

Pregnant and Homeless by jollyreaderjennell chapter 31

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“Well, well, well. If it isn’t the Runaway s***!” Williams words boiled my blood.

Valdo quickly stood from beside me, “I don’t know who you are, but you have no right saying those words to her.”

William gave a cold laugh, “Who the hell are you?” he questioned. He looked behind Valdo and noticed the sleeping baby. “Oh let me guess, You’re the man she pinned her baby on. Well let me tell you this, it’s probably not yours. She’s tried to pin it on a few of my friends, even me.”

I quickly stood from my seat, “That’s not true. You know that’s not true. William, why are you acting like this? In front of everyone?” I looked around at the other customers, and their attention was glued to the scene. Some persons already had their phones recording everything. By tomorrow the whole town will know about tonight’s scene.

He rolled his eyes, “It’s not like everybody doesn’t already know that you and your mother are s***s of Alton.”

My mother jumped out of her seat to attack from, but Valdo held her back.

William laughed “Now I understand why so many men like you. You’re a wildcat. What a pity your daughter isn’t so jungle-like in bed. Would have been sweet to have her clawing my back.

I moved forward with my hands rolled in a fist, but Valdo stopped me and shook his head.

"Shut up! Shut up right now. You have no right to be saying those things." My blood was boiling. How could William be so heartless? How could he look at me and say all those bad things? Why did he pattern to long me for so long if he believed everything that the other villagers did? And most importantly, why the hell didn't, I notice the signs during our relationship?

"Is that how you talk about a woman?" Valdo asked in a calm tone.

William laughed hysterically as if Valdo had just told him a joke. "Woman!" he laughed and started pointing at other women in the restuarant. "That's a woman. That's a woman. She is a woman but these two in front of me. They're not women. They're just s***s that men use and dispose of when they're finished with them."

"You don't know anything about me, young man!" My mother shouted. "I've never slept with anyone from this town."

He touched his forehead, "Yea, probably but you've slept with all the men that have past through." he laughed, "Why do you think they left so quickly? No one wants to settle down with a w****."

"You don't know anything about me, young man!" My mother repeated. "I'm not a w****. Never have been and never will be." She defended. "I've worked hard all my life for my daughter to have a better life. I didn't work so hard to have a good-for-nothing rich boy to insult me in my face. Instead of preying into other people's business, why don't you go to college?" she chuckled. "Oh, I forgot. Colleges don't take airheads."

William rushed closer to us with his hands in a fist, "You b****."

Valdo stopped him halfway, backing him off from us.

"Hit a b***on, didn't it?" she teased.

William pushed Valdo away from him. "Don't touch me."

"So I should stand by and watch you hit a woman?" Valdo asked. "You must be out of your mind?"

"Stop calling these b****es women!" he shouted. "Can't you see they're nothing but a pair of broke-a** w****s? Like mother, like daughter." he looked down at Jamaica. "I'm sure she's going to be a w**** too."

Valdo took a few steps closer to him, "That's it. You've crossed the line. Don't bring Jamaica in your argument."

William burst out laughing, "Jamaica? Fits perfectly, broke girl would name her child after a broke country."

"Hey, watch your mouth." I turned my head and noticed the black woman who had spoken. Milly was one of the few black persons in town. She and her husband moved to Alton for its quiet neighbourhood for retirement. They came to America years ago as teachers, but they never cla**ified themselves as American.

"Keep my country out of your mouth." her husband added.

William rolled his eyes at the elder couple. "No one was talking to you n****s."

Herold, Milly's husband, stood up, "How dear you use that word to us? Who do you think you are? I'm old enough to be your grandparents. Have respect, boy!"

"Lucky for me, you're not my grandparents. I'd kill myself if I even have a skin colour that dark."

"Milly, we're leaving," Herold told his wife.

Milly took up her bag, "It's so sad that the world is full of so much hate. May I remind you that your mother cheated on your father with a black man?" She chuckled. "Your baby sibling is going to be half-black, and I'm 100% sure he or she won't have a problem pa**ing and getting into college because black is excellence. Enjoy your night young man."

I couldn't help smiling at Milly's words. She was one of the sweetest women in town. She wasn't afraid to put anyone in their place.

"Go! Leave! Go back to Africa where you came from." William shouted when she was about to exit the restaurant.

She laughed. "Jamaica is in the Caribbean, fool." Then she exited like a boss.

I couldn't but laugh. William was a jacka**, a real airhead. I never noticed he was so racist, but I guess there is a lot of things you don't notice about someone until the relationship ends or is about to.

"What are you laughing at? Do you forget that you're a high school dropout? At least I graduated."

"That doesn't make you smarter than me."

He chuckled, "I was smart enough to get in your pants."

"Of course you were. You're a great actor. You should try Hollywood." I can't believe he had me eating out of his hands a year ago.

"Do you honestly believe that a guy like me would be in love with a girl like you? You're nothing but a w****. You will never be anything else." William turned to Valdo. "I don't know how you, man, you dress kinda nice. You should probably know what she and her mother like. They're gold-diggers. She thought she would end up married to me, spending all my father's money. Her mother tried it too."

"Shut the hell up! I've had a restraining order against your father for eleven years. You should probably know that your father tried to r*** me. It didn't go far in the courts because he paid them off. He will get his karma and so will you, you little p*****." I looked at my mother shocked at her confession. I didn't know any of this; she never mentioned it. I always sensed that she didn't like William, but she never voiced it.

William fumed at her, "Lies! You're a liar. My father would never look at a woman like you. He has better taste." William had a close relationship with his father, could explain why he's just as manipulating as him.

"You're too young to remember, but why do you think your mother left? Your father was an abusive alcoholic. She couldn't take it anymore, and so she left him for a black man. That black man is the police officer that she reported the abuse to. Now they're happy. They have a baby on the way. That must make you so sad. Your mother left you and is so much happier with her new family." Since my mother was a waiter, she heard almost everything that went on in town. Nothing missed her because the shop she worked in is where all the women in the town came to drink coffee and gossip.

"You don't know anything about my father!" William shouted.

My mother looked around at the audience. "Oh, honey. I'm not the only one who knows about your father and your mother's relationship. The whole town does. You're just too blind to notice."

William looked around at the other villagers. He saw the look in his eyes. He shook his head. "It doesn't matter. He'll be my father, no matter what."

"Oh, you don't know, do you?"

"Know what?" William asked.

"Your father didn't want you. He asked your mother to do an abortion, and she didn't. He only came back in your life when you were two, and it was all a publicity stunt." I looked at my mother. She was crossing some lines, and frankly, I didn't mind because he deserves to feel pain.

"That's not true!" William shouted.

"Isn't it?" You should check the archives of the local newspaper. It was in the June 2004 edition."

He rolled his eyes. "Whatever."

"You can leave now," Valdo informed.

William looked at him with raised brows, "What? Who the hell are you?"

"You've made your point, now leave. Jakobia and I have been travelling for a while, and we'd like to eat now." Valdo's face was so chill. I have no idea how he's maintained composure through all this.

William laughed, "You think you can tell me what to do? You're not from here. My family helped build this town. If I want to eat in this goddamn restaurant, I will."

Valdo turned towards Mr Munro. "Make him leave."

Mr Munro gave Valdo a blank expression then nod. From his spot in the corner, he spoke. "William, please leave. You're disturbing my customers."

William looked at Mr Munro, "You can't put me out."

Mr Munro hesitated before saying, "Leave before I call the police." Mr Munro knew he would get backlashed from kicking a Nectar-Morgan out of the restaurant, but he knew he would lose his job if he didn't.

William laughed, "Police? You're going to call the Police on me? Do you know who I am? I am William Morgan. My family owns this town. You think you can put me out because of this, thing?" William walked up closer to Valdo, standing directly in front of him. "Who the hell do you think you are? He pushed Valdo chest, but Valdo just looked at him. "Who the hell are you?" He pushed Valdo a second time, but Valdo still didn't respond. "You think you can just come to Alton and take over. Who are you?" William pushed him again, but this time Valdo grabbed his arms and twisted it then he used his free hand to punch William in the face. William ended falling from the impact of the punch.

Valdo looked down at him, "I'm Uvaldo Dakota, now get the hell out of this restuarant before I throw you out."

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I woke up to the sound of a loud banging on our front door. I looked beside me and noticed my mother was still sleeping soundly, and so was Jamaica. I quickly shook her to wake her up. When her eyes opened, I spoke, "Mom, get up. Someone's at the door." I came off the bed and ran out. My heart was beating a mile a minute, not only had my sleep been disturbed, I was asl very concerned about the banging on the door. Who would be doing that at just an ungodly hour?

I halt when I saw Valdo opening the door while rubbing his eyes. "How may I help you, officers?" he asked, his voice hoarse from his sleep.

"Are you Uvaldo Dakota?" one of them asked. I moved closer to see which two policemen it was. It was Officer Robinson and Peters.

He nodded and answered. "Yes, that's me."

"You are under arrest for a**aulting William Morgan. Please turn around." Officer Peters announced, his face emotionless.

"What?" I quickly move closer to the door. "That's not true." I shook my head. "William kept pushing Valdo; that's why he punched him. That's barely an a**ault."

Officer Peters gave me a blank look, "The victim was hospitalised with serious bruises on his face and abdominal area."

Valdo shook his head, "I only punched him once."

"That's not what he said."

"He's lying," I interjected.

"Of course, he is." Officer Peters said sarcastically. "Please turn around, sir."

"He didn't do anything." I defended.

"Turn around now." He warned.

Valdo calmly turned around.

"Hands in behind your back."

"What's going on?" I turned to look at my mother, who was walking out the bedroom rubbing her eyes.

"They're arresting him for a**ault" I answered, turning my head back to Valdo.

"a**ault?" she questioned with a frown.

"William told them that Valdo a**aulted him."

She looked at the Officers. "Jim, you know that boy is trouble. You really can't believe that he's telling the truth."

Jim, the second officer, shrugged, "I'm just doing my job, Gizelle."

"Is this how you do your job? Arresting an innocent man?" I questioned, looking at Officer Robinson.

"He's guilty until proven innocent. Let's go." Officer Peters roughly pulled Valdo towards him. It was no secret that Officer Peters was on Morgan salary. He would do anything if the pay were big enough. Officer Robinson wasn't like that, though, but Officer Peters was his senior, and so he had to do as told.

"Valdo," I whispered, looking at him.

"It's going to be okay. Check my phone for the name Eric, tell him what happened and then call my parents and then you call Marcos, tell him..." He started to talk but held his words back. "He's the one I was talking to on the phone earlier."

"This is not right. William is lying." I walked out on the pavement following them. I couldn't let them take him. Tears were threatening fall. How could someone be so evil?

"I'll be fine." I shook my head as the tears ran down my face. "I'll be fine," he repeated.

God only knows what they'll do to him in that jail cell tonight.

"I'm sorry," I said through my sobs.

"It's not your fault." Officer Peters placed him in the back of the police car, then shut the door.

I shook my head. This is not happening.

This can't be happening.

Officer Peters entered the driver's seat, then started the vehicle. Valdo smiled at me as the police car moved away with him in their back seat.

