

# Pregnant and Homeless by jollyreaderjennell chapter 8

Valdo parked his black Mercedes- Benz in the parking lot of Manhattan Mall then he looked across at me and offered a light smile, "Where do you want to go first?"

I shrug, "It doesn't matter." Being homeless taught me not to be picky, and it's not like I know the malls that they have here.

"We can walk around then and stop at the stores one by one," he suggested. We didn't talk during the drive to the mall because he spent his time talking to his a\*\*istant, giving him instructions. It gave me time to clear my head and to listen in on his conversation. Since he used the car phone, I heard everything he said to his a\*\*istant, whose name was Shawn. They didn't discuss anything confidential just Valdo's schedules and meetings; boring stuff. Too boring to find out if he's really as good as he appears.

"Sounds like a plan." I agreed

He unlocks the doors of the car and we exit. We entered the mall, and the first store I saw was Emporio Baby. I smiled and pointed at it. Valdo smile as well and then we started walking in the direction of the baby store.

"Wow," Valdo said as we entered. "This is baby central."

I nod in agreement. I've never seen so many baby clothes in one place before, and it made me a little excited.

"Is it a girl baby or a boy?"

"Girl," I answered honestly.

"Okay, let's go shopping." he tugged my right elbow and pulled me towards the pink side of the store. We stopped at the first table and started looking at the pullovers. I start looking through the section, and Valdo let out a laugh. I looked at him with a frown then he lifted the shirt he was laughing at it was a white pullover with the prints, 'I was daddy's fastest swimmer.'

I smiled, "Definitely not getting that one." I lift the one in my hands and show him; it said 'How cute am I?'

He smiled, "You're very cute." I blushed and placed the pullover under my arm and continued looking through the section again. It made me a little sad going through all the pullovers because some of them were saying things like 'Daddy's Princess, Daddy's Angel' and many more daddy chronicles. It made me sad because she'll never know her dad, sorry, that he would abandon me like that. Sad that I didn't realise what a jerk Will was before I had s\*\* with him.

"Hey, look at this one." I lifted my head and looked over at Valdo. He held a white one in his hands that said, "Of course I'm cute, just look at my mommy."

I laughed, "We're getting that one."

"Yes, ma'am." he saluted with a smile. I couldn't help but smile when he did; his smile was so contagious.

I bent my head and continued looking through the baby clothes. I tried to distract myself from the fact that I found Valdo attractive. He was off-limits, and I'm pregnant. I shouldn't have feelings for someone I met three days ago even though he's s\*\*y.

But so are many serial killers.

## ADVERTISEMENT

Stop! He's not a serial killer.

"What are you thinking about?" I jumped at his voice so close behind me. "Sorry."

I turned and looked up into his blue eyes, "Are you okay?"

I nod, "Yea, just thinking about baby clothes." I lied.

He smiled, "Well we're in the right place. You can get anything you want."

I lifted the clothes in my hands and showed him, "I think I have everything I need right here."

He looked down at the tiny clothes in my hands and laughed and shook his head, "No, you'll need plenty more. Babies change about 5-6 times a day. We still haven't gotten nighties, shirts, skirts, pampers, bottles, soothers, etc."

He knew a lot about babies. Did he do this before?

Seeing the look on my face, he answered my thoughts. "I haven't done this before. I did some research this morning before we left and I'm not a serial killer."

"I wasn't..." I tried lying.

He shook his head, "It's okay. I know you have doubts about my intentions for helping you, but I want you to know that my intentions are 100% pure and will continue to be 100% pure. My mother will testify to that. We're having dinner with her tomorrow night. She's excited to meet you."

"I'm sorry."

"It's okay. I understand. When I was a boy, many men would come up to my mom and hit on her, and I was very defensive. I wanted to protect her from them. I understand why you are so protective of yourself and your baby, It's natural. You've only known me a few days; it's okay if you don't trust me. Sometimes I don't trust myself."

I nod, "I'm still sorry, though."

He shook his head, "No need. Let's continue shopping we're going to need about fifty more pieces of baby clothes. It's going to be a long day."

.....

I moaned as I took my first bite into my chicken sandwich. While chewing, I lifted my head and looked at Valdo, who was looking at me with a grin on his face. I frowned but continued eating. We took a break from all the baby shopping because the baby was hungry or it was me, maybe both of us. So Valdo and I were currently in the food court stuffing our faces.

#### ADVERTISEMENT

Valdo was using his hands to wipe the corner of his lips, but there wasn't anything there since he was only eating fries. I frowned when he continued wiping his non-existent food off his face. He shook his head and then took up my napkin. He leaned over in his seat and held my head in his hands and wiped whatever was on my face off. I blushed when he leaned back in his chair.

"Thanks," I mumbled when I was finished chewing.

"De nada," he said before placing the next fry in his mouth.

I lifted my sandwich and took the next bite, praying this time nothing was left on my face. When my mouth was full, I placed the sandwich back in the wrapper and wiped off my face. I knew Valdo was watching me as he ate his fries, and I could tell he was trying to hold back a smile.

"You know it's a bad habit to stare at someone when they're eating," he stated chewing on a fries. I quickly took my eyes off him and looked down at my sandwich.

"You know it's a bad habit to laugh at someone when they're eating," I replied in the same tone.

"Well if the other person's face is covered in mayo and lettuce then the law says it's okay." I flushed at his words, embarra\*\*ed. "Don't look so embarra\*\*ed, it looked cute." he looked behind him then turn back at me, "I'm sure those teenagers appreciate it."

I took up one of my fries and threw it at him. He caught it in his hands, then placed it in his mouth, "Thanks for the fry."

I smiled at his behaviour. He's cool for his age. Most twenty-eight years old didn't act as cool as him, or at least the ones I know, which are few.

I quickly grabbed two fries off his tray then pulled out my tongue at him. Childish, but it was fun. I placed his fries in my mouth and moaned.

Thank God for making Potatoes.

"You just started a war. No one steals my french fries and gets away with."

I shrug, "Do you know French fries or not actually from France but Belgium. One of the languages spoken in Belgium is French, and the fries were created by a man who spoke French in Belgium; thus, French fries."

He shook his head and chuckle, "The detail is a bit off, but yes, I know French fries are actually from Belgium."

"Did you know that French people have cheese for each day?"

He raised his eyebrows, "That I didn't know."

I smiled, "You learnt something today."

ADVERTISEMENT

He nodded in agreement. "Did you know you can marry a dead person in France?"

I frowned and shook my head, "Why would anyone want to do that?"

"What if you were going to get married next Saturday, but fiance, the love of your life died, wouldn't you still marry him?" he explained.

I shook my head, "I cried for him, sad that he died, but I wouldn't marry him if he's dead. That's the whole point of the 'till death do us part'. He's dead, we've parted. That doesn't mean that I won't continue loving him, but I won't marry his corpse."

"I wouldn't marry her either if you're wondering. That's just plain weird."

I nod, "What would I do when someone asks me where my husband is? I'd be like, hmm, he's dead, but we're still married."

He laughed, "Don't let the French hear you say that."

"I'm sorry, French people for laughing at your law or culture," I said with a serious face and a clasped hands.

"How did we even start talking about French laws?" he asked with a smile.

I shrug, "I don't know." I looked down, then back up with a smile, "The fries."

"Oh, yeah. The French fries that are Belgium fries."

I shook my head, "Are we, adults?"

"I am. Are you?"

I shivered at his words and look down at my food. Technically I'm an adult, but I'm also a teenager because my age still has 'teen' behind it.

Should I tell him my real age or should I continue with the lie?

A lie never hurt anyone before.