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Uvaldo's POV

I took a deep breath and let my eyes travel over my Jakoby. She had my white apron wrapped tightly around her body. Her long dark hair was in a messy bun at the top of her head. She was dancing to a song while holding a sp***. She looked heavenly.

My body tightens in response. I walked up behind her and wrapped my hands around her waist. "Hey," I whispered then kissed her cheek lightly.

Her body relaxed when she realised it was only me, "I didn't hear you come in."

"That's because you were having a mini-concert in here," I placed my head on her neck and inhaled her sweet scent.

"I'm just trying to enjoy myself while I prepare the food to cook." Chopped onions, peppers and some other laid on the counter.

I kissed her neck and asked, "What are you cooking?"

"Bake chicken with mashed potatoes and some veggies," she answered.

"Hmm..sounds good." I loved mashed potatoes, and I'd love it even more when she cooked it for me.

"I haven't started as yet." she ran her fingers against my biceps. "How was your day?"

"Amazing. I couldn't wait to come home and tell you the good news."

"What good news?" she asked.

I pulled away from her and turned her around to face me. "We won."

She frowned at me, confused. "Won what?"

"William received the results. He's accepted that he isn't Jamaica's father. He won't try to take her away from us anymore." I chose my words wisely. Even though William won't try and take Jamaica, it didn't guarantee he wouldn't try and pull another one of his crazy stunts.

A big smile spread across her face at the news. She jumped, yelling, "Yes! Yes! Yes!" When she was calmed down, she wrapped her arms around me in a hug. "We won, Valdo. We won," she muttered in my neck. "He won't try to take our baby away." She pulled away from me and looked into my eyes, "Does that mean you'll be cancelling the adoption?"

I frowned at her.

Cancelling the adoption?

"Why would I do that?" I asked.

She bent her head to my chest to avoid eye contact, "Well, You only married me because you wanted to help me secure a future for Jamaica. So you could become her legal father and get William out of our lives."

I placed my hands under her chin and lifted her face to mine, "Is that what you believe?" She really couldn't tell how crazy she drove me when I was around her?

"Wasn't that why you married me?" she asked, somewhat confused.

I shook my head, "No, of course not." I love Jamaica dearly, but I would have never married solely to become her legal father.

"Why did you marry me then if not to help me?" She looked at me, brooding.

I smiled at her, "I married you for one reason and one reason only."

"What's that?"

"I'm completely and utterly in love with you Jakobia. That's why I married you. Jamaica is just a bonus." I loved her mommy so much that I wanted to be her daddy.

She looked at me, shocked, "You do?"

I nod, "I've been in love with you from the first time I laid eyes on you. It was fate, the way you found your way back to me."

She covered her lips with her two hands, "You love me?" she asked again, not quite believing my confession.

I took her hands from her face and look down at her, "I love you."

She laughed and bit her lips, "I love you too, Valdo."

I looked at her, shocked at her confession, "You do?"

She nodded, "Yes, I do. So much, so so much." she stepped closer to me, then hugged me. She rested her head on my chest. "I don't know when it happened; I just know I do."

"Maybe it's when we first met, like me." Something lit inside me when we collided maybe it was the same for her.

She laughed and shook her head, "No. I thought you were a serial killer or someone who was after my baby."

I chuckled, "I'm not offended. From your point of view, I can see why you would think that of me when we first met." I wasn't subtle when I asked her to move in with me. It wasn't normal to ask a stranger to move in with you without any confirmation about who they really are.

"After that terrible night in the park, you were the one I came running to. Something led me to you. So I guess even if I thought you were a serial killer, at that moment, it didn't matter." she placed her hands on my cheek, "Then I started getting to know you. You are way too nice to be a serial killer. Eventually, I just got used to the idea that you were really a genuine person."

I chuckled, "So you're really in love with me?" I had to ask. Sometimes gratitude gets mistaken for love. I didn't want that to be the case with us.

She nodded with a grin, "I do. You're my boy."

"Is Jamaica asleep?"

She smiled, "Yup. Put her to bed around five minutes ago, just before I started chopping up the seasonings."

I smiled and placed my lips lightly over hers, "Great. We won't be disturbed." I captured her lips with my own and kissed her gently. "I've been waiting to do this all day." I murmured honestly. I couldn't wait to leave the office and come home to her.

I kissed my way slowly down to her neck and bite the area slowly, "You smell so good."

I pulled her closer and wrapped my hands around her waist. She moaned, and I smiled. She had a weakness for neck kisses. She slowly ran her hand over my suit. She tugged on my jacket, trying to pull it off my shoulder.

I pulled away, "We should take this to the bedroom." before she got a chance to respond, I swept her up in my arms. She chuckled and rested her head on my chest. I carried her to our bedroom and placed her on the ground.

I wrapped my hands around her waist and untied the apron, then I moved to the back of her neck and released the final knot. I pulled the apron away from her and threw it across the room. I did all that without moving my eyes from hers.

She smiled then moved her hands under my jacket and pushed it off my shoulder. I moved my hand away from her body and pulled the jacket off completely.

“Have I ever told you how handsome you looked in a suit?” she asked, smiling up at me.

I returned her smile and bend to her ears, “I look even better without one.”

