



Flawed *Fate*

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FLAWED FATE

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Prologue

She knew she shouldn't be going down this road so late but she missed her bus and had to walk. There were houses on both sides of the street and all of them were in darkness. She had made it half way when a hand covered her mouth and pulled her into the bushes. He lay her down on the grass and covered her body with his.

"Stay put and I won't hurt you."

Tayla could smell the alcohol on his breath. He was tall and muscular and probably in his twenties. She was so scared.

"If you scream I will"

He kissed her on her lips, so softly she may have even kissed him back. He ran his hands over her breasts and as afraid as she actually was, she let out a soft moan. She had never been touch by anyone and this stranger was evoking feelings in her she never knew she had. How was it possible she was being aroused by a total stranger, she was only fifteen for crying out loud.

He fumbled with his zipper and when he freed himself he pulled her panties aside.

"Please don't you don't have to do this."

"I'm sorry. God forgive me."

When he entered her she closed her eyes and waited until the pain subsided. He somehow realise what he had done and he paused and rested his head on hers. Then he began to move inside her. This was not a man out to harm, this was man confused, bewildered and under the influence of alcohol. A few more gentle thrusts and he was finished.

Chapter ONE

Tayla was crying and when he looked at her, she could see he was crying as well. She was confused. He wasn't violent towards her and furthermore it seemed as if he made love to her. There were no angry words and he didn't hit her. When he pulled away from her, he tried fixing her clothes and helping her to her feet. He kept saying sorry over and over. When she was standing up steadily, he took her

back onto the road and walked her to the nearest street light and left her there. What he didn't know is that she was just a few houses down from her own home.

She stood under the streetlight and watched as the dark figure staggered into the night. She walked slowly and somewhat painfully to her house. How was she going to explain this to her parents, she knew her clothes were dirty and her face was flushed. She pushed the door and as soon as she closed it her father spun her around and slapped her in the face.

"Where have you been you slut? Out in the street with those boys? Look at you, you're filthy."

"I missed....." Another slap.

"Be quiet in my house, no dinner for you, go clean those clothes and get to bed." Her father stepped aside to let her pass and he smacked her behind her head as she did. Tayla refuse to cry all she could think about was the handsome man who invaded her body with his. At this moment she would have rather gone with him than come home to this misery. She was so conflicted. She should hate him but she didn't.

The next few weeks were gruesome, her father was even stricter than before. One evening the bus was late and she got home 5 minutes after 5. He father punched her in the stomach and her mother stood and watched. No dinner for her again.

Five weeks has passed since her incident and she knew she was in trouble. She was late and she knew her parents would throw her out when they found out. At this point all she wanted to do was find the stranger and tell him he was going to be a father. She searched high and low asked everyone she knew. No one seemed to remember or even had seen this man. Giving up she went home and decided to brave the weather. She would not be giving up her baby.

"I knew it you slut, you aren't bringing another mouth to feed in this house, be gone by tonight, you will not sleep another night in this house. Pack all you can carry, you can come back for the rest when you have somewhere to sleep.

"Mom, you have nothing to say? I was raped, I didn't go having with anyone, why don't you believe anything I have ever said to you? Don't the two of you even have a little bit of love for me?"

"No daughter of mine will bring shame to this family, no you heard your father, pack what you can carry and come back for the rest, that's the least we can do."

"Shame? I was a shame the day I was born." Tayla ran to her bedroom and started packing her bags. She took as many things as she could and when she pushed the front door, she didn't even look back.

Tayla walked and walked until her feet were tired. She didn't even realise she had left the neighbourhood completely. She had taken her bag with wheels so she wouldn't have to lift it. When her feet decided they couldn't take it anymore, she looked for a bus bench and sat down and began to cry.

Tayla felt someone touching her and she sat up straight.

"Miss, its cold out here, come inside and get warm, are you waiting for someone?"

"No, I..... my parents threw me out, I have nowhere to go."

"At your age? You're just a wee bit to be on your own. Come my daughter will see to you."

Tayla looked up at the elderly gentleman and hesitated.

"Okay, you stay here I will get her to come for you, if that will make you feel better."

"Yes it will, I'm sorry."

