

Pregnant and Homeless by jollyreaderjennell chapter 3

"Then, where? Where would I live that is so comfortable and safe?" he wasn't suggesting shelters so where could be so safe and comfortable that I'd want to live there.

"With me," he answered.

I was taken back at his words, "What?"

"You can live with me." he was too calm. How could he ask a stranger to live with him and look so relaxed?

"Are you crazy?" Why else would he ask a stranger to come and live with him?
"Are you working with social workers, police or just someone who wants a baby? Because if you are thinking about giving me a home then taking away my baby, it's not going to work. I'm fine. I can live on the streets." No matter how hard it was, I could survive if I had my baby with me. I could survive if I continued drawing. I could survive. I've spoken to other homeless persons who have lived on the streets for over ten years. They survived.

But they didn't have a baby.

He shook his head, "I'm not working with anyone. I don't want your baby. If I wanted a baby, then I would have gotten one for myself. All I want to do is help a teenage girl who is pregnant and living on the streets."

"Why? Why do you want to help me?" I had to ask. Everyone has a reason for doing things. He must have a valid reason why he wants to help someone he's just met, someone who could be lying to him, someone who he knew was lying to him.

"I know what it's like to be in this position."

I looked in his eyes, and I saw some emotions for a few seconds but quickly disappeared. "That's not enough information." he didn't look like someone who was homeless or has ever been homeless. He looked like someone who was born wealthy. In a big mansion with people serving at his feet. "Tell me how you know what it's like to be in this position."

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"It's personal."

I laughed, "And asking me to move in with you, a stranger, is not personal? You could be a murderer, for all I know. I need to know."

"Would it make a difference in your decision?" I rolled my eyes at his ridiculous question.

"Of course. You don't look like someone who knows what this life entails."

"Looks can be deceiving."

I raised my eyebrows at his statement, "Indeed and that's why I need to know your story."

He remained silent for a few minutes, so I thought he wasn't going to tell me, but he started talking. "My mother was in your position when she was pregnant with me. She was sixteen years old, and her parents were very religious. She was the pastor's daughter, and she sinned. They had to maintain their status in the church, so they told her to leave. The person who got her pregnant wasn't in the church; he was a biker, so he didn't want a baby." he paused and look out the window then continued. "She didn't have anyone to help her; she was struggling to

provide for me. Someone violated her while she was pregnant with me." I could hear the emotions in his voices.

He took a deep breath and continued, " I lived on the streets until I was three. I don't know how she managed to run from the law. We never stayed one place too long, two days the most. I was three when my mother was able to rent a one-bedroom apartment in Harlem. She worked as a waitress until I was twenty-three. She's struggled to take care of me, and so I want to help someone who seems to be in the same position my mother was in with me. I don't want anything else, to help."

As I listen to his story, shivers ran through me, would I end up in the same position as his mother? I didn't want to work in a diner for the rest of my life. I didn't want my child to be subjected to the bullying I felt when I grew up. I didn't want people calling me a prost**ute because I got pregnant. I wanted a better life, and this man was offering me just that. But how can I trust someone I don't know, someone I've only seen twice. It didn't make much sense.

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What if I decide to live with him and he started to come on to me? What if he changes his mind about taking my baby from me? What if he's lying? What if he's a serial killer? What if he's a human trafficker? What if he's trying to help? There were so many "What ifs" that I had to consider. The good and the bad.

He didn't look like a serial killer but serial killers come in all shapes, sizes and races. He didn't look like he would hurt a soul, but people change with time.

I shook my head. No matter how tempting the offer was.

I couldn't risk it.

This baby is all I have left, and I couldn't risk losing her.

I pushed my chair back, "Mr Dakota, I'm sorry about what happened to your mother and you but that doesn't mean it will happen to my baby and me. We'll survive. We've survived this long; we can continue."

He quickly placed his hands over mine. Shivers ran through me at the touch, "Before you leave. Take my contact information, in case you change your mind. My offer will still be opened." He pulled a business card out of his wallet and placed it in my hands. "I live at 150 Main Street North, Apartment number 1029." he released my hands and offered a small toothless smile. "Take care of yourself and your baby."

I looked in his beautiful enchanting eyes and smiled, "Thanks." I stood from the chair, took up my bag then walked to the door of the restaurant without looking back.

Maybe one day I'd regret not taking his offer, but for today I will stick with my decision. I held tight on my bag and walked down the busy street of New York. I'll survive, I didn't come all this way not to.

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I looked up in the direction of the sun. It was a little after midday, and I haven't gotten fifty dollars. I couldn't go back to where I was earlier, not after what just happened. I didn't want him to pa** and see me. He'd give me the looks that everyone else gave, and I didn't want to see that in his beautiful eyes.

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I took the box out of the trash then rip the corners open. I lifted it in the light and smile. It was big enough for me to sleep on. I tucked the cardboard under my arms and walked from the back of the supermarket. Next thing for me to do is to find somewhere to stay tonight since tomorrow I'll be on a bus to Washington DC. Washington had a high rate of homeless persons, and so it was easy not to be seen since they were so many of us.

There was a children park close by. It was clean and quiet. At nights it was a bit dark, but it was better than the dark alleys or park bench. With a firm grip on the cardboard and my bag, I started walking in the direction of the park.

I smiled when I saw the swings and the slides. It was peaceful and quiet, and no one brought their child to the park at night, so no one would disturb me when I sleep. I walked over to the bench and rested my bag on it, then lay my cardboard beside it. I took out my over-used blanket and placed it on the cardboard. I took out the almost empty bottle of mosquito repellent and sprayed it over my body. I had to make sure I used it every night or else mosquitos would torment me all night and leave awful red spots all over me.

I placed the repellent beside the cardboard, then slowly bent down to lay down on my makeshift bed. I used the blanket to cover my body, then closed my eyes. Tomorrow was going to be a long day, and I need all the rest I can get.

“Goodnight baby girl.” I rested my hands on my stomach and smiled.

I felt a small kick in response. I smiled; she wasn't a mistake or something I regret. I would have regretted not feeling this love consuming me.

“I love you too.”