I turned to look at my mother with tears in my eyes. "It's all my fault. I brought him here."

She wrapped her hands around me, "No, honey. It isn't your fault. William is a sociopath. He doesn't like losing and that's why he's doing this. He's weak."

"What if Valdo goes to jail?" I mumbled in her night gown.

"Shhh..he won't go to jail for something that he didn't do. We're going to call, Eric, his parents just like he told us to and that friend of his, Marcos. They'll know what to do. We know he didn't do what William is accusing him of, we just have to prove it. He won't spend more than a night there. I promise." She pulled me away from her and then wiped the tears from my cheeks. "You need to be strong. Drink some water to calm down. I'll go look for his phone and call Eric."

I nodded. I need to calm down.

She held my hands as we slowly walked back to the apartment.

"Everything is going to be okay," she assured. We entered the apartment, and she closed the door behind us. "Go wash your face. I'll call Eric and Markos. You

can talk to his parents when you've calmed down." I nod my head. She was right. I was no use to Valdo if my emotions were all over the place. We need to get to the bottom of this situation, and when we do, William is going to regret ever hurting me again.

I can't believe I liked him. I can't believe I had s** with him. I can't believe I got pregnant for him. How didn't I see these crazy tendencies when we were dating?

I wiped my eyes and started walking to our little kitchen. I took up a cup from the tray, then opened the fridge. I took out the jug of water and poured some in my cup then place it back in the refrigerator. I sat on the stool and watched as my mother spoke on Valdo's phone.

She was so calm, but it's only because she only met him today. She didn't know what he's really like, how sweet and adorable he was. She didn't think he stole my heart without even trying.

I stood from the stool and walked to the sink. I washed my face a few times then wiped it with a hand towel. I needed to be healthy. Nothing can't possibly happen with Williams false accusations. Everyone at the restaurant saw that Valdo only punched once and even if they didn't want to talk up and be witnesses, I'm sure there were cameras in the restaurants.

"Cameras in the restaurants," I repeated the thought. That's why Valdo wanted us to call Marcos because the restaurant cameras would prove that he was innocent.

I quickly walked over to my mother. She was hanging up the phone.

"Have you called Marcos as yet?"

She shook her head, "No. I just spoke to Eric. He's a lawyer. He says he'll be here in the morning."

“Good. I know why Valdo wanted us to call Marcos. The restaurant has cameras, Marcos will be able to send us the video clips to prove that Valdo didn’t assault William.”

Realisation dawned on her, “That explains why he cut himself off. He’s smart.” He is. He probably could tell that Officer Peters was working with the Morgans. If he knew about the cameras at the restaurant, he would try and get rid of the clip before we got a hold of it.

“Okay, I’ll call Marcos, and you call his parents.”

I nod at my mother. “I’ll go on my phone.”

I quickly walk into the bedroom to retrieve my phone. I look at Jamaica who turned slightly but was still sleeping graciously. I smiled at her. “We’ll get your daddy back.” William might be Jamaica’s biological father, but he was in no sense her daddy. He wasn’t the one who stayed up at the nights when she cried. He wasn’t the only who changed her diapers. He wasn’t the one she giggled at.

Williams hasn’t been in her life. She didn’t know him. He was nothing to her. Just like she was nothing to him.

I grabbed my phone off the nightstand and exited the room.

I dialled Hannah’s number and waited patiently for it to be answered. It was 3’O clock in the morning; I’m sure no one would be too happy to answer their phones that late but Hannah answered on the first ring.

“Jakoby? Is something wrong? Why are you calling so late?” her voice was low. I felt bad for waking her up from her sleep, but I know she wouldn’t have wanted us to wait until morning to call her. She loved her son, dearly.

"Valdo was arrested," I exclaimed. I didn't know what else to start with. "I'm sorry for waking you up."

"What?"

"Valdo was arrested," I repeated.

"Honey, I heard you the first time, but why? Why was he arrested?"

I gave her the detailed on what happened earlier today.

She sighed. "Are you okay?"

"Not really. It's all my fault." If I hadn't asked Valdo to come with me, then he wouldn't have been in jail.

"Don't blame yourself. Valdo can take care of himself. It's not the first time he's getting arrested."

"It's not?" I frowned. Valdo wasn't a trouble maker, so how wasn't this his first time getting arrested.

"No, honey. It isn't. I'll tell you about it a next time. Kevin and I will be there first thing in the morning. Text me your address. Don't worry. Everything will be okay. Get some rest. I'll see you soon." then she hang up.

"What did they say?" my mother asked as soon as I put down the phone.

"They'll be here tomorrow."

She nodded, "Marcos will send over the file to Eric." she paused.

I nod, "Everything will be okay." I was trying to assure myself. Even though we had strong evidence that Williams was lying, we still didn't know what he was capable of.

"Can I be honest with you?"

I nod at my mother's question. "Of course."

"I don't think this is the end. Even if we get Valdo off the hook, William won't give up." She was right. William didn't like losing.

"I won't either."

"Then this is the beginning of a war."

"I guess it is."

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I quickly place Jamaica's bottle down when I heard the doorbell. I walked to the door and opened it. A tear almost fell from my eye when I saw Hannah's face.

"Oh, darling. You didn't go back to bed, did you?"

I shook my head at her. There is no way I would have been able to sleep, knowing that Valdo was locked up in a cell. She sighed and pulled me in a hug. She patted my head gently. "Everything is going to be okay, Jakobia. We're going head down the station right now and get this thing sorted out." She pulled me out of the hug and smile.

"No need to worry, Jakoby. Eric is one of the best lawyers in America." Kevin praised.

The man whom I presumed is Eric chuckled, "Kevin, you give me too much credit." he turned and held out his hands towards me, "I'm Eric Holiday, Valdo's best friend and lawyer. It's nice to meet you finally." Eric was by no doubt, handsome. He had dark brown eyes and matching hair. His smile as beautiful, but it was nothing compared to Valdo's.

I shook his hands and smile, "Nice to meet you too." I paused. "Are you the same best friend who borrows King to get girls?"

He chuckled, "Yes, that would be me."

"I'm guessing you're the p***** best friend too?"

He looked behind me and smiled, "I wouldn't call myself a boyfriend." He held out his hands, "You must be Jakobia's sister. I'm Eric Holiday."

I could sense the smile on my mother's face. She shook his hands, "No. I'm her mother."

His raised, "Really. You don't look a day over thirty."

"I'm thirty-five."

"Wow," Eric express. He didn't hide his eyes from looking her up and down. "You age like fine wine."

My mother blushed. "Thank you."

Hannah and I looked at each other with a smirk.

"Eric, leave the poor lady alone." Kevin held out his hands my mother, "I'm Kevin Garner, Valdo's step-father. Nice to meet you."

My mother smiled and looked at Hannah. "You must be Hannah. Jacky's told me so much about you."

"Likewise," Hannah said with a smile. "Don't just stand there, hug me. We're family now after all."

I looked at my mother's surprised face. She didn't expect such warmth from a stranger, but she accepted it nonetheless. She moved forward and wrapped her hands around Hannah.

"Thank you for taking care of my daughter."

Hannah shrugged, "It's not me you should be thanking. It's Valdo. He's the one who brought Jakoby in our lives."

"We should probably go get him out of that cell," Eric interjected.

"Yes, in time." Hannah murmured. Hannah smiled, "Where is my precious little grandbaby baby?"

"She's asleep," I answered only to hear the screams of Jamaica afterwards.

Kevin chuckled, "Well, not anymore."

"Sorry. I should have invited in sooner." My mother apologises.

Eric shrugged, "It's no biggy."

"I'm just gonna go get her," I said. I turned quickly and left.

I walked towards the bed and picked up Jamaica in my arms. I rocked her a few times, "Shh..mommy is here." The crying continued. She was hungry. It's a good thing I had started preparing her bottle before she woke. I walked out of the room with the crying baby in my hands.

"Oh, poor thing. Give her to me. I'll calm her down while you prepare the bottle." Hannah said with her arms stretched out. I gladly placed Jamaica in her hands. A little help wouldn't hurt.

I walked into the same kitchen and continued preparing the bottle. I could hear them all babbling about Jamaica, and it made me proud. It's good to have people in your life that genuinely cared for you.

I handed Hannah the lukewarm bottle. She placed it at Jamaica's lips, her crying stopped, and she happily accepted her meal.

"She's a cutie," Eric whispered.

"You should go have one for yourself." Hannah hinted.

Eric chuckled, "Easier said than done."

"It's not that hard, believe me." my mother said. My mother had gotten pregnant with me the first time she had s**, and it wasn't even at the peak of her ovulation. She'd told me a hundred times to be careful, and yet I wasn't as cautious as I thought I'd been.

"I meant in terms of getting the right woman."

"Ah! The right woman." my mom looked at him and nod, "If getting the right woman is as hard as getting the right man than I understand what you mean."

I watched keenly as Eric stared at my mother. I smirked, did he have a thing for her? I looked at her, and she was also looking at him. Did she have a thing for him?

Eric broke the silence by saying, "We should probably go get Valdo soon."

I agreed. "As soon as I get Jamaica cleaned up we can leave." My mother and I had already showered earlier.

Hannah lifted the empty bottle from the baby's mouth and handed it to me. She lifted her and patted her back gently. I looked at Kevin, who was watching his wife with loving eyes. It made me so sad that he couldn't have a child of his own because he would have been an amazing father.

Jamaica burped loudly, and everyone in the room chuckled.

"She's giving me baby fever all over again."

"You're young. You can have a few more if you want."

My mom laughed, "True but I'm single, so I don't see that happening anytime soon or at all for that matter."

"Things can change sooner than you think," Kevin said, looking between my mother and Eric with a smirk. I need exactly what he was implying, but I don't think it will happen. As much as my mother found Eric attractive, he was younger than her, and he was a p*****, definitely not her type.

"I think so too darling, I think so too." Hannah agreed with her husband. I laughed at their cuteness. I know they were going to try and play matchmaker with my mom and Eric, but I doubt it would work. I'd love to watch them try though.

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I watched from a distance as Eric spoke to the Officers. He was calmly explaining to them what would happen if they took this false accusation to court. Eric showed them the video, and the policemen didn't look pleased.

"I'm deeply sorry for the trouble we put your client through. He's not our guy. He's free to go." Sheriff Berry professed. He looked at one of the deputies, "Release Mr Dakota."

"Don't make it a habit to accuse and arrest people before knowing the true story." Eric proposed.

Eric turned towards us and smile, "Told you everything is going to okay."

The deputy came back with Valdo in tow. I felt a sudden relief washed over me when I saw him.

When he saw everyone, he smiled. I ran up to him and hugged him. "I'm so sorry. I should have never brought you to this toxic town. I didn't know he would be here. I thought he went off to college. I'm so sorry."

"It's okay. It's only been five hours."

Yes, it was only five hours ago he was arrested, but something could have happened in those five hours. The Morgans were ruthless; they could have him killed easily by another cellmate if they wanted to.

He released me from his arms. "I'm not a softy, you know. I can defend myself, plus; this isn't my first time in a jail cell."

