



Texting the Handyman (The Right Wrong Number #3)

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Category: Action&Adventure

Description: Meet Harvey Neil, the handyman who never expected to find his soulmate while fixing a washer. But when he meets the captivating Hailey Blake, everything changes. A flirty text reveals her true feelings, igniting a passion that cant be ignored.

I never expected to find the love of my life on a standard call to fit a washer, but the second Hailey Blake opened her front door, I knew she was meant to be mine. At first, I try to be professional, but the sparks between us are undeniable.

All my self-control goes out the window when she accidentally sends me a text meant for her friend, telling me just how attractive she finds me. Immediately, I head back to her place, needing to claim her like I wanted to all day.

There's just one problem—Hailey's manager.

Lucas clearly wants more from her than their professional relationship, and he despises my existence.

But nothing, not even an overbearing, jealous manager, will rip Hailey and me apart. Not if I have any say in it.

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HARVEY

I drain the last of my coffee as I pull up to the first job of the day, setting the empty takeaway cup back in the cup holder and promising myself I'll remember to bin it before the end of the day, even though I always forget then curse myself the next morning. I stretch as I get out, my back popping as I inhale the fresh morning air, grabbing my toolbox out the back. This callout should be easy, just fitting a new washer for a new client, and the two other house visits I have booked for the rest of the day are relatively low maintenance, too.

I'm relishing in my excitement of an easy day as I stroll up to the door of a small bungalow that's as sweetly decorated as the suburbs in a movie scene. The front garden is full of pink and yellow blooms, and there's a flowery wreath on the front door that matches the pink welcome mat beneath my feet. I can't help but be impressed at the level of coordination. I don't think I've ever been that organized in my life.

Just as I'm about to raise my hand to knock on the door a second time, it swings open. For a second, all I can do is stare as the world ceases spinning around me. Standing on the other side of the door is the most gorgeous woman I've ever laid eyes upon. Forest green eyes framed by long black lashes stare back at me, blonde waves framing her stunning face, just begging for me to reach out and wind those strands around my fingers. She's wearing a yellow flowy dress that has my mind spiraling to places I definitely can't afford to think about if I have any hope of remaining professional.

Trying desperately to shove down my caveman instincts that have suddenly risen to the surface in this woman's presence, I blink rapidly, as though she'll stop being so fucking stunning.

The angel in front of me raises her brow and pouts her pink lips, putting a hand on her hip as she takes me in. "So, are you going to stand on my doorstep all day, or are you going to come in and fit my washer?"

That snaps me out of my haze, and I choke on a laugh. "Of course, apologies," I say, smirking at her spark. God, this girl is something else. "I'm Harvey?—"

"I assumed so, given you're carrying a toolbox and your van says Handyman on the side of it," the woman interrupts, her lips twitching in a barely suppressed, amused smirk. "I'm Hailey."

Two can play at this game, Hailey, I think as I enter, closing the door behind me. "I assumed so, given you're the one who hired me. I don't just turn up at random people's houses and offer to fit their appliances," I tease back, catching her smirk breaking through fully before she turns away. I hope I'm not imagining the way her eyes roamed over me before she glanced elsewhere, as though she was checking me out just as much as I've been doing to her.

The inside of her home is just as vibrant and bright as the exterior implied, but it doesn't feel overwhelming or cluttered. Instead, it reminds me of a curated art gallery, with all the colors and trinkets working together to create a space that feels undeniably welcoming. I've seen hundreds of houses and hundreds of clients, and none of them come close to the way Hailey shines.

When I turn around from inspecting her home, I find Hailey staring directly at me. I can't help but smirk, the urge to give her the same sass back that she's been so keen on giving me rising.

“So, you going to show me the washer, or are you just going to stand there checking me out all day?” I tease, relishing the way her cheeks go bright pink, and her green eyes widen comically.

She spins on her heel and marches off, leaving me to follow behind her, which is absolutely no hardship given how good her ass looks in that dress.

The washer is still in its box in the laundry room, likely where the delivery man left it. All her laundry powders and pods are set out on a shelf in glass bottles with handwritten labels, and I can’t help but chuckle at how different from my laundry room hers is.

“What are you, some sort of influencer or something?” I joke, gesturing to the aesthetic organization as I begin to rip the washer out of its packaging to fit it.

Though I can’t see her, I can hear the pure sass in her tone when she snipes back, “Yes, actually.”

“Damn, well, good for you,” I murmur, looking up at her from where I’m kneeling on the floor and desperately trying not to think about being on my knees for her in another context. “I’d be fucking awful at that job.”

Hailey laughs, and the sound is just as bright as the rest of her. Fuck, what is it about this girl? I can’t get enough of her.

“Well, I’d be awful at yours, so I guess it’s a good thing we’re different, huh?” she says, some sweetness coming through all that sass.

Washer unpacked, I start the task of fitting it, checking the pipes and spacing in the gap where the old one must have been. I expect Hailey to go off and do her own thing like most clients do, but instead, she just leans against the doorway and watches me,

supervising.

I try damn hard to ignore the fact she's there and block her out so I can focus on my job, but fuck, it's impossible. She's all I can think about, especially when I know she's right there, looking like a goddamn angel on earth.

A screwdriver clatters loudly off the floor when it slips from my hand, and Hailey giggles behind me, clearly amused by my clumsiness. I glance over my shoulder, giving her a mock glare.

"Lot of laughing for someone not helping," I banter, raising a brow at her.

"Oh, my apologies," she says sarcastically. "Here, let me." She takes a few steps towards me to close the distance and leans over, her arm brushing mine as she grabs the screwdriver for me. The touch sends sparks shooting through me, and I think I deserve a goddamn medal for not grabbing her and hauling her into my lap right then and there.

She doesn't move away again, instead hovering beside me, closely inspecting every movement of my hands and occasionally texting on her phone. The whole time, my mind is spinning with excuses I can come up with not to have to leave or to be able to come back and see her again. The idea of her being just another client that I might see once more for another job, if I'm lucky, is abhorrent.

"Satisfactory enough?" I ask as I sit back, the washer now completely fitted. Hailey looks up from her phone, her eyes wide as though caught doing something she shouldn't be, and looks between me and the machine.

"Oh, yup! Looks good," she chirps, making me smile. She hits a button on her phone before hastily setting it down, giving me her full attention.

My phone buzzes in my pocket, but checking it would mean breaking eye contact, and there's not a chance in hell I'm going to do that. It's probably just a message from my next client, likely mad I'm running late since I've stretched out this job twice as long as it needed to be.

Despite the fact that leaving is the last thing I want to do, I don't really have a choice. Reluctantly, I pack up, my hand brushing Hailey's when I stand and exit the small laundry room.

She waves me goodbye from the door, and as I climb into my truck, there's only one thought in my head: I need to see this girl again.

I fish my phone out of my pocket to send an apology text to the next client, only to find they've canceled their appointment. Not only that but there's a text from Hailey.

Slightly confused, given the fact I'm still outside her house, I open the message and nearly crash my still-parked car.

Clearly, this text was not meant for me, but fuck am I glad I got it.

Hailey Blake: Can't stop staring at his arms. It's like real life porn. The veins?! I bet he's handy with more than just washing machines...

I'm only stunned for a brief second before I'm moving. The truck door slams behind me as I race back up the garden path to her front door.

Now that I know she feels even half of what I feel for her? There's no way I'm leaving here without my girl.

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Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 4:38 pm

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HAILEY

This isn't the first time I've hired someone to help me around the house, but it is the first time I've hovered around them the entire time they're trying to work because they're so damn hot I can't tear myself away.

Harvey Neil really should include his sheer attractiveness as a warning on his website because, holy shit .

Annoyingly, it's not just his looks that have me reeling. No, the man has the personality to back it up. He's taken all my comments in stride and fired back with just as much boldness and teasing.

