



*Built for
Temptation*

INTERNATIONAL BESTSELLING AUTHOR

T. O. SMITH



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BUILT FOR TEMPTATION

AN MC ROMANCE

STORM HOGS MC

BOOK 3

T.O. SMITH

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For Riley, my reason for everything that I do.

*For all the strong, independent women out there. May you
forever always be unapologetically you.*

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STORM KINGS MC MEMBER RANKINGS

President: Adler Farley

Vice President: Seb Emery

Sergeant at Arms: Elliot Augustine

Road Captain: Harlan Murdock

Secretary: Beau Justice

Treasurer: Remi Cruz

Harbor

I was exhausted. The heat was here in full force this week, which meant more people were out and about. That also meant the emergency room was busier than normal. The heat made people irritable, and they lashed out at us over the simplest things.

Especially things that were out of our control as nurses.

As ER nurses, we were doing our best. We couldn't control how fast the doctor moved. We couldn't control if the doctor let them have water or food or anything else to drink. It was all out of our hands. We could only do what we could to make everyone as comfortable as possible.

Which usually meant forgoing our own comfort... a lot.

With one hand still on the steering wheel, I reached up with my other hand to rub one of my gritty eyes. I was so tired, they were beyond dry, to the point it hurt to keep them open. And it didn't help that I had to make the drive all the way from Augusta to Davisboro to even get home. And that was a good hour-long drive.

State Route 540 felt never-ending on days like these, and I groaned in relief when I finally passed the green sign with

white lettering that told me I'd crossed into Washington County. I reached over and turned the radio up a little louder before using the buttons on my steering wheel to try to find a station that had something playing that I knew. If I didn't find something to sing along to soon, I was going to fall asleep behind the wheel. I already had the windows down, but the wind wasn't helping much anymore.

My car suddenly began to lose speed, despite me pressing the accelerator. Steam quickly billowed from under my hood. My eyes widened in horror as I veered the car to the newly-paved shoulder. This wasn't happening. Not today of all days!

"No, no, no!" I cried, slamming my hands on the steering wheel before I turned the car off. My Ford Fusion wasn't anything brand new by any means—it was ten years old—but it was a *good* car with low miles. It'd been reliable for years.

Why did it have to break down on the day I was bone-deep exhausted?

Cursing, I slid out of my car and snatched my phone out, staring down at the circle with the line through it by the time in the upper, right-hand corner. Of course, I would break down at the bottom of a hill where I didn't have fucking signal. Why was this day determined to be an absolute shit-show?

Goddammit, what had I been thinking, settling in a small town? Was peace and quiet truly worth this kind of bullshit? Because right then, I was beginning to think it wasn't. At least if I lived in Augusta, I'd already be passed out in my comfortable bed. I could've even ordered food and had it delivered to me instead of making anything for myself.

Groaning, I looked up the hill both ways, trying to figure out which side was less steep. I needed a signal, and while I knew walking on a highway like this one while it was nearly dark

wasn't exactly the smartest decision, I had to if I wanted to make any kind of phone call and get some help. I needed a tow truck. I didn't want to be out here all damn night.

Sighing and praying that I wouldn't accidentally get smacked by an eighteen-wheeler or another car, I began to hike up the hill in the direction traffic flowed, keeping watch on my phone in case I happened to get a signal before I got all the way to the top. It was doubtful, but I was hoping *some kind* of luck would be on my side.

The sound of a motorcycle reached my ears, and I glanced over my shoulder when I realized it was slowing. A man wearing a Storm Hogs MC cut was sitting astride the beast, one hand resting on the handlebar, the other resting on his thigh. His visor covered his face so I couldn't see who he was, though his build was definitely all man. Thick arms covered in a light dusting of dark hair. Stained blue jeans from hard work. His white t-shirt was also stained with dirt.

He finally rolled to a stop, and I swallowed thickly when he pushed his visor up, letting me see his handsome face. And man, was it handsome. Light stubble coated his jaw and cheek, and his dark eyes ran over me, doing a once-over, one corner of his lips lifting when his eyes finally met mine.

I wasn't worried about this particular random man finding me on the side of the road with no one else around. The Storm Hogs MC was known for their contributions to different businesses in the county, and all of them I'd come across in grocery stores or restaurants were extremely kind. They were probably the most decent set of men in the state of Georgia, to be honest.

“Woman, do you have any idea how dangerous what you're doing right now is?” the man asked me. His voice was deep

but smooth—like warm honey. It resonated deep within my chest, calling to something within me—awakening it. Something deep inside of me reacted, and my belly did a weird curling thing before an ache settled deep within me.

I waved down the hill toward my car, and he followed my hand before looking back over at me. “My stupid fucking car broke down.” I sighed and rubbed at the spot between my brows, so fucking exhausted. My shoulders slumped. “And of course, no fucking signal,” I griped, waving my phone around.

He swung his leg over his bike before pushing it off the side of the road. My eyes widened in surprise.

What was he doing?

“Come on. Let’s go down to your car and get anything valuable out. I’ll give you a lift home, and in the morning, you can call for a tow truck. Sound good?” He glanced around us. “It’s getting dark and too dangerous to be out here waiting on someone to come grab your car and bring you home.”

I sighed, knowing he was right. Giving in, I nodded. “A ride home would be great. Thank you.”

He winked at me, and my skin flushed. *Why was he so damn good-looking?*

“No problem,” he assured me. He began pushing his bike down the hill, and I followed him, trying not to drool over the way the muscles in his arms flexed as he controlled the heavy bike. “My name’s Elliot—Elliot Augustine. Sergeant at Arms for the Storm Hogs MC.”

I smiled at him, relaxing even more in his presence. “Harbor,” I introduced myself. “Harbor Latimer. I don’t have a fancy title.” He chuckled. “Just a nurse at Piedmont in the ER department.”

We came to a stop by my car, and he handed me a backpack. “Stick everything in there. It’ll be easier than trying to somehow hold a purse or whatever while we’re riding. You ever ridden before?”

I nodded. “A couple of times. I had a thing for bad boys in college.”

He threw his head back and laughed as I took the bag from him. “Baby, those bad boys in college have got nothing on a real man like me.”

I almost tripped over my own two feet, shocked by his bluntness. He winked at me. “Time’s ticking, Har. Get a move on.”

My heart clenched in my chest as I quickly spun and opened my car door. I really liked the sound of him shortening my name—definitely more than I should have after just knowing him for a few minutes.

Elliot

“Our turn for groceries,” Remi said, handing me the club credit card. My shoulders drooped, and I groaned loud enough to make Harlan shoot me a dirty look from where he was sprawled on the couch, trying to catch a “cat nap”.

He had a whole apartment upstairs to take a damn nap in. Wasn't my problem he was disturbed while trying to sleep down in the main area.

“Stop being overdramatic,” Harlan told me before shutting his eyes again.

“If you'd take naps up in your room in your bed, you wouldn't hear me being *overdramatic*,” I told him, doing air quotes when I said overdramatic.

He opened his eyes and rolled them at me. “Go fuck yourself, Elliot.”

I grabbed my dick, thrusting my hips in his direction. He grunted in disgust, but amusement shone in his eyes. “No need to fuck myself, Harlan. Got plenty of women to do it for me. Unless you're secretly trying to tell me you're up for the task?” I waggled my brows.

He picked his boot up off the floor and threw it at me. With a laugh, I ducked, letting it land somewhere behind me. Turning, I grabbed the credit card from Remi. “If anyone’s got special requests, text me,” I ordered before I headed out of the clubhouse and toward my truck. It was a Ford Raptor that I took pride in, even though I barely drove it outside of using it for work. I would always prefer the freeing feeling of being on a bike, but the truck was nice to have for things like this or rainy days.

And damn if the rainy days weren’t happening a hell of a lot this year. We couldn’t catch a fucking break, it seemed. Any projects that required us to work in the elements were put on hold until the rainy season was over... which felt like never.

Traffic was still slow this morning, which was a blessing. One would think driving would be easier living in a small town, but nope. If anything, people in small towns drove even worse than they did in big cities. In Washington County alone, which was comprised of six total towns—all of them small—there was an accident just about every single day.

When I turned into the Walmart parking lot, I was pleased to see it wasn’t busy yet. There were only a few cars in the parking lot. My kind of morning. Just how I preferred it.

