



IF
LOVE
BOOK
TWO

*if the
sun
never
sets*

USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR
ANA HUANG

IF THE SUN NEVER SETS

IF LOVE DUET BOOK #2

ANA HUANG

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IF THE SUN NEVER SETS

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IF THE SUN NEVER SETS

Five years ago, he broke her heart. Now, he'll do anything to win her back.

When Farrah walked into her lunch meeting, she didn't expect to see him.

Blake Ryan.

Her first love.

Her first heartbreak.

And now, her first client as a freelance interior designer.

It's been five years, but she'll never forget the way he shattered her.

He whispers pretty words, but she'll never believe him.

Her body craves his, but she'll never give him her heart.

Not again.

Not ever.

Money. Looks. A booming sports bar empire.

On the surface, Blake has it all.

But inside, he's haunted—both by nightmares of a tragic loss, and dreams of the girl he once betrayed.

When fate reunites them, he sees it as a sign:

It's time to get the love of his life back.

No matter what it takes.

If the Sun Never Sets is book two of the If Love duet.

Playlist

“Hello”—Adele

“Just A Dream”—Nelly

“All I Have to Do is Dream”—Lauren O’Connell

“Show Me the Meaning of Being Lonely”—Backstreet Boys

“Ain’t It Funny”—Jennifer Lopez

“Just Give Me A Reason”—Pink ft. Nate Ruess

“Back to Your Heart”—Backstreet Boys

“Fallin”—Alicia Keys

“All of Me”—John Legend

“Little Did You Know”—Alex and Sierra

“I Try”—Macy Gray

CHAPTER ONE

This was it. The moment she'd waited three years for.

Twenty-five-year-old Farrah Lin smoothed a hand over her skirt as she walked toward her manager's office. Sweat dampened her underarms—thank God she'd worn black today. Sweat stains were the last thing she needed during a promotion meeting.

"Nice top." Matt fell into step with Farrah, *GQ*-ready in a black Helmut Lang blazer and Diesel jeans with a smirk pasted on his handsome face.

Farrah flashed a tight smile. "Thanks."

Like Farrah, Matt worked as a design associate at Kelly Burke Interiors. Unlike Farrah, he'd bypassed the junior grunt years and sailed straight into a mid-level role. All thanks to his godmother, Kelly Burke herself.

Farrah wouldn't mind so much if Matt worked hard. He had talent, but he treated his job like it was a hobby he could pick up whenever boredom hit. Given the size of his trust fund, it was possible his job *was* a hobby.

Case in point: KBI had a one-hour lunch break rule, which Matt obliterated by skipping out for two or more hours in the afternoon on a regular basis. No one said anything, because he was Kelly's best friend's son and the apple of their boss's eye, but his blatant disregard for the rules infuriated Farrah.

Then again, part of growing up was knowing when to keep your mouth shut. So, she did.

They reached their supervisor's office. Farrah knocked and held her breath, both out of nerves and in an attempt not to inhale Matt's

overwhelming cologne. The man smelled like an Abercrombie & Fitch store on steroids.

“Come in.” The thick oak door muffled Jane Sanchez’s summons.

Farrah opened the door, and Jane gestured to the two brass-framed ivory leather chairs across the desk from her. “Take a seat.”

As Kelly’s right-hand woman, Jane ran a tight ship. She oversaw the nuts and bolts of all projects, managed client relationships and the firm’s twelve employees, and brought donuts to the office every Friday to celebrate that week’s wins. As far as managers go, she was great.

Nevertheless, Farrah’s sweat intensified. Nothing wracked her nerves like a Friday afternoon meeting with a higher-up.

“First, I want to thank both of you for how hard you worked on the Zinterhofer project. It was a tough one, and we all had to pull long hours to complete it on time. But I’m pleased to say Z Hotels is *thrilled* with the outcome.” Jane beamed.

Farrah and Matt smiled back. For the past ten months, they’d worked nonstop on the Z Hotels’ flagship property overlooking Central Park. Landon Zinterhofer, heir to the Z luxury hotel empire, had taken over the brand’s mid-Atlantic portfolio last year. His first order of business: modernizing the NYC outpost and broadening its appeal to wealthy young travelers instead of just the Old Guard of high society.

