

# Outrageously IN Love

## EPILOGUE

*Luke*

I scan the dark bar, looking for my brother and his wife. I don't see them in the crowded room, but I can't help a little smile, thinking of the last time we were all here.

"I remember this place," Harriet murmurs, snaking a hand into the back pocket of my jeans and squeezing.

I chuckle at the memory. "Me too." The last time we were here, Harri and I weren't together. Instead, we were desperately fighting the urge to go to town on each other in the corridor by the bathrooms.

"They've redecorated," she muses, glancing around. She's right, it does look different; lower lighting, dark wallpaper with an embossed gold pattern, and plush, velvet chairs in a deep red scattered around mahogany tables.

Harriet pushes up onto her toes, bringing her mouth to my ear. "I wanted to kiss you so badly that night."

"I wanted to do a lot more than kiss you," I mutter, as we follow the hostess to our table and take a seat. Once we're alone, Harriet nudges her glasses up her nose and gives me a mischievous smile.

"What else did you want to do?"

A low laugh rumbles from my chest. "You want me to tell you that now?"

"Yes." Her hazel eyes darken as she leans closer, tucking her face into my neck.

"You do realize Mike and Alex will be here soon?"

“But they’re not here yet.” She drags her lower lip over my earlobe, sucking it into her mouth, and sparks shoot down through my abdomen. “I want to know the dirty things you imagined doing to me.”

Ah, fuck. This woman always knows how to get me hot.

I shift my weight as my jeans grow tight, and place a hand on her knee under the table, letting my fingers graze her bare inner thigh. She gives a tiny gasp, leaning into my touch.

“Baby,” I begin, hearing the raw edge to my voice all of a sudden, “if I told you all the things I fantasized about doing to you back then, we’d be here all night.” With great reluctance, I pull my hand away. If we weren’t about to have company, I’d have let my fingers drift higher. It’s dark and crowded and we’re tucked away at a table in the corner; it wouldn’t be the first time we’ve been unable to keep our hands to ourselves in a public place. That is how we met, after all.

I smile, remembering today’s date. April 3rd; exactly six months since I first laid eyes on Harri, since I first kissed her, since I first felt the kind of connection with someone I never knew was possible. We might have had our work cut out for us in terms of actually being together after that, but ever since we made it official and she moved in with me, I’ve been the happiest fucking guy on the planet.

It’s not just the sex—although that is freaking unbelievable—it’s everything. It’s having a woman who not *only* blows my mind in bed, but is also my best friend. There’s no one else I want to hang out with every night, whether that’s at home reading and playing video games, or at her cafe playing board games. Watching her boldly make her dream come true—seeing her cafe become one of the most popular hangouts on the Lower East Side—has made me so proud. She makes *me* want to grow and take more risks, too.

“Hi guys,” Alex says cheerily as she and Mike take a seat at the table. We exchange greetings, catching up, and a deep sense of contentment settles inside me. It’s so nice to be out with Harri by my side—to not have to hide. It might have been months now, but sometimes it still doesn’t feel real.

“Should we get a bottle of wine to share?” Harriet asks.

“Um, not for me.” Alex exchanges a look with Mike. His cheeks push into a broad grin and they gaze at each other as if the rest of the world doesn’t exist.

“Okay.” Harriet shrugs, looking back at the menu. “Then do you want to—”

“Actually...” Alex clears her throat nervously and threads her fingers through Mike’s on the table. “Before we eat, we have something to tell you.”

Mike’s gaze meets mine. His mouth is pulled into a wide smile he can barely contain and knowing hits me like a punch in the gut.

Harriet sets the menu down, glancing from Alex and Mike to me, her brow creasing with worry. “What is it? Is everything okay?” Under the table I place a hand on her knee, squeezing. Her fingers slide over mine and grip tightly.

Alex looks at Mike again and he gives a tiny nod, that ridiculous grin still on his face. “Okay.” She takes a deep breath, turning back to Harri and me. “We’re having a baby.”

“Oh my God!” Harriet leaps to her feet, wrapping her arms around Alex across the table. “That’s awesome!”

I grin, standing and pulling Mike roughly into a hug, clapping him on the back. I didn’t know he wanted another kid, but he’s practically giddy. “Congrats, man.”

“Thanks.”

Mike settles back in his chair and I scoot around the table to squeeze Alex once Harriet finally lets her go. When I sit back down, Harriet is beaming.

