pregnancy was proof enough. He never cared about me. I should have realised that he was only using me, but I was blinded by his false 'I love you' so I gave him what he wanted, in contrast to Valdo, who has done everything to prove that he does care and that he wants me. Not once had he forced himself on me s**ually.

"I'm putting 100% in this relationship, and I hope you can too as well." He looked at me seriously.

I swallowed the build-up saliva and nodded, "Yes, I will. It's going to be hard, but I'll try my best."

He smiled, "I think I've kept you up long enough. It's almost midnight."

"Oh!" I was surprised; I didn't know it so late. "I guess it's goodnight then."

"Yea, but since you're my girlfriend now. I'd rather you give me a goodnight kiss."

I blushed at his words and bent my head. I've never initiated a kiss before. I licked my lips then look back into his beautiful eyes. I laughed, "I've never done this before."

He raised his eyebrows, "You've never initiate kiss?"

I shook my head. I was never motivated to kiss William first. He's always the one fling himself on me. But it's different with Valdo, I wanted to kiss him, but I'm not brave enough. What if it's terrible?

"You're overthinking again. All you have to do is lean in and place your lips on mine; the rest comes naturally."

With my heart beating a mile a minute, I slowly placed my right hand on his shoulder and the left one on his face then I placed my lips on his. He reacted immediately and started kissing me. The kiss was slow and sweet. It didn't last as long as the first one. Valdo pulled away and stood from the bed. He placed a kiss on my forehead. "Goodnight."

I replied, "Goodnight."

When he reached the door, he said "Sweet Dreams" before leaving.

I laid on the bed and looked at the ceiling with a smile on my face.

Of course, my dreams will be sweet with you roaming in them.

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"Good morning," Valdo said, then kissed my cheeks, "How did you sleep?"

I poured the warm water on the formula then looked up at him, "I didn't. Jamaica woke up every hour for food and diaper change, so whenever I laid down, I barely got much sleep." I covered my mouth as I yawned then close Jamaica's bottle. She's going to wake up any minute now, and I want to make her feeding so I can pop the bottle in her mouth as soon as she starts crying.

"I didn't hear any crying last night. I would have helped you if I did. Sorry." I looked at his sad face and smile. He's truly an angel. He wasn't pretending to care, he really did.

"It's okay. She wasn't crying that loudly anyway, and she never cried for long enough for you to hear."

"I'll definitely leave my door open tonight, so I can hear her when she cries, you should do the same," he reassured.

"Thanks. I'll try and remember."

"You must be extremely tired. Go back to bed. I'll take care of Jamaica when she wakes." He placed his hands on my shoulders and gently started to rub them.

"I can't let you do that; you must have a lot of work to do." He was touching my shoulder, and I wasn't freaking out, a new development for me. I never let William touch my shoulder or anyone else for that matter. I hated being touched there. It freaked me out, but Valdo was touching my shoulders, and I wasn't panicking which means important something, I'm not sure what yet.

"You're not letting me do anything; I'm offering and don't worry about my work. I told you, I'm the boss, I make my own hours."

"You have to delegate." I didn't want to slack on work because I was in his life.

"I can delegate from home." He pulled me away from the counter. "Come. You're going back to bed." He removed his hands from my shoulder and held my hand instead then gently pulled me towards my room.

"Okay, fine, but only for a couple of hours." When we reached my doorway, he lifted me in bridal style. I let out a little scream at my shock, and he chuckles.

"I won't drop you. I promise." when we entered my room, he walked over to my bed and gently placed me down. "Close your eyes and relax" I did as he instructed. "I'll take Jamaica on my way out." he bent and placed a kiss on my forehead, and after a few seconds, I heard the wheels of the crib moving and my door being close.

I took a deep breath and tried to block all the incoming thoughts then let sleep take over.

...

I stretched my hands out as I yawned then slowly opened my eyes. I stared at the ceiling for a few minutes before my mind started registering my surroundings. "Jamaica." I jumped up from the bed and looked beside me at the crib, but it wasn't there. I started panicking for a second until the memory of earlier started coming back. I sighed; my baby was okay. She's with Valdo, and I trusted him 150%.