"Your mother told me, but I find that so hard to believe."

"I'll tell you about it later." he looked behind us at parents and friend, "Thanks for coming."

"Do you think I'd let you stay in there?" Hannah questioned.

"You've done so before," he answered. I looked between the pair even more curious to know why he was arrested and why did Hannah not get him out.

"You deserved that."

"I did." he agreed.

"I'm hungry," Kevin said suddenly. "Is anyone hungry? We should get out of here and get some breakfast."

We all nod in agreement. Everyone except Eric exit the station. He said something to the Sheriff then followed behind us.

I was curious to know what he said to Shrieff Berry, but my mother beat me to it, "What did you say to him?"

"Oh nothing, just to be careful because the next time I won't be so nice," he answered her with a smile.

"There won't be a next time. We're leaving this town as soon as possible." Hannah remarked. I knew exactly how she felt because I was feeling the same

way too. The only reason I came here was to see my mother and get some of my documents from the school. Once I received those documents I had no reason to stay in Alton.

"I need to collect a transcript from my high school."

"We can do that today. It doesn't take long to get a transcript. We can let them send it to us in New York. I don't want you and Jamaica anywhere near that psychopath." I looked at Valdo wishing I could just hug him one more time.

"Let's not discuss this after breakfast." Kevin looked at my mother and asked, "Do you know any good diner?"

She smiled, "I happen to work at the best diner in town."

"Then let's go." Kevin chuckled.

"Valdo and Jakoby can travel with us since the car seat is already in our car." Hannah looked at my mother and smile, "Why don't you travel with Eric and keep his company?" Hannah asked sweetly, but it wasn't really a question because there was no space left in Kevin's vehicle.

"Of course, why not?" my mother responded.

Eric looked at her and smile, "Shall we?" he said, showing her the way to his car.

When they were walking towards Eric's parked car, Valdo looked at me with raised brows.

I chuckled, "Hannah and Kevin are trying to play matchmaker."

"Not a good idea. Eric doesn't want to be matched."

I nodded, agreeing, "And he's too young for my mother. He's around your age, isn't he?"

"He's two years older."

I shrugged, "Still too young for her. She's never dated a guy younger than her. In fact, all the guys she dated has been at least five years older. So the matchmaking won't work."

"We'll see about that. Aren't we little one." Hannah whispered to Jamaica. "We're gonna get your grandma hitched."

I smiled. I didn't know she was listening to our conversation or the fact that she was so invested in getting my mother "hitched".

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I moaned as I looked down at the plate that was just placed in front of me. It looked delicious. It was a Spanish Omelette with extra potatoes and cheese. It was the only thing I ordered when I came to this diner, and I've been coming here for years.

Valdo took a look at my dish, "It looks great."

"It is." I looked over at his plate. He ordered scrambled eggs and toast.

"You should have ordered something heavier. You'll need it later when you take your insulin." Hannah frowned looking at Valdo dish.

"Mom, I'm okay," he assured.

She sighed, "I'm just worried about you. Diabetes is not something to joke about."

"I'm eating healthy mom. I have the schedule on my phone, remember?"

She nodded, "Sorry, it's just that I worry about you a lot."

"I'm okay."

"Mothers never stop worrying about their child or children, no matter how old they get. I was worried sick when I couldn't find Jacky. I thought something had happened to her. I hear so many news about human trafficking and female deaths. It made me depressed not knowing where my baby was, especially since I was the one who kicked her out." she looked at me with regret in her eyes, "You have no idea who sorry I am. I didn't know you'd take my words so seriously. I just needed some time to cool down and get used to the idea of being a grandma. I'm sorry."

"It's okay, mom. Everything worked out."

"What if it hadn't?" she asked.

"Let's not think about what would have happened. Let's think about our future."
Valdo looked at me and smile.

"Speaking about the future, I don't yours is with this town," Hannah said, looking at my mom. "Come to New York with us. You don't have to worry about a house or anything of the sort. We'll help you out with that."

My mother looked at Hannah, "You'd do that for me?"

"Yes. Why not?"

"We only met this morning. You barely know me." My mother had the same reaction I had when Hannah and Kevin welcomed me like their own.

Hannah smiled and shrugged, "You raised a beautiful daughter who was a beautiful heart. That's all I need to know for now."

My mother looked at me, "Please, mom, I don't want to leave you here. I don't know what might happen when I'm gone. I want you close to me. Close to Jamaica."

"This town is toxic." My mother acknowledged.

"It is." Eric agreed.

She looked at everyone at the table, not quite believing that they were offering her a better life than the one she currently had.

She chuckled, "Okay. New York here I come!"

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I hugged Valdo from behind and whispered in his ears, "I'm so happy."

It was a week after Valdo's arrest. We were back home in New York, where we belonged. My mother had successfully moved out of that toxic little town of Alton. She lived a few blocks away from us in a beautiful apartment building. She also got a job as a receptionist at Valdo's business place. I got to see her every day, and Jamaica was building a connection with her grandma. She was happy, and that made me extremely happy too.

"I'm glad you're happy because your happiness makes me happy." He turned me around to face him. I looked up at his blue eyes, mesmerised. If only he knows how happy he has made me ever since we've met.

"Kiss me," he whispered.

I didn't need to be told twice. I wrapped my hands around his neck and pulled his head down towards my own. My lips brushed his softly. The world around us disappeared, and nothing else mattered. He wrapped his arms around me, pulling me closer to him. A warmth spread through my entire body, and I moan in delight.

He slowly and gently removed his lips from mine and placed it on my neck instead.

"You smell so good," he said between kisses.

If only he knew how good he smelt. He had a shower thirty minutes before me, and I could still smell the lingering scent of his body wash. I couldn't exactly describe it's a scent, but it was heavenly.

His tongue touched a tender area at the base of my neck, and my body trembled and I moaned. That felt so good, and I didn't want it to end.

I removed one of my hands from around his neck and placed it on his chest. I ran my hands over his toned muscles, which I could very much feel under his merina.

He groaned and pulled away from me, but instead of stopping, he backed me against the wall and continued showering me with kisses.

One of his hands slowly crept up under my tank top, but I didn't mind. I loved the feeling of his hands on my body. He started moulding my breast gently in his palms.

I've never felt so excited in my life.

His head bent, and his lips replaced his hands. The heat of tongue was so enticing, I shivered. He kissed the area between my breasts then moved back to capture my lips with his.

I wanted more, so much more than hot kisses. I wanted to feel him inside me, moving inside me.

I slowly moved my hands towards his groin. He bent his head and groaned, "Don't."

I frowned, "I want you." I didn't mean to sound so needy, but I am. I need him.

Heart, Body and Soul.

"I want you, so damn much but we can't. It's too soon." he rested his head on my shoulder and took a breath.

"I want to give pleasure." He was making me feel so good. All I want is to return the favour.

"You are giving me pleasure." he kissed my lips softly. "Kissing you gives me pleasure." He moulds my breast in his hands, "Feeling you give me pleasure." He bent and placed a pa**ionate kiss on my neck, "Tasting you gives me pleasure." He looked in my eyes, his blue ones dark. "Just being with you and around you gives me pleasure."

My heart was beating a mile a minute. No one has ever spoken so pa**ionately about me, and it made me want him even more than I did before.

I pulled his head closer for another kiss, "I wish we never have to stop."

"Me too." he bent his head in my neck. "I don't want to rush you in anything you're not ready for."

If only he knew exactly how ready I was for him to make me his.

I still had a couple more weeks to go before the doctors could clear me. I'm sure there have been couples who didn't wait the six weeks to become active again, but Valdo wasn't like that. He wanted me to heal.

The anxiety was killing me slowly. If his kisses were so good, I can't help but imagine his strokes and l*****. It should be a sin for me to want someone as much as I wanted him.

I wrapped my arms around him and inhaled his scent.

Lord! Why did it feel so good being around him? Why do I feel a sense of warmth when I'm close to him?

Because you love him.

I love him.

My eyes widen as the truth became clear as day.

What I felt for Valdo was more than just grat**ude. He makes me happy. He treats me like a princess. He's defended me on so many occasions. He's never rushed me into anything. He's accepted Jamaica as his own. I also want to be around him, close to him. He wants a future with me. This was as real as it gets.

I lifted my head and captured his lips with mine. I might not be able to say how I feel in words, but I could always show him.

I pulled away slowly from the kiss and opened my eyes. I looked into his blue ones and smile, "Your eyes are so beautiful."

He chuckled, "I was just thinking the same."

I shook my head, "My eyes are just regular brown and plain."

"Nah. Your eyes are exotic, like chocolate. I love chocolate."

I giggled, "You shouldn't eat chocolate."

He shrugged, "A little here and there doesn't hurt."

"I guess not."

He lifted his hands and cupped my cheeks, "You must be exhausted. You were helping your mom all day."

"Just a little tired." I was only teaching my mom how to use Microsoft Offices. It was something she needed to know to keep up with schedules for her job. It didn't take too long for her to learn how to use them. All she needs to learn now is how to type a hundred words a minute, and that's going to take a lot of practice. I'm sure over time she'll get it.

"You should head to bed then."

"With you?" I asked softly.

He gently caresses my cheeks, "You're killing me."

I blushed, "I meant sleeping. We don't have to do anything."

"That's gonna be hard." he took his free hands into mine and trailed it now to his trousers.

My eyes widen at the hardness of his shaft. Did he really want me that much?

"I still want you."

"I want you too."

"But we shouldn't."

"We shouldn't." I agreed and paused. "We don't have to do anything. We can just lay in each other's arms. I just want to be close to you."

He groaned, "You bewitch me."

I smiled, "You're the wizard with those enchanting blue eyes."

He chuckled, "I'm starting to think you only want me for my eyes."

I shrugged, "Maybe." I smirked, "Or maybe it's your irresistible body. Or your wonderful heart. Could be either of those or maybe all three."

He laughed, "It better be all three."

I giggled and rested my head on his chest, "I feel like a princess."

He pulled me away from his body and shook his head, "No, you're not a princess. You're a queen. My queen."

I blushed, "Does that make you my king?"

"Of course."

I grinned, "Okay, your majesty."

"Let's head to bed."

....

"Good Morning," I opened my eyes to smiling face of Valdo.

I returned his smile, "Good Morning."

"How was your sleep?" he asked, wrapping his arms around my waist and pulling me closer to him.

"I slept like a baby." My eyes widen.

Valdo laughed, knowing why I reacted that way, "Calm down. She's okay. I fed her, cleaned her and put her back to bed around fifteen minutes ago."

I sighed, "Thanks."

"It's no biggy." he insisted.

"You should have woked me though." Valdo had to work in the days, and I didn't want Jamaica to be the reason he was slacking at work.

"Wake you up!" He shook his head, "Nah, you were snoring like a baby."

My mouth widened in surprise, "I do not snore."

"You do. Tiny snores like this," he started making funny snore sounds, so I burst out laughing.

"I do not."

"You do. Ask your mom, she'll confirm."

I hid my face his chest, "I'm sorry if my snores woke you up."

