



Halves *on a* *Baby*♥

— by ARIDAN —

CHAPTER TWO
BABY ON THE DOTTED LINE

Chapter 2- Baby on the Dotted Line

“Some contracts are signed in ink. Others in intention. But the ones that matter most? They're written in courage and countersigned by hope.”

JAG HEADQUARTERS CONFERENCE ROOM DELTA (D) THE NEXT DAY

Harm knocked once before pushing open the door to Conference Room Delta.

It was one of the older rooms, less trafficked, more private, tucked behind the east corridor like a secret the building had forgotten. He half expected Mac to be pacing, maybe scribbling on a legal pad or flipping through a case file.

Instead, what met his tall frame wasn't a room, but a scene. Lit, arranged, and waiting like the first act of a play. And he was just in time for curtain call.

Lights dimmed at the edges, main fixtures illuminating the cherrywood table like a spotlight. The shades were drawn.

And she was already seated.

Poised. Composed. Commanding.

At the head of the table.

That alone gave him pause.

That chair was usually reserved for the Admiral. Or a panelist with a star on their collar.

He stood just inside the doorway, brow lifting.

“Last time I saw someone in that seat, they had a star on their shoulder. Did you get promoted without telling me, Marine?”

Mac didn't smile. Didn't return the joke. She simply gestured to the chair adjacent from her.

The last time he'd seen that look in her eyes, she'd walked into a courtroom and dismantled a four-star

general.

Now that focus was turned on him.

She'd called it Bevins.

A few minutes earlier, Harm had stared at his calendar like she'd spoken another language. She'd said "Bevins" too fast, like it was shorthand for something only he could decode. The case was over a year ago, settled and closed. But something in her voice had pulled at him. That Mac-specific tone that meant: *show up, even if you don't know why yet.*

So he had.

"Take a seat," she said softly, fingers laced over a manila folder centered in front of her.

He obeyed. There wasn't much room for interpretation in her tone.

"I brought the co-counsel files, Barrow, Duncan, and Vickers- the one we're butting heads on," he said, laying them down. "If you meant Barrow but said Bevins, easy slip. That case closed a year ago."

Mac didn't reach for the files. "Technically, yes. But I'd like to revisit the facts of Bevins."

Harm frowned. "You want to reopen it?"

"Not exactly." Her tone turned deliberate, courtroom precise. "Let's just say I'm seeking legal precedent."

Something about her voice, too even, too rehearsed, made him lean back.

She was briefing him.

"Alright," he said. "Lay it out."

Mac opened the folder with military precision. Inside was a neatly typed document, tabbed and color-coded.

"The Bevins case involved two officers stationed together. Friends. Trusted each other. One night, lines blurred. A pregnancy test came back positive. She wanted to terminate- didn't feel ready. Career. Timing. Didn't want to face the fallout."

Harm's face didn't change, but his arms folded. Watching. Waiting.

Mac's voice softened. "But the father wanted the child. So we negotiated custody, military and civilian jurisdictions. Created a co-parenting agreement post-birth."

Her eyes met his.

"The agreement was built on trust, mutual respect, admiration... despite their history."

That's when Harm knew.

This wasn't about Bevins.

"You're not here to talk about a case," he said quietly.

Mac slid the document across the table.

He picked it up. Scanned. Paused.

"Is this... a contract?"

She nodded once. "A proposal."

He read more slowly now. Preamble. Objective. Financial outline. Living arrangements. Custody schedule. Conception methods.

His eyes stopped at an italicized line:

Primary Option for Conception — Natural, if agreeable by both parties.

He looked up. Sharp.

Mac didn't blink. "The clock is ticking, Harm. A week ago, I got a diagnosis. I have less than a year before my fertility drops off a cliff. Under five percent. That's not theoretical. That's brutal math."

The air thickened.

"We made a pact," she said, softer now. "Five years after AJ was born."

Her voice wavered. "I know he's only four. But for me... the deadline moved."

She looked at him then, full and unflinching. "You said..."

Harm's mouth parted slightly, the memory hitting him like a delayed impact.

"If neither of us was in a relationship," he murmured, finishing the thought, "we'd go halves on a kid."

He swallowed, suddenly aware of the air thickening around them.

"You're not in a relationship."

A pause.

"And this isn't theoretical anymore, is it?"

The realization landed heavy in his chest, the spool was unraveling, and every thread led straight to her.

"No," she replied. "Neither are you."