I'm fully aware that I should leave him alone to work and give him space, but it's like there's an invisible tether between us I can't walk away from. I've never, in my twenty-four years on this earth, felt even an ounce of the attraction I feel for this man who I've only just met. How am I supposed to just go about my day like normal now? Maybe I can film a 'day in the life' video and subtly feature the hottest handyman I've ever seen.

I shake my head at myself, pushing the insane thoughts away. I need to get a grip. I've never been one to be boy-crazy. Hell, I haven't had a boyfriend in ... well, forever. It just hasn't seemed worth it until now, and seeing all the drama my friends go through with men has been more than enough to confirm I made the correct decisions. More than that, I've just never met a man who made me want to share a

life with him.

Well, until now.

My to-do list for the day is still whirring around the back of my mind, taunting me. I really need to go and finish the vlog that's supposed to be posted tomorrow, the one that's only half edited that I promised myself I'd finish this morning, but every time I try to make my feet take me out of the laundry room, my body refuses to comply.

Driving myself insane, I pull my phone out, needing to get these thoughts out of my brain. There's a text on my screen from my manager, Lucas, and I pull a face as I decide to completely ignore him for a minute. I'm not in the mood to deal with him right now. I'll answer him later, I tell myself, as I pull up Steph's contact and text her, screaming in all caps about the fact the handyman I hired could be a damn model. She texts me back immediately, laughing and demanding I take a photo for her.

I immediately decline that request but happily type out another text, explaining in detail how muscular his arms are and how confidently he handles his tools, knowing that my best friend will never judge me for what I'm saying.

"Satisfactory enough?" Harvey asks, jolting me out of my thoughts and making me realize I've just been staring at him like a total creep.

"Oh, yup! Looks good," I stammer out, feeling my face go pink as I make a total fool of myself. Hastily, I tap my phone screen without looking, sending the text, and shoving my phone away before he can ask what I'm doing.

The sound of a phone buzzing breaks the tension, and Harvey's face changes as though his phone going off has brought him back to the real world, too. The washer's fitted, and though I know exactly nothing about any of this stuff, it looks like he's

done a damn good job.

I'm almost disappointed. If he'd made a mess of this job, I'd have a reason to ask him to stay longer. I'm racking my brain, thinking about what else I can get him out to fix. Maybe if I accidentally on purpose break my sink?

God, what's gotten into me?!

I see Harvey out with a smile, despite my inner scheming, and the second I close the front door, I collapse against it, my heartbeat thudding heavily against my chest. We did nothing but banter and yet my body feels like it's primed for so much more.

I force myself up, heading for the kitchen to grab a drink of water. Halfway through gulping it down, though, there's a loud knock on my door. My heart jumps again, hopeful anticipation filling me. What if it's Harvey? I shake my head, trying to calm myself down. It's probably just Lucas coming to see why I haven't answered his messages yet.

Setting the glass down, I smooth down my dress and take a deep breath before answering the door.

"Harvey," I say, a little stunned but trying not to show it. "Did you leave something behind?" I step aside to let him in, assuming he's left a tool or something.

Harvey steps inside but doesn't step past me, instead stopping directly in front of me, staring down at me with sea-blue eyes. I let go of the door, and it slams closed, but neither of us jump at the loud noise, too caught up in the cloud of heated tension surrounding us.

"Yeah, as a matter of fact, I did. You," Harvey answers, his voice low and gruff.

My mind whirs as heat skitters over every inch of my skin. “W-what?” I stutter, sure I must have heard him wrong. Am I daydreaming or something?

Harvey grins, his eyes sparkling. “What was it that text said? I bet he’s handy with more than just machines?” he says, paraphrasing the text I sent to Steph ten minutes ago.

I did send it to Steph, right? Oh God.

I feel my cheeks burn hot, embarrassment searing through me. How on earth could I have texted him instead? This is what I get for texting without looking. Shit.

“I can explain...” I start to say, even though I have exactly no idea of how I’m going to explain this.

Harvey interrupts me before I get the chance to attempt, though. “I knew you were supposed to be mine the second you opened this door,” he says, stunning me even more.

I don’t even realize I’ve been backing up until my back hits the wall, stopping me short and trapping me in. Suddenly, Harvey’s so close that I can see every shade of blue in his eyes, lighter at the edges and darker around his pupils, which are wider than they were before, I’m sure of it.

The air between us crackles with energy, and I swear I can see sparks flying as I struggle to regulate my breathing. My body feels lit up with anticipation and need, and it takes me far longer than it should be to form an answer.

Harvey waits patiently, clearly not wanting to push me if I don’t feel the same as he’s just admitted he does. But I do. I feel it so clearly it’s overwhelming.

I can't put it into words, so I give up trying.

I close the small distance left between us, throwing my arms around his neck and stretching up on my toes to kiss him. For a split second, he's shocked still, but then he's kissing me back deeply, his arms winding around me and pressing me into the wall. His tongue teases the seam of my lips, asking for entry, and I open for him, melting against him. I can feel his muscular build through the thin layers of clothing separating us, and the kiss sends liquid heat through me, making my thighs press together to try to stem the ache building between them.

I can't help the whimper that escapes me as he nips my bottom lip between his teeth, the small moment of pain pushing my pleasure higher. I feel drunk on him, mind spinning and body his to do with whatever he wants. It's not just a kiss. It's a connection of body and soul and the beginning of something more. I can feel it building around us. We're the only two people in the universe right now. He groans against me and slides his hands down to cup my ass, lifting me off my feet so my thighs are wrapped around his waist, my dress riding up and no doubt exposing my now-wet panties.

"Fuck, Hailey," Harvey groans as I squirm, desperate for friction where I need it most. "God, I'm going to get addicted to you."

I pant, clinging to him. "Good," I manage to say, meaning it. "Because the feeling's mutual."

"God, baby, so fucking beautiful," he murmurs, taking a second to look down at me, exploring my body. "I can't fucking wait to see how pretty you look falling apart for me."

My heart skips a beat, my body responding to his implications with a resounding yes! "So don't wait," I say, my voice all breathy and needy.

Harvey's eyes snap to mine. "You need it bad, don't you, pretty girl?" he growls, voice low and rough and delicious.

I nod fervently. "I need you," I whine. "Please, please, Harvey. I've never felt like this before. I feel like I'm going to go mad without it. Touch me, kiss me, I'm yours."

My babbling clearly does what I want it to because a second later, he's pushing me harder against the wall to stabilize me, slipping one hand up my thigh. I cling harder to him, my head falling back as he kisses my neck, skin sensitive.

"Oh, baby," Harvey groans against my skin. "So wet for me. Fucking perfect."

The way he says it, like he fucking loves it, erases any embarrassment I might have had about just how ready for him my body is. Besides, I can't think of a single thing except the sensation of his fingers where I need them most, teasing the sensitive bundle of nerves pulsing for his attention. I gasp, losing control of my breathing as he slides two fingers inside of me, filling me so perfectly I get dizzy.

"Harvey," I pant, my nails digging into his shoulders and back through his shirt, clawing at him.

"So fucking perfect," he says, murmuring the words against my throat. "Every goddamn inch of you. You're like a goddamn dream, Hailey."

If I wasn't held up by the wall and his strength, I'd have swooned from his words alone. The combination of his filthy mouth praising me and his fingers driving my pleasure higher and higher with every movement makes my eyes flutter shut, and a string of moans and whimpers escapes my lips.

His fingertips skim over a sensitive spot inside of me, and I shudder, bliss devouring me. I've never felt like this, never knew someone's touch could ever feel this good,

never felt this tsunami of pleasure rising hard and fast inside of me.

“Oh God,” I babble, shaking. “Harvey, fuck...”

“That’s it, baby, give it to me,” Harvey encourages, keeping up the rhythm that’s driving me crazy. “Let me feel you come for me, pretty girl.”