She giggled, “Then let’s get you out of it.” She placed her hands on my shirt and started pulling it from my pants. She looked at me as she released the b***ons. She placed her hands on my tie, “I helped you put it on, and now I’m going to take it off.”

I chuckled at her words and watched as she removed my tie and shirt in a swift motion. She sighed and noticed my undershirt, “Why do you have on so many clothes?”

“Let me help you.” I moved away from her and quickly removed my remaining clothes.

She bit her lips and looked at my naked form. “Now I’m wearing too much.”

I smirked, “That can easily be undone.” I pulled her close to me and lifted her dress over her body and threw it across the room.

I took a deep breath and looked down at her. She was still wearing her bra and p*****, but she looked unbelievably s**y. I pressed her against my chest then removed her bra. I cupped her warm breast and groaned. I bent my head and replaced my hands with my lips.

She moaned and placed her hands in my hair. “I need you now.”

I groaned at her words. I knew exactly how she felt. Ever since our wedding I've been holding back from fully satisfying both of our needs. It killed us a little each time we made love without actually joining our bodies.

"Jakoby," the words barely left my mouth. "I don't think I can take it anymore. I need to be inside you." She moved her hands off my chest and placed it on my throbbing erection. "Don't. I don't think I can manage it."

"I want you inside me." I groaned at her words.

I've never wanted anyone as much I wanted the woman currently in front of me.

My hands trailed down her body and cupped her b*** in my hands. I pressed my erection on her to make her feel how much I needed her.

I placed my hands in her p**** and pushed it down her thighs. I placed my hand between her thighs, "You're so wet."

I held her hands and walked her over to the bed. I gently laid her down and then laid on top of her.

"You have no idea how long I've wanted to make you mine," I said, looking down at her beautiful face.

She wrapped her arms around my neck and pulled me closer to her, "Then make me yours."

"In time." As much I wanted to make her mine. I wanted her to remember this experience for as long as she lived.

I lowered my lips to hers and gave her a pa**ionate kiss. She accepted the kiss with the same pa**ion, and I loved it.

I loved the way she responded to me and the way her small body melted into mine.

I removed my lips from hers then trailed hot sensual kisses down her neck until I reached her breast. I took a n***** in my mouth and s***led then I flicked my tongue over her areola to tease her.

"Valdo." She groaned. My fingers played with her c*** as I s***led her breast.

Her body squirmed beneath mine. "Please don't hold back." she pleaded.

"I don't want to hurt you." She had given birth to Jamaica more than six weeks ago. Her doctor had cleared her and put her on birth control, but I was still afraid of hurting her. She was too small.

She shook her head, "You won't. I was made for you."

I groaned at her words and kissed her lips. "I'll be gentle."

I held her waist as I gently eased my shaft into her entrance. She gasped as I slowly slid into her, inch by inch. She let out a long groan and squeeze my bottom, pulling closer to her. "Don't stop."

I groaned as her tight walls accepted me. I started moving slowly so she could get accustomed to my size. In no time, our hips began moving in unison, and my thrusts increase. She clung to me, her legs locked around my waist.

She called out my name as she climaxed and it didn't take long for mine to follow.

I rolled off her naked body and gathered her up against my chest while our breathing gradually returned to normal.

"That was.."

"Incredible!!" she said, finishing my sentence with a giggle. She lifted her head from my chest and kissed my cheeks, "I love you."

I smiled and looked into her chocolate coloured eyes, "I love you too."

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"Good morning, husband," I said squeezing Valdo's b*** cheeks. I wrapped my hands around his waist and rested my head on his back.

He chuckled, "Good morning, wife." He turned around and gave me a soft kiss. "How did you sleep?"

"It was short, my husband kept me up all night, but I'm not complaining." It's been a week since we consummated our marriage and we've made love every night since. It was too good not to. The best thing was that every time we made love, it got better and better.

He chuckled, "You can spend the whole day resting."

I shook my head, "No. I promised Hannah I'd come by the Center. Can you drop me there on your way to work please?" I asked, looking into his enchanting blue eyes. I haven't been to the Center in a while, and it would be good for me to see the girls again.

"Of course," he rubbed his hands down my arm, "What do you want for breakfast?"

"You." I wanted him all day, every day.

He grinned, "You're such a bad girl." he placed his lips on mine and kissed me softly then pulled away. "I wish I could spend the entire day with you, but I don't have much time to spare. I have a meeting at eight." Valdo was very strict when it came to his business meetings and other people's time and I admired that about him.

I ran my hands over his chest, "Okay, so let's skip homemade breakfast and satisfy our other needs, we can share a shower, and on our way, we can pick up breakfast at a McDonald's drive-thru. That should give us around thirty minutes, less if Jamaica wakes up." Somehow we've always successfully made love when Jamaica was asleep. She's never bothered us while we were engaging in the act, but they were plenty of times she kept us busy doing other things.

He laughed, "You have a solution for everything." He picked me up, bridal style and carried me into our bedroom.

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As correctly calculated, we got thirty minutes of pleasure. Jamaica is a good baby for waking up when we were getting ready. It didn't take long for us to get her

ready as well. As planned, we got breakfast at a McDonald's drive-thru, and we ate on the way to the Center.

The last time I ate McDonald's was when I was homeless. There were times when I only could afford an Egg McMuffin and a small peppermint tea for breakfast, and there were times when I couldn't afford breakfast at all.

