



BOOK 5

# KING OF ENVY



#1 NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLING AUTHOR

# ANA HUANG

# King of Envy

## KINGS OF SIN BOOK FIVE

ANA HUANG

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**KING OF ENVY:**

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*To all the readers who like their fictional men a little unhinged.*

*This one's for you.*

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# Author's Note

The Serbian spelling and pronunciation of Vuk's last name is Marković.

However, since he never says his last name himself, it is spelled Markovic (without the diacritic over the C) throughout the book as English speakers tend to use the English pronunciation, which differs from the original.



### **OFFICIAL SONG**

**“Envy (King of Envy)”—Chris Grey**

### **REST OF THE PLAYLIST**

**“Moth To A Flame”—Swedish House Mafia ft. The Weeknd**

**“Battle Scars”—Lupe Fiasco ft. Guy Sebastian**

**“Fashion”—Sandra Resendes**

**“You Right”—Doja Cat ft. The Weeknd**

**“Young and Beautiful”—Lana Del Rey**

**“Tearin’ Up My Heart”—\*NSYNC**

**“Baby (Acoustic)”—Clean Bandit ft. Marina and Luis Phonos**

**“Obsessed”—Zandros ft. Limi**

**“Who Do You Want”—Ex Habit**

**“I’m Yours”—Isabel LaRosa**

**“Lose Control”—Teddy Swims**

**“Believer”—Imagine Dragons**

**“Undiscovered”—Laura Welsh**

**“I Got You”—Bebe Rexha**

**“Way Down We Go”—Kaleo**

**“Let the World Burn”—Chris Grey**

***He had everything he could've wanted...except her.***

Dangerous. Powerful. Reclusive.

Vuk Markovic is notorious for shunning human interactions. The scarred billionaire rarely talks, and he has no interest in relationships outside his small but trusted circle.

His only exception? *Her*. The beauty to his beast, the object of his obsession.

He saw her first. He wanted her first. But now, she's engaged to his oldest friend—and the closer the wedding looms, the more he's torn between loyalty and desire.

She should be his...and he might just risk it all to have her.



Beautiful. Successful. Glamorous.

To the world, supermodel Ayana Kidane leads the perfect life. Her career has skyrocketed, and she's engaged to one of New York's most eligible bachelors.

What people *don't* know is that the engagement is only a business arrangement. He gets his inheritance when they marry; she gets the money she needs to leave her abusive agency.

Pretending to be in love should be easy—until she finds herself increasingly drawn to her fiancé's enigmatic best man.

Vuk thrills and terrifies her in equal measure. She knows she should stay away, but when her wedding is thrown into chaos, he's the only person she

finds comfort in...

Until his past catches up with them and threatens everything they love.

# Content Notes

This story contains explicit sexual content, graphic violence, sexual harassment and assault, profanity, and topics that may be sensitive to some readers.

For a detailed list, [click here](#) or scan the code below.





## CHAPTER 1

# Ayana



congratulations. Half the people here want to kill you, and the other half want to be you.” My fiancé’s lips brushed my cheek. “Now *that’s* an accomplishment.”

“C “I’m not sure that’s something to be proud of,” I said out of the corner of my mouth. I kept my smile planted firmly in place. People were watching. “Especially the second part.”

“When the guest list reads like a who’s who of fashion, it is,” he said. “Inspiring envy amongst this crowd is a talent. Embrace it, MOTY.”

I huffed out a laugh. “I swear you’re prouder of that title than I am.”

MOTY was short for Model of the Year. Eight months had passed since I received the prestigious title, and Jordan still brought it up any chance he got.

“What can I say? It proves I have a good eye.” He winked. “I remember when Hank told everyone he’d found the ‘face of the century’ at a random college party in D.C. Now look at you.”

My smile wavered at the mention of my agent before I caught myself. “I don’t know about face of the century, but this definitely beats a sweaty frat house.”

I took a sip of champagne and glanced around the outdoor garden. We were currently playing host and hostess at an end-of-summer cocktail party for Jacob Ford, the iconic luxury department store Jordan’s grandfather founded more than fifty years ago.

Jordan gave me my big break as a model when he chose me to be the store's ambassador four years ago. The size and success of that one campaign had unlocked more doors than two years of casting calls and small bookings had. I owed my career to him and Jacob Ford.

He'd rented out a beautiful rooftop garden for today's party. The drinks were flowing, the sun was shining, and half the guests were staring at us, discreetly or not-so-discreetly whispering behind their hands. Jordan was right. Some of them definitely wanted to kill me.

Modeling was a cutthroat industry. My rise to fame over the past few years, coupled with my engagement to one of New York's most eligible bachelors, hadn't endeared me to many of my peers. Friends were few, and *genuine* friends were even fewer.

It was what it was, but sometimes, I mourned the life I would've lived were I not quite so visible.

"Uh-oh." Jordan straightened. "Missile incoming. Gird your loins, or she'll blast you to bits."

My brief bout of melancholy popped like one of the bubbles in my drink. I stifled another laugh even as I heeded Jordan's advice and braced for impact.

The indomitable Orla Ford was no laughing matter. While Jordan was the CEO of Jacob Ford, his grandmother was the majority shareholder and family matriarch. She ruled the Ford clan from her estate in Rhode Island, and her ability to bend half of Manhattan to her will from two hundred miles away was a testament to her force of character.

"You are the hosts of this party, yes?" she said as she drew close. The elegant eighty-four-year-old cut a sharp figure in her floral suit and signature diamond-and-emerald necklace, but up close, she looked exhausted. Her cheeks were sunken, and there was a slight shake in her hands.

Nevertheless, she stood tall and proud, her eyes narrowing as she awaited our response.

"Yes, Grandmother," Jordan said, all traces of levity gone.

"Then why are you giggling here in the corner like schoolchildren instead of *hosting*?" Orla clucked her tongue. "Dante and Vivian Russo are here.

Stella Alonso is here. Go network. You're engaged now—you'll have plenty of time for couple activities later."

My face heated at the knowing tone she used to describe "couple activities." Jordan placed his drink on a nearby table and sped off. I moved to follow him, but his grandmother stopped me with a hand on my arm.

"Not you, dear. Not yet." She swept a discerning eye over me. "You look lovely."

"Thank you," I said, pleased. Compliments from Orla were rare, and I didn't take her approval lightly.

I wore a gauzy saffron yellow minidress from the store's in-house collection. My silk pressed hair cascaded past my shoulders in loose waves, and my gravity-defying heels put me two inches above Jordan's even six feet. They'd cost an absurd amount of money, but they were so beautiful I couldn't resist.

Everyone had their indulgences; mine were shoes and perfume. Also knitting, but my projects came out so misshapen I'd yet to admit *that* particular hobby to anyone.

"I wanted to speak to you because we don't see each other in person often," Orla said. "I know you and Jordan have been engaged for quite a while now—sixteen months, I believe—but I..." She faltered. Her breath wheezed.

I almost reached for her to make sure she was okay, but she shook it off a moment later like nothing had happened.

"I haven't gotten a chance to properly welcome you to the family." She clasped my hand in hers. "For the longest time, I thought Jordan would never find the right partner. He's my only grandchild, and I was...concerned. He's certainly never dated anyone for longer than a few weeks. I worried that when he finally *did* bring someone home, it'd be some trollop off the streets. I'm very glad it's you instead." Orla patted my hand. "You're a beautiful couple. I know you'll take good care of him." She sounded sincere but a touch sad.

I purposely overlooked her use of the word "trollop"—the woman was in her late eighties, after all—and masked my confusion with another smile.