I slipped out of the truck and headed into the store, grabbing a cart before wheeling it to the meat department. I grabbed random shit that would be enough to feed everyone before heading toward the frozen meals aisle, grabbing a bunch of those and tossing them in, too. Wasn’t like any of us cooked. The only time we ate home-cooked meals was because Cecily, Adler’s wife, or Athena, Seb’s wife, got everyone together and made a big meal for all of us to eat.

“Are you feeding an army?”

Warmth rushed through my veins at the sound of that sultry voice, even if she didn't mean to sound sensual in the slightest. A grin pulled at my lips as I spun around to face Harbor. She'd been so tired when I finally got her home the other night that she'd barely been able to manage a goodnight and a thank you before stumbling into her house. I'd wanted her number, but I didn't want her outside longer than she had to be, especially when she was so sleepy.

Honestly, I'd never expected to see her again, though I did ride by where her car had been left to see if it'd been picked up. And it had been, which was a relief.

"Hey." She waved at me, a blush staining her cheeks. "I'm sorry if I startled you."

I chuckled. "Nah, Har. It's all good. Just grocery shopping for the week. We pass the job around every Sunday."

She eyed my cart. "Did you grab everything the store carries?" she teased.

I snickered. "We're good at a lot of things, baby, but not grocery shopping. Or cooking." She laughed and nudged me aside before grabbing the cart from me. "*Ooh*, are you helping me?"

She laughed again, the sound thrumming through me, making my heart race. "Yes, I'll help you. Because your cart is giving me anxiety," she teased.

I grinned at her. "Please don't judge me on my grocery shopping. I'm *really* good at other things." And because I was an endless flirt, I threw in a wink for good measure just to make sure she got my drift.

She gaped at me and smacked my chest, making me bark out a laugh. "You are insufferable, Elliot."

I winked at her. “I can make you suffer in the best way,” I flirted. I was shameless, but I also really wanted her. Something about her just settled me in a way nothing ever had before in my life. I was clutching onto her with both hands.

She cackled. “That didn’t have *anything* to do with what I just said.”

I shrugged at her as she grabbed some frozen vegetables and placed them in the cart. “Eh, it sounded good in my head.”

She shook her head at me, but her shoulders shook with silent laughter. “Oh, Elliot, you are something else. You know that?”

I just beamed at her.



I STARED at my phone screen as I typed out a message to Harbor, who’d given me her number before I walked her to her car. She’d only been there to get paper towels for her house, but it meant the damn world to me that she’d stuck around and helped me shop, spending time with me in such a lame-ass environment. She didn’t even get annoyed by all of my lame jokes and inability to really ever be serious.

She just rolled with it, which just made me like her even more.

Elliot: Is it too bold of me to ask for a date?

Harbor: If you didn’t ask, I’d wonder if you were sick.

I snickered at her message. She already had me figured out, clever little woman.

Elliot: You got that in just the two instances we spent time together?

Harbor: You're more transparent than you'd like to think, Elliot. And yes, I'll go on a date with you.

Elliot: There's more to me than meets the eye, Har.

Harbor: There always is, silly man. And I'll gladly uncover all of those layers. My next day off is Thursday. Nothing fancy that requires effort, please. Summertime always sucks for work, and I'm going to be exhausted.

Elliot: I'll bring food, a movie, and some massage oil to your house. We'll have a date in. How's that sound?

Harbor: I'm going to marry you.

I barked out a laugh, my phone smacking me in the face when I lost my grip on it.

This woman was after my own fucking heart. No doubt about it.

And I was already holding it out to her, just waiting for her to snatch it from me.

Elliot

“Why the fuck are you ordering food when Athena just made all this food for everybody?” Remi asked me with a frown. I rolled my eyes heavenward and ignored him as I continued ordering food from the Asian spot down by Tractor Supply. Once my order was complete, I turned to face him, a frown pulling at my lips.

“Was it necessary to rudely interrupt my phone call?” I asked him. Sometimes, I was pretty sure some of the guys were raised my wild animals.

He pointed his fork at me. “Why are you ordering food? Athena just made lasagna. You *love* her lasagna.”

I sighed. “I have a date tonight,” I informed him.

Judging by the silence that immediately fell over the room, it was like I’d announced I was leaving the club or choosing to no longer be a partner in Storm Hogs Construction. Christ. It wasn’t that big of a damn deal. Sure, I didn’t really date—mostly stuck to one night stands—but Harbor was different.

She was real. Sweet but also very take-charge. She knew what she wanted, and she wasn’t afraid of making it known. I *needed* a woman like her. She already had me by the balls.

“A date?” Beau asked incredulously. “Since when do you fucking date, brother?”

“Since now,” I snapped, feeling a little defensive, which definitely wasn’t like me. I was the shit-starter. The clown. I let everything roll off my shoulders. Nothing got to me.

But for some reason, having them question me about dating bothered the hell out of me. Add Harbor into the mix, and I was basically a dog with raised hackles.

“Leave him be,” Seb quietly spoke up. I jerked my head in his direction in surprise. Athena was standing beside him, one hand resting on her swollen belly, the fingers of her other hand carding through his hair.

Adler stepped out of the kitchen, balancing three plates on his hands and arms like a true dad and husband. The sight of it had a chuckle escaping from between my lips. “What’s going on?” he asked as he carefully made his way to where Cecily was sitting with their son, Robin, who was in a high chair. Two of the plates he was carrying had lasagna, and the other one has some weird-looking, mashed-up food that made me grimace.

“Elliot has a *date*,” Harlan announced around a mouthful of food.

“Fucking gross,” Athena reprimanded him. “You want me to barf all over your plate? Chew with your mouth closed.”

He shot her an apologetic look. Seb turned his head to brush his lips over her swollen stomach. She was literally going to pop any freaking day now. Hell, as it was, she was already past her due date, but like hell would she let her husband keep her from doing anything she wanted to do. He trusted her to know her limits.

I had a feeling she was trying to see if she could induce labor, honestly.

“So what?” Adler demanded as he sat down. I shot him a thankful look, to which he nodded at me once in return. “Leave him alone.” Adler knew how I felt about people prying into my dating life. I didn’t usually mesh well with other women to do anything long-term. I wasn’t the kind of man most women wanted. I needed a woman who could keep me in line. Preferred a woman who wasn’t afraid to wear the pants in the relationship.

I looked at my watch and quickly pulled my truck keys out of my pocket, my phone in my other hand. “I’ll see you guys later.” I pressed a kiss to Athena’s cheek, since she was close to me. “If you go into labor, I want a phone call—date or no date,” I said, pointing a stern finger at her.

She laughed. “You’ll probably hear me screaming in joy and won’t need a phone call. Pretty sure all of Washington County will hear me rejoicing.”

I laughed and clapped a hand to Seb’s shoulder before making my way out of the clubhouse, shooting Harbor a text.

Elliot: On my way to grab dinner, and then I’ll be on my way over.

Harbor: Drive safe, handsome.



HARBOR OPENED the front door as I pulled up to her house in my truck. It was a cute little brick house on a few acres of land, ensuring she had privacy while still having neighbors on either side of her. She lived right off Highway 24, so the sound

of an eighteen-wheeler passing by her house was clear, even through the closed cab of my truck.

Grabbing the food off the passenger seat, I slid out of the truck, smiling wide at the sight of her. She was dressed in a pair of Batman sweatpants and a plain black crop top that hung off one shoulder. Her feet were bare, her dark, reddish-brown hair piled up into a messy bun on the top of her head with random strands hanging around her face.

I opened the backseat of my truck and grabbed out the small bag with the massage oil and lavender lotion so I could give her a massage after we'd finished eating.

“What movie are we watching?” I asked as I walked up the steps.

She rose onto her tiptoes and softly pressed her lips to mine. It was a short, sweet kiss—nothing deep or even remotely sensual about it—but it rocked my entire world on its axis all the same.

I was so gone over this woman.

“Jurassic Park,” she told me. “I’m on the third one, and after that, I’m switching to Jurassic World. Sound good?”

I kissed her cheek. “Sounds perfect, Har.”

She stepped aside, and I walked past her, toeing my boots off at the door before I followed her in my sock-covered feet to her living room. She had a U-shaped black leather sectional couch, and she settled on the side facing the TV. Once I was sitting beside her, I grabbed her tray, handing it to her with a plastic spork that the restaurant had sent with me.