If being homeless for six months taught me anything, it sure taught me how to be grateful in life. My mother wasn't rich, but she made sure breakfast was on the table every morning. I never knew the value of her sacrifices until I was alone and homeless with food and shelter.

Valdo parked his car outside the Center and turned to me, "Can you ask Zuria to drop you home? My meetings might last longer than expected."

"Sure." Zuria is a sweetheart, and I knew she wouldn't hesitate to bring me home if I asked her.

"What would you like for dinner tonight?" As his wife, I tried to make sure I had his dinner ready for him when he got home. Sometimes we switch the roles, and he'd prepare dinner.

"I was thinking we could ask your mom to babysit Jamaica and we go out for dinner."

I smiled, "That sounds great. Should I wear casual or date clothes?"

He shrugged, "It doesn't matter what you wear. You look gorgeous in everything. I'll pick you up directly after work so I'll still be in my suit."

“Okay.” I chirped. “I’ll surprise you.” Valdo’s favourite colour is red, and he’d go crazy when I wore red undies, I might be able to get the same response from him with a red dress.

He smiled and checked his watch, “I have to go now.” He leaned over and kissed me softly, “I love you.”

I smile. I’ll never get tired of hearing him say those words. “I love you too.”

I pulled the seat belt and opened the pa**enger door. I exit the car and close the door. I opened the back door and lifted Jamaica’s carrier out of the car seat then I took up her diaper bag. I close the door and stepped away from the car.

“Drive safe,” I commanded my husband.

He waited for Jamaica and I to enter the building, before driving off.

I grinned.

God was so good to me.

He gave me the best husband any woman could ask for. Valdo loves me, and it wasn’t just his words that a**ured me. It was his actions.

I walked in the building, ready to spread my happiness. But something was different. The mood of the room was dense instead of its regular welcoming mood.

The smile was slowly wiped from my face when I noticed the look on everyone's face. Emily was crying and shaking her head. Zuria had her head bent, and Hannah was talking to them both.

"What's wrong?" I asked, walking farther into the room.

Hannah lifted her head, "Christina is gone. She's no longer with us." I could see the hurt and pain in her eyes.

I frowned, "What do you mean by gone?"

"Her parents moved her to Canada. They said we weren't motivating her to give up the baby, that we were encouraging her to keep the baby. They cut all connections we have with her. We have no idea where they took her." I heard the pain in her voice as she spoke and something in me sank.

I took a seat in one of the chairs. Christina and I had become close these past few months. She always found a way to smile, even though she was sad. She never wanted to give her baby up, but her parents were pressuring her.

"Why would they do such a thing?" I asked rhetorically.

"They don't want her to keep the baby. They think that her keeping the baby will ruin her future." Emily answered.

Fourteen-year-olds get pregnant all the time. It wasn't the end of the world. They were so many options for her if she decided to keep the baby.

Life doesn't end after having a child.

But why did they move her to a different country?

All her friends were here. Why would they take her away from persons who loved her? People who only wanted the best for her? People who could set great examples?

I looked around the room, "Did any of you get to speak to her before she left?"

"She called," Hannah responded. "Around 2 am last night, she called me begging me not to let them take her away, but I couldn't do anything. I had no area where she was. When I called her parents, they told me we were ruining their daughter's life. They took away her phone after that." How were we ruining her life? She came to the Center to learn a skill while she was out of school. She was great at baking and even better at painting.

"How could they be so cruel?"

"They're a super religious family. It was a shame to have their young daughter get pregnant in the first place. It would be a disgrace to let her keep the girl that was born out of wedlock. I was somewhat in the same situation, but my family didn't want me around. They told me to leave." Hannah had told me her story, and it was a sad one. It's so sad what persons could do in the name of religion.

Religion should have motivated them to draw closer to their child instead of further.

"It's never good to be extremely strict to a child," Zuria muttered.

"It's never good to be too loose either," Hannah stated.

"I never had parents so I wouldn't know." I looked at Zuria with my eyebrows raised, what did she mean by that? "I grew up in Foster homes, one after the other. I was just a paycheque." She added when she noticed our looks. This was the first time she's told us anything about her past other than having a dead husband.

"I was homeless, too, for four years, actually." She looked at me, "That's why I can relate to you. I was a homeless teen, minus the pregnant part." I could hardly believe Zuria had been a homeless teen. She was so well kept. I was even more curious to know her story now. How did she make it? "My husband, Gabrielle, saved my life."

"Like how Valdo saved me?"

She chuckled, "Something like that."

"I'm going to miss that kid." Emily expressed with a sigh. "I hope they treat her well in Canada. I hope she heals from this and I really hope that we get to see her again one day."

"I hope so too." Hannah stood from her seat, "I really do."

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"What was your husband like?" I asked. Zuria's life was so mysterious, and I wanted to know more.

"Well," Zuria glanced at me, "He was a very cold and calculated man. He liked giving commands. He liked being in charge. He didn't like big gatherings." she

paused, "If you're talking about physical features he was extremely handsome, I mean like drop-dead gorgeous. He had thick dark hair. His eyes were like midnight."

I frowned at her. He didn't sound anything like Valdo. "Did you love him?"

She smiled, "Very much."