I left his chest, vibrating, "Your snores didn't wake me up. Jamaica's cries did. I don't mind, though. I had to get up anyway. Big day at the office today."

I moved away from him, "We should probably get out of bed then."

"Agreed," he said, but his hands tighten around my waist. "But holding you feels so good."

I looked at his eyes and smile. I placed a quick kiss on his lips, "I'll make breakfast while you get ready for work."

"Sounds good."

"What would you like?" I asked as I ran my fingers through his soft hair.

"You"

I blushed, "I meant for breakfast."

"You."

I giggled, "Do you want to eat something before you go?"

He shrugged, "Pancakes and coffee, should do the trick."

“Okay.” I smiled, “I’ll make you pancakes and coffee.” I pulled out of his arms and came off the bed. I looked at the fake pout and smile. “I’ll see you in a few.”

I exit his room then walked into Jamaica’s room. She was sleeping quietly just as Valdo had said. I bent and placed a small kiss on her cheek, then quietly left the room. I entered my bathroom. I looked at myself in the mirror and frown. My hair was all over the place, and I had a few bags under my eye. I didn’t look the least attractive, but Valdo didn’t seem to mind.

I smiled. It’s good to have a man who looks beyond physical appearances. I washed my face and brushed my teeth, then I walked to the kitchen and started preparing breakfast.

Valdo came walking into the hall, looking like a hot meal in his suit. The pancakes were just finished. I placed them on a plate and placed it in front of him. I took a seat in front of him at the table.

“This looks delicious.” he smiled at me, “Thank you.”

I blushed, “You’re welcome.”

As I was about to begin eating the doorbell rang. Valdo and I looked at each other. We didn’t usually get visitors so early in the morning.

“It’s okay. I’ll get it.”

I stood from the seat and walked over to the door. I looked through the peeping hole and saw an unfamiliar man. Security wouldn’t have let him come up if it wasn’t important. I frowned and opened the door.

“Are you Jakobia Taylor?”

I nod, "I am."

The young man stretched his hands out. "You have been served."

"Ugh?" I frowned at him and took the papers that he offered.

"Have a good day, ma'am." he turned and left.

I looked down at the papers and frowned. I shook my head. No, this is not happening.

Valdo saw the look on my face and came towards me. "What's wrong?"

I handed him the papers with tears in my eyes.

"William is filing for custody of Jamaica."

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"This is very much a legal doc**ent. He has the right to file custody of Jamaica, but he won't get too far." Eric explained. "You're not married to him as thus he's not Jamaica's legal father. His name is not on her certificate; he didn't sign it. Which means you have complete control. For him to move forward, he'll need to do a paternity test to confirm he's the father and you can deny him that test."

I felt a weight being lifted off my shoulder, "I have full control?"

Eric smiled, "Yes, you do."

"What if he got a court pet**ion?" Valdo questioned.

Eric looked at Valdo, "Well, the DNA would have to be done. If he's the father, then he'll have equal rights and responsibilities towards Jamaica as well, and he'd be able to move forward to file for custody."

I closed my eyes and rubbed my temples. "So he still could win the case?" Thinking about William having my baby was giving me a headache. He was only doing this because he lost. Valdo had embarra**ed him, and the whole town found out about it in hours.

"He won't. The court would never give a man like him full custody of a child. I still have the video that Marcos sent me. We could always use that against him in court." Using the restaurant video was a good idea to prove that William didn't want Jamaica, but what if it didn't work?

"What if that doesn't work? What if he comes up with some big excuse to why he was behaving that way?" William showed his true colours the day he denied being Jamaica's father. It came off even worst when he chose to embarra** me in the restaurant. He even made his friends gave him a beating just so he could pin it on Valdo. What else was he capable of?

Eric looked at us and said quietly, "I'm telling you this as a friend." he bent closer to us, "There are many other ways we can make sure that he never gets close to Jamaica."

"Like?" If they were other ways to get that psycho far from my child, then I'm taking it.

Eric looked between Valdo and I, "The two of you could get married. Valdo can adopt Jamaica as his own. You wouldn't need William's consent because he technically abandoned her."

Valdo and I looked at each other in silence. It was a great idea, but how did Valdo feel about it? I doubt he wanted to make an eighteen-year-old his wife. Was he even ready to be a father? I knew he wanted me in his future but was he prepared to make such a big commitment to someone he met only a few months ago?

It was a good idea but was it even possible, "How can we do that? I was served today. The court would know something is up."

"Not really." Eric looked down at the paper. "I'll keep this. You have not been served."

I frowned. Could he do that? Was it legal?

Eric smiled, "It's okay. I'll take care of it. You guys can take some time to think about it, but we'll have to move quickly. I have some links; we could have this sorted in two weeks."

I looked at Eric and nod. As far as I could see, this was the best option. If marry Valdo and I never have to worry about dealing with William again. There were also so many other benefits of being his wife.

"Thanks, Eric. I really appreciate your help on this." Valdo thanked as he stood from the chair.

"That's what friends are for."

I stood from the seat and thanked Eric as well. I'm so glad he was able to see us so soon. I went in a panic mood when I read the papers that were handed to me. Valdo managed to calm me down and called Eric, who insisted we came to his office immediately.

We exit Eric's office in silence. I didn't know what to say. I couldn't stop replaying Eric's words.

Marry Valdo, keep Jamaica

I would marry Valdo any day but what if he didn't want to marry me?

It was when we entered the elevator, he finally spoke. "I'll drop you off at the centre."

He had called his mother and told her what happened this morning, and she insisted on keeping Jamaica while we discuss the problem at hand. "I'm sorry I won't be able to bring you back home. I have a meeting at ten." he stopped and looked down at me. "We'll talk when I get home, okay?"

I nod, "Okay."

The rest of the journey to the centre was silent.

I guess neither of us knew what to say.

...

"I can't believe you're going to do this!" Christina giggled.

"Me either," Hannah said, laughing. "But I'm super happy you are going to do it."

Zuria hugged me, "I'm so proud of you."

I blushed at their words. I looked at the ladies in front of me, "What if it doesn't work out?"

"It will," Hannah confirmed. "My son is very much in love with you."

I blushed, "You think so?"

"Honey, we all know. We've seen how he looks at you." Hannah expressed.

"You're his girl." Emily teased. I knew she was referring to Karaoke night. That night will always be imprinted in my memory.

I blushed and look at my mother because her opinion mattered the most, "What do you think?"

"I've known he's the man for you from the moment he punched William."

I laughed, "He was bold, wasn't he?"

She smiled, "I was sold."

I smiled. Maybe my plan wasn't bad, after all. They were all convinced that Valdo was in love with me. I was a little convinced myself. He hadn't said the words but his actions were clear as day and I knew exactly how I felt about him. It didn't matter if we've only known each other for a short period. The connection we have is real and time only made it stronger.

"Well, then you guys need to leave, like right now." Valdo would be home in a few. I didn't want to come home seeing so many women in his apartment. The plan would be ruined or not very romantic as I'd hope.

"Yes, let's go." Hannah pointed to the door. She kissed me on the cheeks. "Everything will work out. I'm so excited. Call me tomorrow and tell me how it went."

"I love you. You deserve all the happiness in the world." I smiled at my mother's words. She pulled me into a hug then kissed my cheeks. "Thanks for being an amazing daughter."

I wiped the tears, "Thanks for being an amazing mother." I'm so happy to have my mother back in my life. I wouldn't want to have gone through such a big moment without her.

"We should go before everyone burst into tears," Zuria stated. She pulled the other women towards the door. "Enjoy your night."

"Thanks for helping me." I wouldn't have set up everything if it wasn't for their help. I'm glad I shared my problem with them today.

If it weren't Valdo, these amazing women wouldn't be in my life. I wouldn't have known what true friendship felt like.

There were so many reasons for me to be grateful to him. How could I not love him? He's brought so much love in my life.

We said our final goodbyes and they closed the door behind them.

My eyes travelled around the apartment, and I smiled. It took us a few hours for us to get everything set, but it was beautiful. Valdo will love it.

I only had one thing to do, get myself ready.

I carefully moved around the decorations so as not to mess them up. I checked on Jamaica before going into the bathroom. I took a quick shower then put on the clothes that Zuria had provided. I flat ironed my hair with the flat-iron that Christina loaned me. Emily left her makeup palette with me and so put a little makeup on my face, it wouldn't hurt.

I knew Valdo wasn't used to seeing me all dolled up, but I wanted tonight to be special, for both of us.

I looked in the mirror at myself, impressed. I've never felt or looked this beautiful before, and I truly hope Valdo agreed. I looked at myself one more time before exiting the bathroom.

For the plan to be executed correctly, I needed to be in Jamaica's bedroom when he arrived.

Luckily, I didn't have to wait too long. I heard the front door pulling after five minutes of waiting for him.

I listened keenly as he slowly makes his way towards the room. My heart was beating a mile a minute.

Calm down, Jakobia. You prepared for this!

He turned the lock and pushed the door opened.

"Wow!" he exclaimed when he saw me. "You look beautiful."

I blushed, "Thank you." I looked at the note in his hands then I pointed to the other one in Jamaica's crib. "There is a final note."

Valdo moved towards the crib and then took up the final note in his hand. He slowly opened it and read the words silently.

This was my time.

I was moving to bend on my knees, but he stopped me.

"Don't. I know what you're going to ask and I don't want you to ask."

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Uvaldo's POV

I was in and out of meetings all day, and all I wanted to do was to come home to Jakoby and Jamaica. I smile.

It's funny how those two crept their way into my heart.

When Eric mentioned marriage this morning, I froze; not because I didn't want to get married, but I was afraid Jakoby wouldn't. She's only eighteen. She has her whole life ahead of her. I was afraid that she wouldn't want to commit to a man who was closer to her mother's age rather than hers. But then I realised she never even mentioned the age difference and it was probably because it didn't bother her.

There was also the look on her face when I was released from jail last week. I couldn't describe exactly what it was, but it made my heart turned.

If she didn't love me now, then I'd teach her how.

I manage to get Kevin, Harlyn and Eric to organise a little surprise for Jakoby. I'd ask her to marry me properly.

As I pulled the apartment, I notice the trail of rose petals on the ground. There were small notes every few steps. I closed the door behind me and smile.

What was she planning?

I bent down and took up the first note. It read, "The first thing I noticed was your eyes, and then you touched my hands, and a shiver ran through me. I couldn't help but let my eyes follow after you, knowing that I might never see you again."

I smiled. I knew it was my eyes but did touching me really make her shiver?

I took a few more steps then bent to pick up the second note. "But fate had different plans. The next day, the shivery feeling came back, so I looked up and there they were enchanting blue eyes. I wasn't used to the feeling, and so I decided to run."

I took up the other note and continued reading, "Of course you just wouldn't let me get away. You followed me. I'm going, to be honest, and say I thought you were a creep, especially when you told me I could live with you. Do you know what went through my head? For now, I'll keep those thoughts to myself."

"The very same night hoodlums tried to kill me, I was lucky. One of them actually had a heart; they took everything I had and let me go. After walking for hours, fate brought me to your address, and you gave me a home without hesitation."

