

# Pregnant and Homeless by jollyreaderjennell chapter 4

Just before I could hit deep sleep, I heard shouting so I jumped up quickly, rubbed my eyes and looked around me. Four men were standing beside the swing having a heated argument, and I could hear what they were saying.

"We messed up, big time." said the one who was wearing a hoody.

The one furthest away from him went up and punched him. His hair looked gold from where I was sitting. "We messed up? No, you were the one who didn't collect the goods. Don Giovanni is going to kill you."

"He's going to kill all of us." a short dark hair one said.

The silent one shook his head, "Not if we kill you first." he lifted the gun he was holding and shot the hoodied man in the head. I couldn't hold back the small scream as the man fell back to his death.

The remaining three turned and looked in my direction when they heard the scream, and they spot me.

Every bone in my body was telling me to run, but I couldn't not when the man was holding a gun in his hands. Not when he looked like a man who didn't miss shots.

I trembled with fear as the men walked towards me.

I bent my head, looking at the ground in fear.

"You were not meant to see that." one of them said. "Lift your head."

I ignored his command and kept my head down. I was afraid to lift my head to see the faces of the men who just killed their partner.

"I said to lift your head before I lifted it for you," the same man shouted.

I jumped at the loudness of his voice and lifted my head. All three men were hovering over me. I couldn't see their faces because there wasn't any light shining. That was one of the reasons I chose this spot. It made me hard to spot. But I guess it wasn't that hard because they spotted me as they turned around.

The man with the gun was directly in front of me, looking down. "What are you doing out here all alone?" he asked. It seemed as if he was the one doing all the talking. He was, after all, the only one with a gun in his hands.

I forced my mouth to open, "I'm homeless." They weren't any other answers than to tell them the truth.

"Is that right?" he asked rhetorically. I could hear the slight amusement in his voice, and it made me tremble. Was he planning on robbing me?

ADVERTISEMENT

I quickly nod.

"Did you see anything just now?" he asked, looking back at the dead body that laid only meters away. He knew I saw, why else would I have screamed.

I quickly shook my head, "No. I saw nothing. I was sleeping, and I heard the gunshot. I didn't see anything I swear."

He nodded, "Well too bad. I still have to kill you." he looked down at the gun in his hands and admired it.

I shook my head and clasped my hands, "Please no. I'm begging you. Please don't kill baby and me."

"Baby?" he asked with a frown.

I nod and move the blanket off my body, showing my seven-month belly. "Please. I'm begging you, please don't kill me. I won't tell anyone, I swear; I won't. As a matter of fact, I'll leave New York tonight please don't kill me." My eyes were burning, and my chest felt heavy as if it were filled with stones. I could no longer see clearly. All I know and could think about was my baby, protecting her. My mother. How would she react if she found out I was dead? It would kill her as much as it killed me every day thinking about what she did.

"How old are you?" he asked, still looking down at his gun.

My throat started to tighten as I answered honestly, "Eighteen." In my head, I was saying, 'I'm too young to die' but am I? People die at birth, some persons don't make it past 10, and I'm 18, technically an adult. Am I too young to die? Weren't the others too young to die also?

"Why are you sleeping in a children's park?"

"My mother kicked me out because I got pregnant."

"Then, no one will miss you when I kill you." I shivered as his words; my heart was beating so fast that I could hear and feel every single beat.

He lifted his gun and pointed it straight at my head as he did with the man in the hoody. It seemed like everything was happening in slow motion.

I started to whimper. "Please.." I begged with my eyes closed. But it was no use; he pushed the hammer down. Before he could pull the trigger, one of the other men spoke.

"She's just a child, and she's pregnant." he sighed. "If Don Giovanni hears about this, he will not be pleased. We don't kill women and children."

#### ADVERTISEMENT

I heard a chuckle coming from the one with the gun, "That's because the Don is a romantic fool. She saw me kill him. She will go to cops. She's a witness. She deserves to die."

"And one day she will, but it's not going to be today and not by our hands. She's homeless and pregnant. She's already suffered enough."

"Gobi is right. Let's take her bags but don't kill her. We can't afford to have the Don beating us up on two things tonight." I recognised the voice as the short man.