When she opened the lid to the styrofoam container, the sexiest little groan crawled up her throat, and my dick plumped behind my zipper.

Fuuuck.

Tonight, I was going to do my damnest to get her to make that sound over and over again once I got my hands on her. Because it was the sexiest sound I'd ever heard in my life.

We were quiet as we ate, but it wasn't uncomfortable. She was focused on the dinosaurs on the screen, and I couldn't stop focusing on her. Her heat radiated to me, and she smelled so fucking good. And when she looked like this—laid back and just *herself*—it made me want to draw her into my arms and never let her go.

She was perfect, and I just wanted to cherish her so damn much.

“You done?” I quietly asked her when she closed her container, all of her food gone. And fuck, I really liked that—liked that she wasn't afraid to eat all of her food around me. I'd gone on so many dates when I was younger with women who barely ate even a third of their meals, and I hated it.

“Yeah.” She grabbed my container from me and stood, heading to the kitchen.

“Baby, I could've done that,” I said, frowning after her.

She winked at me from the kitchen, making my heart flutter in my chest. “Why don't you get that massage oil and lotion out, and I'll go change my clothes?”

Fuck yes.

“Yes, ma'am,” I said immediately, reaching for the bag. She disappeared through a door on the other side of the kitchen, which was no doubt her bedroom door. She didn't close it, and I had to press the heel of my hand against my dick to force it down.

She was driving me *crazy*. All this teasing she was doing was going to make me absolutely mad. Insane.

When she walked out of the room, all of my hard work to get my dick to soften was futile because it just hardened so fast, it made me dizzy. She was wearing nothing but a towel.

Just. A. Fucking. Towel.

“Harbor,” I rasped, my voice gravelly. My fingers twitched on my thighs before I fisted my jeans, groaning low in my throat.

A coy smile was on her lips as she unraveled the towel, baring her beautiful, curvy body to my hungry eyes. She was perfect. Full breasts that would spill over my palms. A small dip in her waist that flared out to wider hips and a plump ass. Her thighs were thick, pressing together. And that belly—fuck, I wanted to just rest my head there. I *loved* a soft woman.

“Fuck, Har,” I groaned.

She laid her body out on the couch and turned her head to the side, her arms flat by her side. Her juicy ass was just there—right in my fucking face. My fingers twitched with the urge to grip those pretty globes.

“If you do good on this massage, I might just ask you to stay the night,” she teased, her voice husky.

I settled on top of her thighs and leaned over her, the cold leather of my cut brushing her heated skin, making her shiver. I licked the shell of her ear, and she moaned, squeezing her luscious thighs together.

“Baby, I’m going to make this massage so fucking good, you’ll be tying me to your bed and never letting me leave,” I promised.

A small moan crawled up her throat.

Elliot

My dick was so stiff in my jeans, I *knew*, without a shadow of a doubt, that Harbor could feel it against the back of her thighs. There was no damn way I could hide it. But even though it was raging to be inside of her, I couldn't get enough of touching her. Running my hands over her soft skin. Watching it shape to my fingers as I massaged her body.

Her body was so soft and warm beneath mine, and she smelled so fucking good. I just wanted to burrow myself beneath her skin so I never had to be without her scent ever again. Did it make me a bit crazy? Yeah, but I never claimed to be a hundred percent sane.

Harbor turned her head and opened her pretty, dark eyes to look up at me. Would those eyes ever not steal the breath right from my lungs? Would the sight of her beautiful face ever not make my heart skip a beat in my chest?

“Take me to bed, Elliot,” she rasped, her voice thick with lust and relaxation. My dick jerked in my jeans at her sultry voice and the promise in her words.

She sure as fuck did not have to tell me twice.

I climbed off her naked body, and as soon as she rolled over onto her back, I swept her curvy body up into my arms, carrying her in the direction of her bedroom. She peppered kisses along my neck and jaw, making me groan. Her fingers slid over my shirt and under my cut, making me shiver. My dick was so thick and hard in my jeans that it hurt, the zipper of my jeans biting into the tender flesh.

Her bedroom was done in dark colors—everything a dark brown with black curtains, pillowcases, and a bedspread. A black lamp was lit on her dresser, casting a soft, yellow light across the room. It was warm and comforting. I could imagine curling up in this bed after a long, hot day at work with this woman in my arms.

I gently laid Harbor on the bed, and she smiled up at me before she pushed herself to sit up on her elbows. I licked my lips at the way her belly rolled. Fuck, I had no idea why that turned me on so much, but it did. It was definitely some weird kink I had, but shit, I was all for it.

“Goddamn, baby,” I growled as I shrugged my cut off. I draped it over the end of her bed before tugging my shirt over my head, letting it drop to the floor. She moaned at the sight of my upper body, her dark eyes hungrily taking in every inch of my chest. “You’re so fucking beautiful,” I told her.

“Hurry up and get naked,” she pleaded as she sat up completely. My breath shuddered in my lungs for a moment when she ran her fingers through the hair on my flat stomach before slowly moving her soft hands up through the springy, dark curls on my chest.

I unfastened my belt with shaking hands before unsnapping my jeans, tugging my pants down. I managed to toe out of my

boots, and reluctantly, I leaned down and tugged my socks off. But I still didn't take my eyes off her.

"Yessss," Harbor hissed once I was completely naked and standing upright in front of her again. Her fingers lightly ran over my shaft, and I trembled. A groan ripped from deep in my chest when she wrapped her slender fingers around me and gently tugged me forward by my cock. *Fuck*, she knew what the hell she was doing when she touched me. "I had plenty of foreplay during my massage," she told me as she scooted back on the mattress, rumpling her comforter. "Now, I just need you to fuck me."

"I need a condom," I muttered. "I didn't come here with the plan to fuck you, Har."

She leaned up and kissed me, her tongue flicking over the seam before I parted my lips for her, letting her lick into my mouth. I groaned, loving the way she so easily took control. I wasn't the kind of man who always needed to be in charge. Letting a woman tell me what to do in the bedroom worked just fine for me. I preferred it.

"I'm on the pill," she breathed.

I prayed like hell she wasn't lying to me because I couldn't turn back now. Not with her body heat melding with mine, beckoning to me. That sweet scent of hers mixed with the smell of the massage oil and lotion clouded my thoughts, making it difficult to think of anything else. I needed to be inside of her, and I was desperate enough to have her to go in raw.

She spread her thick thighs for me, and my lips parted at the sight of her pretty, pink pussy. She was bald, and her pussy lips glistened with her arousal. *Fuck*, I couldn't wait to taste

her, but that would have to happen some other time because she was getting impatient.

I gripped my cock, angling it with her slit. She sighed, her body relaxing into the mattress as I eased inside of her. I groaned at the silky feel of her, my hand clenching into a fist beside her head.

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

“Oh, fuck, Elliot,” she whimpered as I slid deeper. “Fuck. Fuck.”

“Like that, baby?” I rumbled, finally sliding in to the hilt. I moaned low in my throat. She was perfect. So damn right for me. “You’re so damn tight, Har.”

“So full,” she whimpered, her fingers clawing at my waist. “I need you to move,” she panted. “Please fuck me.”

I leaned over her, pressing my weight into her as much as I dared before I slanted my lips across hers, kissing her as I began to ease in and out of her sweet pussy, and only when she wasn’t strangling my cock anymore, I began to fuck her, my balls slapping against her ass with every stroke.

“Yes, yes, yes,” Harbor chanted, mouthing at my neck. “Just like that. Feels so good,” she whimpered, her nails digging into my shoulders. She wrapped her legs around me, changing the angle, and I choked on my own saliva. *Fuuuuck.*

“Goddamn, baby,” I growled, my fingers digging into her ass cheek to keep her in place. “I’m not going to last like this.”

“So close,” she whimpered, the heels of her feet digging into my lower back. “Fuck me, El. Fuck me.”

I pounded into her, and she cried out my name, shattering beneath me, her pussy gushing warm liquid all over my cock.

Snarling, I quickly pulled out of her and stroked my cock, spilling onto her soft belly.

Her breaths softly panting from her, she smeared my cum all over her belly and chest. I clenched my jaw at the sight. She had no idea what the hell she was doing to me. Something primal rose inside of me, making me feel like a caveman. I wanted to parade her around with my cum smeared all over her beautiful body so everyone knew she was *mine*.