I didn't understand. Apart from his good looks, he seems very toxic. How could she have loved a man like that? She's so sweet, completely opposite from her husband. "Why?"

Was it possible to love someone who was cruel and demanding?

"When I met him, I needed someone like him in my life. My life was out of control, and he fixed it. He taught me how to control my emotions and so many other things." she shrugged. "It never bothered me that he was a d*** to most people because he was romantic, pa**ionate and caring when it came to me." She sighed, "The only problem I had with him was that he never expressed his feelings. We were married for years, and he never once told me he loved me. It was something I needed because I grew up without love. Not knowing how to love and not being loved by anyone. The only person who has ever told me 'I love you' is my son." I heard the pain in her voice.

I looked at her smile, "I love you, Zuria." Zuria was an amazing woman, and it was hard no to love her. She deserved to know that she was loved.

She chuckled, "I love you, Jakobia."

"You are.." I didn't get to finish my sentence because something crashed into the back of the car. I looked behind us at the car that had hit us, "It's not stopping, why isn't it stopping?" I looked back at Zuria, but she was looking straight ahead, increasing her speed. "Why aren't you stopping?"

"That was not an accident." She said, looking straight ahead.

"It wasn't?" I asked with a frown. Someone intentionally hit the back of her car?

Even though Zuria was driving faster, the car managed to catch up and slammed in us a second time, this time waking up Jamaica and Alessandro. Jamaica started screaming; I turn to look at my screaming baby. Alessandro was frightened by her cries, and so he began to cry as well.

My heart was pounding. I wanted to hug her in my arms until she stopped crying.

Why was someone trying to run us off the road?

Zuroia removed her right hands from the steering wheel and started dialling a number through the car phone.

"To what do I owe this pleasure?" A male voice with an Italian accent came through the speakers.

"What's going on, Niccolo?" Zuria asked furiously.

"I'm good, Bella. Thanks for asking." after a pause, he continued, "Why is Alessandro crying?"

"Someone's trying to run me off the road, Niccolo. I have two kids in the car with me." I could tell Zuria was trying her best to keep calm, but her anger was obvious.

"Che Cosa, who's is trying to run you off the road?" he asked with concern laced in his voice. Was he a relative of hers?

Nah, she was an orphan. She didn't have a family, but maybe her husband did.

Giovanni was an Italian name.

"I don't know, Niccolo. That's why I'm asking you. What have you done this time?" This time? This isn't the first time someone tried to run her off the road? Was Niccolo mixed up in something bad? Was that the reason someone was trying to run us off the road?

"I haven't done anything! I don't know why someone would do that." the car slammed into us again. He heard the slam, "Cazzo! Where are you?" he barked.

"I'm at the Bowery and Smith," she answered calmly. How can she be so calm in a situation like this?

"I'll send someone." Niccolo ended the call.

Was he a policeman?

Zuria took a deep breath and placed her hand back on the steering wheel. "I'm sorry. You should never have to experience something like this."

I wanted to tell her it was okay, but it wasn't. My heart was pounding, and my baby was crying.

"Sandro, Calmati. Please stop crying. Everything will be okay. Andra tutto bene." She assured her son looking in the rear-view mirror. My eyes widen. I didn't know Zuria spoke Italian.

I looked at the woman beside me. There were so many things I didn't know about her and her past. It made me even more scared. Zuria drove a Mercedes Benz. She wore expensive-looking clothes. She's never complained about money. In fact, I've seen her giving money to Emily a few times. She was a single mom. Where did all that money come from?

The car slammed into us again. The impact was so hard I hit my head on my glass. I groaned in pain.

"I'm sorry," Zuria muttered.

I turned to look at the children. They were still in place, thanks to the car seats. I looked through the back glass and looked at the car that was doing the damage. It was around five meters away from us. It was a black Subaru. As the vehicle approached closer, the driver's figure became clearer.

My heart froze when I got a glance at the driver's face.

I turned around quickly and looked ahead, "It's not you." I look at Zuria. "The person who is trying to run us off the road is William."

"What?"

"William, Jamaica's father. He's the one driving the black Subaru." We hadn't heard from William after he received the DNA results. I really thought he had given up but apparently not.

He was trying to kill me.

Hot tears streamed down my cheeks.

I'm going to die.

My crazy psychotic ex is going to kill me.

Zuria noticed the tears and placed her right hand on my leg, "You're going to be okay. I won't let him hurt you." As much her words had well-meaning, William was trying to kill everyone in the car and not just me.

Zuria turned the car onto a new street at the stop and continued driving at high speed. I looked behind me thinking that we had finally lost him, but William didn't give up. He was still behind us.

"God! Talk about crazy ex-boyfriends!" she said, trying to lighten the mood but I didn't laugh. William was indeed crazy. He wouldn't leave me the hell alone. For the first time in my life, I had everything I've ever wanted, a happy family, but William wouldn't let me be happy.

He's trying to ruin everything in my life and for what?

William's car slammed into the side of Zuria's, this time causing the car to swerve off the road and into a tree. The airbags of the vehicle deployed as our bodies went forward. I felt a stinking pain into my head, and that was the last time I remembered before pa**ing out.

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"I want to see my wife. I want to see my wife." I lifted my head and opened my eyes when I heard Valdo's voice.

"I'm in here," I shouted.