He let the weight of the document sit between them. "And you're serious?"

"Have you ever known me to joke about something that could change my life?" Her voice held steady. "I've outlined everything. There's even an option to revise the agreement after three years. But this—" she tapped the folder, "—this is a starting point."

"You prepared this like a case brief."

"Because it is one," she said, and for a moment, her voice cracked. "My future. My chance."

"I don't want this to come from fear or desperation. I want a child with someone I trust. Someone who'd show up."

Her voice softened.

"Someone who already has."

Harm said nothing for a long moment. His hands rested on either side of the paper like it might tip the scales of his life.

"So I was right. The mix up on AJ's birthday was brought on by something. You've been sitting on this," he said finally.

"I was still processing. When you asked about it, I panicked. I didn't know what to feel, how to even bring this up. I wasn't ready."

“And now?”

“Now...” she breathed, calm but unshaken, “I am.”

“I didn’t want to make the decision emotionally, so I did what I do, I built a case.”

She held his gaze.

“You’re the judge and jury.”

He exhaled, rubbing the back of his neck.

“This is... a lot.”

“I know.”

The truth was, she’d almost kept it to herself.

Closed the folder. Buried the idea.

Filed it away in that locked cabinet of things she wanted too much to trust herself with.

Because asking Harm meant exposure. It meant admitting she couldn’t do this alone, not the way she’d always trained herself to. It meant risking the one thing she’d never dared touch with him: hope.

But in the end, the desire outweighed the danger.

She wanted a child.

And there was no one else she could picture standing beside her for the journey.

So she did what she’d sworn she would never do,
She invited him into the future she hadn’t been brave enough to name... until now.

He leaned back, studying her with a different kind of focus now. No teasing. Just something heavy behind his eyes, something that made her pulse skip.

“You listed clauses for everything,” he murmured, flipping through again. “Preferred schools. Custody over holidays. And... Clause 3C...” He glanced up. “This one’s titled *Intimacy and Conception Protocol?*”

“Page four,” she said, her throat dry. “Subsection three has more context.”

“I wasn’t sure how to... present that part. I typed other options. IVF, IUI. Then deleted them. And rewrote them. But natural...” She paused. “It’s what I’d prefer. I just didn’t know how to say it.”

His silence unnerved her more than she expected.

He let out a low laugh. “Leave it to you to cite sources in a baby contract.”

“I’m not asking for charity. Or romance. I’m asking for partnership. In this. With you.”

“Natural conception,” he repeated.

“If that’s what you want too.”

She kept her expression still, but her fingers curled slightly under the table.

That line had felt clinical on the page. Spoken aloud, it was intimate in a way she hadn’t braced for.

Well, Mac... I feel like I’m supposed to object or at least suggest an amendment clause. Pretend I’ve still got the upper hand. Wouldn’t want you thinking I was easy,” he joked.

She narrowed her eyes. “The last word I would use to describe you is easy. More like impossible.”

“And yet here we are,” he said matter of fact lifting the contract.

“And so we are,” she conceded.

Her breath hitched. She hated that he saw so much. Always had.

“Honestly, I didn’t know if you’d say yes. But I wanted my preferences known.”

“So noted,” he answered with a smirk and glint in his eyes.

She hated the silence that followed. Hated hearing her own heartbeat over the sound of him reading. Her whole body felt like it was holding its breath.

But this wasn't a case she could argue anymore.

She'd laid out her side.

"Mac..." he said finally.

"What?"

"I'm not going to say no."

Her heart skipped.

"I'm also not going to say yes. Not here. Not in a conference room under dim lights and classified folders."

She nodded, keeping her eyes on his.

"But I'll read every word. And tomorrow..." He closed the folder carefully, deliberately. "I'll give you my answer."

Her throat tightened. "Okay."

He stood slowly, gathering the case files he'd brought, the ones he'd assembled under the assumption she'd meant something else. One hand settled on the folder she'd handed him, balancing its weight at the top of the stack. He turned toward her, like he might say more. But didn't. Not yet.

Then:
"Mac?"

She looked up.
"Yeah?"

A pause. His voice dropped, lower, honest.

"I like the natural conception clause. You should've put it in bold."

She almost smiled. Almost.

"So noted," she said, tossing his words back, but her voice cracked on the last syllable.

He turned for the door but stopped just short of crossing the threshold.

“For the record,” he said over his shoulder, “I didn’t make that pact lightly.”

She held her breath.