"No need, you are just being cautious. Be back in a few." Sleepy eyed Tayla watched as the old man walked quickly to a house on the opposite side of the street. She hugged herself from the chill and hope he wasn't some freak with a freak for a wife. Sure enough a lady came out running with a blanket. She crossed

the road and in no time Tayla was bundled up and she pulled the bag along with her.

"Come sit, Dad put on some hot tea for you. Have you eaten?"

"No, I....." She couldn't hold it anymore. Tayla broke into a fit of tears.

"Ahh child, it's not that bad, come, get something in your tummy and we can see how we can help you out okay?"

Tayla nodded and wiped her face in her dress.

She was given a hot cup of peppermint tea and some rice and peas with salt fish gravy. Tayla polished it off in a hurry.

"Would you like some more little one?" The gentleman asked softly.

Tayla nodded. She finished the second plate and started to cry again.

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to eat so much."

"We have plenty to share, it's good to see young people eat. What's your name child?"

"Tayla Bradshaw."

"How old are you?"

"15."

"You parents threw you out because you are pregnant?"

Tayla froze. She sat up quickly and grabbed her bag and started pulling it to the door but she fell on the way. Susanna rushed over to her and knelt beside her.'

"Girl child, you will hurt yourself. I know the symptoms because one I'm a doctor and two, I have children of my own, one of them conceived when I was 16 but my loving father would never throw me out and I married my son's father so it worked out. Now come, sit and talk to me. Dad, is the guest room made up? I don't think she should be on the street anytime soon."

"I made it up when you went to get her. Will she be okay?"

"Yeah just a bit scared and with the two of us fussing over her it would be overwhelming." She got up and stuck out her hand to Tayla who took it and got up as well. She felt the urge to hug Susanna and she did. Susanna welcomed it and hugged her back.

"Aww come on now. Let's get you to bed and we can talk when you are ready." Tayla nodded and let Susanna go.

"I'm Susanna and my dad is Malcom and this is the Thorne household."

The next morning Tayla woke up in a strange bed and as she looked around she remembered everything from the night before. She got up and searched for a bathroom. She didn't feel sick so she quickly took a shower, dressed decently and made her way to the lovely aroma.

"Good morning Tayla, Susanna left this for you and she said to call her if you need her."

"Good morning Mr. Thorne. She doesn't live here?"

"Shucks no, she lives a few houses down with her family. I bought the house as a wedding gift and graduation present. Have some breakfast and we can decide what we are going to do for you and the other little one and call me Malcom, Mr. Thorne was my father."

"I don't want to be a burden, I can cook, clean wash."

"I have a maid, Susanna pays the bills and you can't do much in your condition. Does the father know?"

"I was, he was..... no he doesn't."

"Ahh I see, sometimes men do things they aren't proud of and I hope this will not make you turn away from finding a good man to share your love with."

Tayla opens the envelope Susanna left for her and once again the tears come

"What's wrong little one?"

"Susanna left money for me to buy anything I needed."

"Uh huh and?"

"I'm not used to this, my father gave me somewhere to sleep and food that's it, my mother went along with it because she feared him too much to say anything. You two took me in from the streets not knowing who I was and now she's giving me money I did not earn."

"Life has a way of putting people in your path, for the good and the bad. I know you were hurt by more than one person but look, you found us and we will do all we can because at some point someone did or will do for us, can you understand that?"

Tayla nodded. She felt ashamed about the way she got pregnant, for a stranger, how will she ever find him? She began to feel angry and she vowed if she ever saw him again she would kill him.

For the next several months Malcom tutors Tayla, he wants her to complete her education and when the baby is old enough she can go to work. She comes to learn Malcom is not an old man either he's only 56 or he offered to baby sit until she could find a nearby day care.

Tayla was allowed to sit her CXC's under supervision by an Invigilator sent by the Ministry of Education. Malcom left the house and went to Susanna's house to baby sit his grands until she came home.

Tayla finished all of her exams and she felt she did well. In all she took 8 subjects and if she got good grades Susanna would pay for her college fees and Malcom said he would baby sit if she decided to go to school at night.

The results were hand delivered by courier and Tayla stared at the envelope.

"OH, give it to me, you are killing us." Susanna snatched it and tore it open.

When she saw the paper her face changed and she plunked down in the chair.

Tayla frowned as well. Malcom frowned, the children frowned, they had grown to love Tayla and wanted her to pass. Then all of a sudden Susanna began laughing.

"All 8."