A sense of peace flowed through me when Valdo opened the door, and my eyes met his. He walked over to me and hugged me. "I came as soon as I heard." he pulled away and cupped my cheeks, "How are you? How is Jamaica? How is Zuria? How is Alessandro?" he looked around the room that had a few other empty beds, "Where are they?"

I placed my hand on his shoulders, "I'm fine. Jamaica is fine. Zuria hurt her foot; the nurses are patching it up for her now. Alessandro is okay. They have him and Jamaica at the children's ward. They want to make sure they weren't hurt in the accident. We're all okay. The doctor said that we could go home once they've done with Zuria and the kids."

He sighed and looked at me, "I was terrified when the hospital called. They didn't give me much information, all they told me was that you were run off the road." he cupped my cheeks and looked into my eyes, "I thought I had lost you."

I shook my head, "No. I'm right here."

He placed his lips over mine and kissed me softly. He pulled away and looked into my eyes, "I love you."

"I love you too." I wrapped my arms around him tightly.

"Who would do something like that?"

I tensed and pulled away from him, "It was William."

"What?" he tensed and looked at me with a frown.

"I saw his face through the back gla**. He's the one responsible." Valdo pulled away from me and stood up.

He walked around the room with his hand in a fist. He was angry. It was a side of him I never knew. His behaviour was completely justified. William was out of control. He almost killed us today.

"I've had enough of him." he took a deep breath. "He's taken his obsessive behaviour too far. I'm going to kill him."

"Not if I kill him first."

Valdo and I turned to look at who entered the room.

"Niccolo."

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Niccolo," Valdo muttered.

I frowned and look at the man that entered the room. My eyes widen.

He was, without a doubt, one of the most appealing men I've ever seen. He had black hair and caramel brown eyes. He was tall, and his body was similar to that of an athlete. Everything about him screamed male model, but he gave off a dangerous vibe.

I shook my head. I should not be admiring another man in front of my husband.

Niccolo looked at Valdo, "Hello, old friend." He walked over to me and lifted my left hand and kissed it. "You must be Jakobia. Valdo and I go way back. I was sad when he didn't invite me to his wedding." he smiled, "Which is understandable, I would have stolen his wife, if he did." I recognised his voice immediately. His Italian accent was unmatched to any of the ones I've heard before.

Valdo sighed, "What are you doing here, Niccolo?" How did Valdo know this man? Based on the conversation I overheard in the car, he didn't seem like the type of person Valdo would know, but then again, Valdo's business made him interact with people of all sorts.

Niccolo removed his attention from me and looked at Valdo, "That silly boy almost killed two Giovannis. It's not something to take lightly. Speaking about Giovannis, where are they?"

"Zuria is getting st**ched up, her foot was hurt, and Alessandro is down by the Children's Ward. They're both okay." I answered.

He tilted his head and smiled at me, "Thank you." This man was no doubt, a womaniser. He was the type of man who could have any girl he wanted because he was not only handsome but incredibly charming.

He looked at Valdo, "I respect you Valdo, always have. My sources say he's your wife's ex." he glanced at me, "I'd fight for a beauty like her too." he looked back at Valdo, "I know you won't hurt the boy, it's not who you are. I can't have him putting my family in danger again so I'll deal with him, but you'll owe me one." He never allowed Valdo to respond. He winked at me then left the room.

"Who is he?" I asked.

"That's Niccolo Giovanni. He's Zuria's brother-in-law."

That made sense, "But how do you know him?" Zuria barely spoke about her family.

"Remember the mafia group I told about?"

I nod.

"Niccolo's father is the leader." my eyes widen at his words. It all made sense now. Zuria's husband was apart of the mafia, and that's why he got shot fifteen times. That's why she thought that today's attack was meant for her. That's why she was so rich. She was a member of a mafia family.

"Do you think that he's going to kill William?" I asked after a few seconds of silence.

Valdo shrugged, "Niccolo is unpredictable. We'll just have to wait and see." He walked over to me and wrapped his arms around me. "As much as I can't stand Niccolo. I'd rather do him a favour rather than have William come after you again. William is a psychopath, and he needs to be stopped."

"What if he asks you to kill someone?" I asked worriedly.

"He won't. The Giovanni Family has hundreds of men who would willingly kill for them." he rubbed my back gently, "Don't worry. Niccolo won't ask me to do anything illegal." I'm not so sure. The man was apart is a member of a mafia family, nothing about him screamed legal. Yet again, Zuria was also apart of that family, and she was one of the sweetest people I've had the pleasure of meeting. She was angry when talking to Niccolo, which could mean that she had nothing to do with the illegal side of the family.

The door was pushed open. My mother, Hannah and Kevin, walked in.

"You're okay." my mom said weakly.

Valdo moved out of my arms and gave way to my mother. She wrapped her arms around me and started crying. "I can't lose you, not again." her voice trembling as she spoke.

"You won't lose me, ma." she pulled away and kissed my forehead.

"Alton was a toxic town, but we never had to worry about people trying to run us off the road." She muttered.

"Mom." She deserved to know that this wasn't an accident.

"Yes," she answered.

"It was William. He was trying to kill me." The more I repeated those words, the more I realised how crazy William was. I did nothing to him.

“What!” Kevin shook his head, “That boy is getting out of hand, we’ll need to get a restraining order against him.”