“I made it with the only person who ever made it feel possible.”

Mac blinked.

Her fingers tightened on the pen she hadn’t realized she was still holding, the one she used for opening arguments.

Harm’s smile was small. But it landed.

“I’ll see you in the morning,” he said.

And then, just before he disappeared,
“And Mac?”

She looked up again, pulse skipping.
“I’ll get back to you... on the Bevins case.”

The door clicked shut behind him.

Silence bloomed in his wake.

Mac stared at the chair where he’d sat. A slant of light from the hallway had crept in just before the door closed, casting his shadow across the table.

She reached for the edge of the table to steady herself. Because it wasn’t a no.

It was her opening.

And Sarah MacKenzie never lost a case she believed in.

Now, she had to trust a jury of one, with her future in his hands.”

HARM’S LOFT- LATER THAT NIGHT

The city outside wasn’t silent, D.C. never was, but tonight, it felt subdued. Like it had the decency to lower its voice while Harmon Rabb Jr. sat at his dining table, staring at the folder that could change everything.

The amber glow of the pendant lamp cast the contract in warm light while the rest of the loft dissolved into

shadow. A bottle of beer sweated in his hand, his second of the night, untouched. Condensation slipped down the glass and pooled on the wood beneath it.

Any other night, a file from Mac would've meant witness lists or motion drafts, just another case between them. But tonight's briefing? It was threaded with something else.

Something personal.

His thumb ran the edge of the folder, slow and deliberate. He hadn't even opened it yet, but he already knew, this wasn't just legalese.

It was her.

Her control. Her fear. Her hope. Every line typed with the same precision she wielded in court, but beneath it all... he'd seen the flicker. The hesitation. The breath she held when she said, "*If you're still willing.*"

God. She had no idea.

He exhaled. Popped the beer. Let the bitterness burn its way down like a warning.

He finally flipped open the folder.

Mutual Co-Parenting Agreement- BEVINS CONFIDENTIAL

Of course she'd led with a codename. Mac never laid her cards flat on the table. She layered them. Shielded the softest parts. Made you work for the full picture.

But he could read her. Always could. Even when she didn't want him to.

He flipped the page. The real cover page had been organized beneath the faux version of the document.

Mutual Co-Parenting Agreement Sarah Mackenzie / Harmon Rabb, Jr.

She'd built her argument. Laid out the terms. No ambiguity. No room for misinterpretation. A contract, yes. But also a plea. A hope. And Harm hadn't missed it.

"AJ's turning four, not five," she'd said.
But it wasn't about AJ.

It was about her. Her body. Her timeline. Her trust in him.

And he remembered exactly when it started.

Four years ago. The Admiral's office. Harriet had just delivered little AJ, and Bud was beaming. Harm had looked to his left and caught Mac's profile, her eyes tracking Harriet, something unspoken carving deep behind her gaze.

It wasn't envy. Not exactly. It was... longing. And maybe a touch of grief.

He'd known in that moment, he wanted to be the one to give her what she'd never admit out loud.

Even if fate never brought them together romantically... he wanted to be that person for her. Her safety net. Her family. Her future.

So he made the offer.

"Five years from this moment. If we're both still single, we go halves on a baby."

Jordan had still been in his life then. Technically. But the second he'd said it aloud, Harm had known something irrevocable:
Jordan was temporary. Mac... wasn't.

His eyes fell on a line mid-document.

Clause 3 – Method of Conception

*Primary: Natural. Contingent on mutual agreement.
Secondary options: IUI, IVF, adoption.*

He stared at that line longer than he should have.

Natural.

It wasn't a technical word here. It was intimate.
Trusting. Personal.

She'd put it at the top of the list not because it was convenient,

But because she believed.

Maybe even hoped.

That it could come from something real.

From them.

From the connection they shared, not just as partners or friends, but as something more.

If either of them ever had the courage to name it.
And act on it.

He was the man she'd trusted with everything but her heart.
Maybe because he'd never asked for it.
Not out loud.

A knot pulled tight in his chest. The clause on conception wasn't just logistics.

It was her body. Her last window.
Her faith, in him.

He reached for his Navy-issued pen, fingers steadying against the weight of it, and began to annotate.

Amendment: Add clause of exclusivity.

No outside romantic or sexual relationships while actively attempting conception. For the integrity of the commitment and emotional clarity for both parties.