I turned and picked up another note. "After a while, you started to steal my heart with your kindness and warmth slowly. You didn't care that I was a homeless, pregnant teenager. You gave me a family, one that I'd never imagine having."

I looked at the last note which was laying by Jamaica's door. I slowly picked it up, "You've managed to capture my heart without even trying. You've treated Jamaica as your own, and she too has something to say."

I swallowed and pushed the door opened.

"Wow," I said involuntarily. Jakoby was sitting in front of the crib. Her hair was straightened with a centre part. She was also wearing makeup, something I'd never seen her wear before. She was wearing a red dress that complimented her curves. She looked terrific, and so I told her. "You look beautiful."

She blushed, and her face became pink, "Thank you." She pointed towards the crib where Jamaica was sleeping soundly. "There is a final note."

I saw the paper laying beside Jamaica. I gently removed it and lifted it to my face. "Will you be my daddy?"

As I read the note, my heart left my chest. I looked on Jakoby only to realise she was starting to bend her knees.

Was she going to propose?

I shook my head; I couldn't let her do that. "Don't," I commanded. "I know what you're gonna ask, and I don't want you to ask."

She slowly lifted her self with a frown on her face.

It wasn't the woman's job to propose. I would never let her do that, especially not when I've already planned the perfect proposal party.

"Don't say anything just yet." I bent and lifted Jamaica out of her crib. "Follow me," I said, then exit the room.

Jakoby followed me behind me in silence. I could tell she was genuinely disappointed. I would be too if I planned a surprise engagement and it got thrown back in my face.

I really wanted to comfort her, but I knew it wasn't my time. I'm sure she'll forgive me as soon as we arrived at the Center.

I placed Jamaica in her car seat, and Jakoby sat beside her. It kind of hurt me that she didn't want to sit next to me in the pa**enger seat, but I understand why she was acting like that. She'll be happy when he sees the real reason I rejected her proposal.

I sent a text to Kevin before driving out of the garage.

The drive to the Center was silent, just as I suspected. It made me a little guilty that I didn't even try and break it either, but I knew she wasn't in the mood.

"Why are we here?" she asked when we were out of the car.

"You'll see. Here, hold Jamaica for me." I could see the tears in her eyes when I handed Jamaica over. It made me sad because I knew I was the reason for her tears. When Jamaica was safely in her arms, I spoke again. "C'mon. Walk ahead of me."

When we entered in the main area, we were greeted with, "Surprise!"

I laughed at Jakoby's confusion. It took her a while to notice the sign made of balloons that everyone was standing under. When she read it, she slowly turned around to look at me. I was already on my knees by then. I repeated the words for her, "Will you marry me?"

A big smile came on her face; now she understood why I rejected her proposal and my heart melt.

"I'd like to be Jamaica's daddy."

She looked down at Jamaica and laughed, "Did you hear that? He wants to be your daddy. What's your answer?"

Jamaica let out a high pitch sound, and everyone laughed.

"I guess that's a yes," Kevin shouted.

"She answered," Jakoby said with a smile.

"So what's your answer?" My heart was having a party in my chest. I could hear it beating rapidly as I waited for her response.

"Hell, yes!"

I let out a deep breath I didn't know I was holding. Everybody clapped and laugh.

"Girl! What are you waiting for? Go get your ring?" Emily shouted. She moved towards Jakoby and took Jamaica from her arms.

Jakoby blushed as she walked closer to me. She stood in front of me and pushed out her left hand. I took her hands in mine then place the ring on her finger. She brought it up to her face and smile.

"Just like your eyes," she whispered.

I laugh. I knew she'd love her ring if the stones were similar to my eye colour. "I also knew you only wanted me for my eyes."

She shook her head and bent down in front of me. "That's definitely a bonus. But I want you more."

"So are you gonna kiss me?"

She looked us for a second, "In front of all these people?" before I could answer, she wrapped her hands around my neck and placed her lips on mine. The kiss was short, but it was beautiful. We pulled away from each other and stood up.

"You know up until three minutes ago, I was very angry with you."

I looked at her and smirked, "You were? I didn't notice."

"I thought you were rejecting me. I felt my heart being ripped from my chest," she confessed.

"I'm sorry. I just couldn't let you propose. It's a man's job to make the first move."

"You're living in the 21st century. A woman can propose too." she shrugged.

I shook my head, "I was born in the 20th century, and so I believe it's the man's job."

"Potato, Potahto," she mumbled.

"Don't tell me you're already arguing." Eric grinned, "You haven't even got married yet." he patted my back, "Congratulations." he turned to Jakoby, "You've got a good one right here. Protect him."

"I will."

"Oh, my baby is getting married." My mother came over and wrapped her arms around both of us. "I knew you were the one from the moment he brought you home." she smiled at Jakoby, "Welcome to the family, officially."

I smiled. I'm glad my mother approved of Jakoby and I.

Gizelle came over to congratulate us as well, "Are you sure you don't have a brother?" she joked.

"He doesn't." my mother confirmed. She looked at Eric and smirked, "He has two best friends."

"I'm taken." Harlyn clarified.

Eric smirked, "I'm not."

Gizelle laughed, "Aren't you sweet?" she gave him a small glance then looked at me. "I wish I could call you son, but you know..."

I laughed, "It's okay. I'll settle for friends."

“So now that we’ve finished talking, who’s ready to celebrate?” Kevin shouted.

“Me!” half of the persons in the room shouted.

I looked down at Jakoby and smile. She was going to be my wife. Jamaica will be my daughter.

What more could I ask for?

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91.1K words · Completed

Every little girl has a dream of what she wanted her wedding to be like. Beautifully decorated chapel with hand-picked roses at the end of each seated aisle. A white ball gown wedding dress with white laced flowered heels. Her hair and makeup, done to perfection. That’s exactly what I got.

It was only two days ago Valdo had asked me to marry him, but we still managed to have plan my dream wedding. My mother and Hannah played a huge role in the preparation. They practically planned it themselves. I didn’t mind because Valdo and I were busy sorting out the legal side of things.

“Are you ready?” Kevin called from behind the door. Yesterday I asked Kevin if he could walk me down the aisle, and without hesitation, he said yes.

It was my time!

I looked at myself in the mirror one last time and smiled. I've never felt or looked this beautiful in my entire life. All eyes would soon be on me as I walked down the aisle, and that made me super nervous.

I took a deep breath then turn towards the door. I pushed it opened and looked up at Kevin.

He placed his hands on his chest. "You look amazing."

"Thanks," I said blushing.

"Are you ready?"

I nod. This day has been playing in my head for two days now. I was more than ready to make Valdo my husband.

He smiled and enlaced our arms at the elbows. We turned to the path leading to the aisle, and my heart started beating a mile a minute when I saw everyone's eyes at me.

Kevin chuckled, "I was just as nervous as you on my wedding day. You'll be okay." he a**ured. "Just take a few deep breaths."

I did what he suggested then looked ahead at the guests.

Zuria, Christina, and Emily were all waving at me. My mom and Hannah were taking pictures.

I looked ahead, and I saw him, Valdo Dakota, my future husband, my rescuer, my hero and the love of my life. His enchanting blue eyes never left mine, and he had a big smile on his face. Suddenly everything seems a little better, and my anxiety was slowly disappearing. All the guests suddenly became a blur to me. The only thing I could see was Valdo smiling at me.

I smiled back.

This is Valdo.

The same Valdo who brought a pregnant homeless girl into his home without even knowing her real name or age. The same Valdo's heart was made of gold. He would never hurt me, and he'll always protect me.

At the end of the aisle Kevin hugged me, said "After this, you'll officially be my daughter. Welcome to the family."

I smiled and placed my finger at the corner of my eyes to prevent a tear from falling. Because of Valdo, I discovered the true meaning of family, and for that, I'll be forever grateful.

Kevin placed my hand in Valdo's and smiled, "Take good care of her." he said before walking to take a stand beside his wife.

Valdo and I looked at each other with smiles on our faces, neither of us saying anything.

We turned towards the priest.

He looked ahead at our guest, "You can now be seated" They followed his request without hesitation. He looked down at us and smile. "Dear friends and family, we are gathered here today to witness and celebrate the union of Uvaldo Dakota and Jakobia Taylor in marriage. This couple is not like your average couple. They haven't known each other for years. It hasn't even been a year in fact, but love has no time span. Today, as we create this marriage, we also create a new bond and a new sense of family – one that will undoubtedly include all who are present here today."

The priest took about fifteen minutes to complete the readings; then he started to tell us about of responsibility to each other as a couple. I listen to his words. I felt a little overwhelmed and Valdo would sense it because he squeezed my hands to calm me down. It worked.

When it was time to exchange vows, we turned towards each other. Since we didn't have much time on our hands, we decided to go with the traditional vows.

"Do you Uvaldo Dakota, take Jakobia Taylor to be your lawfully wedded wife, promising to love and cherish, through joy and sorrow, sickness and health, and whatever challenges you may face, for as long as you both shall live?"

Without hesitation, Valdo answered, "I do."

The priest turned to me, "Do you Jakobia Taylor, take Uvaldo Dakota to be your lawfully wedded husband, promising to love and cherish, through joy and sorrow, sickness and health, and whatever challenges you may face, for as long as you both shall live?"

I smiled, "I do."

"Let's have the exchange of the rings."

I turn slightly to look at Eric, who moved closer to us. He handed Valdo the ring then winked at me.

I held my hand out to Valdo.

He chuckled and held my hands, "I Uvaldo Dakota give you Jakobia Taylor this ring as an eternal symbol of my love and commitment to you."

A shiver went through my body as he pushed the ring on my tiny finger. When it was completely on, he looked up me and smile.

Zuria came closer to me and handed me the ring. Valdo stretched out his hands as I had done and I couldn't help but chuckle. I took his hands in mine and placed the finger on the tip of his finger. "I Jakobia Taylor give you Uvaldo Dakota this ring as an eternal symbol of my love and commitment to you."

The priest offered us a smile then looked at our guest, "If anyone objects to the marriage speak now or forever hold your peace."

It was then my heart really started beating fast. In movies, this was the time when things went downhill.

I looked down at our guest, and no one said a word.

Phew!

"By the power invested in me by the State of New York, I now pronounce you husband and wife. You may kiss the bride."

Valdo leaned in and bent his head. His lips touched mine, and he kissed me softly. In the background, everyone cheered. However, I barely noticed; my full attention rested on my husband and his soft kiss.

After a while, we broke apart.

I looked in Valdo's eyes, not knowing exactly what to say. Sensing my shyness, he spoke first, "Are you ready to start your life with me?"

I smile, "Without a doubt."

He chuckled then turned towards our guest who was watching us keenly. I couldn't help but smile, seeing all our friends with big smiles on their faces. Especially knowing they were happy for us.

We enlaced our hands and walked down the aisle. Ready to start our new life together.

..

I jumped as I heard screeching screams behind me. I looked around to see Christina jumping in joy. "Congrats, Congrats, Congrats." she wrapped her arms around me, "I'm so happy you. You get a Prince Charming."

I smiled at her, "You'll get yours too."