I couldn’t stop it if I tried. The wave of bliss engulfs me, throwing me over the edge. I cry out his name, stars exploding behind my eyelids as my body surrenders fully to him.

For a long minute, I have to focus on returning my breathing to normal before I can even begin to open my eyes and form words. Harvey holds me up as I attempt to recover, placing soft, gentle kisses on my neck and shoulders.

As I open my eyes and take in the desire and affection on his face, I know I’m screwed.

Because the handyman I hired to come fit my washer?

He’s the man of my dreams.

HARVEY

Making Hailey come has done nothing to quench my thirst for her. All it's done is make my need for her fucking insatiable. My mouth is watering for a taste, my cock so hard I'm shocked the zipper on my pants hasn't broken under the strain, and every cell in my body is screaming MINE.

I need more of this girl. I need all of her. This is more than just mutual attraction. This is something cellular, something fucking cosmic. I never believed in that shit until now because there's no other way to explain this.

I kiss her as she comes down from her high, savoring the way she sighs happily against my lips. I can't wait to find out if she tastes just as sweet everywhere else.

The sudden, loud blaring of a ringtone jolts us apart, ripping the moment to shreds. I set Hailey down, her legs a little wobbly as she curses and scrambles to find her phone, apologizing to me as she searches.

"For fuck's sake," she mutters as she finds her device and sees who's calling, rolling her eyes before she answers. "Hello?"

Her whole demeanor changes as she answers the call, the carefree, bubbly girl shutting down a little. I can practically see the annoyance coming off her as she listens to whoever's on the other end of the line.

Curious and admittedly wanting to flatten whoever has her feeling like this, I edge closer to listen in.

“Calm down, Lucas,” Hailey sighs, walking into her living room and leaning against her sofa. I follow, leaning against the doorway. “No, I didn’t read your messages. I was busy. In fact, I’m still busy. Yes, I’ll answer the emails today, I promise. Stop acting like it’s already midnight, for goodness sake.”

I can hear Hailey’s side of the conversation loud and clear, but I can’t make out whatever the other person—Lucas—is saying without getting closer. Given what she’s saying and her reactions, I’m sure he’s being anything but nice to her, and fuck if that doesn’t make me want to punch him. I edge towards her, too caught up worrying about her to notice the little side table in my way until it’s too late. I bump into the table, clattering the trinkets and lamp on top of it and bruising my thigh in the process.

“Ah, fuck,” I curse, hopping on one leg for a second as the pain shoots through me. Hailey looks over at me with concern, and I realize just how loud I was. “Sorry, baby.”

On the bright side, I’m now close enough to hear the rant of the man on the other side of the line as he hears my apology, too.

“Who was that?” Lucas asks, disdain in his voice. He sounds angry. “Why do you have a man over, Hailey? What the hell?”

Hailey rolls her eyes, her shoulders dropping with a long-suffering sigh. “It’s none of your business, Lucas,” she snaps, fire behind every word, and then hangs up, tossing her phone onto the sofa angrily. She turns to me, wincing a little. “I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to ruin the moment or for you to overhear that mess.”

I shake my head, refusing her apology. She's clearly stressed now, whoever this Lucas man is ruining the happy, satiated girl she was just minutes before. Fucker.

"Don't you dare apologize," I say. "You did nothing wrong. Whoever that Lucas is, on the other hand..." I trail off, shaking my head and trying to shrug off my anger on her behalf. "Are you okay? That's all that matters."

Hailey deflates, running her hand through her hair and sighing deeply. I close the gap between us, wrapping my arms around her and pulling her close. It feels so natural to comfort her like this, as though I've known her for years rather than hours.

"I'm all right," she murmurs against my chest, melting against me. I never want to let her go.

"Who's Lucas, and why was he so damn angry?" I ask, unable to help but be nosy.

Hailey huffs a humorless laugh as I let her go, and she flops onto her sofa, curling her feet up underneath her. "It's nothing like you're probably imagining, I swear," she says, smiling up at me. "He's not my ex or anything like that. Lucas is my manager. It's strictly professional, or at least, it should be, but he's clearly lost his mind today."

"Ah," I hum, nodding. "Yeah, clearly, professionalism isn't on his mind today. Then again, I can hardly be the best judge of that."

Hailey laughs, her face going pink and a spark coming back into her green eyes. "Well, I can complain about his lack of professionalism, but I'm certainly not mad about yours," she teases, making me laugh too.

"You gonna leave me a five-star review?" I ask, smirking at her. She leans forward, playfully kicking my shin with her socked feet, her blush deepening.

“I don’t know about that.” She pretends to muse. “I might need to collect some more data before I can make a decision on what rating you deserve.”

“Oh, really?” I ask, leaning down and bracing my hands on the back of the sofa, trapping her in. I savor the way her breath hitches when I get this close, watching the way her pulse flutters in her throat. I steal a quick kiss before backing up, turning serious. “I want you to know that I want more than just something physical, Hailey,” I tell her. “I want more than just one day or night.”

Hailey’s lips form a perfect o as she considers my words. “I would like that, too,” she agrees, tucking her hair behind her ears and fiddling with the blonde strands nervously. It’s cute as hell.

“Can I take you out tomorrow? On a proper date, like you deserve,” I ask, trying to play it cool but internally desperate for her to say yes. I’m addicted to this girl, and I need to see her again as soon as possible. I know I can’t hang around here all day. I have another client to go to, scheduled for after the one that canceled and gave me the chance to come back to Hailey, and she clearly has a lot of work to get done, too, if the emails Lucas was mad about are anything to go off of. But I can’t leave without knowing for sure that I’ll see her again soon.

“Yes,” Hailey says, the flush on her face making me want to get her all flustered all over again. I manage to find some self-control, though, reassuring myself that there’ll be plenty of time for that soon. “Just make sure to text me where we’re going so I can make sure I’m dressed right.”

I chuckle, unable to help myself. Hailey would look edible even if she wore a damn trash bag. “You could wear anything and look incredible.”

She fiddles with her hair again but rolls her eyes at my comment. “I take pride in my outfits, I’ll have you know,” she sasses back. “I’m a fashion and lifestyle influencer. I

make my own clothes. I can't be caught dead looking anything but perfect for the event. This is a serious matter."

There's a smirk tugging at her lips even as she lectures me, one I can't help but return. "Apologies," I drawl. "I didn't realize just how high the stakes were. Rest assured, I'll keep you informed dutifully."

She giggles but forces herself to act seriously as she says, "Good. As you should."

I catch sight of the time on her colorful wall clock and curse under my breath. "I've got to get to the next job, but I'll see you tomorrow, yeah?"

She nods, standing to see me out. "I should get back to work, too," she says, though she doesn't look excited by the idea of answering emails.

"Once you do all your emails, you get to have fun planning your outfit, though," I say, trying to cheer her up. She grins, nodding.

"True, I do love putting together the perfect pieces," she says.

"No pressure on my end, then," I mutter, mentally running through every outfit in my wardrobe.

She laughs. "I can plan your outfit, too, if you want," she teases, and I roll my eyes playfully, but, to be honest, I like the mental vision of her picking out complimentary outfits for us both for date nights from a shared wardrobe. I know I'm getting ahead of myself, but I've never been so sure of anything as I am that this girl was meant to be mine.

She sees me to her door, but before I go, I grab her around the waist and tug her towards me. I need another taste of her to see me through until tomorrow, after all. I

kiss her hungrily, leaving her flushed and dazed before I say goodbye.

“I’ll pick you up at seven tomorrow,” I call out as I head down the path to my van, turning back before I climb in to catch sight of her waving at me before the door closes.

The only thing I can think of for the rest of the day is Hailey and how, one day, I’m going to make her my wife.

HAILEY

Turns out, curating the perfect date night outfit was far easier than I'd anticipated since I woke up this morning to a box from my favorite brand. Their dresses are always stunning, and this time, they sent me three to pick from and promote on my socials. I love collabs like this, where I genuinely love the items being sent to me. It makes it so easy to do my job well.

