

The  
**STRAWBERRY  
PATCH PANCAKE  
HOUSE**

LOVE BLOSSOMS IN THE MOST  
UNEXPECTED PLACES...

**LAURIE GILMORE**  
AUTHOR OF *THE PUMPKIN SPICE CAFÉ*

# THE STRAWBERRY PATCH PANCAKE HOUSE

Dream Harbor Series

Book 4

LAURIE GILMORE



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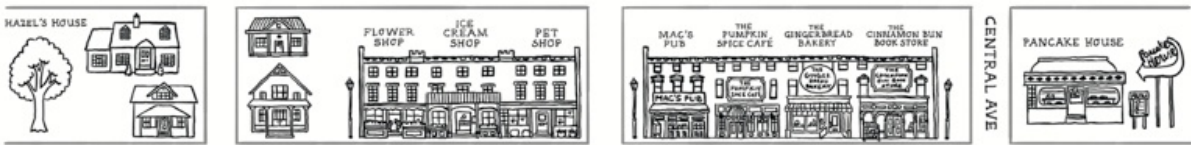
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*To F for making me a mom and to V for keeping me on my toes ever since.*

*You guys still aren't allowed to read this one but thanks for all the inspiration.*



# Playlist



- Beautiful Things** - Benson Boone 
- Bed Chem** - Sabrina Carpenter 
- Enchanted** - Taylor Swift 
- Beautiful As You** - Thomas Rhett 
- enough for you** - Olivia Rodrigo 
- Feels Like** - Gracie Abrams 
- Everywhere, Everything** - Noah Kahan 
- Call Me Lover** - Sam Fender 
- Love Me Anyway** - Chappell Roan 
- You Are In Love** - Taylor Swift 
- Grace** - Lewis Capaldi 
- What Was I Made For?** - Billie Eilish 
- Pancakes for Dinner** - Lizzy McAlpine 
- The Night We Met** - Lord Huron 
- Out Of That Truck** - Carrie Underwood 
- Break My Heart Again** - FINNEAS 
- Forever** - Noah Kahan 
- Sleep Tight** - Holly Humberstone 
- Perfect** - Ed Sheeran 
- You've Got The Love** - Florence + The Machine 
- Fast Car** - Luke Combs 
- Young and Beautiful** - Lana Del Rey 
- Nice To Meet You** - Myles Smith 

## Chapter One

Archer Baer had just become a father in the most unimaginable way possible. Not that he'd ever imagined it at all. What was a confirmed bachelor, a workaholic chef like himself going to do with a child? He didn't even have houseplants because he didn't have time to keep them alive. And he was fairly confident that children required more upkeep than a ficus.

But according to the lawyer who had called him a week ago and disrupted his entire existence, Archer had a daughter. A little girl he had never met or heard about in the five years that she had been alive. And that her mother, Cate, had been killed in a car accident and now he would never get to ask her why she hadn't told him about the kid but had listed him as the father on the birth certificate.

It was all still so insane when he thought about it. Even now as he strode down Main Street in this bizarre little town where Cate had grown up, it didn't really seem possible. Archer, a *dad*? It didn't make sense. He shook his head in frustration, trying in vain to wake up. He needed coffee. He hadn't been awake this early in years. Working in kitchens across Paris had left him practically nocturnal. He rarely got home before 1am. How in God's name was he supposed to take care of a little girl?

The lawyer had been convinced that his daughter would be better off with him than her elderly grandmother, but Archer was not at all certain about

that.

*Wouldn't she be better off with someone who knew what the hell they were doing?*

His thoughts wandered back to Cate. Despite having not spoken to her in five years, he couldn't believe she was gone and now he couldn't ask her any of his hundreds of questions.

Cate Carpenter. He'd met her while working in an upscale restaurant in Boston. She was front of house, he'd been a trainee chef. She was beautiful and funny. They'd only slept together a few times. He had been leaving anyway, heading to Europe to chase his insane dream of becoming a Michelin-star chef. Was that why she hadn't told him about the baby? Over the years she could have told him a thousand times, so why hadn't she?

And what would he have done? Given it all up? His dream. His perfect job. His quest to be the best. Would he have ended up in this little New England town sooner? Would he have married her?

Would he have resented her for derailing the plan he'd so meticulously set out for himself?

He swallowed the hot lump in his throat. None of that mattered now, because Cate was gone. Christ, Cate was *gone*, and he was here to meet his daughter. It was all so damn tragic. And Archer couldn't deal with any of it before he had had coffee.

This was the first time since he'd arrived that he'd ventured into the town center. It was ... quaint, like something from an old postcard. Quaint, and incredibly *small*. The tree-lined street consisted of a handful of stores and ran all of about two city blocks. And that was it. The commercial area quickly became residential. It was nothing like the pulsing energy of Paris. His hopes of getting a decent cup of coffee were quickly fading.

It was cold today, especially this early in the damn morning. The chill of winter still hadn't let go, and despite the fact that it was only the first week of March, each shop door stubbornly displayed a floral wreath or faux tulips in