

Pregnant and Homeless by jollyreaderjennell chapter 10

"Great. You're awake." I jumped at the voice and then looked to my right in the direction it came from. Valdo was sitting on one of the couches with a book in his hands and King sitting down at his feet. "You must be hungry."

I nodded my head, "Yes. I'm just going to make a sandwich." I pointed at the kitchen.

He shook his head, "No need. I ordered a pizza. Come and sit here and talk to me. There is still so much I still don't know about you."

I hesitated before I started walking towards him. I didn't want him to know too much about me, but he deserved to know at least something, and I could always lie if he asked anything close to home. I took a seat opposite to him then rested my hands on my lap. King stood from his spot at Valdo's feet and came and sat beside me on the couch.

I looked at him and smiled, "You're a good boy, aren't you." I placed my hands on his fur and rubbed him down.

"That's because he likes you."

I smiled. I liked him too. Animals are wonderful, and it's sad when people don't appreciate them.

"How was your sleep?" I lifted my head and looked up at Valdo, his blue eyes shining as always.

"My sleep was good, thanks for asking." I moved my eyes from him and looked down at the book that he had in his hands. I couldn't see the name of the book, but I saw the author clearly, and he was one of my favourites. "James Patterson, which book is that?"

Valdo looked down at the book, then back at me, "Murder Games."

I've read over twenty of James Patterson books but never came across that one. "Oh, I don't know that one."

"It came out a few years ago." he paused and smiled, "So you're a fan of James Patterson."

I nodded my head, "Yes, J. D Robbs and James Patterson are my favourite authors."

He smiled, "You know that J.D Robbs is Nora Roberts, right?"

I laughed, "Yes, but Nora Roberts is associated with Romance novels, whereas J.D is murder mysteries."

"I see." he paused. "So you're saying you don't like Romance Novels?"

"I've never really read one, so I can't be biased and say that I don't like them, but I'm more of a mystery type of girl." It was the mystery side of me that allowed me to live on the streets so long. Reading mysteries taught me a lot.

He nodded his head and looked down at his book, "You'll probably enjoy this book then."

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"Maybe I can borrow it when you finish with it." I didn't want to ask and get rejected, so I stated instead. I know some people didn't like lending out their books.

"Sure, you can read it when I go to work tomorrow. You'll have something to occupy your time."

"Thanks." His voice brought me back to reality somehow. He would go to work every day and leave me in his apartment. Did he really trust a stranger in his home? Not that I'm planning on stealing anything. Even though I've been through hell, I've never stolen from anyone before, and I don't plan on starting either.

"So tell me about yourself." he coaxed in a low tone.

"Hmm...What do you want to know?" I asked in the same low tone.

"Well, we just discovered you like Mystery novels, which mean you enjoy reading. What type of music do you listen to?"

I smiled, "It's kinda weird, but I love country music." Country music isn't about money, drugs, war or fame, and that's why I loved it. Most country music is about love and family and they are clean of violence.

He smiled, "There is nothing weird about that."

"Well some people think that country music is lame, but I don't. It's so much cleaner than the s*** they put on the radio these days."

He nodded, "It is."

"What about you?" I looked into his eyes and asked, "What type of music do you like?"

"I like Jazz music," he stated simply.

"Wow, so I'm not as weird as I think." he frowned a little, "No, what I mean is Jazz is old music." I hissed. "Jazz is beautiful music, but it's usually older people who appreciate it."

"Are you calling me old?"

I shook my head, "Not at all. Jazz is beautiful. I love Ella Fitzgerald." I said, trying to prove that I had nothing against Jazz music.

He laughed out, "I'm just messing with you. I understand what you mean. The greatest jazz musicians are dead, but there are some great ones still living like Harry Connick Jr."

I sighed in relief. "Yeah, I like him. He's the guy that came in that movie with Sandra Bullock." I rubbed my hands in my hair, "I can't remember its name, though."

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"I'm not..." before he could continue the doorbell rang, "That's the pizza. I'll go get it." I frowned when he stood up to get it. The receptionist had refused to let me in last night, but he easily let in the pizza guy. So biased and judgemental.