KBI rarely assigned two associates to a project—not when Kelly was the principal designer—but Z Hotels was their biggest client.

“That’s great!” Farrah’s skin tingled with pride. She may not have led the project, but she’d put a ton of time, sweat, and creative energy into it. Redesigning an entire hotel—including 253 rooms and dozens of public spaces—in ten months was no cakewalk.

Good thing Farrah thrived on challenges. Besides, Z Hotels looked fantastic on her resume, and the project was a straight shot to a senior associate position at KBI, five years ahead of schedule.

Well, almost a straight shot.

“However, we all know why we’re here.” Jane’s eyes turned serious behind her red-framed glasses. “Last year, I mentioned one of you will be promoted to senior associate pending exemplary performance on the Z Hotels project. Even though senior associates usually have at least eight years of experience, Kelly and I agreed you’re both talented enough to take on the increased responsibilities, and we’d much rather promote internally than hire externally. Z Hotels was your test.”

Farrah resisted the urge to grip her necklace. Instead, she clamped down on her chair’s armrests until her knuckles turned white. Beside her, Matt slouched in his chair, dripping confidence.

“You both did an excellent job and impressed us with your diligence, creativity, and commitment. I wish we could promote both of you, but we’re a small firm and we don’t have the capability right now.”

Get on with it already. Farrah appreciated the praise, but she was going to pass out if Jane didn’t get to the point soon.

“That being said, I want to congratulate—”

Oh my God, this was it. Farrah was finally going to get what she’d been working so hard for these past few years. She was going to be—

“Matt. You’re the newest senior design associate at Kelly Burke Interiors. Congratulations.” Jane adjusted her glasses, sounding unenthused.

A senior associate at the tender young age of—what?

Ice water replaced the blood in Farrah’s veins. She must’ve heard wrong.

There was no way Matt—who couldn’t keep the names of their vendors straight and who complained that reading blueprints gave him a “headache”—got promoted over Farrah.

No freaking way.

“Wow, thanks so much.” Matt grinned, not appearing at all surprised by the news. “This is such an honor.”

Jane smiled tersely. “It was Kelly’s decision. Matt, can you give me and Farrah some privacy? I need to speak to her alone.”

“Of course.” Matt patted Farrah’s shoulder on the way out. “Better luck next time.” He oozed condescension.

Farrah flip-flopped between the urge to throw up and the desire to clock Matt in the face.

No. You are not a violent person. Take a deep breath. In one, two, three. Out one—aaaargh!

Jane examined Farrah with a worried frown. “How are you feeling?”

How do you think I’m feeling? Farrah bit back her caustic reply and forced a smile instead. “I’m fine. I’m happy for Matt.”

Her manager sighed. “Farrah, you and I both know you’re supremely talented. That’s why we promoted you to a mid-level role so quickly after you joined the firm. You did exceptional work on the Z Hotels project. *Exceptional.*” She shook her head. “Please do not take this as a negative reflection of your work or your role here at KBI. You’re a valued member of the team.”

“But not valued enough to receive the promotion.”

Jane hesitated. “The final decision wasn’t mine to make.”

“I know. It was Kelly’s.” Farrah met the other woman’s gaze. “Tell me the truth. Did the fact that Matt is Kelly’s godson play a role in her decision?”

Jane didn’t answer, but the look on her face said it all.

Disappointment snaked through Farrah. She’d idolized Kelly since she was a teenager and had been over the moon about interning at KBI after she won the National Interior Design Association’s student competition in college. Sure, Kelly as a person was more aloof, competitive, and demanding than she’d expected—not exactly mentor material—but Kelly was also one of the top interior designers in America. She *had* to be demanding.

But Farrah thought Kelly valued talent. Hard work. Meritocracy. It was one thing for her to push up Matt’s promotion to a mid-level role. There were no limits on those. It was another for Kelly to promote Matt over someone who’d given the company everything she had these past three years.

Matt hadn’t given a shit about the Z Hotels project. He’d seen it as an opportunity to schmooze with a hotel heir and add a line to his resume without doing any of the hard work. Farrah was the one who’d burned the

midnight oil every night, scrambling to pull things together. She was the one who'd spent hours on the phone with contractors, smoothing over issues and misunderstandings. She was the one who'd ensured they delivered great results on time, even if Kelly received all the glory.

