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To everyone who's ever felt like they weren't enough.

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Epilogue

Books by Ana Huang

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“Don’t Blame Me”—Taylor Swift

“Talk”—Salvatore Ganacci

“Free”—Broods

“Daddy Issues”—The Neighbourhood

“You Make Me Sick”—Pink

“Animals”—Maroon 5

“Give You What You Like”—Avril Lavigne

“wRoNg”—Zayn

“Waves”—Normani ft. 6LACK

“50 Shades”—Boy Epic

“Only You”—Ellie Goulding

“One More Night”—Maroon 5

“I Hate U, I Love U”—Gnash

“Wanted”—Hunter Hayes

He hates her…almost as much as he wants her.

Gorgeous, cocky, and fast on his way to becoming a hotshot doctor, Josh Chen has never met a woman he couldn't charm —except for Jules f**king Ambrose.

The beautiful redhead has been a thorn in his side since they met, but she also consumes his thoughts in a way no woman ever has.

When their animosity explodes into one unforgettable night, he proposes a solution that'll get her out of his system once and for all: an enemies with benefits arrangement with simple rules.

No jealousy.

No strings attached.

And absolutely no falling in love.

**

Outgoing and ambitious, Jules Ambrose is a former party girl who's focused on one thing: passing the attorney's bar exam.

The last thing she needs is to get involved with a doctor who puts the SUFFER in insufferable…no matter how good-looking he is.

But the more she gets to know him, the more she realizes there's more than meets the eye to the man she's hated for so long.

Her best friend's brother.

Her nemesis.

And her only salvation.

Theirs is a match made in hell, and when the demons from their past catch up with them, they're faced with truths that could either save them …or destroy everything they've worked for.

CONTENT WARNINGS

This story contains explicit sexual content, profanity, mild violence, and topics that may be sensitive to some readers. For a detailed list, click here or scan the code below.

1

JULES

NOTHING GOOD EVER CAME FROM RIGHT-SWIPING ON A GUY holding a fish on a dating app. Double red flags if said guy's name was *Todd.*

I should've known better, yet there I was, sitting alone at The Bronze Gear, D.C.'s hottest bar, and drinking my hideously expensive vodka soda after being stood up.

That's right.

I'd been stood up for the very first time by a fish-wielding Todd. It was enough to make a girl say *fuck it* and throw away sixteen dollars on one drink even though she didn't have a full-time salary yet.

What was it with men and fish pictures, anyway? Couldn't they choose something more creative, like cage diving with sharks? Also marine animal-centric, but less mundane.

Maybe the fish was an odd thing to fixate on, but it prevented me from dwelling on the awfulness of my day and the hot, sticky embarrassment coating my skin.

Get caught in a sudden downpour halfway to campus with nary an umbrella in sight? Check. (Five percent chance of rain, my ass. I should sue the weather app company).

Get trapped in an overcrowded metro train that stunk of body odor for forty minutes due to a power problem? Check.

Go on a three-hour apartment hunt which resulted in two blistered feet and zero leads? Check.

After such a hellish day, I wanted to cancel my date with Todd, but I'd already postponed twice—once for a rescheduled study group, the other when I was feeling under the weather—and I hadn't wanted to leave him hanging again. So I sucked it up and showed up, only to get stood up.

The universe had a sense of humor, all right, and it was a shitty one.

I finished the rest of my drink and flagged down the bartender. "Can I get the check please?" Happy hour had just started, but I couldn't wait to go home and curl up with the two real loves of my life. Netflix and Ben & Jerry's never let me down.

"It's already covered."

When my eyebrows shot up, the bartender tilted her head toward a table of preppy-looking twenty-something guys in the corner. Likely consultants, based on their outfits. One of them, a Clark Kent lookalike in a gingham shirt, raised his glass and smiled at me. "Courtesy of Clark the Consultant."

I stifled a laugh even as I raised my own glass and smiled back at him. So I wasn't the only one who thought he looked like Superman's alter ego.

"Clark the Consultant saved me from eating instant ramen for dinner, so cheers to him," I said.

That was sixteen dollars I could keep in my bank account, though I left a tip anyway. I used to work in the food service industry, and it made me obsessive about over tipping. No one dealt with more assholes on a consistent basis than service workers.

I finished my free drink and kept my eyes locked on Clark the Consultant, whose gaze swept appreciatively over my face, hair, and body.

I didn't believe in false humility—I knew I looked good. And I knew if I walked over to that table right now, I could soothe my bruised ego with more drinks, compliments, and maybe an orgasm or two later if he knew what he was doing.