

Pregnant and Homeless by jollyreaderjennell chapter 42

/ [Pregnant and Homeless by jollyreaderjennell](#)

I burst into tears as I saw my mother. I wrapped my arms tightly around her. "I'm so sorry," I muttered repeatedly.

"It's okay. It's not your fault." she combed her hands through my hair to comfort me.

"It is. I brought him into our lives." If I hadn't dated William, then all this wouldn't have happened. He brought all the pain into my life. I wouldn't have gotten pregnant, wouldn't have met Valdo and wouldn't have had Jamaica.

I sighed. Valdo and Jamaica were the best things that have ever happened to me, and I wouldn't trade them for the world.

I was finally getting my happy ending, but William just wouldn't allow me.

"Shh... Valdo and Eric will deal with William. You just calm down." she pulled me out of the hug and wiped my tears away. "Valdo won't let anything happen to you. He loves you dearly, and he loves Jamaica too. He'll protect you from William. Eric know a few persons too, he'll help Valdo deal with it. You don't have to worry. I love you and if those handsome, rich guys can't protect you, I will"

I smiled through my tears, "I love you too."

The two men ended their conversation and walked over to us. "Tomorrow, we'll handle William and make sure he never gets close to us again," Valdo said.

I looked at him and asked, "How?"

"We'll talk with him."

I frowned. How will talking to him make this go away? "That won't work."

"It will if we use our fist." Eric blurted out honestly.

I looked at both men, "You'll get in trouble. Look what he did the last time." I shook my head, "No. I don't want you hurting him. God knows what lies he'd try to pin on you next. We'll find another way."

"There is no other way. We can't file a restraining order because he's never actually threatened you before. All he wants is his child." Eric sighed, "I'm a lawyer. I see things like this all the time. He won't give up. I don't like the idea of hurting him, but I honestly don't see any other option. We need to get him off our backs for at least two weeks."

"Then let's get him off our backs in a way that's legal." I hated William with every cell in my body, but I didn't want Valdo and Eric hurting because he proved how ruthless he could be in Alton.

"How are we going to do that?" My mother asked.

"By giving him what he wants." They all stared at me with a frown. "He wants his child. Let's get a DNA done."

"But he is her father." My mother frowned, "Isn't he?"

I nod, "He is, but he doesn't need to know that. We could agree to do a DNA test to prove he isn't her father. All we need is a doctor to fake the results."

"I know a guy," Eric added.

I glanced at him, "Great. We just need to convince William to get the test done."

"That might not be too easy."

I shrugged, "It's better than getting Valdo locked up in a cell again."

Valdo sighed, "Fine. We'll go ahead with your plan. We'll need to bait him. He can't know what we're up to."

Eric nodded, agreeing. "You're right. He has resources. I was surprised he knew where you lived. He must have hired someone to check you out."

"He comes from a family of wealth. His father is probably helping him. They both have the same sociopathic tendencies." I didn't know the full story behind what happened between William's dad and my mom, but I knew it must have been awful for her to hate him so much.

I sighed, "There is no reason for him to be behaving like this. He denied being her father the day I found out now all of sudden he wants to be in her life. It doesn't make any sense."

"That's because he doesn't want to be in her life. He just wants us to pay for the embarrassment he felt. I didn't want to tell you this, but I think it's time you

knew." My mother paused before continuing, "Mr Munro was found severely beaten two days after we left Alton. He lost one of his eyes, and both his hands and feet were broken."

I held onto my mother's arms tightly. A lonely tear fell from my eye. It was my fault.

"Don't blame yourself. It's not your fault William is like that. It's in his blood." She pulled me closer.

"Did he say who did it?"

She shook her head, "No, but everyone knows it was Officer Peters. Marie said he came by the shop with his wrist bruised up. Of course, everyone just ignores it. Half of the Police in Alton was on Morgan's salary and the ones who weren't, aren't brave enough to speak up."

"That's so sad. Thank God, we left that town. I never want to go back there."

"You won't have to," Valdo assured.

We stood in silence for a minute before Eric spoke up, "Well, I should be taking my leave now,"

Valdo frowned and shook his head, "No. It's almost 12:30. You can stay here tonight. Jakobia and I will share a room, and you and Gizelle can share the next one."

Eric and my mother looked at each other and remained silent.