“How far along are you?”

“Eight weeks,” Alex replies, taking a sip of water. “I’m supposed to wait until twelve weeks to tell people, but I had to tell you guys.”

“Wow,” Harri whispers. Something flickers across her face but she quickly schools her expression back into place. “Have you had any morning sickness?”

“A little, but not too bad.”

The waitress arrives to take our order and Mike gazes at Alex adoringly as she asks about virgin cocktails. I’ve never seen my brother look so loved-up and happy.

“I can’t believe you’re having a baby,” Harri murmurs once the waitress is gone.

“I know we haven’t been married that long, but...” Alex looks at Mike. “We just couldn’t wait.”

“And, you know, I’m not getting any younger,” he adds with a chuckle.

*You’re not the only one.*

I glance down at my hands, unable to meet Harri's gaze in case the way I'm feeling is written all over my face and scares the shit out of her. She knows I want kids, but she has no idea how badly. Seeing our friends Isaac and Julia start a family a few months ago hasn't helped. When Julia handed little Jaxon to me, I knew in that moment without a doubt what was missing from my life—and I knew I had to talk to Harriet about it. That night, we lay in bed imagining what our future might look like. I was surprised when she admitted she wasn't especially bothered about getting married, and I was over the moon when she told me she could see herself starting a family with me.

One day.

As in, not now.

Which is fair enough; six months is way too early to be having these kinds of thoughts. I know that. Even if I can't imagine anyone else being the mother of my children now.

Even if I've been able to think about little else since that conversation.

"I hope you're ready to babysit," Alex jokes as our food arrives.

Harriet laughs. "Of course! I can't wait." Her gaze drops to her meal, her smile fading a little. It's a tiny thing that no one else at the table notices, but I do. I notice the way she pushes her salad around her plate, barely nibbling on the leaves.

I try to make her laugh as we eat, and I touch her knee under the table every so often, but by the end of the meal she's very quiet.

"You okay?" Alex asks Harriet as we finish our food.

Harri lifts her mouth into a smile. "Yeah, sorry. Just... tired." She excuses herself for the bathroom and Alex follows, while Mike and I take care of the check.

"Congrats again," I say, and he turns to me.

"Thanks. I know it probably seems a little crazy, at my age. But Alex wants a family, and truly, I want to do it all again with her. I can't imagine not experiencing that with her, you know?"

I nod. "Yeah, I get it." I try to ignore the unpleasant prickle of envy I feel at him getting to go through this all over again, while I've not even done it once. I don't want to be the asshole who can't be happy for his brother.

Alex appears at his side, resting her head on his shoulder. He tucks an arm protectively around her. "Ready to go home, sweetheart?"

“Yeah.” She looks at me. “Can you keep an eye on Harri? She seems a bit off.”

I scrub a hand over my beard, glancing back toward the bathrooms. “I will.”

We say goodnight and I head down the back of the restaurant, looking for Harriet. She must still be in the bathroom, so I lean against the wall in the corridor outside. After what feels like forever, she comes out. She seems to be lost in a world of her own and nearly walks right into me.

“Shit, sorry.” She laughs unevenly, reaching for my hand. “Let’s say goodbye to the others.”

“They’re gone, baby. You were in there a while.”

“Oh.” Her face falls.

“Is everything okay?”

“Yeah, I’m fine. Let’s go.” She gives me a bright smile, but I know her well enough to recognize that it’s not sincere. What I *don’t* know is what’s wrong, and that unsettles me.

“You’re not fine. And we’re not going anywhere until you tell me what’s going on.”

She opens her mouth to protest and I lift her hand to my lips, pressing a kiss to the back of it, softening.

“Please, Harri. You’re starting to freak me out a little.”

She sighs. “Fine. But not right here.” She glances around, spying a single-occupancy bathroom over her shoulder, then nudges it open and tugs me inside, locking the door. The bathroom is just as nice as the rest of this place, lined with that dark patterned wallpaper, with one of those velvet chairs in one corner and some kind of diffuser thing above the sink that fills the air with a floral scent.

I lower myself onto the chair, looking up at her. I go to pull her into my lap but she’s too antsy, wringing her hands and stepping from foot to foot.

“You’re going to think I’m crazy,” she begins, which is usually a sign that whatever she’s thinking is perfectly reasonable and she’s the only one who thinks it’s crazy.