She shrugged, "I doubt it. Men like Valdo are like diamonds."

“Diamonds are actually not as rare as people make them seem,” Zuria inserted. “With that said, I think one day you will find someone who loves you unconditionally.”

“What about you? I don’t see you looking for anyone.” Christina knew Zuria lost her husband so I know she wasn’t trying to be mean.

“I’ve already met my forever love. He’s just not with me anymore.”

Christina looked at Zuria, confused, “So you’ll never date another man?”

Zuria shrugged, “Gabriele was my first, and I promised him that he’d be my last.”

“He made you promise that?” Emily asked, joining our conversation.

Zuria shook her head, “No. When he died, I stood by his grave and told him that I would never love anyone again. He was the jealous type. He didn’t really like me talking to other men unless they were close friends or family. He was very protective, and I didn’t mind because that’s exactly what I need. He’d probably roll in his grave if he saw me getting closer to another man.”

“I’m sorry, but he sounds toxic.” Emily voiced.

Zuria didn’t get offended, instead, she smiled, “When Gabriele and I met I was deep trouble. They were persons who wanted me dead, and he protected me. He was very protective of me because he knew what I had done and why I was on the run.” I could tell she was choosing her words wisely. I had no idea what her past was like, and she never once mentioned it to me. I didn’t ask. “There were many times men tried to get close to me to use me for my expertise. It just became a habit, not that I mind. He was the only man I wanted around me. Imagine loving

someone that much." she whispered. It's been three years since her husband died and I could tell she still hasn't recovered.

She lifted her head and smile. "Enough about me, you're the bride. Do you know where you will be spending your honeymoon?"

I frowned.

Honeymoon?

"There won't be a honeymoon." Eric wanted Valdo and I to sort out the adoption papers as soon as possible. A honeymoon never even came up in our conversations.

Emily laughed, "Do you really believe that?"

"I'm fourteen, and I know there is going to be a honeymoon." Christina giggled.

I shook my head, "No. We have to sort out the adoption of Jamaica as soon as possible. We don't have time for a honeymoon."

Zuria chuckled, "You just married a Billionaire. Honey, you're having a honeymoon."

"It's going to be a long night," Emily said, wiggling her eyebrows.

I blushed knowing exactly what she meant. "Emily, It hasn't been six weeks yet."

She rolled her eyes, "There are other ways to pleasure each other."

"Emily!" Zuria shouted and pointed at Christina.

Emily laughed, "Really, I'm sure she knows exactly what we're talking about. Her belly is proof."

I looked at Christina, who was blushing, "I only did it once, and it lasted for like a minute."

"That's awfully sad," Zuria whispered.

I looked at her with wide eyes. The few s**ual encounters that I had with William hadn't lasted that long either, so I guess my s**ual experiences were just as sad as Christina's.

"I don't think Gabriele was as good at anything as much as he was good in bed," Zuria muttered to herself. "He was really good. I miss that." She smiled at me and winked.

Emily smiled, "You're a lucky one, Jakoby. You get the perfect man, and you get to have s** with him any time you want. I'm jealous!!"

I laughed. It was a pity that Valdo and I wouldn't be able to consummate our marriage tonight. It still didn't make me less excited. We were going home tonight as man and wife; anything could happen.

“What are you ladies over here talking about?” Valdo asked as he came towards us.

“Oh, nothing. We were just leaving.” Emily said. She used her head to point to the other girls. I couldn’t help but laugh.

If I haven’t met Valdo, I would never meet such amazing women.

I looked at him and smile, “You’re amazing.”

He blushed, “So are you.”

I looked at his black tuxedo impressed by the quality, “You look great.”

He pulled me closer to him and bent his head to my ears, “So do you. I can’t wait to take that dress off tonight.”

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“Are you really not telling me where we are?” I giggled with excitement. When we left our wedding reception around two hours ago, Valdo refused to tell me where we were heading. He said it was a surprise. How big of a surprise it was that Jamaica was left behind? Well, I found that out when pressure changed hit my body. My heart left my chest. Valdo had to a**ure me that we were in his private jet. I calm down for a few minutes only have to have my imaginations run wild when the jet was peacefully in the air.

He held my hand the entire journey just to a**ure me that everything was okay.

We recently exited Valdo's private jet, and now we were walking through what I suspected was an airport based on the intercom noises.

"You'll know in a few minutes, I promise."

Anxiety was killing me. I was walking through an airport with a blindfold over my eyes; I had no idea where we were. The fresh cold air hit my face, and I smile.
"We're no longer in the airport."

"Correct."

I frowned, "But we didn't go through security and stuff."

He chuckled, "We did. They were told to expect us, so we went through ha**le-free."

I frowned, "Just like that?" Did he really have so much power he could just walk out of an airport? Who did I marry?

"Just like that. Bend your head; we're going in a car." I did as he instructed, but I still ended up hitting my head. Valdo chuckled and helped me. When I successfully entered the car, Valdo slid in beside me.

My mind went wild with thoughts, where could we possibly be? I doubt we were still in New York, but we couldn't be too far, could we?

"Are we close?" I asked once again.

"We'll be there in less than thirty minutes. I promise." He leaned in and placed a kiss on my cheek. "You're going to love what I've planned for our honeymoon."

I turned to him, "I thought we weren't going to have a honeymoon."

He chuckled, "Eric said we could take three days."

I calmed down a little. If Eric said, we have time, we time. "So we're heading to our honeymoon spot now?"

"Yup."

I frowned, "But Jamaica is not with us." Everywhere we went to Jamaica was by our side. We've never left her anywhere before.

"Our mothers volunteered to keep her while we're away. She'll be okay," he assured.

"Oh, I miss her already," I whispered. I trusted my mom and Hannah 100%, but it still scared me. Could they manage her 2 am crying and her five needs for constant attention? I knew they have experience with children, but it's been over eighteen years my mother and Hannah haven't had to worry about changing diapers and such.

Valdo pushed his head on my shoulder, "I miss her too, but she'll be okay." He ran his fingers down my arm, "If it makes you feel any better, Eric will be there as well. He offered to Dogsit King and so he'll be by the apartment with your mom."

I smirked, "Who's idea was that?"

"Eric's. He always dogsits for me when I'm away."

"But does he dogsit at your apartment?" I asked with a smirk.

"Well, no."

I chuckled, "Valdo. I think Eric likes my mom."

He laughed, "You're right. He probably does."

I chuckled, "I feel sorry for the poor guy."

"Eric can handle himself." he defended. I'm sure Eric can handle himself, after all, he was a p*****, but I doubt if he can win over my mother. As much as she blushes at his compliments, he wasn't her type, and she didn't date younger guys. "I'm sure he'll take the hint if she doesn't show any interest."

I shrugged. Who knows what might happen? Maybe they do end up falling for each other.

I laughed at the thought. Imagine having a stepfather who was two years older than your husband.

"Why are you laughing?"

I chuckled, "Oh, nothing. Just my imagination running wild."

"You should probably save all that energy for tonight," he whispered in my ear.

I blushed and remained silent.

Oh god, Valdo.

Now you've got me thinking even more.

....

"Are you ready?"

"Yes!" I'm more than ready. I've had on this blindfold for too long.

Valdo chuckled, "Okay. Fine." He came behind me and started to untie the blindfold. "One. Two. Three!" As expected on Three, he removed the blindfold. It took a while for my eyes to get used to the light, but when I did, I looked at the view ahead in awe.

"Wow, this is majestic." I glance at Valdo, "Where are we?"

"Welcome to Niagra Falls," he answered with a big smile on his face.

I smiled and pulled him in a hug, "It's beautiful. Thank you."

He wrapped his arms around my waist, "You're welcome. I figured it was a convenient location. We're only two hours away from home. If anything happens, we can quickly get a plane to go home. We could always go to Paris after everything is sorted."

I shook my head, "No, this is perfect. Absolutely amazing." I lived in Alton most of my life. My mother and I never could afford to take trips. The best we could do was a little river. While I was homeless, I saw many beautiful places, but nothing could compare to the view that I was looking at.

It was so peaceful and heavenly. I felt like we were at the edge of the world.

We pulled away from each other and looked quietly at the Falls as it changed colours.

"If you think this is beautiful wait till we see it from Canada's side."

I glanced at him, "We're going to Canada?"

"Yes, that's where all the fun is. I have our trip all planned out. It's going to be perfect." He enhanced our hands and looked back at the view.

I felt a tap on my leg, so I looked down behind me, and I saw a little girl with golden blond hair looking up at me.

“Are you a princess?” she giggled.

I blushed at her words. I looked up at her parents, who were smiling at me, permitting me to engage her in a conversation. I look down at the child and answered her question. “I am.” I wasn’t a princess, but I sure felt like one.

She giggled and pointed at Valdo, “Is he your Prince?”

I nodded and smiled, “He is.”

“Wow, so do you guys live in a castle?” this time she directed her question to Valdo.

“For now we live in an apartment, but I’m going to build one for us soon.” He answered.

“My grandpa lives in an apartment too, but it’s for old people only,” she said with a pout.

“Anna, we have to leave the princess and the prince now.” her father said, placing his hands gently on her shoulders.

She looked up at him then back at us, “Okay. Bye.” She waved at us, then turned.

Her mother gave us a final smile, “Thanks.” she whispered before they walked off.

"I can't wait to see what Jamaica is like at that age." I looked at him as he said the words. Where did this man come from? Is he even real? Why did he choose me? A Pregnant, homeless nobody?

"Why did you choose me?" This man could have anyone he wanted. Why did he choose me?

He frowned at my question, considered. "What do you mean?"

"Well, when we met I was pregnant, homeless, broke and I'm sure I looked like a freak show. Why did you choose to help me? I know you said it was because your mom was in a similar situation, but you didn't have to bring me to your home. You could have brought me directly to your mom, and she would have provided a place for me, but you didn't. You kept me." I smiled at him, "You can have any woman you want, but you choose me. I know I've asked you this already, but I find it so hard to believe that someone as amazing as you would want someone like me."

He lifted his hands to my face, "Honestly, I have no idea. When I first saw you something inside me flipped. I wanted to take care of you and protect you." And he's been doing just that.

"You're like a real-life knight."

"Are you demoting me? I thought you said I was a prince." he pouted.

I smile, "Didn't we agree the other day that you were a king?"

He chuckled, "I almost forgot. Are you hungry, your majesty?"

I didn't eat a lot at the reception because my belly would look bloated in the wedding dress and I didn't want to cry when I looked back at my wedding pictures in a few years. "I am kinda hungry, but we should get out of these clothes before we go out and eat." As much as I loved my wedding dress, I didn't want to walk around Niagra Falls in it. It would bring too much attention to us, and I didn't want that.

"That doesn't sound too bad. Let's head to the hotel."

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"Your skin is glowing in the sunset." Valdo murmured as he walked up behind me. He placed one of his hands on my shoulder then trailed the next one slowly down my back. "You have no idea how breathtaking you looked walking down the aisle. My heart was throbbing, and so was other places."

My breath came gave out in a shuddering sigh. If only he knew the effects his words and his were having on me.

