

# Pregnant and Homeless by jollyreaderjennell chapter 5

"What's going on here?" I turned my head, and my eyes met Mr Dakota's blue enchanting ones.

Mr Dakota was no longer wearing his tailored business suit. He was instead wearing knee-length jeans, pants and a white shirt. He looked as handsome as he did when I met him the first two times but what was even more adorable was the dog at his feet.

I could tell that the dog was a mixed breed, between german shepherd and something else. He was beautiful. His hair was black and soft. His tail was wagging, which meant he was amiable.

The receptionist broke my thoughts from the dog as he spoke, "Mr Dakota, I was trying to get her to leave, but she wasn't listening."

Mr Dakota frowned at the receptionist, "Why? I told her to come here." he turned to me and saw the tears his face immediately changed to concern. "What's wrong?" he let go of the leash and walked up to me. "Did someone hurt you?"

I looked in his blue eyes then turn to look at the receptionist who was too eager to hear my answer. I didn't want him to know about my business. "Can we talk somewhere else, please?"

He nodded, "Sure." He took my elbows and pulled me in the direction he was coming from. "C' mon boy; it looks like you won't be going for a walk tonight," he said looking down at the dog.

The dog whined but followed behind us.

We entered the elevator silently, and Mr Dakota pressed a b\*\*\*on on the wall. I didn't look up to see which it was because I had a staredown with his dog.

"His name is King."

I lifted my head to meet the blue eyes, "Ugh?"

He looked down and pointed at his dog, "His name is King."

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"Ohh. That's a weird name for a dog." In my small town, dogs were named after songs and cars. They have never called a t\*\*le. It was new to me.

"He's a Cavalier King Charles Spaniel mixed with German Sheperd."

I frowned when he said that. Weren't Cavalier King Charles Spaniel tiny dogs and German Sheperd big dogs?

He smiled, "I know. I had the same reaction when I adopted him. I don't know how his parents did it, and I don't care because he's amazing." I gave a small smile at his words. It was obvious he loved his dog.

Maybe he was, after all, just a regular man. Serial killers don't have dogs, do they?

We stayed silent for the rest of the journey. When the elevator stopped, he mentioned for me to follow behind him, so I do so quietly. He stopped his door apartment and started to take his keys out of his pocket. He pushed the key in

the locket and turned it, and in a few seconds, the door was opened. He pushed it wide and gestured for me to enter.

I hesitated for a few seconds then entered into the apartment. This was it. I choose to trust this man with my life and my child's. Trust him not to be a serial killer, a p\*\*\*\*\* or a baby stealer.

As I entered the apartment, I looked around at its layout. The room gave away his bachelorhood. The walls were painted in dark greyish blue. The furniture was rustic and dark, and the couch sprinkled liberally with vibrant burgundy and white cushions. There were a few abstract paintings on the wall which contrast its colours.

I heard as he closed the door behind him and came to stand by me. "Come on, and you shouldn't be standing on your feet so much." Without touching me, he showed me the way to the couch and instructed me to sit down, and when I did, King came and sat right at my feet. I smiled down at the friendly dog but lifted my head at the voice of his master.

"Are you hungry? Would you like something to eat?"

I nod my head. I hadn't eaten since six this evening and walking around earlier had taken away all my energy. "Yes, please."

"Is there anything that you don't eat or is not supposed to eat?" he questioned with concern in his voice.

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"Uncooked meats and eggs, cheese, milk, tin foods, raw fish. I think that's about it."

He nodded and smiled. "Perfect, I hope you don't mind leftovers." Mind leftovers? I'm homeless for christ sake; I love leftovers. They were better than not having anything at all to eat.

"My mother cooked curry chicken yesterday, and she brought some for me." He moved away and started walking in a direction; my eyes followed him to his kitchen." She still treats me like a child, so she brings dinner for me at least twice a week. She's afraid that I will forget to eat." he rants on as he took out the dish from the fridge. He shared the food in a smaller container then moved over, he lifted his head and looked at me, "Is it okay to warm food in a microwave?"