“Try me.”

She spins around. “I can’t look at you while I say this.”

Unease ripples through me, but I check myself. Harri and I are solid, I know we are. Whatever this is, we can handle it. I’d move mountains for this woman.

I inhale, waiting for her to drop some kind of bombshell, but she stays silent. Eventually, I let my breath out in a small chuckle. “Harri, whatever is bothering you, we—”

“I can’t stop thinking about babies,” she blurts.

I blink. “What?”

“Well, *your* baby,” she amends. “I can’t stop thinking about... having your baby.” The last part comes out a little choked, and it takes a second for my brain to process the words.

She’s thinking about having my baby?

*Holy shit.*

My heart leaps up and takes off in a sprint. Because if she’s seriously thinking about this, that’s the best fucking thing I could hear.

“Really?” I ask, and she gives a tense nod. “Will you turn around, please?” I reach for her hand and tug until she’s facing me, but she’s got her eyes screwed tightly closed.

“I don’t know what’s wrong with me,” she says in a rush. “Ever since I saw you hold Jaxon and we talked about starting a family one day... I can’t stop thinking about it. I know we talked about doing it way in the future and I really don’t want to freak you out. We haven’t been together long and I’ve only just started my cafe—”

I push to my feet and haul her rigid body into my arms, crushing my mouth to hers to stop the nervous stream of words flowing from her. She immediately softens, parting her lips for my tongue to sweep over hers.

God, I love this woman more than anything. Knowing that she wants this as much as I do makes me want to take her right here.

She’s breathless when our lips finally part. “You’re not freaking out,” she whispers.

“Are you kidding?” I laugh in disbelief. “You know I want a family.”

“I know. I just didn’t know if you wanted that *now*.”

“I do,” I answer at once, so there’s no room for doubt in her mind. “I can’t stop thinking about it either.”

Her jaw sags. “Really? But... is it too soon? And what about my business?”

“It’s only too soon if we think it is. Do you feel like it is?”

“I—” She sucks her bottom lip into her mouth, shaking her head. “No. That’s why I’m struggling because I was worried people would think it’s too fast, but... it feels right to me.”

“Me too,” I say, squeezing her. “And as for the cafe—would Paula step up and run the place while you take maternity leave?”

“I think she would,” Harri replies uncertainly. “But what about after?”

I shrug. “We can afford a nanny. You could run the cafe part time and...” I trail off, not letting myself say what I want so badly. For her to be a mother—the mother of *my* child. “Or I could work part-time,” I add, smiling.

“You’re serious.” She studies me, a line on her brow as her eyes roam my face. “You really want to do this.”

“I do, Harri. Ever since we had that conversation it’s been on my mind, and if you don’t want to wait, then neither do I. Is this what you want?”

Her mouth stretches into a grin. “Yeah. I really do.”

My heart is in my throat. “So... we’re going to make a baby?”

“We’re going to make a baby,” she breathes, rising up to brush her lips over mine. I slide my hands into her hair and kiss her slowly, softly, marveling at how this evening has turned out, at how I’m suddenly getting everything I want. My chest is warm and tight when she draws away, and I have to take a second to reign in the emotion welling inside me.

I’m just about to turn for the door when she pushes me back onto the chair, then climbs onto my lap with a naughty smile.

“We’re doing it right now?” I ask with a chuckle.

“Well, no. I have to stop taking the pill and it will probably take a month or two for my cycle to get back to normal. But...” She rolls her hips over me and there’s a throb below my belt. “We could practice.”

This makes me laugh, because if there’s one thing Harriet and I don’t need practice at, it’s sex.

“Do you know what today is?” I ask, nuzzling into her neck and breathing in her sweet perfume. “Our anniversary.”

She stops, pulling back to look at me quizzically. “It is?”

“Uh-huh.” I slide a hand up the soft skin of her thigh, thinking of when she landed in my lap on the plane, just like this. Best fucking thing that ever happened to me. “Today’s the third. Exactly six months since we met.”

“We did a lot more than just *meet*,” she says with a wry laugh.

“I know.” My hand wanders around to squeeze her ass. “And I want to celebrate.”

A sinful smile slants her lips as she leans in to kiss me. When our tongues meet and she moans into my mouth, all the blood in my body rushes south.