"I finally get to take it off." He slowly placed his hands on the zip of the dress then he bent and placed his lips on my shoulder then start kissing slowly until he reached my neck. I closed my eyes and tilt my neck and accepted his gentle kisses. I moaned in delighted as he worked magic on my skin.

He removed his lips from my neck and gently started pulling down the zip of my white ballroom wedding gown. "You have a beautiful back. Flawless skin." He placed his hands in the dress and gently pulled the first strap down then he moved to pull down the other side. He moved his hands back to the zipper and slowly pulled it down. He stopped after my bra became visible.

"Can I tell you a secret?" He asked.

I nod.

"I have a weakness for black bras. They highlight everything." He bent his head, then trailed kissed in the centre of my back. I thought he would have pulled the bra, but he left it and continued pulling the zip down.

I heard him take a deep breath when my p***** became visible. "Who's idea was it to put you in full black undies?" he asked huskily.

"It was your mother. She said it would show under the white dress."

"Hmm.," he muttered. He pushed his hands in the dress and cupped my bottom. He bent and kissed my neck while caressing my b***. I couldn't help moaning.

"You're making my legs feel weak." The words came out as a murmur between moans.

"Then let's lay down," he whispered, but he didn't move. Instead, he gave the dress one last push, and it fell on the ground, leaving me only in my black underwear.

He moved away from me and gasped. "You have a beautiful body."

"So do you."

He chuckled and then suddenly I was swept in his arms, bridal style. I giggled and looked in his smiling eyes. He walked us to the huge bed in the centre of the room then laid me down gently.

I looked up at him and smile, "Why am I the only one with clothes off? It's only fair you return the favour."

He chuckled, "Fair enough." he removed his tie slowly and placed it on the edge of the bed. Then he slowly started undoing his bottoms; he did all this without removing his eyes from mine. I smiled, knowing he was deliberately trying to seduce me. I watched keenly as he took his time and removed both his dress shirt and T-shirt.

I couldn't take my eyes off his chest. His chest was very defined, and his six-pack very evident. I swallowed. I couldn't wait to touch it.

He smiled, "I guess you approve." I moved my eyes from his chest and looked into his eyes.

Approved was an understatement.

"It's wonderful. It's amazing." I babbled.

He chuckled, "Now you know how I feel when I look at you."

I took a deep breath and released it.

This man got words!

He started pulling the leather belt around his waist. When it was out, he threw it on the ground. He undid his b***on then slowly pulled the zip down.

Lord have mercy!

Was he deliberately trying to make me lose my patience?

Because it's working.

I kept my eyes on his pants as he pushed it down his legs and kicked it off. He stood up and looked at me with a smile. I bit my lips and swallowed, he still had on his underpants, but I could see the imprint of his erection.

I bit my lips gently waiting for him to pull down his last piece of clothing.

"That's extremely s**y." Valdo came down on the bed and laid beside me. I turn to look at him and smile.

"What's s**y?"

"You biting your lips like that."

I blushed and unintentionally bit my lips again.

"You're driving me crazy," he whispered huskily.

I opened my mouth to speak, but Valdo used the opportunity to close his mouth over mine. His tongue slipped through my parted lips, and all my thoughts were suddenly forgotten. His kisses were gentle, exploring the soft recesses of my mouth.

I left his shoulder tightly, and my body quivered with sensation and excitement. He slipped his hands around me and removed the strapless bra. "Beautiful," he murmured as he cupped my breast tenderly.

I gazed at him, hardly able to believe what was happening. The most wonderful man in the world was looking at me with such intensity.

He bent and nuzzled my breast. "You smell so good." His mouth then closed over my n*****. I sighed in delight and let my head fall back. His tongue drawing circles around one n***** as his hand caresses the other.

His other hand gently caressed my stomach until he moved and touched my p*****, "It's time to remove these." He leaned over me then hooked his hands on either side of my p***** and pulled it down slowly. I swallowed when I saw his eyes looking at my most intimate area. I had made sure to shave just in case something like this happened. Oh, boy, I wasn't prepared for his intense gaze.

He smiled then leaned in and captured my lips once again. I shivered when his finger touched my most intimate area. His strokes were gentle, circling back and forth. In no time I was clinging to him trembling, breathing rapidly and yearning for more. Then he decided to increase the intensity of his touch. I whimpered beneath him as my body tingled with exquisite pleasure.

Suddenly it was too much "Oh!" I gasped as an intense wave of pleasure crashed over me. I held tightly to Valdo as the o***** flood through me. He removed his hand and wrapped it around me.

It took a while for my breath to normalise, and when it did, I gazed into Valdo's eyes.

He smiled, "Satisfied?"

"Without a doubt." Never in my life had I experience anything as mind-blowing as Valdo's touches. Never have I been touched that intimately before.

I wrapped my hands around Valdo's neck and placed my lips on his. I kissed him passionately thanking him for bringing to such heights. When I pulled away from the kiss, I looked dreamily in his eyes.

"Let's shower." He stood from the bed then lift me in bridal style once more. He walked into the bathroom and placed me in the shower. He then took off his underpants, leaving him completely naked. My eyes widen at the sight of his manhood. I couldn't stop staring. It was fascinating. He was roughly around seven or eight inches, maybe more. I couldn't tell you.

Valdo joined me in the shower then turned on the facet. The warm water poured between our bodies for a second until he pulled me to him. He kissed me gently while he used his hands to explore my body. I wanted to explore too, so I started moving my hands on his beautiful chest. His muscles felt great. Wanting to feel more, I let my hands travelled down below his waist.

I clasped my hands around his shaft. He gasped but didn't complain, and so I continued to move my hands up and down his shaft. I wanted to give the same pleasure he gave me. I wanted him to know that this wasn't a one-sided relationship. We give, and we receive.

He groaned and placed his lips on my neck and kissed it passionately.

I increased the pace of my strokes, and in seconds, he was trembling. He let out a deep sigh then placed his hands over mine. He gently removed my hands from his shaft. He moved his head from my neck and looked into my eyes.

“You’re a temptress; you know that?”

I smiled. “You’re the only person I want to tempt.”

He chuckled and gave me a quick kiss on my lips.

He reached behind us and turned off the facet. He swept me up in his arms again, and we exit the bathroom. He placed me on the bed, then moved away.

“Put on some clothes,” he instructed.

I frowned at him, “What do you mean?”

He smiled, “Aren’t you hungry?”

I nod, “Yes, hungry for you.” After all that exciting foreplay I was really looking forward to finally becoming Valdo’s in every sense of the word. I wanted him terribly. I wanted to feel him moving inside me. But he had other plans.

He laughed. “You naughty little thing. We have a lifetime of l***** to look forward to.”

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“You’ve really never been on a boat before?” Valdo looked at me, surprised.

I shook my head and held his arms tight, "No. You've seen where I came from." They weren't a lot of things to do in Alton. The most exciting thing was the annual carnival, and that was about it.

He laughed, "Sorry for laughing, but you have so many things in life to experience."

"Well, it's a good thing I married you then, ain't it?" I looked at him and smiled.

He chuckled. "You've got that right." he held my hand as the boat started to move. I took my eyes from his beautiful face and looked at the waterfalls ahead of us. It was truly breathtaking. The water absorbed the blueness from the sky. The sound of the water plunging down the mountain was calming.

I bent my head and looked on the water below us. The water was green, in contrast to the falls and it didn't look too deep.

"How deep do you think this is?" I asked curiously.

"It's over a hundred feet that's for sure."

"Has anyone ever tried swimming in it?" It was a stupid question, but it still managed to leave my mouth.

Valdo laughed, "Swimming? I doubt it, and if they have, then they need to get their heads checked out. The current in the water is strong, and they can die very easily. But then again there have been people who've intentionally dive in just to kill themselves."

I looked at the Falls sad, knowing that there must have been at least a thousand persons who've taken their last breath here.

Depression is hard, and it was something I had to deal with when I left Alton. A pregnant eighteen-year-old, all alone with only a few coins in her pocket.

I remembered my very first time out of Alton. I spent it at a neighbouring town's train station. I couldn't help myself from crying, knowing I was completely alone. When persons came up to me and asked if I was okay, I would lie to them and tell them I missed my train.

But life got harder the farther I moved away from the small town. I realised I had to come up with ways to earn money because food just doesn't come so easy. I tried looking for jobs, but owners were hesitant to offer employment without identification. Either they didn't believe I was eighteen or they thought I was an illegal immigrant.

They were days I went without food and some, where I just couldn't be bothered with life. I even tried to kill myself a few times by walking in front of moving cars. I even tried to jump off a bridge, but I just couldn't do.

Eventually, life got a little better, and I tried to cope, but the crazy thoughts didn't leave my head, at least not until I met Valdo.

"What are you thinking about?" he asked.

I looked at the Falls and sighed. "Life is hard. Many persons ridicule persons who commit suicide, but they just don't understand what goes through a person's head,"

He turned me to him and looked at me with concern, "Have you ever...?" he didn't need to say more, I understood his question.

"I've tried a few times," I answered honestly. It was nothing to be ashamed of. I went through a hard time, and I got over it. It made me stronger.

"Do you still feel that way?" his face held a small frown.

I looked at him and smile, "No. I'm happy now, but I get anxious sometimes."

"What's making you anxious?"

I lifted my hands and gestured around us, "This, you." I smiled up at him, "I'm afraid that this happiness that I'm feeling might only be temporary and that something might happen."

Valdo pulled me in a hug and gently touched my hair. "This is not temporary. You have a wedding ring to prove that." Even though we were both wet from the winds coming from the fall, the hug felt great. "If you ever need someone to talk to I'm here, your mom is here, my mom is here, and Kevin isn't bad to talk to either. We've all been through hard times, and that's why we need persons in our life to help us cope." He kissed my forehead and pulled away from the wet hug. He turned around to face the falls, "This is the best part."

"Wow." I murmured as I looked at the rainbow that was ahead of us. "I've never been this close to a rainbow before." The rain didn't fall much in Alton and when it did a little rainbow would be visible over the hill. I'd look at it until I faded away, mesmerised by its natural beauty. "Where is the pot of gold?"

"Don't you see it?" Valdo asked.

I turn to look at him because I was only joking. I shook my head, "No. I don't."

Valdo smiled, "He's standing right in front of you."

I chuckled and rolled my eyes. I gave my attention back to the falls, and the boat got closer to it. "I wish I could wake up to this view every morning; It's breathtaking."

Valdo came and stood beside me, "You get to wake up to this face instead. If it's breathtaking your looking for then, that can be arranged."

I blushed and kept my eyes on the falls, "And you said I'm the naughty one."

"I never said I wasn't naughty." He paused then moved closer to my ears, "I'm a certified freak, seven days a week."

I burst out laughing. We were heading down for breakfast this morning when a girl in the elevator's phone rang. Yes, you've guessed it. That was her ringtone. Valdo and I couldn't help chuckling when we heard it.

Every moment I spent with Valdo, I learned something new about him. Who knew this well-kept billionaire could be so funny?

"How do you even know that song?" It was the type of song I imagined a man like him singing or even knowing for that matter.