"What?" Tayla asked.

"You got 8 ones with distinction."

"8." Tayla squeezed her eyes shut. This was not possible.

"Oh thank you Jesus." Malcom said aloud

The children ran to Tayla and hugged her. Everyone started singing and dancing and then Tayla screamed.

"Well he sure has some lungs on him." Susanna proclaimed when she slapped the baby on his butt.

"A boy? I have a son?"

Tayla tried to see him but a nurse had taken him from Susanna to get him cleaned up

"In a minute love, one more push and it's all over."

"What will you call him Ms. Bradshaw?" Asked the nurse as she handed the baby to his mother.

"JocheMalcom Bradshaw."

"Spell that for me please."

"J o c h e, M a l c o m, B r a d s h a w."

The nurse wrote J M Bradshaw on the tag and spelt the name out on the form.

"I have to go see my parents. I want to get the rest of things from that house, will you take me Malcom?"

"Sure little one, when would you like to go?"

"Tomorrow if possible."

"Not a problem, we can take the children to help us pack, I should have some boxes in the garage we can use."

"Oh one box is fine, I didn't have as much as I have now." She hung her head. She felt a hand under her chin.

"Life is not about the past little one, it's about the future and what you do to get where you need to go. You have a wonderful son and I have extra family. I'll go put the boxes in the car."

The next day, Tayla packed the baby bag Susanna's children had given her as a gift and she pulled her hair up into a puff. She decided she would dress in bright colours to keep her spirits up as she knew the visit would not be a pleasant one. She put on an orange dress Malcom had bought for her when she turned 16 and a pair of canvas shoes to match.

Malcom was rocking Joche to sleep when she got down stairs.

"Ready little one?"

"Yes please, I will get the car seat."

"I've never taken it out. Let's go."

Tayla got into the back and strapped Joche in. The children were already in the car waiting. They pulled out and made their way to Dayrell's Road. The drive took about 20 minutes. When they stopped Malcom shook his head.

"You walked all that way on your own, in the dark?"

"Wanted to get away fast. Can you stay here for a minute, I'm not sure of the reception I will get."

"I'm Ex-army, grumpy parents don't scare me one bit. I will keep Joche and the children here with me, just shout when you are ready."

"Be back in a minute." She popped the trunk of the Mercedes and took out two boxes. She closed it and walked up to the door. She paused. She had no contact with her parents since they threw her out.

The door flung open and her father stood there still as mean as ever.

"Good morning father, I've come for the rest of my things."

Her father stepped back and as Tayla was passing he slapped her on the back of her head. Tayla fell forward and hit her head on the bottom of the stair case. In between a daze and reality she heard a car door slam and the front door being kicked open. She heard a scuffle and a crash.

"You okay little one?"

"I think so, just a bit dazed. Let me go get my things so we can leave here."

Malcom helped her up and handed her the boxes. He watched her go up the staircase and he went back to where her father was laying in the floor with a bloody lip.

"If you are ever in her presence again and you touch her, I will more than bloody your lip, you got me?"

"Are you the one who got her knocked up?"

"That piece of information became none of your business when you threw her out, you should have listened to her then."

"She's a slut either way, you can keep her and that bastard child of hers."

Malcom took a step to punch him while he was on the floor but Tayla stopped him.

"No don't, he isn't worth the trouble, I have my stuff let's go."

Malcom took her hand and they left the house. Malcom put her in the car, put the boxes in the trunk and went back inside the house. He flung a few hundred dollar bills at Tayla's father for the door and left.

Ten years later

"Hi Susanna, I'm so glad you are here." Tayla hugged her friend tightly.

"How is he?"

"Ready to go."

"Can ya blame him?"

"No I can't, go on in, he's probably trying to grab at the nurse."

"Some things never change."

Malcom developed Alzheimer's and he had his good days and bad days, this was one of his good days and tomorrow who knows. Joche was now ten and doing brilliantly in school. Straight A student and a well behaved child.

The Thorne family had rallied around Tayla from day one and she did her best to live up to the goodness they brought into her life. She had completed her Degree in Psychology and she was hoping to set up a practice somewhere nearby. All this time she hoped and prayed that she would find Joche's father and his face was becoming a distant memory although she could see some measure of him in his son.

One day Joche asked his mother a weird question and it totally threw her.