I filmed myself opening the box this morning, did a small unboxing video, and now I'm filming a 'style it with me for date night' piece as I pair accessories and makeup with the buttery yellow silk dress I chose. I decide on yellow gold earrings and a necklace I made by taking apart old thrift store jewelry and turning it into something new, adding my own touch to the outfit.

"I think I'm going to go with a messy up-do to finish the look off," I comment, switching the camera view to the full-length mirror and holding my hair up with my other hand to give an idea of what I mean. A quick transition later, which looks like a second on film but in reality takes me about twenty minutes, I've pinned my hair up in the perfect just-been-messed-up hairstyle. I love the playfulness of it, like Harvey's already been running his hands through the strands. God, I hope he messes it up even more later.

I have to force myself to stop thinking about that in order to focus on finishing the video. I already know I'm going to get comments from people asking about the date and who the guy is, and I can't help the way it makes excitement flutter through me. I

know it's early to even hint at dating someone on my socials, but there's something so different about Harvey and how I feel for him. I haven't even bothered going on a date since college, and I've certainly never felt this excited about the idea of a date. I just have this deep-rooted feeling that there's something more between us than just a fling or a date. Like we're meant to be or something.

"This is the finished look," I say into the camera, giving a slow twirl to show off the dress. "Let me know what you think and how you'd style this stunning dress in the comments!"

I save the video to edit tomorrow, just as the last person I want to hear from texts me. I sigh, staring for a second at the notification from Lucas before I brave opening it. Ever since he got weirdly annoyed at me having a man in my house yesterday, I've been avoiding him as much as I can while still working.

I open the text reluctantly, seeing that he's sent me yet another string of messages asking me to just call him and hear him out and reminding me that I should be focusing on work opportunities and not random men. There are a few actual work-related messages in between, but they're far outweighed by his inappropriate overstepping. As my manager, there's absolutely no need for him to be poking his nose into my personal life or asking about Harvey, and yet here we are.

Refusing to let him ruin my evening, I do something I haven't done since I started influencing as a career. I turn my phone off, smiling as I do, and shove it into my clutch, feeling buoyed by the idea of not being bothered by him anymore for the rest of the night.

Harvey kept his word and texted me the link to the restaurant he's taking me to tonight, so I know I've hit the right vibes with my outfit. The place is a new, modern restaurant downtown, the perfect mix of relaxed vibes and high-quality food. I couldn't have picked better myself, and I have to admit I'm really damn excited after

scrolling through their menu online.

I slip on my low, strappy heels and grab a light jacket just as a knock comes at my door. Butterflies erupt in my stomach as I rush to answer it, giddy like I'm a teenager again.

"Harvey," I say as I open the door, his name falling off my tongue before my brain even realizes what I'm saying.

God, he looks good. Hell, he looked amazing yesterday in his roughed-up work gear, but cleaned up and in a shirt and suit pants? God save me, how am I supposed to get through dinner without jumping on him? The white shirt clings to his muscles, and I practically drool as I stare at him.

"Fucking hell, you look incredible," Harvey says, and I blink, realizing he's been staring at me just like I've been staring at him. My cheeks heat as I smile, shrugging a little like I didn't spend ages making sure I felt amazing in my outfit.

"Thanks, I just got sent this dress and thought, what better way to try it out?" I say, grinning. "You look ... well, so good my brain's fried if I'm honest."

Harvey chuckles, but I catch sight of a hint of red on his cheeks, which only makes me smile more. I grab my keys off the side table and slip outside, locking the door behind me before Harvey leads me to his car. It's not the work truck he had yesterday. Instead, he's driving a blue Range Rover that absolutely fits his personality. He opens the door for me and helps me climb inside.

The drive to the restaurant is short but filled with conversation. As we get seated at our table, Harvey admits with a shy sort of smile, "I looked you up. Couldn't help it after finding out about your job. It's damn impressive, the following you've built."

I smile, pleasantly surprised by his reaction. A lot of people completely dismiss my job or assume no real work goes into it, but Harvey's right. I've worked hard to build my career, and it is impressive. "Thanks," I say, "It took a lot of trial and error, but then my fashion content just sort of took off, and I've never looked back."

"Well, you've clearly got a talent for it," he praises, and I can't help but find myself preening a little.

"I might be good at that, but you should see me try to put together IKEA furniture," I joke, grinning.

Harvey's eyes shine with unspoken implications as he says, "Good thing you've got me for that now."

My heart pounds in my chest at the way he says it, like we are truly meant to be together, like he feels the same way I do.

The waiter comes to take our order, and not long after, the food arrives. We chat about work and family and all the get-to-know-you things we skipped before he had me screaming his name for the first time. I discover that his favorite color is yellow, he has two younger brothers, and he's an adrenaline junkie who has jumped out of a plane. That's my worst nightmare, but he's grinning so widely when he tells me about the experience that I almost want to try it for myself—almost.

The food is amazing, but the company is even better, and even though I've only had one glass of wine, I feel light and bubbly, like I've drunk a whole bottle—affected so much by the man across from me. I want him so badly that, for perhaps the first time in my entire life, I consider skipping dessert just so we can get out of here sooner. But then Harvey suggests splitting the fudge brownie I'm eyeing up on the menu, and that sounds too perfect to pass up.

Harvey doesn't even give me a chance to offer to split the cost, and I'm beginning to see the gentlemanly side of him underneath the rugged, flirty exterior. Learning all these new aspects about him just makes me want to get to know him even better, to discover every little quirk he has, every scar on his body, and inside jokes.

He takes my hand as we exit the restaurant, holding onto me tightly in a way that makes me think maybe he doesn't want the night to end just as much as I don't. He helps me into his car again, but for a long moment, we don't drive away.

"I'm not ready for this night to end," I say, throwing caution to the wind. Then again, given what happened between us yesterday, I feel pretty safe saying what's on my mind with Harvey. I want to make him fall apart like he did for me, and I cannot stop thinking about it.

"Me neither," Harvey says. "Though, if I'm being honest, I don't think I'll ever be ready for what's between us to end, even for the night."

I feel myself blush yet again, a response I can't ever seem to control around Harvey. "If I'm being honest," I say, echoing him, "I feel the same way."

Harvey grins. "Thank fuck for that because I have no plans of letting you go now. You're mine, gorgeous," he says, the possessive tone of his voice making me shiver. "So, my place?"

I nod immediately, not even caring how eager it makes me look. The car rumbles to life, and Harvey pulls away, leaning over a little to take my hand in his as he drives. Our fingers twine together as one of my favorite songs comes on the radio, and I catch Harvey singing along to the words. Laughing, I join in, loving that this man has no qualms about singing the lyrics to a pop song about falling for a bad boy. Between his humor, his good looks, and the way he's already shown he wants to take care of me, Harvey is a dream.

One I don't have any desire to wake up from.

Thankfully, it isn't a long drive to Harvey's place. His apartment is in a new, well-kept block, and we pass a few of his neighbors on the way up to his place, though I can't remember any of their faces because I'm too full of anticipation.

Harvey's apartment is exactly like I pictured it would be. Utilitarian gray and black furnishings but with a few photos on the wall that make it clear he's tried to make it homey.

"It's nowhere near as pretty as yours, but I'm at work most of the time and haven't had the time to do anything else to it," Harvey says a little sheepishly. It's cute, honestly.

Besides, it's not his home decor I'm here for, anyway. Harvey locks the door behind us then comes to take my coat, his hands skimming down my arms as he slides it off my shoulders, leaving goosebumps in his wake. I kick off my heels and place them by the door, getting butterflies over the way our things look side by side, imagining a future where my heels and his work boots sit next to each other every day.

