

# Pregnant and Homeless by jollyreaderjennell chapter 6

Mr. Dakoda pushed the bedroom door open, "Go on." Following his command, I entered the room. "This is your room."

The first thought that came to my mind was Wow. The room was well furnished and was painted dark blue. A zigzag black and white mat lay beneath the queen-size bed which was in the middle of the room. Above the bed was an abstract painting that contrasts with the colour scheme of the room. At the end of the bed, there was a grey storage bench. A wooden dresser was to the right of the bed and a matching nightstand to the left. On the nightstand, there was a marble ceramic lamp.

"Do you like it?" I turn to Mr. Dakoda, did he ask that question.

No, I wouldn't say I liked it. I freaking love it. Not even the room I shared with my mother was this furnished or this big. "I love it."

He smiled, "Great. The Tv remote is in the drawer. It's already connected to Netflix and Youtube and some other apps."

I frowned, I didn't see any tv. He noticed the look on my face and laugh. "Move a little more in the room, and you'll see the tv." I moved from the door and walked further in the room then I spot the flat screen tv on the wall. It was about 36-40 inches, nothing compared to the big back tv that my mom and I had.

I turn to look at the stranger who was willing to give me a place in his home and smiled, "Thank you, Mr Dakoda. You don't know how much I appreciate your help."

He smiled, "You're welcome. You can call me Valdo. Mr Dakoda makes me sound old."

"How old are you?" the question came out before I had time to process it.

"Twenty-eight."

I nod. I knew he's wasn't past thirty, but I didn't realise he was that old.

I didn't know what to say after he said his age, so the room became silent and awkward. After about thirty seconds he cleared his throat to break the silence then said, "The bathroom is two doors down. My room is the one besides yours if you need anything knock, but most times I stay in the living room. If you feel hungry help yourself." His blue eyes were staring into my brown ones. Without breaking eye contact, he rubbed the back of his head, "Well, Goodnight Jakoby. I'll see you tomorrow. Sleep well."

"Goodnight," I mumbled before he walked out the room. He turned and offered me a small smile before closing the door behind him.

Maybe I should tell him my real name and age. After all, he has been very hospitable, or perhaps he was pretending. I walked around the room looking for anything remotely sus\*\*ious like cameras and wires. But I didn't find any wires or hidden camera. I gave in. Maybe he was, after all, just a guy trying to help someone who was in the same situation as his mother was.

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I walked to the bed and sat down on the lavender silk sheets. I brush my hands over it and moaned at its softness. I've never slept on silk before, only cotton, concrete and cardboard. This was a new feeling for me, and It felt great.

I pushed myself down on the cotton bed and starred at the white ceiling.

"That's above me now."

That's behind me now.

My prayers were finally answered. I had somewhere safe to stay and a comfortable bed to lay in. But I still had doubts Valdo's real aim of letting me stay. I wasn't used to people being this nice without having an agenda. I shook my head and brushed the thoughts from my head.

Think positive.

The only thing I need now was a job so I can buy some clothes for myself and my baby.

A knock on the door, caused me to sit up, "Come in."

Valdo came in. "I noticed that you didn't have your bag. You might want to change your clothes. So I brought these for you. They belong to my mother. You can use one, and then tomorrow we go shopping for something that might fit better." I look down at his hands and notice the bundle of clothes he was carrying. His kind gesture brought tears to my eyes.

"Thank you." I swallowed. I stood from the bed and walked over to him. He placed the clothes in my outstretched arms but didn't let go.

"Everyone goes through trials, and I don't know the ones you've been through but let me help you. It gets better. Wipe your tears." As he said the word, the tears fell from my eyes.

I looked in his blue eyes and sniffed. "You've been so nice to me. I'm crying because you're nice to me. In the six months, I've been homeless; you've been

nicer than anyone else. Thank you, Valdo. I don't know how I'll ever repay you." Even with my doubts, I was grateful for his help. Tonight I ate a homemade dinner, I'm going to shower in a bathroom, and I'm going to sleep in a room with a comfortable bed.

He smiled, "Don't worry about that. Worry about taking a shower and going to bed." I had the urge to lift my shoulders and smell my armpit. Did I smell? It was something I asked myself regularly. I didn't get to have regular showers, so I was very conscious about how I smell. I was homeless and pregnant; I couldn't afford stink to be added to my list.

"You smell fine. But after a long day, I think you deserve a long hot bath in a tub." Just thinking about showering with warm water made me happy.

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"I haven't had one of those in a long time," I admitted.

He nodded with a frown, "Public restrooms are no fun." He spoke as if he had experience with using a public restroom to clean up.

"Do you have a rag I can use? and soap?"

He looked down at the clothes separating us, "Rags are in there. The body wash is in the bathroom."

"Thanks." I smiled, looking into his eyes.

"You're welcome." he returned my smile, looking directly into my eyes. I felt a tingle in my spine, so I took a step back which caused the clothes to fall out of my hands and on the ground.

I tried bending, but it was impossible with my belly so big.

“What are you doing? Stop.” Valdo placed his hands on my shoulder. He shook his head at me, “You’re not supposed to be bending. I’ll get the clothes. You go and take a seat before you hurt yourself.”

Not wanting to argue with him because of the stern look on his face, I obeyed and walked over to the bed and took a seat. I watched as he bent and took up the pieces that had fallen. When I heard the word rich, I automatically assumed snobby, arrogant and ruthless, but Valdo was the opposite.

“You have to be careful. Pregnancy is a serious thing. You’ve had it hard for six months, and now you can take a break.” he continued picking up the items and folding them—his actions were that of one who was trained well as a child. “I noticed you were drawing. I’ll get you an art book and some pencils.”

“You don’t have to do that.”

He lifted his head, “Of course I do, you’re going to be bored without something to do.”

“I’m going to get a job.”

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He shook his head, “No, you can’t. You’re too far along. You have to rest.” he pointed to my feet, “Look at your feet they’re swollen. You’ve been on them for six months now it’s time to rest. Don’t worry about money. I have enough to share.”

I shook my head, “I can’t take your money.” Taking money from him would be different from taking money from strangers on the street.

"You're not taking it. I'm giving it to you." he placed the folded clothes in his hands and stood from the ground. He walked over to the bed and put the clothes on it.

"I can't." My mother taught me better.

"Okay, I'll lend you and when you start working you pay me back."

I nod, "Okay. Deal." It might take years to pay him back, but I will.

"Is one hundred thousand good?"

I raised my eyebrows, "That's way too much. Five thousand is good."

He shook his head, "Five thousand can't do anything. You'll need clothes for yourself and the baby. A crib, a stroller, formula, pampers and I can continue." I didn't realise all the things I needed until he listed them out for me. How would I have survived being homeless with a child? How did his mother survive?

"I can't take more than five thousand. I don't know how I'd pay it back." I didn't have any documents, and I didn't finish high school, so I don't have a diploma. It would be hard to get a job, but it wasn't impossible. There were many illegal residents in America, and they had jobs without documents. If they can do it, I can do it too.

He smiled, "You worry too much. Have faith, and everything will turn out as it's meant to be." For a man who said he's been through a lot, he was very optimistic. Six months on the street only made me a realist if not a pessimist.

But even with my negative thoughts and beliefs looking in his enchanting blue eyes gave me hope, and I believed him.

For the first time in six months, I believed that everything is going to be alright.