Farrah didn't think she was entitled to a promotion, but dammit, she'd *earned* it.

"There'll be another promotion opportunity in two years," Jane said. "Be patient. Your time will come. I promise."

Maybe that was true, but Farrah knew she'd never win in a game where nepotism ruled. Still, she wasn't a risk-taker by nature, which was why the next words out of her mouth surprised her as much as they did the woman sitting across from her.

"I quit."

CHAPTER TWO

“This place is sick.” Blake Ryan took in the matte hardwood floors, high ceilings, and wall of windows offering spectacular views of the Hudson River and city skyline. “Thanks for hooking me up.”

“Any time. Glad to have you in the city for good.” His oldest and best friend Landon Zinterhofer clapped him on the back. “Besides, I’m not the one who paid for it.”

Blake laughed. His new two-bedroom, waterfront West Village condo cost an arm and a leg, but it was worth it. He’d been flitting around the world for too long, never staying in a city for more than a few months at a time. It’d been fun at first, but now he craved stability, and there was no better place he’d rather settle down than in one of his favorite cities in the world: New York.

“How’d the hotel turn out?” he asked.

Landon had fought his mother tooth and nail on the revamping of her precious New York flagship hotel, but he’d worn her down and spent the past year running around like a crazy person. Between his project and Blake’s constant travels, this was the first time they’d seen each other face-to-face in half a year.

“Great.” Landon raked a hand through his black hair. “We got fantastic press and the new interiors are amazing. Even better than I’d imagined. I could refer you. The design firm did a top-notch job.”

“The bar design is set,” Blake reminded his friend. Besides buying his apartment and ending his nomadic lifestyle, he had another reason for coming to New York: Manhattan was getting its very own Legends.

Since Blake's original Legends sports bar took off in Austin four years ago, he'd expanded the brand into a renowned international chain at a breakneck pace. From London to L.A., Legends was the place to go on game days. Even on non-game days, it buzzed with activity thanks to its bar Olympics, theme and trivia nights, and celebrity guest bartenders. It was a rite of passage for NFL, NBA, and MLB players to do at least one stint behind the bar of their local Legends. Blake had even bought back Landon's share of the company last year.

They'd been equal partners, and the Zinterhofer name and connections in the hospitality industry had played a role in Legends' rapid ascent to the top, but Landon had given Blake the startup capital as a friend helping a friend. The more Landon became enmeshed in his mother's business, the less time he had for Legends, so splitting as business partners had been a mutually beneficial decision.

Yes, the Legends empire was alive and well, but Blake's vision for the New York branch wasn't just a regular ol' sports bar. It was going to be different. Elevated. And he couldn't wait to unveil it to the world this October.

T-minus six months.

Blake was successful enough now to have a team that dealt with the details and grunt work he'd shouldered in the early years, but he liked to be present and oversee things before any grand opening.

New York was going to the biggest opening in Legends history, and he sure as hell was going to be here every step of the way.

"I'm not talking about the bar." Landon opened the fridge and handed Blake a beer like he was in his own apartment. He'd connected Blake with the seller—a famous fashion designer who'd moved to the south of France after tiring of city life—so Blake couldn't complain too much. "I'm talking about this apartment."

"What's wrong with the apartment?"

"Nothing. The apartment is great. The decor sucks."

Blake cracked open his beer with a frown. “Give me a break. I bought this place a week ago.”

Landon raised a skeptical brow. “So you’re planning to decorate it all by yourself?”

Blake grimaced. While he appreciated a nice home, he had no desire, patience, or time to tackle a design project. Besides, you don’t *need* anything other than a couch, coffee table, and TV in your living room. Right?

“Bro, let me set you up with the interior designers I used for the hotel. They do residential work, too. There was one who was particularly good, and she’s much nicer than the other two.”

An ache spread through Blake’s chest at the words “interior designers.” It was sad, how the slightest thing could still remind him of her after half a decade.

Blake wondered how she was doing. They weren’t friends on social media, and her accounts were private, but he managed to squeeze an update out of Sammy every now and then. Last he heard, she was living in New York.