“Let me get you cleaned up,” I told her softly as I eased off the bed. My shoulders were burning, and I had no doubt that when I looked into the mirror, I would have cuts on my back from her nails.

I bit back a grin at the thought.

Her bathroom was easy enough to navigate, and within a minute, I had a washcloth damp with warm water and was cleaning up her belly and between her thighs before moving to her chest. By the time I rinsed the cloth out and tossed it into her towel hamper in the bathroom, she was out like a light, still right where I left her.

I gently eased my arms beneath her and moved her so she had her head on a pillow and I could cover her up. When I got ready to step back to get dressed and head back to the clubhouse, she wrapped her fingers around my wrist, halting me. Her grip was weak, showing she was still mostly asleep but aware of what was happening.

“Stay,” she mumbled. “Please.”

“Okay, baby,” I said quietly. I was helpless when it came to her, ready to do whatever she bid. I eased into bed beside her, curling up with her beneath the covers. “I’ll stay.”

Wasn't a hardship anyway. Not when I got to hold her soft, warm, naked body in my arms all night long.

Harbor

Elliot was on my mind all day—couldn't get him off of it. He'd left before I got up that morning, but I distinctly remembered him kissing me goodbye and telling me he hated leaving me but he had to go to work. But that blessing of a man—with a very thick cock, might I add—had set my coffee pot to begin brewing, so when I woke up, I had fresh coffee with a cute little note, telling me he snooped on my phone to see what time my alarm was set for. I wasn't even mad that he'd gone snooping because I not only got a damn good massage and some fantastic dick, but he also made sure I had coffee ready.

I had no idea what I had ever done to deserve a man like Elliot. Last night had been...incredible. I was used to being a little more of a take-charge kind of woman, and usually, that was off-putting to the men around here. But Elliot? He just rolled with the punches, seeming to love everything I did.

And God, the way he *looked* at me... Like I hung the moon and the stars. Like I was the reason the night turned into day. He hadn't cared about my cellulite or my rounder belly or how it rolled when I sat up. No matter what position I moved into

or what part of me Elliot saw, he only looked like he wanted to *devour* me.

“Girl, where in the hell are you at today?” my best friend, Elsie, asked me. Her perfectly done brow was arched in question, a hand on her thin hip. Elsie was similar to me in personality, but when it came to appearances, we couldn’t be more different. She was thin with a perky ass and trim waist. She’d gotten her hair done while we were off work yesterday, and today, her normally kinky, black curls were replaced with purple box braids that hung down to her ass, clashing beautifully with her dark skin.

“Here,” I told her sheepishly. “Sorry.”

“That look on your face tells me you’re somewhere else—probably your bedroom. Who’s the lucky guy?”

A blush stole over my cheeks, which definitely wasn’t like me. I wasn’t a blusher, but Elliot was different. Everything about him was nothing like I’d been expecting. He was sweet and charming and just a good guy down in his soul.

“His name is Elliot. He’s the Sergeant at Arms of the Storm Hogs MC.” Elsie’s eyes widened in surprise, then gleamed at the juiciness of it all. I laughed lightly. If there was one thing my best friend loved, it was juicy gossip. “My stupid car broke down, and he found me stranded on 540 trying to get a signal so I could call for a tow truck. He took me home. I ran into him at the grocery store a couple of days later, and we exchanged numbers, and yesterday evening, we had our first date in my living room because I didn’t feel like going out anywhere. He brought food and even gave me a massage without wanting anything in return.”

“A massage?” Elsie let loose a low whistle and then wiggled her brows at me. “Please tell me you gave him something in

return though. A man who gives a massage of his own free will *deserves* to get something in return.”

I winked at her, and she laughed out loud. “Hell yes, girl. Was it good?”

A dreamy sigh spilled from my lips. “*So good,*” I assured her. It was the best sex I’d *ever* had. Elliot had let me take charge in the bedroom, but he still knew how to work that thick cock of his.

A patient in one of the ER rooms Elsie was assigned began shouting for her nurse. Elsie sighed and turned on her heel. “Alright, Mrs. Betty, we can’t be screaming down these walls,” she said as she stepped into the older lady’s room.

My phone buzzed in my pocket, and I pulled it out, smiling at Elliot’s text.

Elliot: I hope you’re having a good day, baby. I can’t stop fucking thinking about you.

Harbor: Me either. Yesterday was great, and I don’t just mean the sex, which was phenomenal by the way. I enjoyed your company.

Harbor: Care to do it again tonight? No massage needed. Just food and a movie. I’ll order—just please pick it up on your way over.

Elliot: You just give me the details, baby, and I’ll do the rest.

I was going to fall head over heels for this amazing man. I knew it without a shadow of a doubt.

I just hoped he didn’t wind up leaving me heartbroken once it was all said and done. Because I already knew Elliot would be impossible to recover from.

Elliot

“Look what the fucking cat dragged in,” Remi announced
L when I stepped into the building we were doing a remodel on. The guy we were working for had purchased two stores right next to each other in the strip of stores beside Walmart, and he wanted the wall separating the two stores knocked out to make it into one big store. Not really a complicated job—just a lot of hard labor.

The city had a fucking field day with that one, but the lucky son of a bitch eventually managed to get them to agree to his plans. Hadn’t been without a long fight though.

I looked around before bringing my to-go cup of coffee from McDonald’s to my lips. “I don’t see a cat anywhere, fucker,” I retorted.

Remi rolled his eyes. I just cracked a grin before walking over to Harlan so we could finish what we started yesterday near the back of the store.

“So, you finally tap that?” Harlan asked me.

I bristled. Probably shitty of me since I used to talk about all their conquests like they were nothing, but I didn’t like making Harbor out to be anything less than extremely special.

“Not any of your business,” I retorted as I passed him a nail.

“You used to make the women you fucked around with everyone’s business,” Beau said, letting himself into our conversation. “What’s different about this one?”

I sighed, hating that he was right. Because I did. “It’s not... Fuck, it’s not like that,” I told them as Adler and Seb walked into the store, both of them looking a bit cheerful, just as I had before these fuckers started bugging me about Harbor. “Harbor is different.”

“Leave Elliot the hell alone,” Adler ordered, sensing my unease, “and get back to work.” He clapped me on the back as he passed by me. “I assume everything went well last night?”

I nodded. “Everything went fantastic.” I looked at Seb. “Was Athena offended that I didn’t eat last night?” I asked him, worried about that. She said she didn’t care, but she also put in a lot of work to be able to feed six men who basically had bottomless pits for stomachs, which meant she cooked a lot. Despite the *amazing* night I had with Harbor, I did feel guilty for not staying. Especially since she cooked for all of us while pregnant—past her due date at that.

Seb shook his head at me, one side of his mouth tilting up into a smile. I breathed a sigh of relief. Seb wouldn’t lie to me. He wasn’t one for caring when he hurt someone’s feelings, even if they were family. He never lied to Athena either, even if it sometimes made them fight.

Adler gently squeezed my shoulder before dropping his hand. “It’s good to see you happy and getting settled, Elliot. And I mean that. You’ve been too wild for too long.”

I snorted. “She’s good at being bossy and reining me in.”

Harlan choked on the sip of coffee he'd just started to swallow, and I barked out a laugh before pushing him out of the way so I could take over.

Harbor might have been taming me, but I was still the same Elliot everyone knew under it all. And that was never going to change.

My smart-ass remarks weren't going anywhere.



HARBOR HAD CALLED in an order for food at the Mexican grill in Tennille, so after I swung by and grabbed it, I headed straight out to her place. I was sweaty and dirty from work, but I was hoping she wouldn't mind. I could've gone back to the clubhouse and showered and changed so I was the best version of myself for her, but I was exhausted. I had a feeling if I walked into my apartment where my bed was, I wouldn't leave.

We'd worked hard as hell today, and my body was feeling it. I wanted to eat, shower, and curl up with my woman in my arms before I was knocked out for the evening. And that wouldn't take me long. To be honest, I could probably place money that I wouldn't make it past the first thirty minutes of whatever movie she picked.

Harbor was sitting in a rocking chair on her porch when I pulled up her driveway, and she instantly smiled when I stepped out of the truck, the bag containing our food in my right hand, my small duffel containing my pajamas and my work clothes in my left.

She met me by the front door, and I leaned down to softly smooth my lips over hers. "Hey, baby," I greeted. "Sorry I'm a

mess.”