"You're so fucking gorgeous," Harvey murmurs as he wraps his arms around me, pulling me to him. My hands go to his chest on instinct, feeling the ridges of muscle beneath my fingers. "The whole time we were eating dinner, all I could think about was how much better you'd taste."

"I couldn't stop imagining how you'd feel inside me," I whisper. I've never dirty-talked before, but something about Harvey makes it impossible for me to keep my thoughts to myself. From the way he growls and tightens his hold on me, my words hit their mark.

Neither of us can wait a second longer. I don't know who moves first or if we move

at the same time, but we crash together with all the pent-up tension of the evening and the last day between us.

The kiss consumes me, scrambling my brain and lighting every nerve ending of my body on fire. I feel my panties dampen and need coils low in my stomach, my body begging for more. I whimper against Harvey's lips as he lifts me, walking us through his apartment. I'm too caught up in kissing him to pay attention to where we're going until my stomach swoops as he lays me down. I bounce a little on the mattress, squealing with disorientation and then laughter, realizing he's obviously taken us into the bedroom.

I get a brief look before I get distracted again, pleasantly surprised by the softness of the blue sheets beneath me and the variety of books and small collection of trinkets on the shelves in the corner. Any other time, I'd take the chance to be nosy and snoop a little, but then Harvey unbuttons his shirt, and I lose the ability to focus on literally anything else but his abs.

I knew Harvey was ripped from what I've seen and felt beneath his clothes, but the low light in here casts shadows over every ridge of his stomach and chest, making my mouth water with desire. My gaze trails lower to the sizable bulge pushing at his suit trousers, and my thighs squeeze together in anticipation.

I expect Harvey to lean over and kiss me again, but instead, he kneels down and trails his hands up my thighs, gathering the silky material of my dress as he goes. He pushes the skirt higher and higher until it's bunched around my waist, and my white lace thong is on show. I slide the zipper at the side of the bodice down and sit up, pulling the dress off completely as Harvey watches with utter lust, turning his blue eyes a shade darker. It's not the kind of dress I need a bra with, and Harvey curses softly under his breath as the fabric falls away and leaves me bare but for the thong.

"Are you trying to kill me, Hailey?" he jokes, his voice raspy with want. "Because

fucking hell, I don't think my brain can handle this much beauty all at once."

I giggle, leaning forward on the bed to wrap my arms around his neck and tug him onto the mattress with me. "Stop thinking and just kiss me," I tease, trailing one hand down his chest and stomach to his pants. I unbutton them and tug them down, and he helps me by kicking off the remnants of his clothes. A quick glance tells me my guess was a hundred percent right—Harvey is big. I have a brief moment of worry that he won't fit, but then again, I've always loved a challenge, and I'm sure as hell willing to try.

This time, when Harvey kisses me, there's nothing between our bodies, nothing preventing us from exploring and discovering each other's bodies. My hands roam his chest, nails scraping over his abs and making him shudder, his cock pressed hard against my lower stomach as his hands trail up my sides. I gasp against him as he cups my breast, rolling my peaked nipple between his thumb and forefinger, sending sparks of pleasure through me straight to my clit. My back arches as his other hand grabs my hip, his thumb tracing the crease at the edge of my panties, the skin sensitive and desperate for more. Just when I think I might explode with desire, he bunches the side of my panties in his fist and yanks. The lace audibly rips, and he tears them away from me, making me gasp out loud.

Harvey trails kisses down my neck, murmuring, "I'll buy you a new pair," against my skin. Truthfully, I'd sacrifice every nice pair of panties I own to him, the show of possession and need of him ripping them off me such a turn-on.

His fingers press against my center, and I know he can feel just how wet I am for him. I've never been this turned on in my life, but there's not a single part of me that feels embarrassed, not when I can feel how much I'm affecting him, too.

"I can't wait any longer," I whine as he slowly teases me with his fingers. "Please, Harvey. I need your cock. I need you to fuck me."

“God, your mouth is going to be the death of me,” he groans, sounding pretty happy about that fact. “I don’t want to hurt you, baby. Let me stretch you out a little first.”

I shake my head, unwilling to wait a second longer. “You won’t hurt me. I don’t care, Harvey. Let me feel you. Every single inch, please,” I beg, squirming beneath him.

“Fuck, how the hell am I ever supposed to say no to you?” he asks, kissing my shoulder.

I grin. “Easy,” I pant, wrapping my hand around his thick cock and guiding him to where I want him. “You don’t.”

Harvey must agree because he kisses me, bracing his weight on one arm so he doesn’t crush me and fisting my hair in the other hand as he begins to press inside me.

I feel the stretch of him immediately, but I regret nothing. The tiniest bit of pain as my body adjusts to him only makes the bliss feel even better, and I lose the ability to breathe as he fills me.

“All of you,” I manage to pant, nails digging into his back. “I need all of you.”

Harvey groans, face buried in my neck as he kisses and sucks at the sensitive skin, thrusting into me until he fills me completely. I cry out, overwhelmed in the best way, unable to think with the pleasure consuming me.

“You feel so fucking good, baby,” Harvey praises, and I whimper out my agreement as he begins to move, fucking me in long, slow strokes.

We lose ourselves in each other, moving together, in sync and intertwined. I can feel our connection thrumming between us, going beyond the physical connection we share. Higher and higher, my pleasure spirals until I’m chanting Harvey’s name

mindlessly and scratching his back.

When he slides one hand between us to circle my clit with his thumb, I can't fight the wave that overwhelms me.

"Fuck, baby," Harvey groans as my orgasm triggers his, thrusting deep as he comes.

For a long few minutes, we stay wrapped in each other to catch our breath. When I can open my eyes again, Harvey kisses me softly and scoops me up, taking us both to the shower. He washes me reverently, taking care of me in a way that makes my heart soar.

Harvey really is the full package, and I can't help but want nights like tonight for the rest of my life with him.

HARVEY

The last week has been the best of my life. And that's no exaggeration. Hailey and I have spent every second we can together between work and other life commitments that, honestly, feel way less important than they did before now that I have her in my life. Hailey is literal sunshine, her sass and creativity brightening my life exponentially, and my friends are probably sick of hearing me talk about her like a lovesick teenager. But fuck it, I am exactly like that, falling hard for this girl and not one single bit upset about it.

Hailey's turned me into a total sap, and I couldn't be happier about it.

After work, I stopped by my favorite Chinese food takeout place and grabbed dinner to take over to her place. I pull up to her house, the bright decor familiar to me now, but pause when I see a new car in my usual spot. I park across the street, frowning at the red vehicle I don't recognize, scrutinizing it as though it'll come to life and tell me why it's there.

I grab the takeout bags as I get out of my truck, heading over to Hailey's just at the same time someone exits the red car and starts up the path to her door, too. I don't recognize the man, tall and well-built with blond hair and dark eyes. There's a twisted scowl on his face as he spots me, which tells me this man is probably not going to be a new friend, though. Suspicion settles in my stomach as he joins me at Hailey's front door.

Before I can ask who he is, he beats me to it.

“Who the hell are you, and why are you at Hailey’s?” he asks, tone absolutely dripping with condescension. He looks me up and down, clocking the takeout bags. “You better be a food delivery driver or some shit.”

I squint at him, swearing I’ve heard that annoying, overbearing voice before. And then it clicks. I heard it over the phone on the first day I met Hailey. He has the same utter disrespect in his voice now as he did then, and it sparks anger in my gut.

This is Lucas, Hailey’s shithead of a manager. I already hate this man from just the way he spoke to Hailey on the phone, and the way he’s just spoken to me isn’t raising my opinion of him one bit.

I open my mouth to give him a taste of his own medicine, but the front door opens, interrupting us. Both of our heads snap to Hailey, standing in the doorway with a surprised look on her face as her eyes flit between us.

Lucas doesn’t give her the chance to speak, either. No, he just shoves past her and into her house, pushing inside like he owns the place. God, this man reeks of entitlement and a bad attitude.

