

Pregnant and Homeless by jollyreaderjennell Prologue

I looked down at the purple and white pregnancy test. It told me what I already feared. I'm pregnant. I'm an eighteen-year-old pregnant woman who was still in high school. I sighed and ran my hands through my hair. So many questions were running through my mind. How is William going to respond? Will he be happy or sad? I knew he loved me, he told me every day, but a baby can change things.

More importantly, how would my mother respond? She would be disappointed since I followed her footsteps by getting pregnant in high school. But she wouldn't react too bad right? She had me when she was sixteen, and I'm two years older than that. I'll survive just like she did.

I stood from the toilet seat and placed the pregnancy test in my bag. I exit the stall, then washed my hands. I walked out of the bathroom and made my way back to the lunchroom.

"Hey, babe," William said as he saw me walking towards our usual table. "What took you so long?"

"Can we talk?" I asked without acknowledging the other people around the table.

He gave me a small smile, causing his brown eyes to light up, "Sure."

I walked ahead of him until we entered one of the janitor's closets. William, thinking this was going to be one of our makeout sessions, smashed his lips on mine. I wasn't having it, so I pulled away.

"What's wrong?" He asked with frustration in his voice.

"I'm pregnant." I looked at his face waiting for a positive reaction, but I got the opposite.

"What?" He scolded.

"I'm pregnant," I repeated.

He shook his head, "That can't be mine."

I raised my eyebrows at him, "Of course it's yours. You're the only person I've ever had s** with."

All the softness that was on his face was now gone, "Really because I saw Peter grabbing your b*** the other day and you didn't stop him or tell him off."

I rolled my eyes, "Peter does that to everyone. He's only my friend. I've only been intimate with you."

He hissed his teeth, "Stop lying! Everyone knows you're a b****. You sleep around. Just like your mother." Before I could think I lifted my hands and slapped him across his face. How dare he speak about my mother. She worked so hard to provide for me all by herself, and he was calling her a prost**ute.

Alton was a small town, and so when a single mom moves to town with her daughter, she gets attention. There was no doubt, my mother had dated a few of the men around town, but she wasn't selling her body to them.

He wasn't the first person I've heard with it, and he most likely won't be the last.

"Listen to me, you jerk. Never call my mother a w**** again. She raised me by herself without the help of a man, so don't you dare disrespect her. She's twice the woman your gold digger of a mother will be." I never meant to call his mother a gold digger, but he was always going around telling people what a gold digger she was, so why not throw it back in his face.

"Good, because you're going to be just like your mother and raise this baby on your own because it's not mine and I don't want it." He barked out the words before he exited the closet making sure to slam the door.

I took a deep breath, and the tears that were hiding fell. How could he be so cruel? He was telling me he loved me only yesterday, yet he didn't mean it because he thought I was sleeping with Peter. All along, he was using me for s**. Why didn't I realize it until now?

The 'I love you babe' and the 'You mean the world to me' were all a ploy to get in my pants and I fell for it, every single time.

I sat down on the cleaning equipment and cried my eyes out.

At least I still have my mother.

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I looked at my mother as she placed the grocery bags on the table. "Hey, baby. Are you okay? You don't look so well. Is everything okay?"

"Mom," I sobbed.

She rushed to my side to console me. She wrapped her hands around my shoulder. "What's wrong, baby? Why are you crying?"

I shook my head. I couldn't tell her. Not after she's worked so hard to put food on the table. Not when she just came from a long day at the diner. Not when she's had a long day of nasty customers.

"Tell me."

"I'm pregnant." Her arms went rigid, and she released me from her hug. She stood from the couch and looked at me.

She shook her head. "No. You're not pregnant." I could see the thoughts running through her mind as she thought about history repeating itself.

"I am. I found out today." A few tears fell from my eyes. "William doesn't want the baby."

She shook her head, "How could you? You see me struggle to make ends meet and you go get yourself pregnant!" She shouted.

"It was an accident." William always used a condom, I made sure of it, but something must have gone wrong the last time we had s**.