She shook her head and pushed open the front door, walking in ahead of me. I quickly followed her inside, shutting and locking the door behind me. “Don’t apologize for being a working man, El.” Fuck, I loved the way she shortened my name. No one ever had before, which made her doing it extremely special. “We’ll eat, and then you can shower. Sound good?”

“Sounds exactly like what I had in mind,” I told her honestly. I set my bag by her bedroom door and then set the bag of food on the kitchen table. She sat down, and I passed over her tray of food, handing her the plastic ware that came with the meal.

“What do you want to drink?” I asked her as I headed toward her fridge, ignoring the way my feet were throbbing and how tight my back was.

“Beer,” she answered.

My kind of woman.

I grabbed two Icehouses from the fridge before nudging the door shut with my boot. I cracked hers open when I got to the table before sliding it to her. A groan slid from my throat as I sat down in the dining room table chair near hers. She frowned at me in concern.

“Bad day?” she asked, sounding genuinely worried. That warm feeling I was getting used to experiencing around her surged through my chest.

“Just a hard day,” I clarified. “Not particularly a bad one. Adler just wants to be done with this job. We’ve got a fuck ton of other jobs lined up that we need to get to.”

We ate in silence, but I didn’t mind it. My brain was now to the point I wasn’t firing on all cylinders. Honestly, I wasn’t

sure if I'd be able to walk past her bed and not just crawl into it and pass out.

Harbor rested her hand on my arm when I shut my eyes for too long. I blinked at her in surprise, not even realizing I was falling asleep.

Been a long fucking time since I fell asleep sitting up.

“Go get a shower,” she softly told me, a small smile tilting her lips. “I’ll clean this up, and when you get out, we’ll curl up in my bed with a movie. Sound good?”

I groaned. “Sounds blissfully perfect. Thank you, baby.”

Leaning over, I pressed my lips to hers for a quick kiss before pushing back from the table and heading to her room, grabbing my bag off the floor on the way. I could hear her cleaning up our trash as I headed into the bathroom, and I made a mental note to specially thank her for doing so later.

I just didn't have the energy tonight.

The shower I took was quick—less than five minutes—and I managed to pull my boxers up my legs but not much else. I washed my face and brushed my teeth before padding barefoot into Harbor's bedroom.

She was already laying in bed in a big t-shirt and panties so the curves of her ass cheeks were on display, and a movie was playing on the TV she had mounted on the wall across from the bed. I didn't even bother turning to see what she chose. I just crawled under the covers on the side by the bedroom door, drew her into my arms, and closed my eyes.

“Night, Har,” I mumbled into her hair, sleep already tugging at me.

She reached up and began to run her fingers through my hair on the back of my head. “Goodnight, baby.” She lifted her chin and pressed a kiss to the tip of my nose. “Sleep well,” she whispered.

Harbor

Despite how much Elliot and I both worked, which sometimes made it hard for us to spend quality time together, we made it work. He spent every night at my house, even if all we managed to do was just eat, shower, and crawl into my bed, both of us promptly passing out afterward. My days off tended to clash with his schedule, which meant he was normally working and was still exhausted when he got off.

Apparently, the summer season not only meant heat exhaustion and dehydration, but it also meant their work picked up. There were more jobs to be done before the rainy season hit in October. And now that Sebastian was off for a few weeks to be at home with Athena and their newborn, they were also shorthanded.

I did my best to make sure Elliot stayed hydrated by keeping him stocked with Powerade and Gatorade, and I forced him to take a multivitamin every morning, which he absolutely hated but did anyway because he liked to please me. I also sent him to work with a packed lunch every day, which I always prepared for him the day before so I wouldn't have to drag my

ass out of bed every morning when he did. Because that was way too fucking early.

Being off today meant I had extra time on my hands. I'd already cleaned my house and washed my car, and it was only just beginning to be lunchtime. Rolling my neck around, I grabbed my phone from the pocket of my shorts and shot a text off to Elliot. Maybe I could kill some time by meeting up with him for lunch.

Harbor: What time are y'all taking your lunch?

Elliot: Here in a few mins, I think. What's up, baby?

Harbor: Want company?

Elliot: If it's your company, then yes. Always.

I grinned at my phone, rereading his words a couple of times, practically melting into a little puddle in the middle of my gravel driveway—and not because of the blistering heat outside. It was entirely due to his sweet words, which were so effortless for him. And they weren't empty like so many other men's. They were full of adoration and devotion.

I quickly walked inside to grab my lunch, which was just leftovers from dinner last night, and warmed it up in the microwave. Once it was warm enough to last the drive into Sandersville, I practically skipped out the door, heading to my now clean, sparkling car.



“HEY, HARBOR!” Remi greeted me as he walked out of the building they were remodeling, more than likely to see who

had pulled up. “Everything good?”

“Everything’s good,” I assured him. “You guys taking lunch soon?” I stupidly held up my lunch as if it would reiterate my point.

Remi turned and leaned into the open doorway of the plain, white building. “Adler, can we take lunch? My stomach’s been eating itself for the past two hours.” I snickered. Remi was so overdramatic, but it was amusing.

“Wouldn’t happen if you would eat breakfast like a normal person,” Adler retorted, “but yeah, we can take lunch.”

I heard power tools hit the floor before five more men poured out of the building. Elliot grinned as soon as he laid his eyes on me. He was covered in wood dust, sweat running down the sides of his face, the bandana wrapped around his head not doing much to help him in this sweltering heat. But he was still the finest fucking man I’d ever laid my eyes on.

“Hey,” he greeted, leaning down to softly kiss me once he was close enough. “Come on. Let’s chill in my truck where it’s cool.” He eyed my car. “I don’t want to ruin your clean car.”

I laughed. “I got bored,” I told him as he linked our fingers together before walking me over to his Raptor. Once I was seated in the passenger seat, he handed me his keys. Immediately, I leaned over and started the truck before rolling the windows down and blasting the AC. It was the quickest way to get a vehicle to cool down—the AC would push the hot air out of the windows.

Sure enough, the air began to quickly cool, and I rolled the windows up just as Elliot slid into the driver’s seat. He quickly closed the door and leaned his head back on the headrest,

shutting his eyes for a moment, a low groan crawling from his throat.

“Fuck, I’ll be glad when the cooler weather moves in,” he grunted. He opened his eyes, staring through the windshield. “The heat is kicking our asses.”

I turned around and reached into the backseat for his small cooler, grabbing out a Gatorade. After cracking it open, I passed it to him. “Drink this,” I told him. “Get some electrolytes back into your body. And then eat.”

He leaned over and pressed a soft kiss to my lips. “Thanks, Har.”

He guzzled down the Gatorade before tossing the empty bottle into the backseat. When he cracked open his sandwich container, the smell of the ham and cheese wafted into my nostrils, and I gagged. I quickly shoved my own food container to the floor before lurching out of his truck and emptying the contents of my stomach onto the asphalt parking lot.

“Har? Baby,” Elliot rasped, rubbing my back. I retched, spewing vomit, tears running down my cheeks, my throat burning. Harlan rushed over to us and thrust a bottle of water in my direction once I stood to my full height, sagging against the side of the truck. Elliot grabbed the water from Harlan for me and cracked open the top, passing it to me. I grabbed the water and poured some into my mouth before swishing it around and spitting it out on the ground, grimacing at the taste.

“You been feeling sick?” Elliot asked me. His slightly submissive nature I was used to was gone, and he was in full take-charge mode now, his eyes running over my face, a frown pulling at his lips.

I shook my head. “Felt fine,” I told him. “The smell of your sandwich bothered my stomach.” I knew what that could mean, but I was refusing to face the fact. I wasn’t ready to deal with it yet.

Elliot looked at Harlan. “Can you go throw my sandwich away?” Elliot asked him. “Or give it to one of the other guys. I don’t give a fuck right now.” Elliot wrapped his arm around my shoulders and gently steered me to my car. “I need to get you home.”

“Everything good?” Adler asked, walking up to us.

Elliot shook his head. “I’m taking her home and taking the rest of the day off. She just threw up pretty fucking violently. Just have someone drop my truck keys off at Harbor’s.”

Adler nodded and offered me a smile. “Feel better, Harbor.”



THE SAME THING happened later that evening when Elliot ordered a pizza from the convenience store not far down the street. As soon as he walked through the door with it, I was running to the bathroom, throwing up again. And it happened again this morning when he was making his lunch. The smell of his sandwich meat sent me over the edge.