"It's a big bed," I interjected.

"I guess it is." my mother mumbled.

Valdo patted Eric back, "Great. Come with me. I'll get you some blankets."

When the males were out of sight, I looked at my mother and grinned.

"What are you smiling at?" she asked with a frown.

"What were you and Eric doing before William came?"

Her face went pink, "Oh, nothing. I was watching a show, and he was exercising,"

I smirked at her, "Are you sure that's what you were doing?"

She rolled her eyes at me, "Jakobia, I'm not so old that I can't remember what I was doing two and a half hours ago."

"Mom, you're a terrible liar."

She let out a heavy sigh, "Why would I be lying? I was sitting on the couch watching NCIS marathon when William came banging on the door."

I smiled, "So was Eric also watching NCIS?"

My mother frowned at me, "You might be an adult, but I'm still your mother. I don't have to stand here answering your questions."

I grinned, "Mom, you have a hickey on your neck and by its redness. I'm 100% sure it's recent."

Her eyes widen, "You're lying."

"Nope." I lifted my phone and placed the camera on selfie mood.

My mother closed her eyes in embarra**ment, "How long has it been showing?"

"Since we arrived."

She faced palmed herself. "Okay, fine. Eric and I were making out on the couch, but we were watching NCIS. We just got a little distracted."

"That doesn't seem like a little to me," I whispered.

"It's nothing," she denied.

"Is it?"

"Jacky, Eric is sweet, and he's very handsome, but he's a p*****, and he's also five years younger than me."

"Do you hear yourself? Sweet and very handsome." I shrugged, "He seems like your type to me."

"We were just having fun, that's it. Don't start thinking that we'll eventually become a thing because we won't."

"If you say so."

She sighed, "I'm sorry for breaking up your date, but I was panicking. I need to know you were okay."

"It's okay. We brought back our cakes. You can have a piece of mine if you want."

"Tomorrow. Eric cooked earlier, and I'm full."

"Hmm.." I said with a smirk, "Sweet, very handsome and he can cook. He seems like he's got the complete pack ma."

She sighed, "I'm exhausted. I'm going to head to bed." she kissed my cheeks and whispered words of love then walked away. I knew she was only really trying to avoid me prying into her s** life.

I walked behind my mother and entered Jamaica's nursery. I walked closer to the crib and smiled down at the sleeping baby. I gently ran my hands down her tiny back.

"Oh, I miss you so much."

How could I love her so much but hate the man who made her possible? She had half his DNA, but I would do my very best to make sure she never becomes anything like him. She'll be surrounded by constant positivity and endless love.

I kissed her on the cheek before walking over to Valdo's bedroom. It would be our first time sleeping in the apartment as man and wife. When I entered the room, Valdo was already laying down with his eyes to the ceiling. I climbed on the bed and wrapped my arms around him. There was nowhere I felt safer than in his arms.

"When all this is over I'm going to build a house. It will have around fifteen rooms. One for us, four for the children and the other ten for families and friends."

I chuckled and look at him, "We only have one child."

He grinned, "So far."

Pregnant and Homeless by jollyreaderjennell chapter 43

[/ Pregnant and Homeless by jollyreaderjennell](#)

"Did it work?" I whispered into the phone.

"It did, "Valdo a**ured. "Just continue what you're doing. If our source is right, then, he should be pa**ing you in around five to ten minutes. Act normal. We have eyes on you. If he tries to hurt you, they'll take care of him."

I nod then remembered he couldn't see me, "Okay. I'll be fine." I won't let William get close enough to hurt me.

The call went silent for a few seconds then he spoke again, "Okay, I'll see you soon." I removed the phone from my ears and placed it in my handbag.

We came up with the perfect plan to get William to request a DNA test. We would make him believe that he chose the doctor for the test. How would we do that?

Around half an hour ago, William was pushed down by a man who was running from another man. That's where Dr Jones came in. He saw the whole, 'Accident' and offered to help William. After fixing him up, he gave William his business card to contact him if he starts to feel any pain from the accident.

We weren't 100% sure that it would work, but we could try. William didn't know anyone in New York, and so we were sure he'd jump to contact the same doctor who helped him.

I took a deep breath and started walking idly around the 7-eleven. William would usually pa** here to get a snack on his way to his apartment. He dared to leave Alton and rent an apartment close by us just for revenge.