"Mom, why don't we go to church?"

"Well that's a good question which I have absolutely no answer to. Would you like to go to church sweetie?"

"Yes ma'am, I think would like that very much."

"Okay, go get a nice pants and shirt and clean your shoes, tomorrow we are off to church."

Joche was so excited he went to bed early as he didn't want to be late. The next morning everyone with the exception of Malcom got into Malcom's Mercedes and drove to the nearest church.

Tayla was a bit apprehensive since she had never been to church before and she had no idea how to act. Joche couldn't care less, he tugged and pulled until everyone was seated. As the service began they were handed some hymnals, prayer books and Bibles. The choir assembled at the bottom of the aisle and the organist began playing.

The choir proceeded up to their seats and the Priest walked slowly up behind them along with the servers and Junior Choir. When everyone was in their places, the priest turned to face the congregation.

Tayla's heart stopped completely. When she came to, she was laying on a bed in the hospital strapped to several machines.

"Tayla sweetie! Oh gosh, I thought you were in a coma but the doctors said you probably just fainted and they would wait until you came to. How are you feeling?"

"I'm not sure. Where's Joche?"

"The priest is with him, he was crying so badly no one could even go near him but that priest was so soothing and he calmed him right down."

"Oh God no." She fainted again. The next time she came to the man she had been searching for since she was 15 was sitting by her bed, reading a book. Tayla almost flew off the bed.

"It's Okay Miss, you are safe here. The others have gone for a bite to eat so I offered to stay. I had to bring Joche back he wanted to be here when you woke up. The Head nurse here is my sister so I asked if he could stay with me."

He pointed to a two seater chair and Joche was curled up fast asleep.

"I'm sorry but you startled me."

"That's okay, you scared the church when you fainted, everyone has been asking after your health."

Tayla could not believe of all the places she could find the man who raped her so many years ago was a church and of all the things he could turn out to be was a priest. A storm raged inside her, she was tempted to scream at him about what he did but he clearly had no idea who she was. She put her plan into action.

"What's your name Father?"

"Dante James, no one calls me Father, I prefer Dante."

"Dante."

"Nice to meet you and I'm sorry your first visit was not a good one but I'm sure if you come again we will try to make it better for you and your family."

"Thank you." Tayla started at the man before her. Her heart was so conflicted, she was angry, hurt, happy, sad frustrated and vengeful. How could you hate a priest? Was he a priest when he raped her? When did he become a priest? Why was he drunk that night?

"Can I go home now, I think I was just a bit tired."

"Sure let me talk to my sister."

He had a family. People who Joche missed out on knowing for ten years.

"Oh Malcom I need your advice now."

Dante came back and told her she could leave as long as she was able to walk to the door on her own. Tayla got up steadied herself and slowly walked to the door.

"Okay she can go, but if anything changes she has to come back."

"Okay sis, love you lots."

Tayla watched as Dante picked their son up and cradled him against his chest. His sister covered him with a blanket and they walked out to Dante's car. A Mercedes just like Malcom's.

"Can you get the door for me Tayla?"

Tayla opened the back door and Dante lay Joche on the back seat and strapped him in. She got in and strapped in herself. Dante got in, swung the engine and drove away.

The ride was quiet. Tayla was itching to blurt out everything but she needed to time it perfectly. She glanced at Dante and realised he was a gorgeous man. Was he married? Did he have other children? So many questions and in time she would get all the answers.

Joche joins the junior choir, Sunday school and helps out at the church on Saturdays. He and Dante are inseparable. The women in the church were holding out that when Dante was ready he will pick one of them to date and get married but no one planned for the new comer - Tayla. Not only was she younger than all of them but she was beautiful naturally. Her dark skin was as clean as a violin note. Her kinky hair was always braided and in a bun on her head, neatly tucked in. She wore flattering but not sexy clothing and yet Dante stuck to her like glue. Joche was a big bargaining chip. As long as Joche was around so was Tayla.

Tayla was planning a big show down and she fully intended to date Dante and when she finally got him where she wanted she would tell the church what he did

and then leave. Her one big fear is that Joche would hate her for not only telling the world but making Dante seem like he was the worst person on earth.

Dante was becoming fond of Tayla, he always sought her out after church and he loved spending time with Joche. He even found a way to get them to come over for lunch on Sundays after church. The women in the church were seething. How did this woman capture Dante's attention without even trying? One of the women asked.