He paused, then jotted in the margin: *Not up for debate.*

He kept reading, her voice echoing in his head with every clause. It was as if she were sitting across from him, presenting the case, her tone level, her eyes steady, that faint vulnerability in her voice she tried so damn hard to hide.

"I know the clock says we still have a year left on our pact," she'd said, her fingers gripping the edge of the conference room table, "but for me, the time is now."

That moment came crashing back now, her voice barely above a whisper, the quiet panic she fought so hard to keep behind her teeth.

She hadn't asked for pity. Or reassurance.

She'd presented a solution.

And he'd sat there stunned, floored not just by the proposition, but by the sheer *trust*.

It was about her choosing *him*.

When she could've chosen anyone. Or no one.

Clause 5 – Custody and Residence

Shared, flexible by week. Contingent on duty rotations, deployment, and travel. Civilian arbitration clause included.

Fair. Measured. Classic Mac. She never went to battle unarmed.

He added only one note:

→ Special provision: Harm's mother and stepfather to be included in rotation during visits to D.C. or La Jolla. Coordination with Mac's schedule to ensure consistency.

He underlined “coordination,” then circled “La Jolla” as if to remind himself that this would be real. Permanent. Legacy-level.

He also underlined Frank. For all his quiet wisdom, the man had taught him everything about being a father.

Clause 6 – Fertility Monitoring

Mac's side: detailed. Doctor already lined up. Timeline already running.

He added:

→ H. Rabb to complete full fertility screening prior to start of natural attempts.

→ Attend all doctor's appointments together, schedule permitting.

He drew a tiny check mark beside it, half amused. It was becoming their rhythm, one makes the offer, the other counters. Just like every case. Only this one? Had his whole damn life on the line.

He was adamant about being a part of the process start to finish. This wasn't just hers to carry. If they were doing this, they were doing it together.

Clause 7: Notification of Superior Officers

He didn't even touch that one.

He'd follow her lead and cross that landmine when it detonated.

Clause 8 – Financials

→ Joint savings account to be opened under mutual trust. Monthly contributions split 50/50.

→ Medical expenses and education fund to be prioritized..

No edits. He trusted her. Always had.

But he scrawled a note on the back:
*Add clause for discretionary fund: baby's first flight,
surprise birthdays, emergency cross-country dashes.
Budget to be joy-flexible.*

Because if they were doing this their way, it wouldn't
always be by the book.

By the time he finished, two pages bore his redlines. Not
many. Just enough to signal:
*I read every word. I considered every outcome. I'm not
just signing this. I'm in this.*

And for a moment, he let himself imagine it, raw and
unfiltered.

Not the contract. Or the calendar dates. Her, gripping
his hand in a delivery room, sweat on her brow, steel in
her voice.

*"Push, Marine," he'd whisper, voice low but steady.
She'd glare, curse him six ways to Sunday, then squeeze
harder.*

*He saw it all: her hair clinging to damp temples, his
shirt wrinkled from hours of waiting, a cry breaking
the air like a promise kept.*

And he wanted it. All of it.

*Not just the baby. But the moment. The team they'd
become. The life they'd create. Not built on chance, but
chosen.*

He leaned back, the contract flat before him.

God, she'd thought of everything.

Then he muttered to the empty room, "You knew exactly
what you were doing, Marine."

And she was making him one hell of an offer.

He reached for the beer again.

Every clause. Every what-if. Every contingency. All laid
out like a final argument before a high court.

But what wrecked him most was how much heart she'd tucked inside it.

It wasn't in the words. But in the act of asking. In trusting him to say yes. In reaching for this life. With him. It wasn't because it was convenient, but because she wanted him there.

He ran a hand over his face. The hour was late, but his mind was wide awake.

Tomorrow, he'd return the file. With notes. Outlined with intent.

As her co-counsel. As her best friend.
And now as the man who, long ago, made her a promise.
One he hadn't realized until tonight...
...he'd always hoped she'd call in.

He capped the pen, tucked the contract into a new folder, and placed it neatly in his briefcase.

She didn't know it yet, but the promise he'd made on the JAG steps four years ago? This was him keeping it. His answer was yes.

JAG HEADQUARTERS CONFERENCE ROOM DELTA (D)

The door was already ajar.

That wasn't like him.

Mac paused, her palm resting lightly on the wood, her heart knocking once, twice- against her ribs before she stepped inside. She'd faced tribunals with less trepidation. This wasn't just about a contract. It was about him. It was about them.