If that doesn't scream crazy, then I don't know what does.

I took up a bag of Oreos and started examining its label. It's been a while since I've eaten one. It was a bit too sweet for me. My eyes widen, "Product of Peru. Interesting." I always thought Oreos was made in America. I guess I was never bored enough to read the label before or any other label for that matter.

I placed the Oreos in my basket and moved down the aisle. I started looking at the items one by one until I lost track of time.

Suddenly, I heard a laugh behind me. I jumped startled.

I turned around to see William five feet away from me.

"If it isn't the Runaway s***." he looked behind me, "So, Mr Billionaire isn't here to save you this time." he chuckled.

"Are you following me?" I needed to keep the act.

He laughed, "I wasn't actually but a good idea. I should start doing that."

I rolled my eyes at him, "What do you want William?"

He gave me a devious smile, "To take my child away from you? By the way, where is she?"

I looked into his brown eyes with contempt. "Jamaica is not your child, and where she is, is none of your business." Why was she his child all of a sudden? He never wanted her. He still didn't want her. He just wanted me to suffer.

"Not my child?" he laughed. "I remembered the day you told me you were pregnant." So did I and you called me a w****.

"You denied being the father, and as it turns out, you weren't." I lied.

He laughed, "I know she's mine."

"She's not. Valdo, my husband, is her father." He knew Valdo, and I had gotten married, so I didn't pretend otherwise.

He chuckled, "He must be nuts to marry a w**** like you. Does he know that Jamaica isn't his?"

"Jamaica is very much Valdo's child, and a DNA could easily prove that." I was never a good liar, but I prayed to God William was taking the bait.

He took a step closer to me, and I finched, "Stop lying. I know she is mine."

"She isn't." I denied it.

"She is!" he shouted.

I shook my head, "She isn't, William. I cheated on you with Valdo. When you denied being her father, I went back over the dates we had s** and realised could have never been yours and when I told Valdo I was pregnant, he moved me to New York."

"I don't believe you."

"Then don't. Jamaica is Valdo's child."

He shook, "I want a DNA test done."

I shook my head, "No."

"Yes!" he shouted. "The only way I'm going to believe that she isn't mine is through a DNA Test."

I took a deep breath and looked at him with venom in my eyes, "Fine. Let's get a DNA test done. You choose the doctor and the day. We'll be there." I turn to walk away, but he grabbed my hands.

"Don't walk away from me."

I pulled my hands out of his grip, then slapped him across his face. "Don't touch me." My heart was racing a mile a minute. I quickly turned and left before he could get a chance to react.

When I exited the store, Valdo's car was waiting outside. I entered quickly, "Drive." Valdo pressed the gas and got us away in seconds.

I looked at him and smiled. "I slapped him across his face, and it felt great."

Valdo chuckled. "That's my girl. He deserved it. How did it go?"

"I think we're on track. We just have wait on his call to see if he fell for the bait."

"He will."

I looked ahead and mumbled, "Hopefully." If William chose a different doctor, then we were in deep waters.

Valdo removed his right hand from the steering wheel and placed it on my leg. "Everything will be okay. Let's go home to our daughter."

..

"Where is the baby?" Valdo said with his hands over his face. "Peek-a-boo." he removed his hands from and looked down at Jamaica. Her eyes were wide open as she watched him make a fool of himself.

I laughed and shook my head, "I think it's going to take more than 'Peek-a-boo to get her smiling."

"She's not crying and so I know I'm entertaining her." I smiled at him as he played with her. He is just a great man. He was playing the role of a father with no hesitation or complaints. He loved her as much as he would have loved his own if he had one. "I'll get her smiling in no time." he looked at me with a smirk on his face, "You know females go wild for these blue eyes."

I laughed, "And I'm here thinking that I was the only girl you cast spells on."

"If it makes you feel any better, your the only girl who has ever mattered." I smiled at him and remained silent.

I suddenly remembered last night's events, and I chuckled, "Did you see the big hickey on my mother's neck last night."

He grinned, "I did. I tried to ignore it, so she didn't feel uncomfortable."

I smiled at his sweetness, "I pointed it out when you guys went to look for blankets."

"Why did you think I suggested them sleeping together in the first place?"