“Hi, baby,” I murmur as I step inside, pausing to give Hailey a hug as the door closes behind us all.

Lucas evidently is disgusted by that small show of affection because he starts running his mouth yet again. “Who the hell is this man, Hailey?” he starts, gesturing at me in disgust. I can’t help but smirk, finding his outrage just a little amusing. Seriously, why is he so angry? “Is this the man I heard on the phone the other day? What, are you fucking him or something? Jesus Christ. You should know better than to waste your time on random men instead of focusing on your work and building your career.

If you wanted a boyfriend to occupy you, you should've come to me instead of stooping to fuck the—what are you?" He pauses briefly to inspect the logo on my shirt, then glances out the window to my truck. "A handyman? Seriously, Hailey. This is low, even for you."

What. The. Actual. Fuck.

I can't decide whether to curse this man out or just punch him in the mouth. Not only has he just outright insulted me, but worse, he tries to shame Hailey for having any man in her life except him. Lucas officially takes the cake as the most vile man I've ever had the displeasure of meeting.

Hailey's hand lands on my arm, seeking comfort, and I wrap my arm around her, foregoing punching him in order to be there for her instead. I inhale deeply, trying to be the better man and find some sort of inner peace. I don't succeed very well, though.

"If you're going to be a disrespectful asshole, then you can leave," I snap, pointing to the door just in case he needs directions for the way out.

Lucas narrows his eyes at me, scoffing. "Oh yeah? Or what? What are you going to do about it?"

Oh, so he wants to be punched in the face. God, he's practically begging for it. I step in front of Hailey, protecting her preemptively as Lucas curls his hands into fists at his sides.

Lucas swings first. His technique is shit, and he swings wide, but it's still a clear threat that I won't stand for, especially in Hailey's presence. I dart forward, grabbing his fist and twisting his arm around his back until he cries out, restraining him so he can't do anything stupid again. Anger flows through me, thick and heavy, as Hailey

shouts out in shock at us.

Overpowering Lucas takes all of five seconds, but of course, the asshole doesn't just accept defeat and go down easy. No, he starts running his mouth again, clearly not learning his lesson like a normal fucking person. God, I hate this dude.

"Do you see this shit, Hailey? Is this the kind of man you want in your bed, seriously? You could do so much better!" Lucas rants, his face red as he struggles to fight against me. I press his front against the wall, holding his arm behind his back still, refusing to let him free because I know he'll just swing again.

"Don't fucking talk to her," I snarl, just as Hailey pipes up.

"You tried to punch him first!" she cries out, outrage in her voice. "Stop this!"

"Only because I was defending you!" Lucas argues, spewing more bullshit.

"Hailey will never need defending from me," I growl. "I'd rather cut my own fucking hand off than pose a threat to her. You, on the other hand, have verbally abused her one too many fucking times now. If anyone's the threat here, albeit a pathetic one, it's you."

Lucas sputters, his face so red I half expect steam to come out of his ears now. His jealousy is painfully obvious, and maybe I'd feel bad for him if he wasn't such an asshole. He wants Hailey, and he hates that he can't have her, hates me for getting her instead of him. But he doesn't deserve her, not with the way I've seen him treat her, not to mention the fact that he's her manager, not a suitor.

He squirms again, and I shove him harder against the wall, taking satisfaction in the way he grunts in pain.

Hailey steps forward, and though I want her nowhere near Lucas or his aggression, I refuse to let go of him to stop her. There's fury in her forest green eyes that makes my dick stand to attention. She's hot as hell when she's mad.

"Let's get one thing very fucking clear, Lucas," she seethes, glaring at him. "I wouldn't be with you if you were the last man on earth."

I suddenly can't wait to throw him out of here so I can show her just how much I love hearing her stand up for herself.

"And this is long overdue, but I'm not waiting anymore," Hailey continues, getting closer to Lucas so he can see the determination on her face. "You're fired. Effective immediately."

I wish I could take a photo of Lucas's face when she says that because it's truly glorious. His mouth gapes open like a fish out of water, and his eyes bulge with shock. He sputters and stutters, staring at her in disbelief. His shock quickly turns back to rage, though, and he narrows his eyes on her.

"You won't survive a month in this job without me," he spits, lying through his teeth because we all know Hailey's talented enough to make it without him. "Don't come crawling back to me when you realize just how much you need me?"

Hailey cuts him off, rolling her eyes at his dramatics. "Shut up and get the fuck out of my house, and my life for that matter," she snaps, shaking her head in disappointment.

I take the cue and yank him away from the wall, forcibly walking him to the front door to see him out. I open the door and throw him out, grinning when he stumbles and falls down the step onto her lawn. He scrambles to his feet and turns, looking over his shoulder and opening his mouth to, no doubt, yell more nonsense at us.

Before he can get a word out, I give him a wave and slam the door in his face.

“Goodbye, dickhead,” I mutter, locking the door just to make sure he doesn’t try to storm back in.

Hailey’s in the living room, watching Lucas get into his car and drive away with a mixture of annoyance and satisfaction on her face.

“I should’ve told him where to go weeks ago,” she says with a sigh as she turns away from the window. I sit on the sofa beside her, pulling her into my lap and holding her close, reassuring my instincts that she’s okay and unharmed.

“I’m so proud of you, baby,” I tell her honestly. “It was hot as fuck watching you stand up for yourself.”

She laughs, resting her head on my shoulder. “It was hot as hell watching you defend me,” she says, tipping her head back to kiss me. “Honestly, I’m just relieved he’s gone. He was never a great manager anyway, and in the past few weeks, he’s just gone from doing his job to making me uncomfortable. I didn’t think he’d go this ... crazy, though.”

I kiss her head, tightening my hold on her. No doubt she can feel just how turned on I still am, but I focus on comforting her instead, trying to ignore my cock for a minute.

“None of this is your fault or responsibility,” I tell her. “The only one at fault here is Lucas. He’s clearly lonely and jealous, and that’s not your problem anymore. Hopefully, he’s learned a damn lesson.”

Hailey nods. “On the bright side, it’ll make for an excellent story time segment on socials,” she jokes, grinning.

“Imagining his face when he sees that will make my day,” I laugh.

Despite her jokes and her trying to hide it, I can tell Hailey’s rattled by what just happened. She keeps glancing out the window, and the usual rosy hue on her cheeks is pale. Plus, she’s cuddled into me, but I can see her hands shaking a little still. I hate the fact that he’s affected her like this.

I want to wipe him from her mind, to distract her so thoroughly she forgets he even existed.

I tip her chin up with one finger, meeting her eyes before I kiss her. She melts into me as we share breath, kissing slowly at first until she whimpers against my lips. I deepen the kiss, sweeping my tongue against hers, nipping at her bottom lip to make her gasp the way I love. She’s so damn responsive, I can’t get enough of her.

“You did so fucking good, baby,” I tell her again. “So fucking strong.”

She whines a little, adjusting her position so she’s straddling me, kissing me harder. She shifts her hips, grinding against my hard length through our clothes. I can’t wait a second longer, needing to show her just how amazing she is, just how much I care for her. I want to chase away any speck of fear or uncertainty that Lucas put into her, replacing it with love and affection.

I stand, scooping her up with me and striding through her house to her bedroom. She’s wearing cute-as-hell patterned pants today, but the second I set her down, I slide them off, helping her step out of them before I unbutton her blouse and throw it on the floor, too. She smiles up at me in a pink floral matching underwear set that’s so perfectly her.

“Fuck, baby, you take my damn breath away,” I say honestly, admiring her in total awe. “So goddamn perfect.”

She steps towards me, sliding her hands under my shirt and tugging it off, then making quick work of the button on my pants. I yank her closer, picking her up and throwing her backward onto the bed, making her squeal and giggle as she bounces on the mattress. She reaches for me with a huge grin on her face, and I can't help but grin right back as I join her.