Hannah shook her head, “Restraining orders aren’t always effective. Norma, a mom who was a regular at the Center, filed one against her ex. He killed her two days after.”

My mom tensed in my arms, “He won’t get to hurt me again.” I assured her.

“How do you know that?” my mother asked.

“Zuria was the one driving the car. Her son was also in the car.” Valdo replied, but it wasn’t the answer my mom wanted, “Zuria was married to a Don. Her family is the biggest Italian mafia in New York. Her brother-in-law just left. He’s going to make William pay for putting his nephew’s life in danger.”

“The Giovanni’s?” Kevin questioned. Valdo responded with a nod. “He’s dead meat. The Giovanni family is all about family, and they don’t believe in hurting women and children.” I looked at Kevin surprised that he would know about a mafia family. His other words started to register a few seconds after.

Giovanni

Protect Woman and Children.

The memory of the night in the park came back to me.

He lifted his gun and pointed it straight at my head as he did with the man in the hoody. It seemed like everything was happening in slow motion.

I started to whimper. "Please.." I begged with my eyes closed. But it was no use. He pushed the hammer down. Before he could pull the trigger, one of the other men spoke.

"She's just a child, and she's pregnant." he sighed. "If Don Giovanni hears about this, he will not be pleased. We don't kill women and children."

"The men who robbed me worked for The Giovannis." I voiced my thought.

"Huh?" Valdo asked with a frown.

"I remember, they only let me go because Don Giovanni doesn't believe in killing woman and children."

"Sounds about right," Kevin said.

Valdo look at me, "So we're together because some of Niccolo's gang members let you go?" Valdo chuckled, "I guess I should thank the b***** after all."

I smile at his words.

"So no more William?" my mother asked.

Valdo smiled at her, "No more William."

"What about his father?" she questioned.

Eric walked into the room, "He was arrested last week for fraud." he gave my mother a strange look before turning to me.

"How are you feeling?"

I smiled, "I'm okay. How did you find out about the attack?"

He looked at my mother, "A very concerned mother called saying you might need a lawyer."

"Not anymore. William caused the accident. Zuria was in the car." Valdo inserted.

Eric raised his brows, "Zuria Giovanni? Gabriele's wife?"

"That's the one."

"Well, your problem is solved. Zuria Giovanni is forbidden territory. Gabriele might be dead, but he's still protecting his wife. She's worth billions. Why do you think she's been single ever since his death? She's the one protecting all his wealth. She's the real criminal mastermind."

I frowned, "What do you mean?" Zuria was sweet and friendly.

"She's one of the best computer programmers in the world," he answered.

"How do you know all that?" Valdo asked.

"She was my foster sister for two years." The whole room went silent, and by the look on Valdo's face, he didn't know about their relationship either. "She was twelve when she moved in with us. We became friends in the two years, but after I left for college she had a massive argument with my parents, and she was transferred to somewhere else. Her new foster parents were dealing with some Russians, and they found out that she could program. She had to run away to protect herself. Too many people found out about her talent, and they wanted to exploit her. She had to be constantly moving until she met Gabriele. His family was the only one powerful enough to protect her from the Russians."

"Wow, that's a handful," I whispered.

"She's been through a lot," he added.

"You seem close to her." my mother added. I could hear the jealousy in her voice.

Eric looked at my mom, "She's my little sister, and I'm Alessandro's godfather."

"Wow, you just opened a whole closet of things I didn't know about Zuria," Hannah mumbled.

Eric turned to her, "She's still the same selfless Zuria. I shared her story because all of you deserve to know what she's gone through. Who she really is. She's no longer involved in the business affairs of the Giovanni Family. She got clean once Gabriele died."

"But they still protect her."

"Of course. She's produced an heir for their emperor. They'll always protect her."

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I smiled into the camera for the tenth time.

Valdo sighed and removed the camera from his face. "She still didn't look or smile."

I took a deep breath and released it, "Well, we can cross model off the list of professions that she'll be interested when she gets older." For the past thirty minutes, Valdo and I have been trying to take a picture of Jamaica. She smiled for the first time this morning when Valdo went to pick her up. I missed her first smile, but Valdo was convinced she smile again soon. So we put on our best clothes and took out the digital camera.

She hasn't smiled once.

"I think I should try. Maybe she likes me more." Valdo joked.

"If she liked you more she wouldn't have been crying for my breast forty-five minutes ago."

Valdo smirked, "Those are some good breasts." he winked, "We both know she isn't the only one who has cried for those breasts."

My face turned a shade of pink, and I laughed, "Can you just take the photo, please?"

“Okay, I’ll try a few more times but if she still doesn’t smile we’ll have to find another solution.” Valdo placed the camera over his eyes.

My jaws were hurting from all the smiling, but I tried to smile one more time.

“Perfect,” he whispered.

“Did she smile?” I moved my head and looked down at Jamaica. Her face was still expressionless.

“No, she didn’t, but you did, and your smile is perfect,” he responded.

I rolled my eyes and smiled. “This won’t work. We’ll have to wait until she gets older.”

He shrugged, “Okay, fine. It’s my time to take pictures with her.” Valdo walked towards me and gently lifted Jamaica out of my arms. When she was securely in his arms, I gave him the seat.

I looked at him, “Fix your shoulders and tilt your head to the right a bit.”