I looked at him, keenly, "Are you trying to play matchmaker?"

He shrugged, "Not at all. They seem to be getting along quite well without our help."

"She says it's nothing."

"He says it's nothing."

Casual s** was common and not much of a big deal these days, but It bothered me that my mother was taking everything with Eric so lightly and quickly. Things could get bad if whatever they were doing didn't work out.

"Stop worrying about them. They are both old enough to make their own decisions."

"I don't want my mom's heart to get broken." she has been through too much already.

"If any one's heart is going to be broken, it's Eric. He's the one trying to seduce her." Last night was evidence that he was succeeding. "Don't overthink about it. They're just having fun," He looked up at me and smirked, "the type of fun we should be having."

I smiled at him, "Yeah, babies can be real c***blockers." Jamaica had woken up from her sleep when we were about to get in the mood. After changing her, we tried to put her back to sleep, but she wasn't having it.

He chuckled, "We'll work around it." he looked down at Jamaica, "Won't we Jelly Bean?" I smiled at her nickname. We barely ever used it.

Jamaica yawned in response. "I think she's hungry now. Breasts or bottle?"

"Bottle. I'll go get it." I walked out of the living room and entered the kitchen. My breast was heavy earlier, so I had to pump some of the milk out and store it in the fridge. I heated the bottle on the stove using a double-boiler method. It usually took around three to five minutes to heat up, so I went back to the living room. I sat in the couch beside Valdo and admired how he looked at Jamaica.

"You're amazing." He lifted his head towards me and smiled

"So are you." he whispered, "l.." he was interrupted by the ringing of the landline.

"Hold that thought." I stood from the couch and walked over to the landline and lifted it, "Hello."

"Friday, 61 Maiden Street, Dr Kyle Jones. The appointment is at 1." then the call ended.

I turned to Valdo and smiled, "It worked."

Pregnant and Homeless by jollyreaderjennell chapter 44

/ [Pregnant and Homeless by jollyreaderjennell](#)

William looked at Valdo, and I's entwined fingers and rolled his eyes. "A man with your wealth could have any women, but you choose this s***."

Valdo's grip on my hands tightened as he tensed up. He looked at William with fury in his eyes, but he remained silent. This isn't the place to start an argument.

"You know she's a gold-digger right." William looked at me with a scowl on his face, "That's the only reason she dated me. She got to sit beside me every day at school. She went on dating me without lifting her purse. Trust me; she wouldn't have looked at you if you weren't loaded.

If I could slap him one more time, I would.

William chuckled, "She wasn't even good in bed." I rolled my free hand in a fist.

If I wasn't good in bed why the hell did you keep coming back with your tiny p****!

William frowned at Valdo, "What do you see in her? Like really? She's not that pretty. Her face is too plain; her eyes colour doesn't stand out. Nothing about her screams beautiful."

Okay, so my face is plain, and my eyes don't stand out, but that does not mean I'm not pretty.

"She sleeps around just like her mother. Why do you think she doesn't know who her father is?"

I didn't know my father because he was an a**hole just like you!

As soon as I became pregnant, I was no longer the girl you wanted. I became a s*** and a w****. It was the same thing with my mother and the same thing with Hannah.

Men have been abandoning their children for centuries; it wouldn't stop now.

If only William could have been like those men.

But no, he couldn't just leave me to live my life in peace.

"Jakobia!" he laughed, "What kind of name is that?" He looked at Valdo, "Your's isn't even much better. I guess you guys do belong together."

I rolled my eyes; at least I didn't have two last names as my name.

"Do you think I'm a fool?" William said, staring at me, "If Mr Billionaire is her father, then why doesn't she have his name? Why is her name Taylor? As soon as I get the results, the filing for custody will continue, and when I get full custody of her, I'm going to have her name changed to something better than that foolish name. You will never see her again." he looked down at Jamaica. "Enjoy that baby face, because it's the only face you'll ever know of her."

My heart was racing. If this plan didn't work, I'd lose my daughter to a coldhearted b*****.

Valdo noticed the fear and turned to me, "He's just trying to push your b***ons. Ignore him." he whispered loudly for only me to hear.

I nodded my head and swallowed. If this didn't work, then we had no other option but return to the original plan.

"Oh, isn't that sweet? But he can't save you this time." his evil laugh brought chills through me.