The man with the gun chuckled, "Lift your head and look at me when I talk," I immediately obeyed the order of the cruel man. "You're one lucky girl. If it were up to me, you'd be dead already." he turned and looked at the dead man laying on the ground, "Don't come back here. This park is ours at night. If I see you here again. I will kill you." he walked away without looking back.

I watched as the short man grabbed my bag and placed it over his shoulder and started walking behind his partner.

The blond gave me one last look before walking off with the other two.

When they were completely out of my sight, I fell on the gra\*\* and poured out relieve in a flood of uncontrollable tears.

It was realising that I was still very close to the dead man. I stood up quickly from the cardboard and ran as fast as I could without looking back. As I ran further and further away from the park, I couldn't help thinking about the number of ways my story could have ended. I couldn't stop the tears from falling as I walked on the cold streets of New York. I got a few looks from the persons pa\*\*ing by, but no one cared to stop and ask the pregnant teen why she was crying.

I didn't know where to go, and I was too afraid to go to another park. What if the same thing happened but with different results. I couldn't risk it, so I continued walking in random directions, taking unexpected turns.

After walking for over an hour, I stopped and looked down on my sore feet. I had to find somewhere to sleep. I looked around me trying to find out where exactly I was then I stop the sign going right.

Main Street North

I suddenly remembered my conversation with Mr Dakota this morning. He lived on Main Street. I rubbed my hands at my temples and tried to remember the exact number he told me, but I couldn't remember.

I whimper then cross the street and start walking on the road, hoping and praying that I was going in the right direction. The road was still busy, and cars were

pa\*\*ing every minute. It wasn't too late, yet I couldn't get fear out of my mind. I kept replaying the incident over and over in my mind, and I couldn't stop the tears or the heavy breathing. Neither of them was good because it was causing me an immense amount of stress and anxiety. But tears were as dangerous as walking for hours, not knowing exactly where you're going.

My muscles and feet were hurting me, so I stopped then slowly pushed myself on the dirty ground. I closed my eyes and took a deep breath. The tears were still falling from my face but not as rapidly as they were a few hours ago. I opened my eyes at the sound of a car pa\*\*ing, and it was then I saw the number that I had been trying to remember for the past forty-five minutes.

#### ADVERTISEMENT

A vast 150 concrete sign was directly in front of me. I looked up at the building and smiled with relief. Uvaldo lived at 150 Main Street north. I slowly push myself off the ground and started to walk to the pedestrian crossing. As I walked across the street, I pray that I was on Main Street North and not south.

I laughed between my tears when I saw in the small letters 'main street north.' I entered the apartment complex and started walking towards the lobby door. A million thoughts running through my head. What if he changed his mind? What if he realised asking a homeless girl to move in with him was a stupid idea?

As I pushed open the lobby door, I saw a male receptionist. I walked up to him, "Goodnight. I'm here to see Uvaldo Dakota. I don't remember his apartment number, but he told he lived here this morning."

The older man around fifty looked at me from head to toe and frowned. "I'm not authorised to give you that information, Miss."

"Please, I need to see him. Call him. Tell him Jakoby is here to see him." I persisted, but his facial expression remained blank.

"Mr Dakota is not expecting anyone."

I shook my head, "He's not expecting me, but he knows me. He told me to come here. I need to see him. Please." I begged for the thousandth time today. In the morning I begged for money. An hour ago, I begged for my life, and now I was praying to see Mr Dakota.

What a beggar I've become!

"Miss, I'm going to have to ask you to leave."

I shook my head. The tears were threatening to fall faster once more. "Please, I need to see him. I can't go back out there." There was no way I could put my life, and my baby's in danger like that again. Not when someone had offered to help me and give me somewhere safe to stay.

"Miss, I'm going to have to ask you to leave," he repeated ignoring the fact that I was a pregnant teen who had tears in her eyes and was terrified of going back outside.

"Please, I'm begging you. Pick up the phone and call him." I tried it again. There must be some emotional bone in this man's body. He couldn't be as heartless as he looked.

"Miss, I'm going to have to call security on you if you don't leave this instance." I could see that he was getting angry by the second, but I couldn't stop, not when it meant the safety or my life and my baby's.

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