"She doesn't fall all over him like most of you single women in here do. She lets him be himself, priest or not." Dante's sister Desiree the nurse walked away smiling. Finally someone to put an end to the torment these women put her brother through every week.

Tayla on the other hand felt her anger leaving her as she got to know Dante better, she was beginning to see the good things he was doing in the church and how he was with his son without even knowing. She had written a letter to him, explaining who she was but she didn't mention Joche. When she finally admitted to herself that she had fallen in love with him, everything in her mind crashed.

Joche adores Dante. He realises that his mother smiles when she is near him. She looks at him and her steps get quicker. He never asked about his father but he was hoping that Dante and his mom would get married. He went to his mother's bedroom looking for some paper to do a postcard and saw a pretty envelope and a photograph of himself was peeking out. He thought his mother was giving Dante a birthday card as he was and a picture of him to frame. When the letter dropped out he picked it up and read it.

At 10 years old Joche was an intelligent child and he now understood everything his mother went through for him and the person she was now. What he didn't understand was why she was pretending to like Dante if she hated him so much.

He realised that his mother intended to tell the church everything on Dante's birthday and he knew he had to stop her.

It had been months since Tayla and Joche had been going to church and Tayla was at her wits end. She knew in her heart what she had to do but she still feared that Joche would hate her.

One Sunday morning, Dante came to church and he was not his usual self. He didn't even preach that morning, he let one of the younger priests take over. Joche knew why but he refused to tell anyone including his mother.

Just before the service is over Dante stands up and asks for the congregation's attention.

"When I came to this church, I had so many things going on in my life. I had just lost my wife and unborn son to a car accident, my mother took ill and I lost my job. This may sound strange but it was brought to my attention that I committed a horrible crime while I was under the influence of alcohol one night." The members of the church started to whisper and tried to guess as to what it was.

"I can't even begin to repair the damage I caused and I hope that someday the woman I raped would find it in her heart to forgive me."

Tayla didn't have time to react. The congregation went off. They started calling him a liar and a rapist and many of them called for his resignation. Just then a voice was heard from the back of the church.

"I cannot believe you people. You sit in here every Sunday and hang on every word that comes out of Dante's mouth. You sit there and pray with him, work with him, ask him for blessings. You ask for help with your children, money for bills, school, to pay off your gambling debts. He comes to you and tells you a secret he didn't even know he had and this is how you treat him? Do you have any idea how hard that was for him to admit? Is there any one of you who is completely innocent of anything in this life? I am sure I can remember seeing someone taking a few bills from the collection plate. I can remember seeing two married people kissing in the bathroom while church was going on a few Sundays ago and don't get me started on the ones who are hoping and praying that he picks you for a wife. I am only ten years old and if being like you all is what an adult is like, I would rather stay a child. Dante James is a good man who made a terrible mistake and I am sure out of that some good will come because as I see it, he owned up, something which the majority of you calling for his resignation can never do."

Joche got up took his mother's hand and left.

Tayla and Joche were sitting at the dining room table with Malcom who was having a good day when a knock came at the door. Joche got up to answer.

Joche hugged Dante and led him to the others.

"Hello Tayla. Hi Dad."

"Dad?"

"Son, you came back. I always knew you would." Malcom slipped into a sleep.

"Joche honey, take Grandpa Malcom to the living room for me."

Tayla waited until the coast was clear.

"Malcom is your father? He never said a word, he knew, he always knew. Did Susanne know too?"

"Yes, they told me I came home drunk and I was babbling about a girl and to tell her I was sorry but they never knew who it was until you showed up.

"Why didn't they tell me?"

"How could they? How do you tell someone that the man who raped you lived in this house? Susanne wanted to tell you the church you were going to would led you to me but she was afraid you would take Joche and run as they love you so much.

"How can you not remember raping someone?"

"I was too drunk, I had just left the hospital identifying my wife and naming the baby. I went to a shop and bought some alcohol and started walking. I don't remember anything else. Did I hurt you very badly?"

"No, you were gentle actually. It was confusing. It was as if you were in a trance. When you were finished you said ' God, forgive me'. I never reported it to the police."

"I woke up the next morning in my bed, I have no recollection of that night. I can't say sorry enough."

"In a way I'm not sorry, you gave me my son."