I hated every cell in his body. He ruined Mr Munro's face, and I know he wouldn't hesitate to destroy mine too.

A pet** brunette nurse walked up to us, "The doctor is ready to begin. Follow me."

Without untwining our hands, Valdo and I stood. Valdo lifted Jamaica's carrier off the ground, and we followed behind the nurse. Valdo allowed William to walk ahead of us because only God knows what was going on in that crazy head of his.

When we entered the room, Dr Jones directed us to our seats, and the nurse left the room.

He looked at us, "So we're here to find out who the father of that baby is?" He pointed at Jamaica.

"We already know who the father is, we just to confirm it by doing a DNA test," William interjected before we got a chance to answer. '

Dr Jones looked at him and nodded, "I'll only be taking yours and the baby's samples then.

"Yes," William answered.

Dr Jones turned to me, "What are your name and the name of the child." I answered, and he wrote in down on a paper. "As the mother of the child, you'll need to sign this consent form before we can proceed." I accepted the document he offered signed. He already explained how it worked to Eric who passed on the information to us so I know I wasn't signing anything that would give William the upper hand.

I handed the form to him.

"This procedure is super easy. I'm going to take swabs from Mr Morgan and the baby." He turned to William, "We'll begin with you, Mr Morgan." he moved away from us and started to put on his gloves. He then tore a bag and took out a long swab. He walked over to William, "Open up." As instructed, William opened his mouth. Dr Jones rubbed the swab against his jaw for about a minute. When he removed it from William's mouth, he carefully placed it in a container. He handed William a paper, "Sign, please." When William signed the document, Dr Jones placed it on his sample's container.

Dr Jones looked at Valdo and I, "Remove her from the carrier and place her in your arms please." He disposed of the glove he used with William and placed a new one on his hands.

Valdo did as instructed and held the sleeping baby in his arms. "I'm going to be as gentle as I can as not to wake her, but the goal is to get cells from her jaw."

I nod.

Dr Jones gently opened Jamaica's mouth and rubbed the swab against her jaw. He did it for one minute, then moved away from us. He placed Jamaica's sample in a container that was similar to that of Williams. He then placed both samples in a bigger enveloped and seal it.

He turned to us, "That's it."

"How long does it take to get back the results?" William asked. I'm sure he couldn't wait to ruin my life.

"Three to five days." the doctor answered.

"Aren't there express services?" William asked.

Dr Jones nodded, "Yes. You could get the results on Monday, but it would cost extra."

"Add the extra cost to my bill. Doctor, I just need to confirm she's my child so I can protect her." William was a serial manipulator but it wouldn't work. Dr Jones already knew what William was up to, and that's why he risked his career to help us.

"I understand." Dr Jones replied. "Well, this is the end of the procedure. The Lab will send the results directly to your home address."

William smiled, "Thanks, Doc."

"Do you want me to check out your arm before you leave?"

William smiled, "Nah. My hand is okay. I just need to watch where I'm going next time."

"Well, I look forward to seeing you again. Have a good day." Dr Jones took up the envelope with the samples and exited the Examination room.

William smirked at us, "I'll see you in court. Hasta la vista, b****!" William walked out of the room, leaving us alone.

Valdo smiled at me, "That's the last we'll ever see of him."

"Hopefully."

...

"Are you ready to hear the stories?" Hannah asked with a smile.

"Yes," I answered eagerly. I've been dying to hear Valdo's previous arrest stories from the moment I found out about them. I find it so hard to believe that Valdo, sweet, Valdo would get himself mixed up in anything illegal.

Hannah invited us along with my mother to dinner tonight, but my mother declined, she had made plans already. I was a bit curious to know what plans she could have and she just moved here. Eventually, I let go; she was old enough to make her own decisions.

Hannah looked at her son, "Do you want to tell her about the first time you got arrested or should I?"

"You're the one telling the stories mom. My arrests are nothing I'd want to disclose so you should do it."

Hannah shrugged, "She's your wife. She should know about your past."

I looked at Valdo. He looked uncomfortable in his seat. Were the stories that bad? I looked at Hannah, "Maybe we shouldn't. If Valdo doesn't want to share his arrest stories with me, then it's okay."