She didn't know what to expect, only that her pulse had been racing since 0800, when Harm first passed her in the hallway with nothing more than a glance and a quiet, unreadable smile. He hadn't said a word. Neither had she.

But the weight between them? Palpable.

Now, as she entered the same room where she'd pitched the most intimate deal of her life, she found him seated near the far end of the conference table. He was not at the head. Or exactly in the middle. He was in the seat that faced hers perfectly, like he had calculated the optics of this moment.

He didn't rise when she entered. Just watched her. Steady, unreadable.

"Colonel," he said smoothly, voice dipping low like velvet edged in steel.

"Commander," she returned, careful, composed, every inch the Marine... except for the way her knees almost gave out.

"I got your message," she said, closing the door behind her with a quiet click. Her voice didn't shake. But the rest of her? That was debatable.

He gestured to the chair across from him. "Figured we'd keep with our normal format for negotiations."

She nodded, circling the table slowly. As she passed him, she caught the scent of him. Something clean and sharp, cedar and confidence and it unsettled her more than she cared to admit.

She sat. Their knees weren't touching, but it felt like they might. She could feel the heat of him, a silent perimeter she didn't dare cross. The distance between them felt both vast and intimate.

On the table between them: the contract. Her contract. Now layered with red ink, like a case brief dissected by opposing counsel.

Mac folded her hands atop the table, trying to ignore the tremble she felt just beneath her skin. "You made some edits."

"I did." Harm's voice was low. Warm. But lined with something steelier underneath. "There were a few provisions I thought warranted arbitration."

He slid the document toward her. She caught it mid-slide, her thumb pressing to the corner like it might anchor her to the moment.

She skimmed the additions:

Clause 3 Amendment

A) No new romantic partners or sexual activity while attempting conception.

B) Mutual agreement required before alternative fertility methods after six months

Clause 5 Amendment – *Add visitation clause for visits with his mother and stepfather.*

Clause 6 Amendment – *All OB appointments attended by both parties unless otherwise agreed upon.*

Clause 19 Amendment – *Both parties to remain emotionally present and committed, regardless of conception outcome.*

She chewed on the cap of her pen, fighting the instinct to retreat behind sarcasm. "Clause 3A Amendment is very...bold. No outside relationships while attempting conception?" she read aloud, raising an eyebrow.

She arched a brow, but her pulse stuttered. It wasn't just bold. It was personal. And it hit its mark.

Harm leaned forward, his gaze intense. "If we're trying to make a child together, there shouldn't be anyone else in the equation. I think it's important we focus solely on this commitment. No distractions."

Mac nodded slowly, understanding the weight of his words. "Makes sense."

Another clause caught her attention.

"Attending all doctor's appointments together?"

"I want to be involved," Harm said simply. "Every step of the way. I don't want to be a sperm donor. I want to be a father. A partner."

She looked at him. Really looked.

And for one suspended second, it wasn't just a hypothetical baby between them. It was a life. A future. A terrifyingly real possibility she'd stopped letting herself imagine.

She looked up, meeting his eyes. "Even if it takes a while or conception doesn't happen right away?"

He nodded. "Reference Clause 19 counselor- Both parties to remain emotionally present and committed, regardless of conception outcome."

He continued. "If we start this mission, we finish it. No future amendments or modifications will be allowed in this area of the contract. It's simple the Navy doesn't quit," he challenged.

"And neither do the Marines," Mac issued back.

"Good, so I won't have to come after you for breach of contract," he joked.

"I'm a lawyer. I never draft nor sign a contract I don't intend to fulfill," she responded.

Scanning further down the list.

"Visitation rights for your mother and Frank?" she asked, lifting her eyes with a teasing arch of her brow.

"So, I'm just supposed to hand the baby over when your mother wants to play dress-up?"

Harm chuckled. "It's easier to negotiate with you than her. Trust me."

She smirked and began to initial each amendment. Clause by clause.

And maybe that was the part that undid her most. He hadn't just remembered every word.

He'd made them matter.

In the way he proposed, protected, and promised. Right there in red ink.

When she paused again, it was at a line she had written herself.

Natural conception preferred. Alternatives discussed only if both parties agree.

Her pen hovered. This was the line she wasn't sure either of them could cross and stay unchanged.

Harm's voice softened. "You weren't sure I'd be open to that."

“I wasn’t sure I should ask.”

He tilted his head. “Why not?”