His stomach did a dumb little flip when he realized they were within fifteen miles of each other. He hadn’t reached out to Farrah after he ended things with Cleo—partly because he’d been in such a dark place the first few years, and partly because he didn’t think he deserved her forgiveness or sympathy.

But now that they were in the same city...

Blake’s mouth dried. He shouldn’t. He didn’t want to barge in and upend her life after five years, but he missed her so damn much. It was selfish, but he wanted to see her again. Maybe, after all the time that had passed, she didn’t hate him as much.

“Blake?” Landon prompted. “What do you think about hiring a designer?”

“Fine.” Blake was too flustered by memories of warm chocolate eyes and golden skin to argue with Landon. “I’ll hire a damn designer.”

Note to self: Text Sammy and get Farrah’s number.

“Excellent.” Landon grinned. “I’ll set up a meeting. They’ll have this place feeling like home in no time.”

Home.

It’d been so long since Blake had a home, he’d forgotten what it felt like. He didn’t visit Austin enough for it to count.

After they finished their beers, he and Landon moseyed over to the balcony to watch the sunset with fresh drinks in hand. The proud lines and towering heights of New York City beckoned in the distance—the grays and browns of hundreds of buildings softened by the soft glow of sunset, the lights in the windows twinkling like tiny beacons of hope, and the sharp, iconic spire of the Empire State Building piercing the sky with an arrogance that was unapologetically New York.

Blake soaked in the sight while another pang wrung his heart. Manhattan’s forest of skyscrapers, pulsing energy, and glittering lights reminded him of another city he loved, long ago and far away.

He’d been a boy back then, unsure and terrified of what the future held.

Now, he was the owner of a multimillion-dollar business empire. His dreams had become reality, and most of the time, that was enough. When Blake was at an opening, or on the floor greeting customers, or coming up with ideas to make Legends bigger and better than it already was, adrenaline rushed through him, and he felt like he was on top of the world.

But sometimes, when he returned to his soulless hotel room at night or woke up next to a woman he’d never see again in the morning, a hole opened up in his stomach and sucked all his emotions out until he was nothing but an empty shell.

Still, anything was better than being back in Austin.

Screeching tires. Twisted metal. Blood. So much blood.

A familiar wave of darkness crested within Blake’s chest, threatening to drown him. He gritted his teeth and forced the darkness back into the box where he kept all his demons, safe from prying eyes—including his own.

There, the demons lurked—plotting, scheming, scratching at the inside of the box with their gnarled, poison-tipped nails. Sooner or later, they’d break

free, and Blake could only hope he'd be alone when it happened. He didn't need to drag anyone else into the abyss with him.

"We've come a long way." Landon raised his beer. "From Texas to New York. What a ride."

"True." Blake pushed his turbulent thoughts aside and slapped a smile on his face. "But it ain't over yet."

"Not even close."

They clinked bottles.

Blake kicked the box of demons deeper into the recesses of his mind. One day, they'd break free. But not today.

Today, he was going to stop dwelling on the past. That chapter of his life was over.

It was time for a new one to begin.

CHAPTER THREE

Farrah sent out eighty resumes in one week.

The number of responses she received? Zero.

Of course, it was early. The job market in New York was brutal; it could be weeks or months before she heard back.

That was the ugly truth and not one she was keen on sharing with her mom, which was why Farrah ended their weekly call with guilt twisting her gut.

It's for the best.

Cheryl Lau was all about stability, and she would freak out if she found out her daughter had quit a safe job with nothing lined up.

"Here." Her roommate and best friend Olivia Tang pushed a large milk tea across the counter. "This'll make you feel better."

"Thanks," Farrah muttered. She sucked on the sugar-laden drink and tried not to think about what a huge, horrible mistake she'd made. She'd felt so empowered, quitting on the spot, and had been gratified to see how hard Jane tried to get her to stay. Jane had even called Kelly, who'd decamped to the Hamptons until Labor Day. Kelly, true to form, had been furious and made it clear she thought Farrah was a selfish, ungrateful brat who'd be photocopying construction documents at a low-rent studio had it not been for KBI.

Needless to say, she hadn't incentivized Farrah to stay.

But now, Farrah was having serious doubts about the wisdom of her move. Yes, she had a few months' worth of rent saved up, but New York was one of the most expensive cities in the world. Even if she cut out all non-