

Pregnant and Homeless by jollyreaderjennell chapter 12

Uvaldo's POV

Harlyn Hope, the CEO of HH hotels and spas, looked down at the contract in front of him then pushed it towards me, "You made the right choice, it's a good deal."

I nodded my head and smile at my best friend. "So you think it's going to be successful?" Who better to ask about business success? Harlyn had started his business on his own, without the help of his family's money, and now he owned over fifteen hotels and around twenty spas all over the world.

He nodded with a smile, "Of course. Dura Investments deserve an owner like you,"

I smiled, "Thanks, man. I really appreciate it."

"That's what friends are for."

Harlyn and I met at a party around four years, and we hit it off almost immediately. He was funny. He even taught me a few things about women, how to differentiate between the gold-diggers, virgins and the gays. He also showed me some practical ways of picking up women, but I barely used them. Growing up with my mother taught me better. Women weren't just objects; they are to be loved and respected. But don't get me wrong, I still have a few one night stands now and again. A man has to enjoy himself, and I'm single, why not enjoy the single while it last? I didn't have anyone waiting for me at home.

As I thought of home, I remember how wrong I was. I do have someone special at home waiting for me, but she wasn't mine yet.

Forbidden territory.

She said she was twenty, but I knew she was lying. There is no way that she could be older than eighteen, especially since she looked like she was sixteen.

"Hey, is everything okay?" I lifted my head to look at Harlyn, who was staring at me looking concerned, "You were frowning."

I shrugged, "It's not important."

"You sure?" he asked, looking at me intently.

I nodded my head and offered a small smile while I battled with the idea of trying to keep Tiffany a secret. I couldn't tell anyone about her since she asked me not to and since she might be underage and living with me. Our situation is also a bizarre one, a pregnant homeless teenager living with the stranger she met. That would kill the papers, and my reputation would blow up in flames.

I couldn't afford that, mostly since I worked so damn hard to reach the top.

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My attention drifted back to the man in front me who was currently pulling back his chair, so he could stand, "I wish I could sit and chat with you some more, but I have a meeting in the next hour and then a long journey to the beach house." he paused then sighed, "Monthly family dinner is tonight."

I laughed at him, "Well, good luck."

He stood from the chair then move towards the office door, "Thanks, I'm going to need it. See you soon, I'm leaving for Rome on Friday, but when I come back, we should link up." Harlyn had a beautiful family, who loved and cherish him, except his brother, Joesph; who hates his guts and the feeling was mutual. It's always hell when the two of them are in the same room for more than five minutes.

I nod in agreement, "Sounds like a plan."

He waved before exiting my office and closing the door behind him.

As soon as Harlyn exited my office, my mind went to Tiffany. I looked at the clock that laid on the wall in front of me.

1:23

Tiffany has been by herself for five hours. She said she would spend her time reading and watching tv, but that can become boring, especially since she isn't used to watching TVs.

Call her

My mind was telling me to call her, but I didn't want to seem a little overbearing. Teenagers didn't like people watching over them 24/7.

But she is not just any teenager; she a pregnant teenager living with you.

I sighed and took the phone in my hands. She's been on the streets for six months; I can imagine what her eating schedule is like. I have to make sure she eats and gets enough rest for her and the baby.

I pressed the b***ons to my home phone and waited for the call to connect. The phone rang a few times before going straight to voice mail.

She's probably sleeping; I should try back in the next ten minutes.

I looked down at the files on my desk that were waiting to be signed and sent off to the various departments. I probably should start signing and stop worrying about Tiffany. She's okay; she is in the safety of my apartment, sleeping. I took up the first management file and signed.

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Thirty minutes after signing papers, I decided to try again. I took up the phone and called but just like the first call it went to voicemail. Feeling anxious after the call, I decided to try a few more times. There was no way someone could hear a stream of calls and not answer the phone unless she didn't want to answer the phone because she felt like it wasn't her place to or she is not in the apartment.

Either way, I started worrying. I traced my hands through my hair.

Don't do it.

Don't do it.

I sighed. I'm doing it. I took my cellphone and car keys in my hand and stood from the desk. I have to find out why she wasn't answering the phone. It was driving me crazy, worrying if something happened to her.

The only person I've ever worried about is my mother, and now I'm worried about a pregnant teen who was lying to me about her age.

With anxiety killing me, I quickly exit my office. I noticed one of my assistants, Kim on his phone, "I'm heading out. I might not be back. No calls to my cell unless the place is burning down."

He nodded and answered with a thick Asian accent, "Okay, sir. No call for you." I nod at him before making my way to the elevator.

In twenty minutes, I was opening the door to my apartment. When I opened it a strange feeling rush over me, something is wrong. King wasn't in the apartment if he was then he'd be by the door to greet me as soon as I enter. I closed the door behind me and walked further into my apartment. "Tiffany." Silence. "Jakoby." Silence. I walked to the room that I had given her and knock on the door but no response. I turn the knob of the door and pulled it opened. I expected to see her sleeping on her bed, but she wasn't there, in fact, the bed was well made, untouched.

I frowned then entered the room. I looked at the closet which was full of clothes. The things that I bought was still here, which meant that she didn't leave right?

She's a pregnant homeless teen you met on the road, if she wants to leave, then she has every right.

But did she?

Everything I bought and everything I owned was still here, well except my dog.

She wouldn't leave everything and take the dog, would she?

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Maybe she thought King wasn't that important to me; I wouldn't realise he's missing. There are a lot of homeless people with dogs. Perhaps she felt that having King around would protect her.

I shook my head, not believing the situation. She couldn't possibly steal my dog; she's probably out for a walk.

I should calm down and wait. Wait thirty minutes and see if she comes back. If she doesn't come back, she's probably on her way to a different state.

I closed her door and went to the living room. I took a seat on the couch that was facing the door, which meant that when she came through the door, I'll be the first person she sees.

Thirty minutes past but no sign of her or King so I decided to wait a little longer.

A next hour pa**ed but still no sign of them.

I sighed in frustration. All I ever wanted was to help her. From the first moment I laid eyes on her and her tummy, I felt the need to protect this beautiful pregnant teen from the world. After all, she was in a similar position to my mother. I didn't want what happened to my mother happening to her. She when I saw her again, I did the stupidest thing a stranger could ask a next stranger.

I asked her to move in with me, offered her protection, bought her nice clothes for her and the baby. Bought everything that the baby will need once he/she gets here, and what do I get?

She stole my dog and left all that behind. If she had taken the things and left the dog I wouldn't feel so bad, it's just a couple thousand lost, but King was my baby, is my baby. I've had him for years, and in less than a week, I gave my trust to a homeless girl, and what did she do? Steal my baby.

I stood from the couch with my hand in my fist. I will not go down like this. I won't stop until I get my dog back. I took up my home phone off the hook and dialed my friend, Tariq. He is one of the best PI in the state. As I wait for Tariq to pick up, I heard keys turning, and in a few seconds, my door was pushed opened.

My eyes landed on her immediately then down at my dog. Suddenly a sense of relief washed over me. She didn't steal King; she went to walk him.

"Hello." my attention suddenly drift back to the phone in my hands.

"Nevermind. I'll explain later." then I placed the phone back on the hook and looked at the girl in front of me.

Her dark hair was a bit messy, but she still looked beautiful and just like that I forgot how angry I was a minute before.