I rubbed my eyes and pulled myself off the bed. I opened the door of my room and started making my way to the bathroom. I looked at myself in the mirror and sighed; my hair was a mess. My face was a mess, the bags under my eye pretty evident. I yawned a second time, then I brushed my teeth and washed my face. I fixed my hair as best as I could by running my fingers through it a few times. I looked at myself and nod, I wasn't Beyonce beautiful, but I didn't look too bad.

I exited the bathroom and started walking towards the kitchen.

"Look who's finally awake." I turned my head at the voice and saw Valdo with Jamaica in his hands and his face looking down at her. A smile immediately formed on my face, and instead of walking to the kitchen, I turned and started walking towards the pair. They looked utterly amazing. Why do men look so good

with babies in their arms? Especially when the man is wearing a short-sleeve T-shirt and all his muscles are showing.

"I wasn't asleep for too long was I?" I hovered over them and watched as Valdo played with Jamaica.

"Nah, only about five hours."

"Five!" My eyes widen in shock, was I really sleeping for so long? That explains why I feel so well-rested.

"Or maybe six. I wasn't counting." he sounded so calm.

"Why didn't you wake me?" I'm sure he would have preferred doing work than babysitting an always-crying baby.

"You need the rest plus Jellybean, and I have been bonding. We both enjoy putting our fingers in our mouth. Well, at least I used to when I was a baby, or so my mother told me last night while she was here."

"I think every baby does that."

"Really?" he lifted his head briefly to look at me. "Oh well, I'm sure we'll have more things in common when she gets older."

"We'll just have to wait and see, won't we?" I looked down at them and smile. I'm glad he wanted to be apart of her life when she gets older. "I'm going to make something to eat, do you want any?"

He lifted his blue eyes to me, "Or we could go out and have Brunch. It's past midday. A little sun would be good for Jamaica."

I laughed at his words, "I'm sorry, that sounds funny, considering Jamaica is a tropical country."

He chuckled at little, "I'll try and remember to call her Jellybean when I'm making such comments."

"Oh, I don't mind. She'll have to get used to it from now because when she's older, she won't hear the end of it."

"I guess she's going to get the same torture I got with my weird name then." he teased.

"Oh, probably not as much as I got. I was called Jack all through middle school."

"Really, why?"

"It's quite simple, actually. I had a flat chest and no bottom, so it was easy to make fun of me." Let's not forget a face full of acne and pimples.

He looked at me up and down, "You don't have to worry about that anymore."

I blushed. He was right. Having Jamaica did a lot for my body. My breast got fuller, my hips got wider, and my b*** was a little bigger. My body looked 100% better than it did a year ago. The only thing I need to work on now is my belly, which still had a good amount of baby fat, nothing working out can't solve, but I have to

wait a few more weeks before I can start though because the C-section scar wasn't completely healed. The doctor said that it should be entirely healed in four weeks to six weeks.

"You're still beautiful." I looked at Valdo as he said he words, how did he know what I was thinking about. "You're touching your tummy."

The realisation made me blush, "Your ability to read my mind is kinda creepy. You always seem to know what I'm thinking."

"Not always. I have no idea what you're thinking about now."

I rubbed my belly while saying, "I thinking that I should hurry up and shower because I'm famished."

He chuckled, "Good idea, I'll go fix up the stroller while you get ready."

"You bought a stroller?"

"I figured we'd need one. I doubt you're going to stay inside all the time." I smiled at his words. He said 'we' and not 'you' which meant that he was in this as much I am.

"You're right. It would be good to take a stroll in the park every day or a few times a week. Get her used to seeing other surroundings."

"Good idea and you say you're not a pro?"

"Baby books and your mother's advice. She gives the best advice."

He smiled, "You're telling me?" he asked rhetorically.

We smiled at each other for a few seconds until I spoke, "I should go get ready."

"We'll be waiting."

"Bye, baby." I bent and placed a kiss on my baby's cheek.