Hailey wraps her legs around my waist and her arms around my neck, pulling me close to kiss me.

Our bodies move in sync, proving how much we really are made for each other. As much as I want her, I want to see her fall apart and lose herself in pleasure first. I kiss down her throat to her chest, unclipping her bra and throwing it off to the side to give me access to her perfect breasts. I tease her peaked nipple with my tongue and teeth, loving every little gasp and whimper she makes.

She squirms, writhing beneath me as I kiss her stomach, then lower, easing her panties down her legs and kissing her hips, teasing her as much as she can cope with.

“Harvey!” she admonishes, panting. “Stop torturing me and fuck me already.”

I laugh, kissing her thigh. “So bossy,” I tease, though we both know I love her sass. “I was just trying to show you the love you deserve.”

I glance up just in time to see Hailey roll her eyes at me, her cheeks flushed and her hair messy around her head. “Show me with your cock instead,” she sasses, and though she tries to hide the smile on her face, the sparkle in her eyes gives it away.

“Your sass is going to get you in trouble one of these days,” I laugh as I brace myself over her, the head of my cock pressing against her wet center. We both know I'll give her whatever she wants or demands without hesitation.

“You love it,” she grins, locking her heels around my back as her hands wander over my chest and stomach, tracing my muscles.

“I love everything about you,” I agree, sliding inside of her and taking whatever words she was about to sass me with out of her mouth. “Fuck, you feel so good, baby.”

She makes a moan of agreement, angling her hips as her inner muscles squeeze me, urging me to move. Knowing what she needs, I set the rhythm I’ve learned she loves, sending her spiraling when I fit my hand between us to trace circles around her clit. There’s no hope in hell of me holding off my own release when hers crashes into her, not when she’s crying out my name and clutching at me like she is.

I kiss her as we relax into bed together, holding her close and murmuring how amazing she is and how much I adore her until she falls asleep on my chest, peaceful and sated.

HAILEY

“Hey Reagan, what’s up?” I say as I answer my phone and put it on speaker. Reagan is my new social media manager. In the month since she took over from Lucas, aka the devil, I’ve felt better than ever about my work. She doesn’t yell at me or harass me over emails and got me one of my best brand deals ever in her first two weeks. Not only is she great at her job, but she’s so lovely that she’s becoming a friend, too. She’s joined me and Steph on a girls’ night already, and I know we will work great together.

“Hey, so I know it’s last minute, but I had an idea to get some photos for the new dresses you made,” Reagan says, sounding genuinely excited over her plan. She’s so passionate about her work, it’s infectious. “Meet me at the beach tonight, and we’ll do a photoshoot for socials?”

“Yeah, that sounds good,” I agree, always down to pre-plan content.

“Oh, and make sure you do your makeup and hair,” Reagan adds, as if I wouldn’t make sure I was photo-ready. “And wear that white dress you worked on first. You can bring the others to change into.”

“Uh, yeah, okay,” I agree, a little confused as to why she wants the white dress first but trusting her vision.

“See you there at six!” Reagan chirps before hanging up.

I glance at the time. I've got time to finish posting the 'story time of my crazy ex-manager part 1' video I'm working on first before I have to get ready. Harvey's working late tonight, so I've distracted myself by working all day. I've gotten so used to having him around that it feels weird to be alone in my place now. He's basically moved in, and I couldn't be happier about that fact.

I film a 'get ready with me' while I do my makeup, chatting a little about my new boyfriend because the internet loves nothing more than gossip. Harvey's made a cameo in a few of my videos, and he already has people thirsting over him in my comment section, which he finds hilarious.

I choose a neutral, glowy makeup look and a simple slicked-back bun, knowing that the look will go well with all three dresses. Since we're taking photos on the beach, I trade the heels for strappy sandals before pulling on the white flowy dress. It's my favorite of the three I worked on last week, with a gold accent belt at the waist and the perfect lightweight fabric.

I send a quick text to Harvey to let him know I've gone out to do a work shoot just in case he gets back before I do, and grab my bag before heading out. Normally, I'd bring my ring light and camera, but Reagan is even more organized than me, and I know she'll already have everything we need with her to get the perfect shots.

The weather is perfect, not too hot but not too cold, when I pull up to the beach. It's quiet, given it's evening, though a few people are strolling along the shore casually. I breathe in the salty sea air and sigh, letting myself relish just how happy I've felt lately. With work going well, Reagan showing me how a manager always should have been, and Harvey and I closer than ever, I truly have the life I've always dreamed of. I still can't believe it sometimes.

I'm so caught up in daydreaming about my life that it takes me a second to realize what's going on. The first thing I think is oh, that looks like Harvey, and then it hits

me that it is Harvey. Confusion swirls through me as I approach him near the sea line, sand beneath my feet.

He's holding a bouquet of colorful flowers and has a huge grin on his face that immediately tells me there's something going on here. I glance around, but I can't see Raegan yet.

"What are you doing here?" I ask when I get close enough, frowning at him.

Harvey leans down to give me a kiss, smiling against my lips. "Surprising you," he answers, like it's obvious.

"I thought I was meeting Raegan for photos..." I say, trailing off.

"She's around here somewhere," he says casually, only making me more suspicious. "You look gorgeous, Hailey."

"Thank you, but stop trying to distract me with compliments," I say, unable to keep the sass from my tone. He hands me the flowers, and I inhale their sweet scent, loving the mix of colors he's chosen. "These are beautiful, but why..."

I glance up from the flowers to find Harvey's no longer standing in front of me but kneeling in the sand. My heart leaps as I finally realize what's happening.

"Oh my God," I gasp, utterly shocked as he pulls a ring box from his pocket. When he opens it, the huge emerald stone gleams in the sunlight. It's stunning, clearly antique, and beautifully done, absolutely perfect, and my total dream ring.

"Hailey Blake," he begins, grinning as I stare at him, still utterly in shock. "Since the moment I met you and became the target of your smart mouth and sass, I knew you were the girl for me. You are beautiful and talented and utterly perfect, and there's

not a day that goes by that I don't wonder how the hell I got so lucky."

"Harvey," I breathe, overwhelmed with joy.

"I want to spend the rest of our lives teasing you, bantering with you, and being surrounded by the colorful chaos you create," he says.

"Me too," I whisper, trying not to interrupt him but also wanting him to know just how much I love him in this moment.

"I love you more than I have words to say," he continues, looking up at me. "Hailey, will you marry me?"

As if he even has to ask!

"Yes!" I cry immediately, nodding and nearly dropping the bouquet of flowers into the sand in my excitement.

He takes my shaking hand and slides the ring on, a perfect fit, before sweeping me up in his arms and spinning me around. It's then I hear the click of the camera and open my eyes, seeing Reagan standing close by, filming and taking photos of us, preserving this perfect moment for me. It fills me with so much joy knowing Harvey considered everything, giving me a private proposal but with photos and videos I can share if I choose. God, he's so perfect I can't cope.

"I love you so much," I blubber, kissing him clumsily.

"I love you more, baby," he murmurs.

"I can't wait to be your wife," I say, already imagining how much fun I'm going to have planning our wedding.

“You’re already planning the day in your head, aren’t you?” he laughs, knowing me too well.

“Yup,” I chirp, grinning. “It’s going to be perfect!”

I never expected to find the love of my life when I was getting a washer fitted, but damn, am I happy I did.

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Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 4:38 pm

EPILOGUE

HARVEY

Two Years Later

“Look how cute this is!” Hailey squeals, holding up a newborn-size onesie and staring at it adoringly, her other hand resting on her round belly.

“Isn’t it the same as the five hundred other teeny tiny onesies we have at home?” I ask, though I know better than to protest when she puts it in the basket. Hailey loves shopping normally, and add in being eight months pregnant and hormonal, she’s obsessed with any shop that has a good baby section. Saying no to her has never been something I’m inclined to do anyway, but now that she’s carrying my child, there’s no way in hell I’ll deny her anything she wants. Even if we do have a million little baby clothes already.