I nod, "I think so." I have been buying food from restaurants for the last six months, and I had no idea what the restaurants did behind those counters, but I couldn't be picky because I didn't have a choice. So I ate whatever I bought from the restaurant and whatever persons on the street were kind enough to give.

Some persons in the world are going through much worse, so why should I worry and complain when I'm getting something to eat?

One thing living on the streets have taught me was to be grateful. Grateful for life, thankful for family and most importantly, grateful for love because when you lose those three things to too damn hard to get back.

I listened as he pressed a few b\*\*\*ons on the microwave. He looked over the part\*\*ion then back at me, "What do you like to drink?"

For the past six months, when I heard that question directed at me, I respond 'water' because I didn't have enough money to buy juice. "I'll take anything you have."

"I don't have soda and because I think it's unhealthy but I do have cranberry juice, gr\*\*\* juice, apple juice and orange juice. Which one do you prefer?" I couldn't remember the last time I had so many options in my life. Oh, yeah, I can't because I never did. My mother only gave me orange juice, and it usually was the one she got at the diner.

"Gr\*\*\*," I answered uncertainly of what to choose. Gr\*\*\* was my favourite fruit, so maybe I'll like gr\*\*\* juice.

He nods then disappeared behind the part\*\*ion. I took the time to look around the apartment more. It was simple and pleasant for a single male.

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Single male? I looked in the direction of the kitchen realising that I never asked him if he was available or not. I looked around the room, but I saw no picture of him except ones where he was hugging an older woman, or she was hugging him. I a\*\*ume the woman in the photo was his mother. She looked so happy, and her blue eyes shined with love. I smile at the intimate image, wishing I had my mother with me. Wiping the small tears that were forming, I continued looking around at the other pictures. On a table beside the window, there was a wedding picture of his mother wearing a wedding dress standing beside him and an older man. All three in the photo was smiling, and they all looked happy. I felt a tug on my heart. I wished I had a family to love and care for me as they did. A few tears fall from my eyes as I remember my mother and the loved she showed me when growing up.

How could I betray her by doing the one thing she didn't want me to do?

How could I have gotten pregnant in high school?

How could I have been so blind not to see that Will was using me?

How could I be so stupid?

"Hey, don't cry." Mr. Dakota rushed out of the kitchen and came to sit beside me. "I know what you've been through is not easy, but I'm begging you, please don't cry." He suddenly pulls me into his arms for a hug. I stiffen at the contact as first but then gave in and let the tears fall harder. My mother was the last person to

hug me, and when she did, it was so warm that I didn't want to let go. Mr Dakota patted my back and kept whispering in my ear reas\*\*uring words.

"Whoever hurt you or whatever happened to you was awful, I get that, and there is no way I could ever understand the emotional pain you're going through right now, but I'm telling you now that it's okay. You'll get through this, and one day you'll look back and smile. Knowing that you successfully conquered that part of your life?"

"Is that what you do?" I asked between the tears.

He nodded, "Yes, I look back, and I reflect on what happened to my mother and me and use it to better myself. I try not to think about the past much because it's depressing and sad and I don't want to go back to that. I want to move forward. You should too. You're going to eat the food, take a shower and go to bed. Then tomorrow when you wake up you'll be a new person. Not a homeless pregnant teen who has no one, you'll be Jakoby, the pregnant teen who lives with Billionaire Uvaldo Dakota. I will not let you suffer and go back to that life. That's above you now. Let me hear you say it. That's above me now."

I took a deep breath then repeated his words, "That's above me now." As I said the words, there was something deep inside me that wanted to believe it. But how could I? After all, I am still pregnant and homeless, and I continue to be until I am living in an apartment and paying my own rent.

For now, I'm just pa\*\*ing resident to the billionaire, but for some crazy unthinkable reason, I didn't want to be a temporary resident, and I didn't want to be the pregnant homeless girl. I wanted to be someone he loved because then the kindness he's showing me now would multiple to times over.