“Mhmm...I love it when you boss me around.”

I chuckled.

Where did I get this man from?

"You're a trouble maker."

Valdo started moving one of his eyebrows up and down, "You're the only person I trouble."

I shook my head and lifted the camera off the stand.

"Smile for the camera." I lifted the camera and placed it over my eyes. I look through the lens as it focused. "One...Two...Three." As I pressed the b***on on three, a big smile came on Jamaica's face.

I lift the camera away from my face with a big grin on my face. "She smiled! Valdo, she smiled!" I laughed and started looking for the photo I just took on the camera.

I smiled at the photo.

Jamaica and Valdo were both smiling at the camera. I walked over to him and showed him the picture.

He chuckled, "I told you she likes me more."

"She smiled because she was looking at me."

Valdo shrugged, "Whatever makes you happy."

I turned the timer on the camera to fifteen seconds, then placed it on the tripod.
"Time for all three of us."

I quickly sat beside Valdo and wrapped my arms around his waist.

I heard the click, which meant the photo was taken. I moved back to the camera and looked at the picture.

"Beautiful," I whispered. I walked over to Valdo and showed him the picture.

"We can have that blown up and displayed in our house."

I looked at him, "We haven't got a house."

"I.." Valdo didn't finish his statement because my phone started ringing.

I moved away from Valdo and walked over to the table where my phone lay.

It was my mother calling.

I lifted the phone to my ears, "Hi, mom."

"Are you watching the news?" she asked immediately.

"No," I said with a frown. I haven't watched the news in months.

"Put your TV on CNN right now."

"Why?" What's so special about CNN at this time?

"Just do it."

"Okay." I took the Tv remote from the side table and turned on the Tv. Surprisingly it was already on CNN.

"William Morgan, son of Ohio millionaire George Morgan was found by police in his apartment, having multiple gunshot and stab wounds, and his limbs were severely broken. He was taken to the hospital and is reported to be in critical condition.

Street cameras showed that previously Morgan had been involved in a car chase, wherein witnesses state that he had attempted to harm Zuria Giovanni, the wife of suspected gang leader, the late Gabriele Giovanni. Although Zuria and the other passengers were taken to the hospital with minor injuries, during the chase, Morgan reportedly struck 32 year old Maria Vasquez, killing her instantly in the crash. At the time, Vasquez was also 5 months pregnant. It is suspected that perhaps William Morgan was attacked in retaliation by angry residents after the killing of Mrs. Vasquez. Here's what the residents had to say:

"I can't believe she's gone. Every time I passed, she always smiles at me. She was a sweet and loving individual."

The camera turned to a man whose eyes were filled with tears, "She was pregnant with my baby. We were going to move. I got a house to rent yesterday."

he bawled, "We weren't gonna be homeless anymore." The pain on his face was heartbreaking.

My tears ran down my face. I felt his pain. Just when he thought his life was going improve, William took his girlfriend and his baby away.

Maria was pregnant and homeless, just like I was a few months ago.

That could have happened to me.

I could have lost my life because of someone crazy.

The clip went back to the news channel, "William will face with multiple charges, including double murder and attempted murder. If Morgan survives will face a minimum of fifty years in prison. This is Antoniette Miller reporting for CNN news."

Valdo switched off the tv and pulled me in his arms. "Shh...It's okay. He won't ever hurt you or anyone ever again."

I wrapped my hands around his neck and cried. My heart was hurting, not for me but for the innocent who died while he was trying to kill me. I'm the reason why an innocent homeless pregnant women died.

"I know what you're thinking, and you're wrong. It's not your fault. If he wasn't driving recklessly, then she wouldn't have died. Don't blame yourself."

It was hard not to, but I tried.

William was a psychopath, and if he had valued life, then he wouldn't have tried to kill me. He wouldn't have sped away when he hit Maria. He would have tried to help her, brought her to the hospital. He had no sympathy.

They should have killed him.

After a few minutes, I calmed down and pulled away from Valdo. "Why did Niccolo not kill him?" If Niccolo was so dangerous, why didn't he just kill William?"

Valdo ran his hands through my hair, "Niccolo has a sense of humour. He likes to see people suffer. If William survives, then he'll spend life in prison, a prison that Niccolo will most likely choose. If he survives, he'll be tortured every day as long as he lives."

That sounded good to me.

"I never want to see him ever again."

"You won't," he assured.

I sighed. We were so happy ten minutes ago.

"What's wrong?"

"We went from talking about blowing up pictures to talking about William. He always tries to find a way to break our special moments even when he's not here." I hated him. I hope he dies, but I also hope he suffers.

He deserves it after all he's done.

"Let's forget about William."

I closed my eyes for a second then opened it. "Forgotten." If my husband wanted me to forget about my ex, then I don't need to hesitate.

"Good," he replied with a smile. "Remember what we were talking about before your mom called?" my eyes widen as the words mom. She must have hung up by now. I'll call her later to apologise.

I nodded at his question, "You were going to say something about a house."

He smiled and nodded, "Yes. I was." he stood, "I'll be right back."

While he was gone, I looked at Jamaica who had fallen asleep on the rug beside me. Thankful that she'll never get to know that crazy man.

Valdo walked back in the room with an envelope in his hands. He took a seat beside me and handed me the envelope.

"What is this?"

