

Pregnant and Homeless by jollyreaderjennell chapter 2

A day and a half-day in New York and I have already got \$100. It was the most I've gotten in less than three days. New York was booming. Maybe it was the people passing me so fast, while I sat on a piece of cloth covering the ground. The people were admiring my drawings, as they were beautifully displayed beside me.

Over the last six months, I've been living on the streets. I've had time to perfect my drawing skills. I realize sitting down on the ground, looking at people with desperate eyes was just too much for me as a pregnant teen to deal with. So I brought an art book and started to draw the places around me. When I finished a piece, I'd tear the page out and place it on the ground.

Sometimes people would pause for a second and smile my way. Sometimes they would throw me some coins in my cup and continue their journey. Or sometimes people would ignore me and look straight ahead acting as if they did not see a homeless pregnant teen. I've learned how to accept the cruel nature of people as well as their looks and remarks.

I didn't have much choice, I was out here because I wanted to make my life and my child's better. Everyone I love gave up on me. I wasn't out on these streets because I wanted to be and that's what many people didn't understand.

I looked at the car that was parked a few feet away from me then bent my head to draw what I saw. I did that until I got every shadow and curve looking perfect. I smiled at myself and started to draw the car behind it.

A sudden feeling came over me, and I knew someone was watching me. I could feel the eyes on me, so I raised my head to search for the person who was staring at me. My eyes landed on the same enchanting blue eyes that I made brief contact with yesterday. The handsome stranger was across the street looking at me. He was standing there, and it was kind of creepy, so I started to pack up my things and place them back into my duffle bag. I quickly stood from my spot on the ground, grabbing my bag. I ran as fast as I could (which wasn't fast at all with a pregnant belly) down the road.

A didn't know who the man was, but he gave me the creeps, just staring at me like that. He might work for the police or child services, and I didn't want to be seen by any of those officials. They would take me into their care then take my baby away from me, and I wouldn't allow it.

When I couldn't run anymore, I stopped at an alley and took a deep breath. Running wasn't easy for me because of the obvious fact.

I took deep breaths in and out and waited for my body to calm down before I continued my journey.

"Why are you running? I'm not going to hurt you." I raised my head at the voice, and I was met with the same enchanting blue eyes that haunted my dreams last night.

"Who are you?" I trembled as I reached for my pocket knife.

He held his hands up. "I'm not trying to hurt you. I'm here to help."

"Help?" I asked with a frown on my face.

He nodded, "Yes, help. Yesterday you bumped into me and then I saw you again in Time Square sitting on the ground. I want to help."

"Help how? You still haven't told me who you are." I am still fighting to find the knife in the side of my bag. C'mon. When I don't want you, you're there, and when I need you, I don't know where the hell you are.

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"Come have lunch with me, and I'll explain everything."

I looked at him up and down. He didn't seem like the type who would kidnap, r*** or steal from anyone but you can't be too certain these days. Criminals can dress up and look nice too.

"I swear on my mother's life I'm not going to hurt you. All I want to do is help."

I sighed and gave in. We were in public after all, what stunt could he possibly pull with hundreds of persons walking around. "Okay, fine but I have a knife in my bag. Try something, and I will cut you."

"Deal." He walked closer to me causing me to back away. "I want to take the bag from you. You're pregnant, you're not supposed to be carrying anything heavy. It's not good for you or the baby."

I looked into his sympathetic eyes and handed him my bag with caution. He didn't look like the type of man who would want anything from a homeless girl's bag, so why not let him hold it. There was nothing in there to steal unless he liked second-hand clothes, art books, and pencils.

"Follow me." He turned and asked me to follow him, which I did. Every so often he'd look behind him to see if I was still there. Even if I wanted to run away from him, I wouldn't. Not without the three thousand dollars that were in my purse. It was all the money I had, and I was too far along, anything could happen.

After a few minutes of walking, we entered a simple restaurant. We took a seat close to the window.

"So?" I asked as I looked into his eyes. "Explanation time. Start with your name and who you work for."

"My name is Uvaldo Dakota."

I frowned at his unusual name. "Is that your name?"

He lifted his hands off the table and went into his pocket to retrieve his wallet. He took out his ID and Driver's license and placed them, in front of him. That was his real name.

"You have an unusual name."

"Is that a compliment or ..."

"Oh, it's a compliment. It's a lovely name. Unlike my name, Tiffany. Everyone has that name. People always make lame jokes about it too." My real name wasn't Tiffany; it was just something I started calling myself so that people who asked would have an answer.

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"I think Tiffany is a beautiful name."

I couldn't stop the small blush from creeping up my face. "Well, I prefer Jakoby."

He frowned and raised his brows, "Jakoby?"

"My last name." Jakoby wasn't my last name. It was my first name or short of it. My real name was Jakobia Taylor. Everyone who knew me called me Jakoby because it was cooler and easier to say.

He smiled for the first time since I laid eyes on him, "Okay, Jakoby."

"Okay, Uvaldo."

A waiter came out to the table and looked between us. "What can I get for you two today?"

"An Earl Grey tea and a blueberry muffin for me," Uvaldo answered without looking at the menu. Maybe he was a regular.

The waiter looked over at me but I didn't know what to say, so I looked at Uvaldo. I didn't want to order something too cheap to offend him, and I didn't want to order something too expensive, either.

Even though he was wearing a nice tailored suit, I didn't mean he likes to spend money on homeless teenage strangers he met on the road.

"Give her an EBC sandwich with peppermint tea." Uvaldo requested as he made my order for me. I wasn't quite sure what exactly an EBC was, but I'll find out. The peppermint tea was right on point. Always mint, never coffee. Even before I was pregnant, I never was a big fan of caffeine. It would bring you up and tear you down.

When the waiter left the table was silent, so I decided to speak up. "So, who do you work for?" He must work for some agency, why else would be wasting his time sitting in front of a homeless teen. Maybe he was a pastor or one of those religious people who had groups.

"I work for no one."

"You're unemployed?"

"No. I own a business. I'm the boss."

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"Oh. So, in that case, how exactly are you going to help me? By giving me a job?"
A job would be good at the moment. I could save enough money to get an apartment for the baby and me.

"No." He shook his head, "Not a job. Not yet. You're too far along to be working. You should be resting in this stage of pregnancy and yet you're on the streets of New York begging."

I frowned at his words, ready to defend myself. "Look...do you..."

"I'm not trying to cause any arguments, but I think as a young girl, you should not be on the streets. How old are you?"

"Twenty" I lied. That was my fake age. Temporary people didn't need to know my personal information.

"Right," he said, not convinced, but he continued. "You're twenty, pregnant, alone and homeless. It's dangerous. You shouldn't be out on the streets like that."

"And are you suggesting something or stating facts I already know?" I didn't mean to sound rude, but he was telling me things I already know. Things that run through my mind every day. It was nothing new.

"I said I wanted to help. That's what I'm going to do."

"How? How are you going to help me?"

"By giving you a place to stay and feel comfortable."

"Really?" I couldn't believe my ears. "I don't like shelters so if that's what you're suggesting, been there, done that."

He shook his head. "No, I wasn't suggesting you stay in a shelter after all shelters are not comfortable."

He was getting me curious by the minutes, "Then where? Where would I live that is so comfortable and safe?"

"With me."