Mac looked away, swallowed. “Because we don’t do halfway. And if this meant crossing a line we couldn’t walk back from, I needed to be sure you’d still want to be in it when the lines got blurry. We can’t let our feelings or rivalry get in the way of accomplishing the goal.”

A beat. Then another.

He locked eyes with her. The tension was thick, “When have you ever known me not to complete the mission,” Harm said, “I think we can handle it.”

She looked at him.

Then hesitated briefly before signing with a flourish.

But part of her still couldn’t believe this was real. That he wasn’t just humoring her. That maybe, impossibly, this was his dream too.

When she passed the document back to him, her fingers brushed his. A contact too brief to be deliberate, too loaded to ignore. Neither of them moved. Harm’s pulse kicked once, hard, like it recognized something before his brain could name it.

Finally, he gathered the contract in front of him and signed in one smooth motion, then glanced at her over the top of the page. “Looks like we’re in agreement, Colonel.”

“Looks like we are, Commander.”

She extended her hand. The same way she had all those years ago when they made the original pact. He took it, warm and firm in hers.

But when she started to pull away, he held on.

“I want you to come over tonight,” he said, voice hushed. “We’ll finalize the...” his voice faltered for the first time, “implementation timeline. Privately. I want us to start this right.”

A pause stretched between them. The word right hung there. Unspoken history, unspoken hope.

Mac blinked, caught off guard but only for a second. Her voice was steady, but her eyes searched his.

“You’re asking me to dinner.”

He didn’t blink. Just leaned in, lowering his voice, still holding her hand. “I’m asking you to come over tonight. So we can make a plan. Talk through what comes next. No legal jargon. No redlines. This part of the deal happens outside of the margins.” He finished with a mischievous smile on his face.

The silence stretched, electric. Her eyes flicked to his lips. He caught it but said nothing. Just filed it away like classified intel.

“Alright,” she said, voice just above a whisper. “Dinner. And discussion.”

She stood first.

Harm let her go, but watched her walk to the door like she was the ruling and the sentence all in one.

And this time, he wasn’t the prosecutor or the defense. He was the co-defendant. Willing to share the sentence for life.

And when the door clicked shut behind her, He exhaled, the reality settling in.

He was going to have a baby with Sarah Mackenzie.

The woman who followed him to Russia without blinking. The woman who got under his skin so thoroughly he once leveled a shotgun in open court. The same woman he stood across from at her engagement party and, voice cracking, told her the only thing he wanted was to never lose her.

They’d trained beside each other, sparred across courtrooms and continents, dreamed in silence about what might’ve been.

His best friend. His tether. The one constant he could never shake and never wanted to.

And somehow, impossibly, she’d just handed him the future. It was not by accident. It was by design. As a choice.

HALVES ON A BABY

This wasn't a contingency plan.

It was destiny finally arriving on time.

A future redlined, reviewed, and ready.

She'd pitched her case.

He'd signed the order.

And in closing, there was no objection.

THE SOUND OF CHAPTER TWO



Click Here to Play the Story Music Playlist:



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Calendar — Manana

There is something about this song that feels so deeply Harm to me in this chapter. Mac thinks she is offering him a plan. A contract. A way to solve a problem that has suddenly become urgent. But Harm is hearing something much bigger than that.

After getting over the initial shock, he is hearing her offer a place in her future.

Make A Baby — Tori Kelly feat. Lucky Daye

This one of my favorites because it captures the strange emotional contradiction at the center of the chapter. Harm and Mac are sitting in a JAG conference room talking about making a baby like they are negotiating a case.

There are terms, timelines, conditions, and logistics. Mac has taken something incredibly intimate and put it into a document because time is no longer giving her the luxury of waiting for life to unfold naturally. She is pushed to make what's complicated, simple.

Signed, Sealed, Delivered (I'm Yours) — Stevie Wonder

The end of this chapter takes all of Mac's legal language and strips it down to the emotional truth Harm finds when he is finally alone.

He is sitting in his loft with the baby contract in front of him, reading through clauses and conditions and everything Mac has carefully constructed to make the arrangement feel manageable.

But somewhere in the reading, I think the document stops being about the mechanics of having a baby.

It becomes about her.

About the fact that of all the people Mac could have asked, she came to him.

About the fact that years ago they made this ridiculous, deeply personal promise to one another, and now life has come back around and placed it in his hands.

And Harm realizes there is nothing he wants more than to say yes.



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RETURN TO CHAPTERS

HALVES ON A BABY

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