"Son? You mean"

"Yes, Joche is yours. I spent ten years hating you and loving him but that's over now. I realise you aren't the same man. We will soon be leaving. I know you don't have feelings for me. I will stay in touch and you can see Joche whenever you want."

"You can't pass on that info and expect me to let you walk away. Do you still hate me that much?"

"Hate you! I know now it wasn't hatred I felt, it was disappointment. You never came back to find me or to apologise. I've never been with anyone since that night. When I saw your face at church, that's why I fainted the first time, then the second time I fainted when I heard it was you who had Joche. I searched for you for so long and then, I grew to see the person you were. The letter disappeared and it's only when you confessed I realise our son gave it to you."

"Marry me Tayla, let me make up for all the things you went through because of my stupidity."

"I don't need you to make up. Many wonderful things happened to me since then and I won't ever regret having my son."

"Our son."

"You're getting married?"

"Joche, I need to tell you something."

"I know Dante is my dad."

"How did you know that?"

Joche pulled his shirt up and displayed his birthmark.

"I saw the same mark on his chest one day we went swimming and I told myself there was no way two people could have the same mark without being related, and grandpa has the same mark as well."

"Oh what will I do with you, come here." Tayla opened her arms to her son and he rushed right over.

"Dante, meet Joche, your son."

"I guess now when people say you look like me I can say well yeah he is my son."

They all laughed and hugged each other.

"You didn't say yes."

"Yes, she will marry you." Joche squeaked.

"Yes I will marry you Dante."

A few days after they got married. Tayla had a thought.

"I need you to do something for me Dante."

"What's that honey?"

"I need you to tell my parents what happened, I need them to know."

"Of course, we can go now if you like."

"Let's go. Come on Joche, we will drop you off by Auntie Susanne."

They arrive at the house and Dante stops the car and puts his head on the wheel.

"What's the matter?"

"I've been here before. I have been counselling the lady here for a while now. I better let her explain it to you."

They all got out and went to the door, when Taya knocked, her mother answered.

"Oh Tayla you came back!" She rushed out and hugged her daughter who was shocked.

"Hello Father James, you found her and brought her to me."

"Not quite, this is my wife Mrs. Bradshaw, I think we better go inside."

Tayla's mother gets some scones and hot tea for Tayla and Dante and they sit at the coffee table.

"The man I married wasn't your father, I got pregnant when I was young and he took me in and married me but as you grew he figured out who your real father was and he hated you from then. The day you told me you were pregnant, I hope and prayed he would ask you to leave and that you would find a family to take you in that would love you more than I ever could. When you came back, I wasn't here, I went to put flowers on your father's grave and when I saw the door, Victor was drunk and ranting about you and your lover. I didn't care how you got pregnant, I just needed you to be far away from here and not raise a child with that kind of hatred. I know I wasn't a good mother to you and I hope you can forgive me. I met Father James one Sunday I just wandered into his church and I would go whenever I could but it was too much to travel so I stopped and he would come down once a week and talk to me and I told him about you but I never said your name. I would pray that you found a good man to love you and your baby."

"Mama, Dante is my son's father. He was drunk and he raped me the night I came home dirty. I ended up at his father's house and only found that out just before we got married. I'm sorry you went through what you did and I don't hate you, I always knew you loved me that's why I came back I need you to know I wasn't the shame you said I was."

"I only said that for Victor's ears, it broke my heart to see you go, you are the light of my life. I never regretted having you, please believe me and my prayers were answered in full. When can I see my grandson?"

"Wait, where's dad?"

"Oh sorry, he died a few weeks ago, Father James helped me bury him."

"Oh, I'm sorry mama. I will bring Joche over to see you as often as you like." Tayla hugged her mother as they were leaving and made her way to the car hand in hand with her husband.

"Honey, talk to me."

"I'd like my mother to come stay with us. She can look after Malcom and baby sit."

"Joche doesn't need babysi....."

Tayla giggled.

"You're pregnant?"

"Yes Dante, we are going to have another child."

"I get to watch this time. YES!"

"I will take that to mean you are happy?"

"You have no idea and yes we can move your mom, Dad would love the company. What will you do with the house?"

"Hmmm, a home for teen mothers."

"Sounds like a plan. I love you Mrs. James."

"I love you too Mr. James."

The End.

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