Valdo lift my hands to his lips and kissed my knuckles, "My mom is right. You should know about my past because you've told me everything about yours. The best I can do is return the favour." without taking his eyes off me he spoke, "Go ahead, mom. Tell her."

Hannah nod, "He was thirteen when he first got arrested. He got caught stealing rice at the local supermarket. When they arrested him, they called me and told me what he had done. I was so disappointed. I felt like I'd fail him." she looked at her son with sad eyes. "We hadn't eaten the night before because I didn't have any money to cook. He was just trying to provide something for us to eat, but it wasn't the right way. I didn't raise him to be a thief, and so I let him stay in the cell that night, and I picked up in the morning. I made him promise never to steal again."

There were many times my mother and I were low on funds. She couldn't always buy me the things I wanted. When I was fourteen, I wanted the attention of a guy in my cla**, and I didn't have any makeup. I went into the local dollar store intending to steal some, but I never dared to do it. I was too afraid that I'd get caught.

"We've all had moments like that. I've tried stealing a few times myself; I just wasn't brave enough to do it."

"Honey, the stealing was the least of the problems. He got arrested when he was seventeen for something way worse."

"What's that?"

"Why don't you let him tell you?" Hannah said, looking at her son.

I looked at Valdo, waiting for him to share his story.

"I was in a gang. They robbed a bank and killed someone. I was the driver of the getaway car."

Pregnant and Homeless by jollyreaderjennell chapter 45

[/ Pregnant and Homeless by jollyreaderjennell](#)

Uvaldo's POV

"I was in a gang. They robbed a bank and killed someone. I was the driver of the getaway car." By the time I was finished speaking, Jakoby was staring at me with her eyes wide open, shocked.

My past wasn't something I was proud of, but as my wife, she had the right to know.

"When I was sixteen one of my cla**mates introduced me to some guys. He told me they would pay a lot of money to just drive their cars from city to city. I didn't question why they wanted me to drive the cars I just did what they asked because I needed the money. They'd pay me \$500 just to drive a car from Harlem to China City. I was earning \$5000 a week. That was twice as much as my mom got a month. I saw it as a great opportunity to make our lives better. I had no idea it was a gang until they asked me to drive them to the bank. The case never made it to court, and so we never ended up going away." The Ravens were led by the Giovannis', the biggest mafia family in New York and so it was easy for the evidence against us to disappear. I got off easy because it never got on my record.

"I left the gang after that." I only left it because of how devastated my mother was when she found out what I'd done. When I was free, she begged me never do anything of that sort again, and I promised her I wouldn't. By that time, I had already saved enough to pay for college, so it was easy to give up the lifestyle.

"It never occurred to me that you'd been apart of a gang. You don't seem like the type." Most gang leaders didn't look like they were criminals either.

"I was oblivious to the fact that I was working with a gang. I never soc*****ed with the members. I just did what I was asked, and I got paid." It crossed my mind a few times to investigate the people I was working for, but I didn't want to ruin my chances of securing my future. My only regret being apart of The Ravens was the security guard that was killed in the robbery. His wife was five months pregnant when he died.

Jakoby shrugged, "I'm glad you're no longer apart of that life."

I smiled at her and placed my hand over hers, "This is my life now, and I'm happy with it."

...

I found it challenging to focus on the work in front. I couldn't stop thinking about Jakobia. Last night when we got home, I told her about my biggest regret in life,

the killing of the security guard. It haunted me for years to know that I was apart of a crime that took a boy's father away from him. Especially since I knew how it felt to grow up without one. The child was now eleven, and his mother never remarried.

Jakoby didn't judge me. Instead, she wrapped her hands around me and comforted me. It was exactly what I needed. Sometimes I worry that the cops would start digging for old Ravens cases and they would come after me. To prevent that, I had to do small chores for the Ravens now and again. I'll always be in their debt no matter how powerful and rich I became because the Giovannis' would still be ten times richer and powerful.

Jakoby kissed all the worries out of my mind. She made me forget about all my problems in seconds.

God, I love her!

I love her smile, her laugh, her scent, her body. I love everything about her. I loved her since the moment I laid my eyes on her.

Something inside me said, 'Protect her.'

I'm so glad the hoodlums let her go that night, and I'm glad she remembered my offer.

She's made me so happy. I can't wait to spend the rest of my life loving and protecting her.