Which was why Elliot forced me to take off work and go to the doctor. And because he was worried I wouldn’t go if he didn’t go with me, he was sitting beside me in the waiting room, my hand clasped in his as I waited on a nurse to call me to the back for vitals.

“Still no nausea?” Elliot quietly asked me. That was the part that was bothering him the most—I didn’t have nausea,

stomach cramps, or a fever. Just random bouts of vomit when I smelled certain things.

I had a feeling I knew what was wrong, but I was doing my best to not focus on it. I was on birth control, but I wasn't stupid. Birth control wasn't one hundred percent effective, and I could very well be pregnant from the first time we fucked when Elliot didn't have a condom. It would be a hell of a chance, but it was the only likely scenario that made sense.

"Harbor Latimer?" a nurse called as soon as she opened the door. I stood to my feet with Elliot on my heels. She smiled at both of us. "Follow me."

After I pissed in a cup and she took my vitals, we were led to a small room—even smaller than the ER rooms I was used to working in. I grimaced at the tininess of it, and Elliot quietly chuckled at my reaction.

"Smaller than what you're used to?" he teased.

"Definitely. The rooms in the ER at Piedmont are at least a little bigger than this."

He carded his fingers through my long, reddish-brown hair. "Well, hopefully, they won't have us in here too long," he tried assuring me. He pressed a kiss to my lips. "Still feeling okay?"

I sighed and cupped his cheek, brushing my thumb over his prickly skin from where he hadn't shaved yet today. "I promise I feel fine right now, El."

A light knock sounded on the door before he could respond, and a female doctor stepped into the room, her hair pulled back into a tight bun at the nape of her neck, her makeup done flawlessly. She smiled at us and held her hand out to me. "I'm Dr. Lively, but you can call me Beverly. You're Harbor, correct?"

“Yes,” I confirmed. “This is my boyfriend, Elliot.”

She grinned at him. “Everyone knows the Storm Hogs boys,” she teased, making him quietly laugh. “I hear you’ve been a bit sick,” she said as she slid onto her rolling stool. “No nausea. No pain. Just random bouts of throwing up?”

“Yes, that’s right,” I told her. “Pretty sure I know what’s wrong. I see it often enough in the ER.”

She smiled softly. “Well, I’m probably going to confirm what you’re already thinking, Harbor.” I grasped Elliot’s hand, somewhat for support but also because I was terrified he would walk away from me. I was already head over heels in love with him, and I wasn’t sure if my heart would survive him deciding a baby was too much to deal with, especially since we’d barely been together. “Harbor, according to the date of your last menstrual cycle, you’re seven weeks pregnant. Are your cycles normally spotty with your birth control?”

I laughed a little. “Like most patients on the depo shot, my periods are all over the place, but not enough to disturb me enough to come off of it.”

Dr. Lively nodded in understanding. “Well, you’re definitely pregnant, Harbor.” I looked up at Elliot, who was staring at me, a little fear in his eyes, but he hadn’t pulled away yet. In fact, he had tightened his hand around mine. I forced myself to look back at Dr. Lively when she spoke again, but I did squeeze Elliot’s hand, too, giving him support the best I could. “I’m going to start you on prenatals today, and next month when you come in, we’ll do an ultrasound. Sound good?”

“Sounds good,” I assured her.

She nodded once and then stood, grabbing an all-too-familiar paper sheet, handing it to me. I groaned, and she chuckled. “Go ahead and strip out of your bottoms for me. I need to do a pelvic exam. I’ll step out for just a minute.”

Never understood why that was a thing—like she wasn’t about to get all up and personal with my vagina and feel up my breasts.

When she left the room, I eased off the bed before grabbing Elliot’s face in my hands. “El?” I asked softly, worry constricting around my heart.

He wrapped his arms around my waist and crushed me to him, burying his face in my hair. “We’re going to have a baby,” he rasped.

I nodded, my fingers twisting in his cut. “We are,” I said softly. “Are you okay?”

He drew in a deep, shaky breath. “I need a little bit of time to wrap my head around it, but I know I’m in, Harbor.” He pressed his lips to my trembling ones. A tear ran down my cheek. *He wasn’t leaving me.* “I promise I’m always all in with you, baby.”

Elliot

I wasn't sure what to make of the news we received at the doctor's office. For me, it still didn't feel all that real yet. It'd been a month since Harbor's pregnancy was sort of dropped into my life, and I was still feeling a little out of sorts with the news.

But I wasn't walking away. I never would. Harbor was the love of my life, and nothing short of death would make me lose her.

I stepped into the bathroom, chuckling at the sight of her documenting week eleven of her pregnancy, her body turned sideways so she could snap a picture in the mirror. I grabbed the phone from her, making her scowl at me.

"Just turn to the side, baby, and I'll get the picture for you." I wasn't normally home on the days she did these—was usually at work since I got up before her, even on the days she had to work, too. But since I was home today, I would take the picture for her—share in this moment with her, even if I was still trying to sort out my own feelings.

She beamed at me and turned sideways, resting her hands under her baby bump. She liked to tell me it was just bloating,

but I refused to believe her. Her belly was just the tiniest bit harder than her normal softness.

I noticed everything about her, and this woman refused to remember that. Or believe it, really.

“You almost ready to head out for your appointment?” I asked her once the picture was taken and I had handed her back her phone.

She blew out a soft breath and tugged her t-shirt over her head. “I’m nervous. Is it weird I’m nervous?”

I rested my hand on her lower back and leaned down to press a kiss just beneath her ear. “It’s not weird, baby. You’re going to be nervous, Har. Hell, even I’m fucking nervous.”

She laughed a little. “You’ve been nervous since we found out about the pregnancy, Elliot,” she teased.

I shrugged. She wasn’t wrong; there was no sense in even trying to deny it.

She turned to face me and rested her hands on my hips, leaning her head back so her eyes could connect with mine. “I love you,” she murmured. My chest filled with warmth at her tenderly spoken words. “And I know how crazy this is. We’ve barely been dating. Barely knew each other before I got knocked up. But I do know I love you, Elliot. And I know you will be an *amazing* father.”

She leaned up and pressed her lips to mine. I groaned and deepened the kiss, backing her up against the bathroom counter. A low moan crawled up her throat as her arms wound around my torso, her lips opening beneath my assault.

When we parted, we were both panting, and my dick was as hard as a rock. Too bad we didn’t have time for me to sink inside of her for a quickie.

“If we didn’t have to go for this ultrasound,” I rasped, reaching up to rub the pad of my thumb over her kiss-swollen bottom lip, “I’d toss you on that bed and fuck you so stupid, you couldn’t remember your name.”

Her eyes heated with lust, and her fingers clenched the fabric of my shirt. “Fuck,” she croaked.

Fuck was right. I kissed her again—quick and hard—before I forced myself to step back, putting space between us. She watched as I readjusted my cock in my jeans before she slipped out of the bathroom, sliding her feet into her flip-flops.

“Ready?” she asked.

I grunted, and she laughed, the sound like music to my ears. I grabbed her hand in mine and linked our fingers together before I led her out to the truck, helping her into the passenger seat before I shut her door and crossed around to the driver’s side.

Feeling my unease as I pulled out of her driveway, she reached over and grabbed my hand in hers, linking our fingers together. I gave it a gentle squeeze in thanks.

The intimacy in our simplest touches had a way of settling my soul that nothing else could ever even hope of doing.



NOT A DAMN THING in the world could have prepared me for the sight of our baby on that screen. My hand trembled in Harbor’s as I stared at the grainy black and white image. It still looked a bit like an alien—kind of like a jelly bean with a head, really—but it was ours.

Our baby. Our little munchkin.

My heart had been taken over by Harbor from the moment I met her, but the second our baby popped up on that screen, she was forced to make room for it.

There was no more confusion for me. No more mixed feelings. No more unease.

Protectiveness slid through my veins, rivaling the protectiveness I felt for its mother. I wanted to nurture it. Love it. Hold it in my arms and guard it against all of the bad things in this world.

“Oh, my God,” Harbor croaked, her voice filled with tears. I squeezed her hand before looking down at her. She sobbed, her free hand covering her mouth. “That’s our baby, Elliot.”

“Yeah, Har, it is,” I rasped, my throat thick, making it hard to get my words out.