"Just open it," he instructed.

I opened the envelope. There was a single sheet in it. I took it out and started reading the words written on it. I lifted my head and looked at my husband.
“Why?”

He smiled, “So you never have to be homeless ever again.”

I smiled and wrapped my arms around his neck. “Thank you.”

He pulled me out of the hug and looked at me, “You can thank me later.”

I smirked, “Oh, I will.” I smiled and looked back at the paper. “Why seven acres, isn’t that huge?”

“Don’t you want our five children to play?”

I chuckled, “You said four the last time.”

“Seeing Jamaica smiled at me this morning made me want more.” He said with a pout.

“So you want me to get pregnant every year then?” I joked.

He shook his head, “No. You’re still young. I want you to finish university first, and then we start having more babies.”

“Maybe I can start university next year.” Jamaica would be old enough to leave at daycare. I still haven’t decided what I wanted to do with life. I have plenty of time to decide my next step.

He shrugged, "Whenever you want. I'll be here to support you. Always."

I looked into his enchanting blue eyes, "I can't wait to start making babies with you."

Valdo smirked then placed his lips over mine. "We can start practising."

Pregnant and Homeless by jollyreaderjennell Epilogue

[/ Pregnant and Homeless by jollyreaderjennell](#)
Five years later.

"Jamaica, take that pillow off Aaron's face right now!"

Jamaica looked up at me from the task of smothering her uncle, but she made no effort to move. "But Mommy, he started it." she pouted. "He called me a baby."

I sighed, "Jamaica, you're hurting him. Please get up." I tried to be as calm as possible; she was five, so she didn't know the harm a pillow can cause.

She lifted the pillow off Aaron's head.

"Apologize," I commanded.

Jamaica looked down at her uncle, "I'm sorry, Aaron."

Aaron smiled at her, "I'm okay, Jammy." he stood and wrapped his arms around her, "I'm sorry too." I smiled at the scene in front of me. Aaron was four, so they have been growing up together.

They were more like brothers and sisters, rather uncle and niece.

"They've been fighting again, haven't they?" Valdo asked, walking into the room.

I nod my head, "It's an every hour occurrence." They couldn't help themselves.

Valdo chuckled and walked over to me. He placed a soft kiss on my lips then bent to place one on my stomach, "Are you gonna fight your big sister when you come?"

"No, daddy. I won't with fight him. I will play with him and kiss him. We're going to have so much fun." Jamaica said giggling. She was super excited to be having a baby brother. She told everyone she met.

"Me too!" Aaron was equally excited. He was getting a boy to play with.

Valdo stood up, "C'mon kids, it's bedtime."

Aaron pouted, "Do we have too?"

Valdo nodded. "Yes, it's past your bedtime."

"When is mommy coming home?" my baby brother asked, looking at me. My mother had a soft spot for Aaron. She'd give in to his pouts and allow him to go to bed later than usual and that's why he was asking for her.

"Your parents will be back today," I answered.

"Yay! I miss daddy and mommy."

"I miss them too, now come on. Let's get to bed." Valdo held his hands out to the kids, and they took it.

"Goodnight, mommy." Jamaica came up and kissed my cheeks.

"Goodnight, Jakky." He followed his niece and placed a kiss on my cheeks as well.

"Goodnight, kids." Then they walked out of the room, leaving me alone.

I looked on the ground that was filled with dolls and toys. There's no way I'm bending to pick up those. Aaron and Jamaica will pick them up first thing in the morning.

I turn and walk towards my bedroom. I took my slippers off and went on the bed. I stared at the ceiling and smiled.

Valdo and I have been married for five years, and it's been the best five years of my life. Never has there been a day when I regret meeting Valdo. There were times when I thought about what might have happened if we never met, but it made me sad. I couldn't imagine life without him.

As promised, Valdo stood by me for four years while I completed my degree in psychology at Columbia University. I graduated with first-class honours six months ago. I now work at the counsel single mothers at the centre.

My life was surrounded by happy people who loved and cared for me.

My mom and Eric were happily married with a kid and one on the way. We were excited when we found out that we were both pregnant at the same time and had conceived our baby the same weekend in Rome.

Hannah and Kevin just finalised the adoption of their three kids. The eldest was Monroe, who was twelve, Jessi, who was nine and Mary-Jane who was five. They were all abandoned at a young age, so they needed the love and protection Hannah, and Kevin could offer them. They were shy at first, but when they realised the love everyone shared for each other, they blend perfectly.

Zuria and her husband gave birth to their third child last week. It was great to see that she took the risk and loved again.

Emily met a charming Italian while we were in Rome. They've been married for six months.

The only sad part was that we still had no idea what happened to Christina.

"What's wrong?" Valdo asked, coming up to me.

I lifted my head and looked at him, "Oh nothing. Just thinking about how everything has changed in the last five years."

He laid on the bed beside me, "You were frowning."

"Oh. I was thinking about Christina. She just disappeared." She would be nineteen now, old enough to get away from her parent's command.

"Would you like me to hired someone to look for her?"

I looked and smiled, "You would do that for me?"

He grinned and moved me to him, "Of course. I'd walk on the sun if you asked me to."

I laughed, "You would die if you even went close to the sun."

"Exactly. I'd die for you."

My heart warmed. I smiled at my husband, "I love you."