Valdo came back in the living room with a 20X20 pizza box. He removed the TV remote from the table and threw it on the couch he was sitting in, then placed the pizza down on the table. "What would you like to drink? I have orange juice, apple juice and cran water."

"Apple juice, please." he smiled at me then turned around, heading for the kitchen. He came back out with two gla**es in his hands, one with apple juice and the other one with a dark liquid, probably Coke or Pepsi. He placed the apple juice in front of me and then the Coke in front of his seat.

"Why don't I get Coke too?" I joked.

He smiled, "Because you're pregnant and soda is not good for the baby."

"Soda is not good in general."

He placed his hands over his lips, "Shhh...I'm cheating on my diet plan tonight. My diet**ian can not find out about this. I don't really like it either but since I have it, why not?"

I frowned at him. He didn't look like the person who needed a diet**ian.
"Diet**ian?"

He slowly sat down in his seat before answering, "I have Type 1 Diabetes." he looked at me and smiled, "Close your mouth before flies get in it."

The only person I've known with Diabetes was my next-door neighbour Macy Miller, and she died two years ago from complications with Diabetes. It's a scary illness.

"Don't worry about me. I've had it since I was eight. I'm used to it by now." I looked at him with sympathy in my eyes. Twenty years living with sickness like that can be sad and terrifying.

"You shouldn't be drinking the soda."

He smiled, "I'll be fine. Sometimes a little food cheating is good."

"But it's dangerous."

He shrugged, "Nah. Let's stop worrying about me and my diabetes and start eating that pizza. We don't want it to get cold, do we?"

I forced a smile as he lifted the lid of the box. I frowned when I saw what was in the box.

"What? You don't like Hawaiian Pizza?" I lifted my head at the voice, and my eyes met his.

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"I don't believe pineapple is supposed to go on a pizza. But don't worry, I'll still eat pizza. I'll have to remove the pineapple and the pepperoni."

He frowned, "You don't eat pepperoni?"

I gave a shy smile, "I'm going to be picky just this once and tell you that nobody really knows what pepperoni is made of, only the person who made it, of course. To me, it's a mixture of meats and seasoning and to be honest, I rather not have my meats mixed."

He laughed, "You're one weird girl."

"Thank you."

Valdo reached over and took up the first slice of pizza and took a big bite from it. I looked down at the slice directly of me. There were three slice of pepperoni and five slices of pineapple on it. I used my thumb and index finger to remove them and place them at the side of the box. When my slice was clean, I lifted it to my mouth and took a bite.

When Valdo finished with his first slice, he drank some of his soda then looked at me and started laughing. He shook his head, "I can't believe you just removed all the toppings from the pizza."

My mouth was still full, so I just nodded my head.

Valdo took up the slices of pepperoni and pineapple that I placed in the box. He placed it on his slice and took a big bite.

When I finished chewing my first slice, I looked at his as he chewed his second, "Are you sure you have diabetes?"

When he finished chewing, he looked at me and nodded, "Yes, I have insulin to prove it and a whole heap of other stuff."

"Is this pizza going to make you sick?"

He shrugged, "Nah, eating pizza now and again didn't really mess me up. I eat healthily, my mother makes sure of it and my diet**ian who sends me a list every week. I'm 100% healthy, well almost."

I looked at him and nodded, "As long as you're certain you're not doing anything to harm yourself in any way. Diabetes is a serious illness." I was somewhat tempted to say my neighbour died from it, but I didn't want to ruin the mood. Valdo looked like a person who knew what he was doing after he's had diabetes for twenty years, he must have been doing something right over all these years, and that's why he's still alive.

"Awe, Tiffany is worried about me?" he asked jokingly.

"I'd naturally feel worried about someone who has helped me, given me the opportunity to better my life. To make a change." I looked down at the pizza and started removing pineapples and pepperonis.

"Twenty years with Diabetes has taught me a lot and believe me when I say I'm as healthy as the other person, and I'm not going anywhere, at least not anytime soon."