“Would you like to hear the heartbeat?” the ultrasound technician asked us, a small smile on her lips.

I definitely wanted to, but I looked at Harbor first. It was her body, so her decision. “Yes,” she croaked, her hand tightening around mine.

Tears blurred my vision when the rapid thump of our baby’s heart sounded through the room. I sank into the chair beside the cot Harbor was on, letting those tears slide silently down my cheeks. I wasn’t the least bit embarrassed. This was a monumental, life-changing moment.

I was a goofball about many things. I had to so life wouldn’t get to me. Despite how hard I’d worked to maintain excellent grades in school and stay out of trouble in the hopes that I would one day be adopted once my mom stopped giving a shit about me when I was a toddler, I’d remained a foster kid. The

only way to not lose myself in that misery was to not let shit get to me.

But this... I wanted to feel it all. I wanted to feel the all-consuming love I not only had for Harbor but for our baby, too.

It swallowed me whole. Left me reeling. But something shifted in my life.

This baby...this woman...they gave me a *purpose*.

I rested my forehead on mine and Harbor's joined hands, my shoulders shaking. She was sobbing in earnest now, her free hand combing through my dark hair.

"Thank you," I rasped.

"Oh, Elliot," she cried before her arms wrapped around me, holding me tightly as I finally allowed myself to fall apart.

I might not have gotten adopted as a kid or a teen, but I had found my family within the Storm Hogs MC. And now...I had my own.

And my child would *never* know the pain of not having their own family.

I'd fucking make sure of it.

Harbor

Elliot chuckled and looked up from his phone, his attention moving to me. “Remi just texted me saying Athena and Cecily have cooked a heaping meal and want us to show up. You up for that?”

Honestly, I was always down for food at this point. My appetite seemed endless. I nodded. “Yeah. Just let me change my clothes real quick, and then we can go,” I told him.

He grunted, eyeing my booty shorts and crop top with lustful, hungry eyes. “I think you look fucking perfect, baby.” He leaned forward, setting his phone down. I started walking backward, a smirk tilting my lips. “In fact, they can wait just a little bit longer,” he rumbled as he stood from the couch.

That was another thing. My sex drive? Fucking insatiable.

I snickered. “You’d do that to Athena and Cecily?”

He lunged for me, making me squeal with laughter. With much more ease than I thought a man his size could ever possess, he swept me up into his arms, cradling me to his chest. His lips met mine in a hungry kiss, and I moaned, submitting to him.

I liked to be in charge, and I loved that Elliot was such a natural switch, but I also loved giving over the reins to him,

especially when my body was so worn out and sore from all of the hormonal changes happening to me so quickly.

“God, you are beautiful,” he growled, gently laying me on our bed like I was a fragile piece of glass. “It’s no wonder I got you knocked up.” He chuckled. “I can’t fucking get enough of you.”

Laughing softly, I reached for him, drawing him down on top of me. Leaning up on my elbows, I captured his lips with mine again as he settled between my thighs, lightly thrusting against me. I groaned low in my throat. “We can’t take long,” I breathlessly reminded him as he began to trail his lips down my throat. A moan bubbled up my throat. “Our family is waiting.”

“Fuck, I love the sound of that,” he rumbled. He leaned up and pulled my crop top over my head, tossing it to the floor. “Our family.”

I slid my hands over his broad shoulders. His shoulders were smooth, his chest roughened by hair. I couldn’t get enough of his big, muscular form. He wasn’t all toned—his belly was flat but soft. I’d touch him all damn day if I could.

His phone started ringing from the living room, but he ignored it, his hands already tugging at my shorts and thong as I pushed at his sweatpants.

The phone cut off just as he pushed inside of me. I clung to him, wrapping my arms around his shoulders and my thighs around his hips, meeting him thrust for thrust.

“I love you,” he groaned, his teeth sliding along my collarbone. I shivered. “I fucking love you so goddamn much, Har.”

“I love you, too,” I rasped right before my walls tightened around him, and I cried out his name, coming all over his cock.



THE CLUBHOUSE SMELLED DELICIOUS. A mix of herbs, spices, and roasted meat hung in the air, infiltrating my nostrils and making my stomach rumble with hunger. Elliot’s stomach wasn’t doing much better. It sounded like a threatening bear.

I’d definitely worked up an appetite with Elliot earlier, and apparently, he’d worked up one, too.

“Sit down, baby,” my man ordered. He pressed a kiss to the top of my head. “I’ll bring your food to you. What do you want to drink?”

“Water,” I told him. It was the only thing that didn’t make me swell. Who the fuck knew I would already start swelling, and I was barely even pregnant?

He brushed his hand along my back before slipping into the kitchen. I took a seat at the table Cecily and Athena were sitting at. It looked like Seb and Adler were on dad duty, giving their wives a much-needed break.

“Hey,” Cecily greeted, a smile tilting her lips. “We were beginning to wonder if you two were going to make it after all.”

I laughed a little, my cheeks just the tiniest bit red. “We got a little...caught up.”

Athena snorted, waving me off. “Girl, we get it. I’m always getting caught up with Seb.”

“Not something I needed to know,” Elliot said as he set my plate of food in front of me with a bottle of water. I turned my head and caught his lips with mine, kissing him softly in thanks. He brushed his fingers along the back of my neck before straightening up and walking over to the table the guys were at with his own plate of food.

“I’m glad he’s settling down,” Cecily told me, a proud, motherly smile on her face. “Elliot hides a lot behind his jokes and easy-going nature, but he feels everything deeply. He needs someone like you.”

I knew he did, and the stories he’d told me had broken my heart. He’d been a young boy just looking for a family to love him. He had strived to be the best kind of kid there was. But he thought he still hadn’t been good enough all because some assholes had never adopted him.

But he was good enough for me. More than enough. And I would always do everything I could to show him how thankful I was that he had picked me up on the side of the road that night all those weeks ago.

The girls and I carried on an easy, light-hearted conversation, and by the time I was done eating, my cheeks hurt from smiling so much. They were so easy to get along with, which was a miracle for me. I wasn’t good at making friends—not really. Elsie was the only person who’d truly stuck around for me. It was nice to find a place to belong here, too.

Standing from the table, I picked up my plate and my empty bottle of water and carried it to the kitchen. I knew Elliot would do it for me if I asked, but he was having a good time with the guys, and I didn’t want to disturb him.

Didn’t seem to matter anyway, I concluded once Elliot popped in behind me, his own empty plate in one hand and a bottle of

beer in the other. He crowded me in against the counter, his hands on either side of my hips. “With you almost being out of the first trimester, do you want to tell them today while everyone is here?”

I settled my hands on his waist, looking up at him. I knew, despite him finally coming around to the idea of being a dad, this was still very uncharted territory for him and left him feeling a little unsteady. I didn’t want to push him to do something he might not be ready for.

“You ready for that, handsome?”

He chuckled and leaned down to kiss the tip of my nose. “Yeah, baby. I’m ready. I want to shout that we’re having a baby from the fucking rooftops.”

I smiled softly up at him and cupped his cheek, stroking my thumb over his stubble. “You’re going to make such a good dad, Elliot.”

He swallowed thickly, his eyes holding so much vulnerability that it hurt my heart. “That means a lot to me, Har,” he rasped. “You have no fucking idea.”

I leaned up and softly pressed my lips to his. “You deserve the entire fucking world, Elliot. And I know you may find that hard to believe, but I will strive every day to give it to you.” I clasped his hand in mine, linking our fingers together, a smile on my lips. “Let’s go break the news to our family.”

He pressed a kiss to my forehead before leading me out of the kitchen, our fingers still linked together. Elliot stopped us at the end of the bar and loudly cleared his throat, drawing everyone’s attention. He looked down at me and lifted our joined hands to his lips, pressing a kiss to my knuckles before his lips lifted into a smile.

“Harbor and I have some news to share,” Elliot announced.

“You’re getting married!” Remi shouted, jumping from his chair, his beer already raised in a toast. I snickered. Remi was a work of art and almost as wild as my man. He never failed to put a smile on someone’s face with his little outbursts. There was no filter between his brain and his mouth.

Elliot, laughing quietly, drew me in front of him and cupped my belly. Cecily and Athena’s eyes comically widened, and they began to make little *squee* sounds. “No—not yet, anyway.” My heart skipped a beat in my chest at the promise in his words. “Harbor and I are going to have a baby!”