“I’ve fantasized about fucking you in here,” she manages between kisses. “Ever since that night...”

“You still want to know what I wanted to do to you that night?”

She nods, wide-eyed, and I lift her off my lap and push her back against the wall, dropping to my knees in front of her. I hook her leg up over my shoulder, lifting her dress up her thighs, and drag my nose over the damp lace of her panties, inhaling her scent.

“This is what I wanted, baby.” My voice is low and rough as I shove her underwear aside. “I wanted to taste you.” Then I stroke my tongue over the slickness between her thighs.

She whimpers, threading her hands into my hair. Her hips rock forward, giving me better access, and I slide two fingers inside her, working them back and forth in time with my mouth. It only takes a few minutes until I feel her clench around my fingers, her thighs quivering as she pants my name in release.

I rise to my feet and lock my gaze on hers as I lick my fingers clean. I know she loves it when I do this, because she’s filthy. I love that about her—with her glasses and sweet smile she looks like the tamest little thing, until I get her turned on. Then I get to see her wild, dirty side. It makes *me* wild, and I can’t get enough of it.

She reaches for my belt but I stop her, spinning her around. I’m already painfully hard, and all I want is to bury myself inside her.

“On your knees,” I growl, nudging her forward onto the chair. I press her lower back gently until she’s bent at the waist, bracing herself across the back of the chair. Then I lift her dress up over her ass and slide her panties down, admiring the view as I unbuckle my belt and free myself from my boxer-briefs.



I'm vaguely aware that we're in a public restroom, but the door is locked and the music outside is loud. And quite frankly, nothing could stop me from having my way with her right now. Not when she's ready and waiting for me like this.

I slide a hand over the warm, smooth curve of her ass, pausing to give it a light smack. I hear her breath hitch in response, and when she looks back at me over her shoulder with a dirty smile, I can't wait anymore. I grip her hips and sink into the wet heat of her. A blinding white light of pleasure washes through me, and I force my breath out through my teeth as I fight the urge to start pumping furiously.

Instead, I lean over to whisper in her ear, "Happy anniversary, baby."

She lets out a sweet little sigh, turning to catch my lips with her own. "I love you."

I sweep her hair off to the side and press soft kisses to the back of her neck, between her shoulder blades. Her skin is so soft and I don't want this perfect moment to end.

"Luke," she pleads, trying to move her hips. "Fuck me."

Christ.

Those words go straight to the core of me and my hips roll forward of their own volition. We moan in unison at the incredible sensation.

I reach around to take her breasts into my hands, teasing her nipples between my forefinger and thumb as I thrust into her, unable to hold back anymore. She's the sexiest, most incredible woman I've ever met, and I can't believe she's prepared to give me everything I want.

"I love you so much," I rasp against the back of her neck. "I can't wait to put a baby in you."

"Fuck yes," she groans in response. And when I slide a hand down to the sensitive spot between her legs, she falls apart beneath me. "Yes, Luke, yes," she whimpers as she trembles in my arms. That pushes me to my limit, and I explode inside her, gritting out a string of filthy words.

She's giggling as I withdraw and pass her a handful of toilet paper to wipe my mess off the inside of her thighs.

I tuck myself back into my pants and do up my belt. “What’s so funny?” I ask, helping her off the chair. She tosses the toilet paper into the bowl and washes her hands.

“I was so worried about how I was feeling, wanting a baby so soon. And then when Alex announced they were expecting...” She shakes her head as she dries her hands. “I’m so happy for them, really I am. But it made me feel even worse, wanting something I thought I couldn’t have.” She turns back to me, sliding her arms around my neck.

“I felt the same—happy for Mike, but yeah, I want it too.” I chuckle, pulling her close. “You think they’ll be pissed we’re copying them?”

Harriet laughs. “No. If I manage to get pregnant at the same time as Alex, she’ll be excited to share that. That will be really cool.”

“That will be fucking awesome,” I say, thinking about my kids growing up with Mike’s. “Harri...” I swallow as emotion tightens my throat. “You’re the best thing that has ever happened to me.”

I stroke her hair, running my eyes over her beautiful face. “I love you.”

“I know.” A playful smile flickers at the corners of her lips. The very fact that she chose to reference Star Wars in this moment tells me what I’ve known since I first laid eyes on her—that she’s the absolute perfect woman.

I can’t wait to start a family with her.



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