I turn to leave, but Valdo spoke, "So I don't get a kiss?" I smiled then turned around to place a kiss on his cheeks, but he moved his face, and it landed on his lips. He opened his mouth and captured my top lip with his. We kissed for a while before he pulled away, "You're making me hungry. Go get ready."

I blushed at his words. I'm young, but I'm not innocent. I knew he meant a different type of hungry. I pulled myself away from him, "See you in a few." I turned around and started going in the direction of the bathroom, but I turned back for one last one, and he wasn't staring at me, all his attention was on the baby in his hands. I smiled and continued my journey to the bathroom.

Maybe I do get a happy ending after all.

Pregnant and Homeless by jollyreaderjennell chapter 25

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A pet** redhead came up to our table with a big smile on her face. She looked down, and Jamaica and smile then look up at Valdo, "He looks exactly like you. He's practically your twin." I looked at her and chuckled a little. If only she knew.

"Thank you, and it's a girl." Valdo corrected with a smile. I smile at his response, he didn't say she wasn't his, and that made my heart jump a bit.

"Oh," her face got red then she apologised, "I'm so very sorry. It's just that she has no hair, so I assumed it's a boy." She looked across at me apologetically.

I shrugged, "It's cool. It has happened to me before, and it wasn't the hair that got me, it was the fact that the baby was wearing a spiderman onesie. So it's okay. It's no big deal."

"Thanks, I'm Michelle by the way, and I'll be your server for today. What can I get for you guys today?"

Valdo looked across at me, and I looked down at the menu, "I'll take the pancakes and a peppermint tea, two sugars."

"What about you, sir?" she wrote down my order in her little note pad and then turned to Valdo.

"I'll have the French omelette, with coffee, no sugar." she nodded and gave us a smile before walking off.

"She's sweet."

He looked at me with raised brows, "You like her?"

"Why wouldn't I?"

He smiled, "My last girlfriend, Donna, would get angry when women gave me a bit of attention, even when it's just a smile."

"How long were you together for?" I inquired.

"Only two months."

I chuckled and nodded, "Makes perfect sense." I looked at him and smile. "I don't need to be jealous. I know you're not the type."

"Type?" he asked, intrigued.

I smiled saying, "You're a one-woman type of man. You're not the type who'd be sitting with a girl and then flirt with the beautiful waiter when she comes to serve. You're different." My words faded as I stared into his mesmerising blue eye. I ran my tongue over lips then came out of my reverie. "And knowing your mother, she would have never allowed you to become a womaniser. She'd probably have a fit if she knew you were going around breaking hearts. She's too much of a darling. She grew you better."

"She did, but I still managed to break a few hearts."

"Really?" I moved closer to him, so I could hear him clearly, cause obviously, I misheard "You broke hearts?"

"A few." he leaned towards me then confessed, "When I break up with my ex-girlfriends they always say I'm breaking their heart, but I really think they were just sad that they didn't land themselves on a wealthy man."

"How did you know they were after your money?" Does he think that all women are after his money? Does he think I'm after his money? I cut the thought from my mind; of course, he knows I don't want his money. "Maybe they truly loved you."

He starred at me and smile, "No, it wasn't about the money."

"How do you know?" I asked curiously.

"Well, for one. They would like everything I did was great, praise me. I hate it, and when they spoke about themselves, it was always what they have or what they wanted. Never their personality."

"You told me once that you were serious about relationships, if so, why did you date so many goldiggers?"

He smiled, "They didn't all start as goldiggers, but eventually they wanted more."

"Do you think I'm a golddigger?" I blurted out with regret. I wanted to know what he thought of me.

He frowned and answered immediately, "No, why would you ask that?"

I leaned back in my seat, "How can you be sure I'm not a golddigger?"

Before he could answer Jamaica made a loud squeaky sound which brought both our attention to her. We smiled when we realised that nothing was wrong; she was a baby. I took my eyes off her and looked back at the man in front of me.

I repeated my question, "How can you be sure I'm not a golddigger?"

"Well for one, a golddigger wouldn't say that and two..are you ready for two?"

I nod. I wanted to know what made him so sure that I'm not like his exes.