"An accident." She paused. "Just like you. No. You're not an accident. You were a mistake. I should have listened to my mother and got an abortion." Her cruel words cut through me like a poisonous knife. "Get out!" She shouted, pointing to the door.

“What?” She couldn’t be serious.

“I said get out,” she repeated.

“Mom,” I pleaded. She didn’t mean it. She loved me.

“Get the hell out of my house. Go find that boyfriend of yours and let him take care of you because I don’t spend my money on w****s.”

The tears fell rapidly from my eyes. “Mom, you can’t do this. I’m your daughter.”

“My parents kicked me out when I decided I was going to keep you and so I’m kicking you out too. After everything that I’ve done for you, this is my payback. Get out before I throw you out.”

I flinched at her words and stood from the couch. I started to walk towards the bedroom but stopped when she called out, “Where do you think you’re going? The door is that way.” She fumed.

“I’m going for my things.”

“What things? You’ve never worked a day in your life, so you don’t own anything in this house.”

“Mom,” I pleaded again. This couldn’t be happening to me.

"Get out! You're nothing but a nasty w****. Go let the man who got you pregnant care for you." Her words hurt so much and I couldn't take it anymore, so I did what she was asking and left the one-bedroom apartment.

What do I do now?

I'm homeless and pregnant.

Pregnant and Homeless by jollyreaderjennell chapter 1

Six months later

I covered myself with the dirty blanket as I lay uncomfortably on the park bench. I couldn't sleep, and it was almost dawn, so I had to get up before people started doing morning jogs. I hated the looks that people gave me. They didn't even care if I heard what they were saying and nothing they said was nice. It was all mean and cruel.

Unable to sleep because of the thoughts running through my head, I stood up from the bench and rubbed my eyes. My back and muscles were killing me, but it wasn't anything new. It came with being pregnant, and it came with living on the concrete or park benches. I tried living in shelters, but they were awful. The men tried to force themselves on me even though I told them I was pregnant. I couldn't take the hara**ment, so I never stayed for more than a week.

I looked down at my stomach, and I rested my hands on it. "Good morning, baby girl." I felt a small kick in response, so I smiled.

She was the reason for my smile. She was the only thing in my life that was worth living for. Nothing else mattered but her. I've been going to a free clinic and the nurses there were sweet, and they took care of me. They probably knew I was homeless, but they didn't mention it.

I picked up the old torn duffle bag and walked to the back of the park and entered the restroom. I looked in the mirror at myself. My dark hair was a mess, my eyes were baggy, and my clothes were old and big.

I sighed. Old and big clothes were better than none.

I wet my rag and filled my water bottle with water then entered one of the stalls. I took off my clothes then used the rag, water, and a tiny piece of soap that I had to clean myself up.

When I was finished, I took out a dress that I got from a thrift store yesterday and placed it over my body. The clothes that I received at the shelters no longer fit because my belly was getting bigger and bigger every day. I exited the restroom and started to walk to the entrance of the park. If I didn't have a big dirty duffle bag on my shoulder, I'd look like any normal pregnant teen. But it wasn't the case because the duffle bag was proof of the hard life I've lived. I left Illinois the day after my mother kicked me out and never went back. Ever since I've been moving from one place to the next. I never stayed anywhere for too long because it was too dangerous. People would notice the pattern, and that could put my baby and me at risk. So I stayed only three days per town or city and then I'd revisit it next month.

I was now in New York. People were willing to give money here. Sometimes I'd get as much as fifty dollars a day, which was enough to buy food and a beverage and to save. I had to save, I have a baby coming in less than three months, and I have no idea where I was going to live when she arrived.

It was still too early for me to go to Times Square, so I just started to walk around the street, admiring my surroundings.

How did I get here?

Seven months ago, I had a life. I got a full scholarship, and I was planning on going to college, for free. All that was ruined because I thought I was in love with

someone, so I gave him my body. Looking back, I realize that even though William said he loved me numerous times, he never meant it. He only wanted s**, and I was too dumb to realize it at the time.