A loud cheer went up in the room before we were swept up in hugs and congratulations. Elliot kept one arm around me, like he was trying to protect me from being toppled by his excited brothers. Probably a good idea, honestly. The only gentle ones were Adler and Seb, who had already been down this road and essentially seemed to think pregnant women were extremely fragile.

When I looked up at my boyfriend’s face, my heart squeezed in my chest. He looked so happy surrounded by his found family with the one he was creating wrapped up in his arm.

Feeling my eyes on him, he looked down, smiling softly at me. *I love you*, I mouthed.

He leaned down and kissed me in response.

EPILOGUE

Harbor

I was bored out of my mind. I'd only been on maternity leave for three days, and I was already losing my mind. There was nothing for me to do. Elliot had hired a cleaner to come in once a week when I was six months pregnant because he didn't like my feet swelling and had decided I needed to actually rest on my days off. So, there was nothing for me to clean, and I did all of our laundry my first day home. And Elliot always loaded the dishwasher before he left for work each morning, so there weren't even dishes in the sink.

I groaned and grabbed my phone off the armrest of the couch, pulling up my group chat thread with Athena and Cecily. I'd text Elsie, but she was working.

Harbor: What are you ladies doing today?

Cecily: I'm debating going shopping and getting a pedicure for a little self-care.

Athena: LOL someone sounds bored.

Harbor: Bored straight out of my mind. Cecily, you want company?

Athena: Um, excuse me! I wanna come!

Cecily: Tell your husband that. It's his job.

I snickered. God, I loved these ladies. They'd quickly become more than just friends in the past few months; they were family. Like sisters. They even welcomed Elsie in with open arms when I invited my best friend out with us for girls' night a couple of months ago.

Athena: Maybe I will. But seriously, I could go for a pedicure and some shopping. We going kid free?

Harbor: As kid-free as I can be right now.

Athena: Woman....

Cecily: Yes. Kid-free. Robin is with Chelsea today.

Chelsea was Cecily's best friend and also the assistant manager of the strip club Cecily owned. Chelsea was... a work of art, honestly. She as as wild as they came. I'd honestly never met anyone who was more... out there.

Athena: Cool! Then we can all agree to meet at the clubhouse in an hour?

Cecily: Woman, who made you boss?

Athena: I made myself boss, and I'm sticking my tongue out at you. Clubhouse. 1 hour.

Harbor: I'll be there. And will one of you wonderful, sweet, kind ladies pick me up that new shake from Dairy Queen? Large pretty please.

Cecily: I knew you were gonna ask for something when you called us wonderful, sweet, and kind.

Athena: Oooh! I'll pick it up because I've been wanting to try it! See you in a bit!

Harbor: Thank you, Athena! And yes, Cecily, because I know how to butter you up. *wink emoji*

Cecily: You can butter me up anytime, baby. *wink emoji*

I quietly laughed. Cecily and Athena were so easygoing. We were in no way romantically interested in each other, but the teasing was fun nonetheless. And it really got our men going. I was pretty sure it was one of Elliot's fantasies, though he had yet to admit to it. And he was never going to get that fantasy fulfilled. None of our husbands were.

I eased off the couch, my big belly making it a lot harder to do than it used to be, and made my way to the bedroom to put on a pair of leggings and a tank top. The weather was warm today, and I could not be fucked to try to get into something cute when I was swollen and hotter than normal.

If someone didn't like the way I looked, they could look the other damn way. Simple as that.

I tied my hair up into a messy bun on the top of my head and swiped some mascara on my lashes. I settled on the bed for a moment, already out of breath, and pulled up my text thread with Elliot, though I wasn't sure he'd see my message any time soon. I knew they'd been pretty busy the past few weeks, especially since Adler was trying to prepare them for Elliot taking some paternity leave.

Harbor: I'm going out shopping with Cecily and Athena, and we're going to get pedicures, too.

Elliot: Be careful. Stay hydrated. Rest. I love you.

Harbor: I love you too, and I will. Promise.

Elliot: *kiss emoji*



A SOFT MOAN crawled up my throat as familiar, rough palms slid over my belly before sliding down to my hips and then gliding over the globe of my ass. Then, Elliot's tongue probed between my thighs, and I whimpered.

"Hey, baby," he rasped before he dove back in. I was lying on my side, and I'd crawled into bed naked after coming back from spending the day out since it was more comfortable to sleep that way. And my man was taking full advantage of it. Just like he always did.

"That feels so good," I moaned, my eyes sliding shut again.

The sound of his hand sliding over his slick cock had my eyes slitting open again, and I looked down the mattress at him. He was on his knees, one elbow bracing him up, his other hand working his thick cock as he ate me out. My abdominal muscles tightened at the sight. "Oh, fuck," I groaned. "That's hot, El."

"Wish I could slide inside of you right now," he rasped.

The doctor was worried about us having sex right now, so close to my due date. Our baby boy was already sitting extremely low, and it wouldn't take much for me to lose my

mucous plug. On top of that, my Braxton Hicks contractions were already growing increasingly stronger.

Dr. Lively wanted me to take it as easy as possible, though she hadn't taken orgasms completely off the table.

"I wish you could, too," I whimpered. "I miss the feel of you."

"*Fuuuck*," he growled, his tongue working me faster. "I need you to come, Har. Come on my face, baby. *Please*," he begged.

His begging sent me tumbling over the edge, and I cried out as I fell apart, my mind blitzing out as pure pleasure slid through my veins, sinking me into the mattress. Elliot groaned my name and spilled into his hand.

Then, like the caveman he was, he slid it over my body, smothering my tits in his cum before smearing it between my legs, making an absolute mess of me.

I didn't even care.

"I'll help you out of bed to get another shower in a little bit," he mumbled, curling up behind me and wrapping his arm beneath my breasts. He brushed his thumb over my nipple, and I shivered. "Did you have a good day?"

I nodded. "It was great," I told him. I yawned. "So tired though. But I need to eat."

Elliot hummed and pressed a kiss to the back of my neck just as our little one nudged my belly. Elliot brushed his hand over that spot, making my chest clench. "I'll order food as soon as we get out of the shower. Sound good? And I'll have one of the guys bring it out here."

"They won't mind?"

Elliot snorted. “They’ve been bugging the shit out of me about how you’re doing, so I highly fuckin’ doubt it. It’s more likely they’ll fight over who gets to come out here.”

I smiled, my eyes still closed as I relished his hand moving over my cum-covered skin. “Your brothers are obsessed with babies.”

He snickered. “They love being uncles. Even Seb.” He kissed my shoulder. “Come on. Let’s get a shower, and then we can veg out on the couch.”

I pushed myself into a sitting position as he slid out of bed. He grabbed my hands and helped me off the mattress once I slid to the edge. “Sounds as good of a plan as any to me.”

He kissed me, and I sank into his hold, my fingertips tracing his bare stomach. It was still flat and hairy, just how I fucking liked it. Honestly, I couldn’t wait for him to put on a little more weight and start getting a dad bod.

I had a serious thing for men with dad bods. And Elliot? He starred in all of my fantasies.

“I can’t wait for you to have a dad bod,” I blurted. That was another thing that’d changed with my body. That filter between my brain and my mouth? Nearly nonexistent.

He snickered and led me to the bathroom. “Is that what you want, baby? For me to have a bit of a gut and a hairy chest and stomach while holding our baby?”

My pussy clenched. “Oh, fuck yes,” I groaned.

He eyed me with a wicked smirk. “Come here, woman,” he growled. Once I was in his arms, he gently backed me into the shower before sitting me on the shower seat. Once the water was running, he dropped to his knees between my thighs,

yanked me to the edge of the chair, and aimed a smile up at me that told me everything he didn't say.

He worshipped me.

“Tell me more about your fantasy,” he growled. Then, his face disappeared beneath my belly, and his tongue worked magic all over again.

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

T.O. Smith believes in one thing - a happily ever after.

Her books are fast-paced and dive straight into the romance and the action. She doesn't do extensively drawn-out plots. Normally, within the first chapter, she's got you - hook, line, and sinker.

As a writer of various different genres of romance, a reader is almost guaranteed to find some kind of romance novel they'll enjoy on her page.

T.O. Smith can be found on Facebook, Instagram, Twitter, and now even TikTok! She loves interacting with all of her readers, so follow her!