"I left you in my apartment alone for less than 36 hours after we met. You were a stranger. We barely knew other. When I came back, you were gone. I panicked a bit; I thought you had left with my dog but left anything behind. I was conflicted about that; you were left alone in a millionaire dollar apartment that had things worth millions, my watches, rings, shoes. They were so many things for you to take, but you took my dog. I thought you were crazy until I realised that you didn't leave you just went for a walk. My point is you had so many opportunities to steal from me, and you didn't, not once. You didn't even want to accept the money I was going to give you, and you still haven't received it. A golddigger would have jumped for free cash and clothes, but not you. You offered to pay me every cent back. That's why I admire you so much. You're so different, and it's not just about money; it's about you. "

I wiped the stray tear from my eyes, "Wow, were you ever a valedictorian? Cause you give some great speeches."

He laughed, "Funny you say that because I was for both college and high school."

"Is there anything you can't do?"

He nodded, "There are a few things I can't do. I can't eat an entire cake or pancakes. I might be slightly lactose so, of course, I can't eat..."

"I'm not talking about food. I'm sure if you didn't have diabetes, you would eat everything. I'm talking about you as a person. So far, you seem perfect."

"You're only saying that because you haven't heard me sing."

"You probably have the voice of Calum Scott."

"I have no idea who that is, but I can guarantee that I don't sound as good as him."

"Well the only way I'm going to find out is if you sing for me."

He pointed at himself, "Me, sing for you." he laughed. "Baby, that's not going to happen."

I felt shivers when he called me baby. I never felt like that with Will; he can't even be compared to Valdo. Will is a child, and Valdo is a man in every way possible. I'm still questioning why a man like him would ever like a girl like me.

"You're perfect."

I shiver as I remembered his words. This can't be real. How could he call me perfect?

God, if this is a dream, then this a very cruel dream and if it's not God, thank you so much for bringing him in my life.

"What are you thinking about?"

I broke out of my daydreaming and looked at him. "I'm just imagining you singing in my head."

"My voice isn't good at all."

"I don't believe you."

He shrugged, he quickly looked down at Jamaica then back at me. "Okay, fine. Let's make a deal. You sing for me, I'll sing for you."

I frowned at his request, "Okay, fine. But you should know I sing like a goat."

"Hmm...If you say so." he looked across at me and gin. "We're going to do it like Karaoke. Each singer gets five songs, the person who has the worse voice wins. King will be the judge."

"How is he gonna judge us?"

"Okay, fine. King and Jamaica will both be judges."

I frowned, "But how are they going to determine who wins?"

"By crying. Babies cry when they are disturbed. Dogs bark or growl to show discomfort. If I'm singing and one or both judges make a noise that means I get no points, but if they are quiet during my performance, I get 2 points."

“Okay, fine. Let’s see who is worse.” I was a little hesitant about this, but I realise it isn’t about whether our not or judges how capable are judges are. It’s about us having fun.

“Winner gets night duties.” he pointed at Jamaica.

“I already get night duties so..”

“Then you’re going to be happy when I win.”

“Why are you so confident that you’ll win? I know for sure that I’m winning.”

“We’ll be sure next Friday.”

I laughed, “This is going to be the easiest win I’ve ever gotten.”

“We’ll see.”

“Our brunch is coming.” I cheered. Even though Jamaica was here and safe, I still have to watch what I eat because I’m breastfeeding her and I still have to eat plenty cause I’m technically I’m still eating for two.

Michelle placed my pancakes in front of me, then put down the omelette in front of Valdo. She gave us a warm smile, “I’ll be back in a sec with your tea and coffee.”

I looked down at my pancakes then licked my lips. They looked delicious. I looked across at Valdo's omelette, and it looked breathtaking delicious. "Do you want to have some?" I lifted my eyes to meet Valdo's blue ones. I shook my head. I have my pancakes, and I'm going to enjoy eating them even though Valdo's omelette looks a hundred times better than my pancakes.

"Are you sure you don't want a piece?" he took up his fork then dug in the omelette. I lifted his in front of our faces, "Are you sure?"

"You shouldn't use food to tempt me."

"Oh, yea. Maybe I should tempt you with something else."