Seven months ago, I had a not-so-big bed that I shared with my mother. It wasn't silk, but it was better than sleeping on concrete or benches.

Seven months ago, I had a mother who would have gone hell over earth for me, and now all I have is myself and my baby.

All alone in this cruel world.

I didn't know I would get pregnant. I didn't know that William would accuse me of cheating. I didn't know that my mother would have kicked me out of the house.

I guess this is what people mean when they say 'expect the unexpected.'

It was summer, and so I would have been preparing to move to Northwestern University to start my degree in Civil and Environmental Engineering where I'd stay for four years. Afterward, I would have gotten a job as a Civil Construction Project Manager. I'd build places, homes, and offices. It was ironic because I don't even have a place to live. Being on the road has taught me things, and I've seen things. Some pretty awful things.

One day I found a little corner to sleep in, and around midnight some men attacked a woman with guns and r***d her. Each one got his try on her body, and there was nothing I could have done but sit in terror and watch the scene play out. I couldn't get myself or my baby killed, not when I was fighting so hard to stay alive.

There was something deep in my bones that told me that this wasn't it for me. Something tells me that this isn't the way life is supposed to be for me. So I fight both physically and mentally. I found a pocket knife on the ground a few months

back, and I wasn't afraid to use it on anyone who thinks they could put their hands on me.

I was homeless, but it wasn't easy.

I wanted a life for myself and my baby. I wanted a life better than the one my mother lived. I didn't want to work in a diner with customers yelling at me because their coffee didn't have enough sugar or their food was too hot.

I wasn't meant for a life like that.

My mother used to whisper in my ears, "You're meant for greatness," and I believed her. I always forgave her for putting me through this hell. I also always thanked her because every day I got to see what the real world had to offer. What the world was like outside of a small town?

I stopped at the door of a fast-food restaurant and looked through the clear glass. It wasn't too full. I opened the door and joined the line. I looked up at the menu. The breakfast prices weren't too bad. If I bought an omelet with mint tea, I'd have some money left for lunch and dinner. I tried to spend only \$15 on food every day, so if I don't get any money thrown in my cup, I'd have something for the next day.

"Good morning. Welcome to Rixely's. What can I get for you this morning?" The smiling girl who was around my age asked me.

I gave her a small smile, "Can I have an omelet with a small mint tea, please?"

"That's five-fifty," she responded. I took out my little purse from the side of the duffle bag. I placed the coins on the counter and started to count.

I could sense the people behind me getting a little angry, so I quickly apologized. 'I'm so sorry. Here.' I pushed the money towards her.

She smiled at me and gave me the receipt. I moved and walked over to the next section to collect my breakfast.

"1067" a man in a red hat called out.

I raised my hands, "That's me." I moved closer and collected my breakfast. I walked to the corner of the restaurant and took a seat. I quickly ate the omelet and drank the tea. The earlier I went to the square, the more likely I was to get money or see people rushing to work and not realizing that their wallet was dropping out of their pocket. I didn't steal the money; I'd pick it up and give it to them. Sometimes people, after realizing my situation, would give me five dollars. Sometimes they didn't even care to say thank you.

C'est la vie.

Unfortunately.

I walked out of the restaurant and started to walk towards the skyscr***rs. New York never failed to amaze me. As a small-town girl who wasn't used to seeing so many tall buildings in one area, it amazed me. The rush of the people, the taxis honking, and the backed-up traffic. It was unusually good to see.

I smiled and lifted my head, looking at the buildings. So mesmerized by my surroundings that I didn't look where I was going and ended up bumping into someone.

"Watch where...Oh." I looked up at the stranger, and my eyes met the most beautiful sparkings blue eyes. "I'm sorry." He quickly apologizes when he notices my belly then turns and starts walking in the direction I was coming from.

I let my eyes follow the beautiful older stranger with enchanting eyes. For some reason, my body shivered when he touched my hands to keep me from falling.

I brushed it off and then started my journey once again, but I couldn't stop thinking about those enchanting blue eyes.