"It's all over Instagram. I've heard it so many times I guess it just stuck."

I looked up at him, "You have Instagram?"

“What? A man like me can’t have Instagram?” he joked.

I shook my head, “No, it’s just that you’re a businessman. Fancy and stuff.”

He chuckled, “I happen to love Instagram. I’ve even posted you on my page.”

I raised my eyebrows at him, “No way. Let me see.” I held my hand out, and he placed his phone in it. His phone didn’t have a pa**code, so it opened immediately when I pressed the home b***on. Instagram was on his home screen, so I didn’t have to scroll.

“Wow, you have a lot of followers.” He had over two hundred thousand followers, and I could barely even make it to a thousand. I scrolled up and looked at his photos. I smiled and clicked on the most recent. It was a picture of me stuffing pancakes in my mouth. I didn’t even realise when he took this picture this morning. I scrolled down at the other picture, which was a picture of us kissing at our wedding, with the caption, ‘my forever’. I blushed and returned his phone. I’ll find his profile later and looked through.

“What’s yours?”

“Jakobia.com, My profile picture is the only thing I have up. I haven’t got an exciting life like yours.” I deleted all my photos when I left Alton. Most of my pictures were of me and William and I didn’t want to be reminded of that a**hole.

“We’ll make exciting memories together.” I smiled at my husband.

“Can you send me our wedding photos? I’ll post my favourite one and show off my handsome husband to all my followers.”

He chuckled, "Oh, so you just wanna brag about my good looks?"

I grinned, "That's not the only thing I wanna brag about." I murmured then wink.

"It's way too early for you to be tempting me."

"I thought you said, and I quote, "I'm certified freak, seven days a week."

He laughed, "Yes, seven days a week but not twenty fours hours a day. I'm only human."

I shrugged, "I was here thinking I married Apollo's long lost cousin."

He burst out laughing, "You are something else. Where did I get you from?"

"The busy streets of New York City." I look up at him, "Btw, why were you walking that day?"

He thought about it before answering, "My a**istant was off for the day, and so I had to get my coffee."

"Wow, so if he was at work that day, then we wouldn't even meet."

"Fate works in mysterious ways. We would have met, believe me." he took my hands in his, "Go on. We're going to head to Clifton Hills now."

“Where is that?” He answered by pointing at the Canadian side of the Falls. I giggled in excitement. This would be my first time leaving the United States. Even if it weren’t an exotic island, the experience would still be exciting.

I held tight on Valdo’s shoulder as we exited the boat. “How will we get there?”

He turned my shoulders and pointed to a bridge, “That’s the rainbow bridge, our entry to Canada.”

“There was must be crazy traffic on that bridge.”

He shrugged, “There might be traffic.”

I sighed, “I hate being stuck in traffic.”

He smirked, “I can think of a few things we can do while we wait.”

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I moaned in delight, “This is so good.” I whispered and took another bite of my lobster’s tail. Valdo was watching me eat with a smile on his face, but I didn’t care. This was the most delicious thing I’ve ever eaten in my life, and the b***ery sauce just made it even better.

Valdo lifted his hands in the air and started air writing. I frowned at him. “What are you doing?” I asked with my mouth full.

“Making a mental note of what you like to eat so when you get angry at me, I know what to buy to make you happy again.” I smiled, then continued chewing. I don’t think I could ever be angry with him. He was too much of a sweetheart, but his gesture was sweet.

When my mouth was cleared, I spoke up, “I’ll never get angry at you.”

He chuckled, “Oh, you will. Even the happiest of couples have their problems; we’re no different.”

“Kevin and Hannah seem okay.” They were completely in love with each other, and they have never looked miserable whenever I’m around them.

Valdo laughed, “They love each other very much. He’s still a ruthless businessman, and she has an independent soul, sometimes they don’t agree on things, well most times actually. They don’t fight over it, but you can also sense the tension between them.”

I shrugged. I’ve never noticed tension around them before, but I was just getting to know them, and Valdo has known them for years. “Well, I guess it’s normal for couples to have disagreements. We haven’t had our first one yet.”

“Hopefully we never have to argue about who gets to drive or who gets the bigger slice of a cake.”

“I can’t drive so you’ll always be the one driving, and you have diabetes, so I’ll always get the bigger slice of the cake,” I answered with a grin.

“Now that we’ve got that cleared. There are still so many things I don’t know about you, my dear wife.”

"What do you want to know?"

He shrugged, "I don't know. Everything."

I smiled. No one ever cared enough about me to want to know everything. I wasn't even that exciting anyway, but Valdo wanted to know, I'd tell him. "We can start with a few questions."

"Okay, Would you rather eat Asian cuisine or French cuisine?" He asked as he used his fork to play around his plate, his eyes on me.

"Asian. Definitely Asian minus the sushi." I've only had French cuisine once, but it was no comparison to the Chinese Fried Rice. "You?"

"Asian. I love Lo Mien, especially when there is a combination of different meats in it."

"I've never had Lo Mien before." My mother used to buy Chinese food every Friday; she'd buy the fried rice for me and Lo Mien for herself. I hated seeing the dark sauced noodles, they reminded me of worms, and so I was never brave enough to eat it.

"When we get back to New York City, I'm going to bring you to a little restaurant in China Town, and it's going to take your breath away, literally."

I smiled, "I can't wait." I looked over at his plate, and his dish still had plenty of food left in it. "We should continue eating before the food gets cold."

I looked down at his plate, "Great idea. We can continue this conversation while we wait for dessert."

I rubbed my hands together in excitement. "I can't wait to see the dessert menu."

He smiled, "You can order as much dessert as you want. You deserve it after last night's performance."

I blushed and looked down at my plate.

God, why did you give this man the ability to make my insides turn with just his words?

It didn't take us long to finish what was left of our meals. When we were finished, the waiter came and took our empty plates away.

Valdo smiled up at me, "How was it?"

"Did you not hear me moaning about how good it was?" I had Lobster Tails with garlic b***er, mashed potatoes and a fruit c***tail and Valdo ordered Shimp Pasta and apple vodka.

"Oh, I heard you moaning but my mind was on something else."

I blushed, "You were never this outspoken when we just met."

"I had to get to know you better before I exposed the naughty me. I didn't want you running for the hills."

"What makes you think I won't run for the hills now?"

"You've got a ring on your finger. I think that's strong enough reason."

"Many women run away from their husband."

"Are you going to run away from me?" he asked with a pout.

I grinned. "Never." I placed my hands over his and ran my hand across his wedding ring. "You're bound to me as long as you want to be." I know Valdo had only married me to secure a future for Jamaica. So if he ever wanted to leave the marriage, I would set him free. It would break me to pieces, but I'd do it.

"Forever?"

I stared into his beautiful eyes, "Forever is a long time to be stuck with a person like me."

"A person like you?" he asked with a frown.

"Boring, no life experience. I might even be bad in bed."

"We all know that's a lie." He moved closer to me and whispered. "You're exquisite in bed. Responsive, s**y and irresistible. I can't wait for you to become mines completely."

His whispered caused a shiver to run through me. "So what are you waiting for you?"

He shrugged, "I want you to get familiar to my body, my touches. I was hoping you could get familiar with your body's reaction to mine. Have no doubt. I want you very, very much."

"Then have me. Tonight." I turn and look around the restaurant in search of our waiter. I couldn't find her, so I look back at Valdo, "We can skip dessert."

He groaned, "You're such a temptress, and I'd love to devour you, but it's only a few minutes past eight. Let's enjoy the dessert, and then later we enjoy each other. We have all the time in the world." He removed his hands from me and looked down at the dessert menu. "I think I want the Chocolate ice-cream and strawberry cheesecake." he looked up at me, his blue eyes t****ling. "What do you want?"

I sighed, "You, but I'll settle for Cookies and Cream Ice-cream and cheesecake."

"Good choices. You can have all of them, in due time, that is."

By the time the waiter served us, s**ual frustration was killing me. I had to cross my legs tightly. Valdo didn't even seem to notice. He took his gentle time, taking small scoops of ice-cream at a time. If I didn't know any better, I'd think he was deliberately trying to tempt me.

"If you continue looking at me like that your ice-cream is going to melt."

I looked down at my ice-cream that was slowly melting. It looked amazing, and I didn't want to waste it because it cost over ten dollars. I pushed my sp*** in the bowl, then lifted it to my lips.

I moaned, intentionally. "This is good." I look up at Valdo to see his reaction, and he was smiling down at the bowl.

"Mhmm..so good." I murmured. I removed the sp*** from my lips then ran my tongue over it slowly. I bit my lips and placed the sp*** back in the container. I played around for a while then took another bite into the cold goodness. "Wow, this is the real meaning of pleasure."

Valdo lifted his hands and called over the waiter. I smirked, knowing my plan worked.

"Could we get these packed up, please? We'd like to leave now."

She nodded, "Sure. I'll go for the containers and your bill" then she turned, leaving us alone again.

I looked at Valdo and smirk, "I thought we had all the time in the world?"

He looked at me with pa**ion in his eyes, "Don't tempt me, woman."

I chuckled, "I wouldn't dare."

The waiter came back with the containers for us. Valdo and I quickly placed our ice-cream and cake in them. He took out his wallet and placed two hundred dollars in the cheque book.

"Keep the change," he said to the waiter then stood up. I followed suit, extremely happy that he was giving in to the burning desires.

We were back at the hotel in less than twenty minutes.

As soon as the door shut behind us, Valdo gathered me up in his arms and pressed his lips to mine. He gently laid me on the bed and started kissing me slowly and tenderly yet hot as hell.

"You shouldn't tempt a man like that in public." I moved his lips from my mine and placed it on my neck

I giggled, "You managed to control yourself."

"Barely." As he kissed my neck, I couldn't help but moan. "Music to my ears," he whispered then suddenly my cellphone started ringing.

"Ignore it." I did but instead of stopping on the first ring, it continued.

I sighed, "Whoever it is, they don't seem like giving up."

Valdo groaned.

We reluctantly pulled away. I lifted my bag off the ground and took the cellphone from it. "It's my mom."

I frowned and answered the phone with concern and fear running through me. I placed the call on speaker, "Hey, mom. How are you? Is everything okay? Is

Jamaica okay?" I spoke to my mother an hour before our date, and everything was okay, so why was she calling when she knew we were on a date."

"I'm okay. Jamaica is okay. Eric is okay."

I frowned, "So, what's up?"

"William is in New York. He came by the apartment a few minutes ago. Thank God, Eric was here. I don't know what he would have done if I had been alone. He's dangerous Jacky. He's lost his mind. I don't want to break up your honeymoon, but I need you here. We need to find a way to get him out of our lives. Please come home."

I looked, and Valdo in silence as tears ran down my face. Why was William behaving like this? Why couldn't he just give up?

Valdo took the phone from my hands, "We'll be home before the day ends, Gizelle. Stay safe. Eric will protect you. Goodnight." he hung up to phone then pulled me in a hug. "It's going to be okay. He won't hurt you, and he definitely won't get the chance to hurt Jamaica."

"What if..What if..."

"Shh..he won't hurt you. Not over my dead body."