

Pregnant and Homeless by jollyreaderjennell chapter 7

For the first time in six months, I woke up with a smile on my face. My neck wasn't cricked, and the muscles in my arms and legs weren't hurting. It was a great feeling. I wasn't in any physical pain, and it felt great.

I slowly pulled myself up and rested my head on the headboard. I looked down at my stomach and smiled, "Good morning, baby girl." and as usual she'll give me a small kick. I felt a rush of emotions. How could I have given this feeling up? The unbreakable bond that I have created with my unborn child was beyond beautiful. Was this how my mother felt when she was pregnant with me? Was that why she worked so hard to make me happy?

I covered my face with my hands, then ran my hands through my hair. Not one day in the six months that did I not think about the look on my mother's face when she found out that I was pregnant. Now I understand why she was so careful with me, and now I understand why she reacted the way she did.

Many times I thought about going back home but I couldn't. I didn't want to see the look in neighbour's eyes. I didn't want my cla**mates to see me like this. I didn't want to be seen as the teen who got pregnant and makes history repeat itself. It didn't want to look in Will's face as he ignores the fact that I was carrying his baby. Most of all, I couldn't take gossip and stares. It would drive me crazy.

I shook my head. Those weren't the thoughts I want to have as soon as I wake up. I looked around the beautiful room one more time. I'm really here. This was real, and it's up to me to make it last until circ**stances change, because they always do.

I pushed my feet off the bed and stood up. The baby was pressing against my bladder, and so I needed to pee every hour or two hours. I quickly walk out of the room and knock on the bathroom door. I entered when I got no response. I quickly lifted the dress and peel down my underwear. I sat on the seat and did the deed. It felt great to release especially sitting down in a bathroom and not bending down in a brush.

I washed my hands before exiting the bathroom. Instead of heading back to my room, I went to the living room.

"Good morning." I jumped and rested my hands on my chest. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to frighten you. Why are you up so early?"

I turned around slowly and looked at Valdo, who was sitting around the round dining table with a laptop in front of him. "Good morning. I'm used to it." I always get up before sunrise. "You?"

"I'm taking the day off working to get you sorted out so I'm just doing the work that I would have done if I went into the office."

I shook my head, "You don't have to do that. I can do it by myself. Just give me the money." I didn't want to be the reason he missed work.

He shook his head, "It's cool. No one will miss me at work."

"Wouldn't your boss say something?"

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He laughed, "I haven't had a boss in a while. I'm my own boss."

"Oh." I knew he had money but to be one's own boss meant he had plenty of money.

He nodded, "I have to come with you for many reasons, number one is that I don't have plenty of cash on me, so we're going to have to use my card. Number two, you need a chauffeur. Number three, I don't want you to get lost." The first two

reasons were justified, but the last one was stupid, I've been homeless for six months, I knew my way around New York, New Jersey, Philadelphia and Washington DC. But I gave him the benefit of the doubt he didn't know my travel routine.

"Thanks."

"Are you hungry?" he asked, looking at me.

I'm always hungry. It came with the territory. I nod my head, "A little."

He pushed his chair back and stood. "How about some breakfast?"

It's only after five but was it ever too early for breakfast?

I nod, "That would be great thanks."

"Okay. You can go rest, I'll call you when it's finished." he pointed over at the couch I sat in last night.

"I can make my own breakfast." I've been cooking for myself since the age of eight years. I had to learn how to cook. My mother was always at work, and so she never had time to cook for me, so I had to cook for myself. I didn't mind because that gave me the chance to learn two skills, cooking and baking. Two things I was great at.

He shook his head, "It's cool. You need to rest." he didn't seem like the person to argue with, so I listened and walked over to the couch and sat. "The remote is on the table." I nod. I watched as he entered his kitchen then took up the remote from the table beside me. I turned on the tv, and it was on the news station, so I

left it there pretending to watch it, but I really was paying attention to Valdo and the way he was moving around the kitchen.

He was wearing a short black drawstring short and white wifebeater. He had a muscular arm, it wasn't ripped nor was it skinny. It was perfect, and it couldn't take my eyes off the way they flex every time he picked up something or open the fridge. I suddenly had the urge to feel his arms around me. He was about a head taller than me, but when I stood close to him. I still felt small. His hair was brown, almost auburn, and it looked as if he groomed it well. Valdo Dakota was no doubt a handsome man even with the thick eyebrows above his spell-casting crystal blue eyes.

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I shook my head and turned my attention to the tv. Why was I even a***ysing how he looked? He was ten years older than me for God sakes, way too old and a guy like him wouldn't even be interested in a girl like me. After all, I'm just a stupid teen who was stupid enough to get pregnant, dumped and becomes homeless all in one month. A girl who didn't stay in a small town and fight the demons. A runaway. A homeless, pregnant runaway.

He was a fighter. He worked hard, and he managed to get himself and his mother out of poverty. I can't wait to hear the full story of how they made it in a different social cla** or group because I want some motivation to help me. Give me hope that I can be the change and believe that this is not a generational curse.

"Do you like omelettes?" he called out.

"Yea." I love omelettes, but even if I didn't like it, I'd still say yes, beggars can't be choosers. I was already living in his apartment, so I don't want to be picky with food. Being homeless has taught to be the opposite.

Humbleness is the way to everything.

I've seen other homeless people refuse to take money from people because that's not what they asked for. Like come on, you're begging someone for their money, and they're nice enough even to give you, and you don't want it because it's a five and not a ten. Like what? Be humble.

I never had a liking for news stations because of all the bad things that were said, and so I took up the remote and shut off the tv. Valdo realising the noise had stopped asking, "You don't want to watch the tv?"

"I don't like watching the news." It was rare that something happy ever happened, if at all. My life is already full of trials. I don't need to be thinking about other peoples trials too.

"You can watch something else. There are over sixty stations that you can enjoy watching." I never had so many stations growing up. My mother couldn't afford cable, and so we always stuck to the free stations. I was never a tv head, and being homeless for the past six months didn't allow me to watch tv either. It wasn't an interest of mine. I prefer reading, and that's what I did some evenings. I'd go to the local library and sit and read for hours until the library was ready to close.

"I'm not a fan of television."

"So what do you like doing in your free time then?" he asked without taking his eyes off what he was doing.

"Reading and drawing." both activities were calming and stress-free. However, reading can make me anxious sometimes that was good anxiety.

He lifted his head and looked at me for a brief second, then back to his work, "What's your favourite book?"

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I smiled. That was a great question. "I'm going to be cliché and say Julius Caesar by Shakespeare."

He laughed, "Really, that's your favourite book. Why? I'm curious."

"Apart from the fact that it was a great book. I feel like I'm Julius sometimes. Have everyone you care about betray you then stab you in the back."

"Someone betrayed you?"

I shrug, "Not really but when I wanted my ex and my mother the most they abandoned me and left me to die." it was the first time I spoke about what happened to me, and it wasn't really speaking since I was comparing it to my favourite book. I cleared my throat and repeated his question, "What's your favourite book?"

"Don Quixote."

"The Spanish book?" he nodded, and so I asked, "Why?"

"It's about bravery, adventure, kindness and love. What's not to like?" I shrug, and he saw. "You've never read it before. You should. I think you would like it."

I smiled at his words, "Why would I like a book like that?"

"It's a classic just like Julius Caesar, and you seem to have a liking for classics." he was right. I've read every single Shakespeare and Jane Austin novel and I loved every single one of them, even the ones with sad endings.

“How do you know what I like? You only met me two days ago.” for some reason, he knew so much about me without me even telling him. He even answers my questions before I ask them.

“I’m a good observer,” he smirks.