I looked down at my watch and sighed. I wanted to go home and spend time with my beautiful wife and daughter, but it was only a few minutes after two, and I still had plenty of work to catch up on.

I rubbed my temples and looked at the desktop. Kent Tech was drowning in debt, and they wanted me to save them before they are declared bankrupt by the bank. Investing in their business wouldn't do me any good. The owner Ricardo Kent had made some bad personal choices. He had gotten his underaged mistress pregnant and denied being the father.

I deleted the email.

I can't help a man who denies his role as a father.

I moved onto the next email and started reading it silently.

The phone on my desk rang so I picked it up. "I'm sorry. I tried calling Scott, but I couldn't get him."

I frowned. What is she talking about? "

"Gizelle, I'm lost. What are you...?" before I finished my sentence, my office door was pushed open.

"Well, well, well," William said, looking around the office. "It's a nice place you've got here." He was wearing dark jeans and a striped Tshirt, exactly what is expected of someone his age.

"Thanks, Gizelle." I placed the receiver down and looked at the younger man. "What do you want William?"

“So you have your mother-in-law working for you. Are you banging her too?” he chuckled.

I took a deep breath and looked at him, “What’s the reason for your visit?”

“The DNA test came this morning. The child isn’t mine. I doubt she’s yours either. I’m just here to tell you to get a DNA test done. Jakoby is w****. She probably tried to pin her child on every guy she ever slept with. You’re just the silly one who actually believed her. ”

“Are you done?” I hated men who feel the need to tarnish a woman’s reputation after their feeling are hurt.

Get over yourself!

He took a seat in the armchair in front of me. “I don’t get it. I honestly don’t get it. You’re a handsome dude. You have a few billion in your bank. Why are you playing Batman to two b****es? I don’t get it.”

I stood from my seat and walked over to where he was sitting. The DNA test was done. Jakobia and I won. I didn’t need to sit down and listen to him, slander my wife and her mother’s name. I grabbed the collar of his T-shirt with one hand and punched him with the next. He pulled away from me and stood up.

“The last time you caught me by surprise, but now I’m ready.” He went in for a punch, but I dodged it and used the opportunity to punch him in the stomach.

He groaned and held his stomach. He took a deep breath, then looked at me with anger. He ran towards me, but I moved, causing him to run into the wall. He fell on the ground and groan.

"Get up!" I shouted. "You want to act like a big man then get up and act like one."

He used his elbow to lift himself off the ground. "She's not worth it!" he shouted. "She isn't special. She's a w****!"

This time I ran up to him and pushed him on the wall. I was currently punching him until I started seeing blood. He spat the blood on the ground and smile.

"You're not gonna get away this time." his bloody smile was evil.

I laughed, "Get away?" I walked over to him and looked down at him, "You're on my turf. No court would believe I did this without reason. After all, you're the one who came barging in my office. As far as I can see, this is self-defence."

"I'll kill you!" he spat.

"Do you mean have your thugs beat me up as you did to Mr. Munro? They'd have to try and get to me first." I didn't have enemies, and so I didn't need the protection of any kind, but William was pressing a b***on. Even though I was no longer apart of the Ravens, I know they would protect me, I only had to ask.

"It was easy for me to come up."

"Of course, it was. I have a gun in the top right drawer of my desk. If I wanted to use it. I would. You are no match for me, and you never will be." A year and a half ago when I officially became a Billionaire, Kevin suggested I get a gun to protect myself from thieves. I got my license, and I bought one. It's been in the drawer ever since.

He pressed his hands to his bleeding nose, "You broke my nose, you b*****!"

"I could break a few other things too, but I'm not in the mood to fight a child." I never had a father to teach me how to fight when growing up, so I had to introduce myself.

Gizelle and Scott entered the office and looked at me.

"Are you okay?" Gizelle asked with concern.

I nod, "I'm fine." I looked at Scott, "Get security." Scott turned and left the office.

"William, why don't you just give up?" Gizelle asked. "You're not going to win the battle."

He slowly stood up from the ground, "Oh, I give up. I give up, alright." he slowly limped his way out the office murmuring to himself.

I looked at my mother-in-law, "Gizelle, please don't mention any of this to Jakoby. I don't want her worrying."

"Okay, I won't."