

Pregnant and Homeless by jollyreaderjennell chapter 9

I sigh as I look at the shopping bags that laid at my feet. I'm exhausted, and my feet were killing me. Valdo and I spent the whole day going from mall to mall, and a lot of work was done. I'm used to walking a lot, but I'm not used to standing in one place deciding whether I should take the blue dress or the purple one. I've never spent so much time shopping before or doing anything for that matter. I'm a hundred per cent sure that more than thirty bags were laying there and all of them belonged to the baby and me. Some bags had clothes for me and some for the baby. The other bags had toys, formula, diapers and other baby stuff.

Never in my eighteen years of life have I ever shopped so much. Never in my eighteen years of life have I ever spent so much money and never in my eighteen years of life have I ever seen someone so calm when a cashier told them the bill is over five thousand dollars. Never have I ever seen someone spend five thousand dollars all at once.

The weird thing about it was that he didn't seem to mind. Every time we went to the cashier to check out the goods my eyes would widen when I heard the total, but all Valdo did was smile and hand his card over to the cashier like it wasn't a big deal. It was like he was used to spending so much money.

Of course, the man's rich.

I pushed myself down on the bed and looked up at the ceiling.

Did I just let a stranger spend over twenty thousand dollars on me?

My mother doesn't even make that much a year, and I had it spent on me in a day.

What the hell was I thinking?

You need clothes for your self and your baby.

I shook my head. Still not believing that a man could spend so much money on a girl who he barely knows, a girl whose real name he doesn't know, a girl whose actual age he doesn't know.

He swore he wasn't after my baby and he promised he just wanted to help.

And I somewhat believe him. After all, he's rich. Why take away a homeless girl baby when you can have your own or pay someone to have it for you. It just didn't make any sense, and so I have to believe him when he says he only wants to help.

How could I resist help when I so badly need it?

If it weren't for what happened the other night, I wouldn't have realised how dangerous being homeless is. But if it weren't for homelessness, I wouldn't be as grateful and humble as I am now. I guess there is always a balance.

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A knock on my door pulled me out of my thoughts. I pulled myself up from the bed, then permitted him to enter.

Valdo pushed his head in my room, "Hey, I know you're probably exhausted, but before you fall asleep, there is one thing I need to show you."

"What is it?"

He smiled, "Come, and you'll see."

Even though sleep was killing me, I'm as curious as a cat, and I needed to see what he was talking about. I pushed myself off the bed and stand. I slowly walked through the bags without stepping on any of them. Valdo pushed my door open further so I could exit. When I reached beside him in front of my door, I waited for him to make the first move.

"Follow me," he gave me one last look then turn towards the door in front of mine. He entered, and I followed closely behind him. He turned on the light, and the blue room lit up.

I turn to him, waiting for an explanation.

"Do you like it?"

I looked around the room that had exactly the same design and layout as mine. "Yes, I guess," I replied with uncertainty, after all, there wasn't much of a difference compared to mine.

"Good. This can be the baby's room," he stated.

I looked at him, shocked at his words. Was he for real? Is he really planning on giving me a room for the baby?

"I can't take this room," I said, looking around it. It was way too big for a baby's room, and I couldn't possibly take up any more space than I already have.

"You're not taking it; I'm giving it to you."

I frown, "You've given me too much already," Way too much.

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"I told you. It's not a problem. When I have I give, and as it happens, I have plenty, and that's why I'm giving." by his facial expression, I knew he wasn't bragging just stating facts.

I looked into his blue eyes, and I knew his words were sincere, but I just can't take the room. Just the thought of being separated from my baby scares me. "My room is big enough for the two of us. I could share my bed with the baby. It's a queen-size bed after all, big even for both of us." All my life, my mother and I shared a queen-size bed; there is nothing wrong with me sharing it now with my baby.

"Are you sure?"

I nod, "Yes. I want my baby to be the last thing I see in the night and the first thing I see in the morning."

And deep down somewhere I'm afraid that one morning I'll wake up and you and the baby will be long gone.

I shook the thought from my head.

No, he wouldn't do that.

Would he?

He offered a small smile, "Okay, fair enough, but you're going to need a chest-of-drawer for the baby and a crib. I can order those when I get to work tomorrow. Do you have a phone by any chance?"

I frowned and shook my head, "No."

He nodded, "I'll have to get you one tomorrow so you can communicate with me when I'm at work."

At first, I wanted to deny his offer to get me a phone, but I want one. I missed going on the internet and looking at cute animal pictures, and I need to delete my Instagram page. Deleting it means I will delete all of those fake friends from my life once and for all. I probably won't have any important dms waiting for me.

"Thanks"

"No problem." he bent his head and looked at the ground then back at me, "Are you hungry?"

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"A little bit but I'm more tired than I am hungry so I'll be taking a nap." I walked over to the door of the room and stopped.

"I can tell you're not used to all the shopping."

I nod, "I'm not a girly girl, and my mother never really had the money for me to go shopping regularly."

"I understand. The thrift store was my favourite growing up."

"Me too. You can get anything in the thrift store, anything." That's why it was my mother's and I favourite place to go, along with the dollar store, everything we need in one store.

He nods with a chuckle, "That's where I bought my first suit from for my ninth grade prom, and no one knew I was sporting used clothes."

I smiled, "Relatable." I got my ninth grade prom dress from a thrift store as well, and no one knew. A lot of people told me they loved my dress. Thank God they didn't realise it only cost me ten dollars compared to the hundreds they paid for theirs.

Never in my life, I would think that a billionaire could understand some of the struggles I had when growing up. When I hit puberty, I hated the thrift store more than anything because I was afraid that my cla**mates would find out that I was wearing second-hand clothes, but my mother gave me a speech, and it stayed with me. Sometimes when she had the money, we would go to regular stores, but when she didn't, I had to satisfy with what I got.

"Thanks." I smiled. "You're giving me hope. You made it from the bottom, and now you're rich. I don't know how you did it, but I want to learn. I want to be where you are. I want a better life. You did it, and now I can."

"That's probably the sweetest thing anyone except my mother has ever said to me" he blushes, "Thanks and you're welcome. Tomorrow you'll hear the story from my mother and her husband. For now, I'll leave you to rest. I'll probably order some pizza tonight if that's okay with you."

I nod, "Of course. I eat anything and everything, except for sushi. No raw fish for me."

He smiled, "Good to know." he looked past me and into my bedroom, "You should go rest, you've been on your feet all day."

"Thanks." I moved from the door and walked over to my bedroom door. "See you later."

He nodded as I slowly close the door of my bedroom.