“No, this one’s ivory, not white,” she says primly, raising her brow in an I dare you to challenge me look that I can’t help but smile at.

“Sure, baby,” I agree, following her dutifully through the aisles. There’s only seven weeks until the baby’s due, and it can’t come soon enough. Aside from our wedding day, I don’t think I’ve ever been so excited and full of anticipation in my life.

Hailey looks gorgeous in a long, blue maternity dress that shows off her bump perfectly. Her hair is swept up in a simple bun, and the spring sunshine makes her glow even more than she normally does.

I grab my phone out of my pocket and snap a few candid photos of her shopping for bottles and pacifiers, a huge smile on her face the whole time. She notices me taking pictures and laughs, her eyes sparkling.

“You should be my assistant full-time,” she jokes, nudging her shoulder against me. “Never mind the whole handyman career, taking photos of your wife is your true calling.”

I know she’s teasing me, but I’d happily take photos of her all day, every day. She’s so fucking beautiful that it needs to be captured at all times.

We might have been together for three years now, but her sass and my need to tease her hasn’t declined in the slightest. If anything, we’re only growing more sassy towards each other as the years go on. I can’t wait for our child to join in on the chaos.

“Well then, who would fix all the bad DIY you try to do?” I tease her, laughing when her jaw drops in fake outrage.

“Excuse you,” she sasses back, tossing a box of Goldfish in the basket that is absolutely not for the baby but instead to satisfy her pregnancy cravings. “I’m the queen of DIY.”

“Uh-huh, sure you are, beautiful,” I answer, a heavy dose of sarcasm in my words.

A soft baby hat hits the side of my head as Hailey throws it at me in response, and both of us burst out laughing, unable to help ourselves.

On the way home, I stop to grab our fries and cola, another of Hailey’s cravings I particularly love because it means I also get to eat fries for lunch. I carry our shopping haul from the car to the front door. Our house is decorated in color as

always, matching the flowers blooming in the front yard.

I take the bags straight through to the baby's nursery, finding Hailey's beat me there.

"What are you doing, baby?" I ask, setting the bags down and cocking my head at her. She's on the floor surrounded by pieces of wood and screws she's unpacking from the baby's crib box.

"Building the crib!" she says, as though it's obvious.

"Right," I drawl, holding back laughter as she dumps out a bag of screws onto the carpet without separating them into the correct piles.

"Keep your judgment out of my zone," Hailey declares, shooing her hands at me. "I've got this!"

I just nod and back away, letting her attempt it despite the fact we both know this isn't going to go well. I make myself useful by doing the dishes and starting on dinner, listening out for her frustrated groans and muttered curses that make me smirk. I can picture the pout on her face and the annoyance in her tone as she curses out the crib for not building itself.

Hailey is perfect, my absolute dream woman, but a skilled DIY-er, she is not. That's my role, but she finds great amusement in trying to prove that she could take over if she really wanted to. It hasn't worked out quite how she wants it to yet, though. Rescuing her projects quickly became one of my favorite hobbies, making whatever she was attempting to turn out the way she wanted it just to see the absolute happiness on her face. She does so much for me that doing this for her is an honor.

God, I'm so in love with that woman, I'd do whatever the hell she asked.

Particularly if she asks me in that sassy tone of hers.

Just as I get dinner in the oven, the call I've been waiting for comes.

"Harveyyyy!" Hailey shouts, her tone whiny and annoyed.

I grin, immediately going to see her. "Oh, baby," I murmur as I take in the disastrous scene in front of me. Somehow the crib looks just as disassembled as it was two hours ago, screws sticking out from random pieces that definitely don't go together. "You did a great job."

Hailey scowls at me, sticking her tongue out. "Oh, shut it," she says, trying to be serious even as a smirk breaks through. In seconds, she bursts into a fit of giggles, and I join in, laughing heartily at the ridiculous scene.

"How about you supervise instead?" I offer, helping her off the floor and into the rocking chair in the corner.

She nods in agreement. "I am an excellent supervisor," she agrees, still giggling.

I bend to kiss her, laughing against her lips, loving every silly, ridiculous part of the family we're growing.

All I can think as I build the crib under her expert supervision is that I hope to God our child takes after her. A mini Hailey is exactly what the world needs, and I can't wait for both of them to keep me on my toes.

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HAILEY

Four Years Later

I 'm supposed to be paying attention to all the animals we paid to come here and see, but instead, I can't take my eyes off my husband. Harvey is talking to our oldest two children, with our youngest, who is only a few months old, strapped to his chest in the baby carrier. Henry is fast asleep on his daddy's chest, his chunky cheeks smooshed against Harvey's muscles, looking comfy.

There's literally nothing more attractive than seeing Harvey be a father. Seriously, he's always been ridiculously hot, but since he held our daughter four years ago, it's almost painful how much I love him. That's probably why we've had three kids in four years, but in my defense, how am I supposed to keep my hands off him when he's out here showing me just how incredible he is on the daily?

I swore we'd be done at three kids, but like, come on. If he keeps being so damn attractive, I'm going to end up pregnant again. God knows Harvey would have a minibus full of children, and while I always swore I'd never have more than three, he might just get his way.

It helps that we have the most amazing kids on the planet, too. Holly, our four-year-old, and Harry, our two-year-old, are listening intently to their dad read the little plaques attached to the goat pen to them like the information about Billy the Goat is the best story of all time. It's so cute I can't cope.

Shaking my head to force me out of my own thoughts and back to the present, I jog to

catch up to my family just as Harvey finishes telling them all about the goats.

“Mommy, that one’s called Harry, like me!” Harry squeals in excitement, pointing to a small, round goat in the corner of the pen, snuffling for treats in the dirt.

I laugh, grinning at my kids. “Wow, baby, that’s so cool!” I say enthusiastically. “Do you guys want to give them some treats?”

“Yes!” Holly shouts, so excited she startles the big goat who I swear gives me a glare.

I hold out the little brown paper bag of animal food we bought, and Holly and Harry grab handfuls eagerly. I go to fold the top back over, but Harvey clears his throat beside me. I glance up at him and see him holding his hand out expectantly. I laugh.

“What?” he says with mock innocence, his eyes sparkling with mischief. “Henry wants to feed them, too.”

I glance at our still-very-much-sound-asleep baby with a grin. “Uh-huh, sure he does,” I laugh, letting Harvey grab a handful of animal feed, too. “Just make sure you don’t get bitten.”

“Only one allowed to bite me is you, baby,” he says in a low voice, and I elbow him as I try to hide my laughter.

Holly and Harry are already reaching out to feed the goats, and I join them at the fence line, making sure they’re safe, too. They squeal with delight when the goats come trotting right to them, Harry jumping about in excitement when Harry the Goat runs towards him. He’s so excited, he spills the feed all over the floor, and the goat eagerly chomps it up while my son strokes his wiry fur, proclaiming that he wants a pet goat now.

I make sure Harvey didn’t hear that comment because, knowing him, he’d agree, and

we'd have pet goats in our garden tomorrow. The kids have him wrapped around their little fingers, but I can't complain because I do, too. He'd do anything for us, his family, and it's one of the things I adore most about him.

"How about a kitten instead, baby?" I ask, smiling at my little boy.

"A CAT!" Holly shrieks, ignoring the goats in favor of begging for a kitten. "Please, Mommy! Can we call it Goaty?"

Harvey and I burst into laughter at that, unable to keep it in. But one glance at him tells me exactly what I suspected—that man will absolutely be looking up kittens for sale tonight.

I grin to myself, wondering how the hell I got this lucky. My kids, the most perfect husband ever, and the life I've always dreamed of.

I wouldn't change anything for the world.

The End

Thanks for reading!