

HE HATES HER . . .  
ALMOST AS MUCH AS HE WANTS HER

*twisted*  
**HATE**

ANA HUANG

# TWISTED HATE

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TWISTED BOOK THREE  
ANA HUANG

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**TWISTED HATE:**

**Cover Designer:** Quirah Casey, Temptation Creations

**Editor:** Amy Briggs, Briggs Consulting LLC

**Proofreader:** Krista Burdine

**Photographer:** Miguelanxo

**Model:** Simonas Pham

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

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# Playlist

“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.



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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.

*Tempting...but no.* I was too exhausted to go through the whole hookup song and dance.

I turned away, but not before catching the flash of disappointment on his face. To his credit, Clark the Consultant understood the implied message—



*thank you for the drink, but I'm not interested in taking things further*—and didn't try to approach me, which was more than I could say for most men.

I slung my bag over my shoulder and was about to grab my coat from the hook beneath the bar when a deep, cocky drawl sent every hair on the back of my neck on end.

“Hey, JR.”

Two words. That was all it took to trigger my fight or flight. Honestly, it was a Pavlovian response at this point. When I heard his voice, my blood pressure skyrocketed.

Every. Single. Time.

*And the day just keeps getting better.*

My fingers tightened around my bag strap before I forced them to relax. I would *not* give him the satisfaction of provoking any discernible reaction from me.

With that in mind, I took a deep breath, rearranged my features into a neutral expression, and slowly turned around, where I was greeted with the world's most unwelcome sight to go along with the world's most unwelcome sound.

Josh fucking Chen.

All six feet of him, clad in dark jeans and a white button-down shirt that was *just* fitted enough to show off his muscles. No doubt he planned it that way. He probably spent more time on his appearance than I did, and I wasn't exactly low maintenance. Merriam-Webster should stamp his face next to the word *vain*.

The worst part was, Josh was *technically* good-looking. Thick dark hair, high cheekbones, sculpted body. All the things I was a sucker for...if they weren't attached to an ego so large it required its own zip code.

“Hi, Joshy,” I cooed, knowing how much he hated the nickname. I could thank Ava, my best friend and Josh's sister, for that gold nugget of information.

Annoyance sparked in his eyes, and I smiled. The day was looking up already.

To be fair, Josh was the one who'd insisted on calling me JR first. It was short for Jessica Rabbit, the cartoon character. Some people might take it as a compliment, but when you were a redhead with double Ds, the constant comparison got old fast, and he knew it.

"Drinking alone?" Josh shifted his attention to the empty bar stools on either side of me. It wasn't peak happy hour yet, and the most coveted seats were the booths lining the oak-paneled walls, not at the bar. "Or have you already scared off everyone within a twenty-foot radius?"

"Funny you should mention scaring people off." I eyed the woman standing next to Josh. She was beautiful, with brown hair, brown eyes, and a lithe body clad in an incredible graphic-print wrap dress. Too bad her good taste didn't extend to men, if she was on a date with *him*. "I see you've recovered from your bout of syphilis long enough to sucker another unsuspecting woman into a date." I directed my next words to the brunette. "I don't know you, but I already know you could do way better. Trust me."

Did Josh actually have syphilis? Maybe. Maybe not. He slept around enough I wouldn't be surprised if he did, and I wouldn't be upholding girl code if I didn't warn Wrap Dress about the *possibility* of contracting an STD.

Instead of recoiling, she laughed. "Thanks for the warning, but I think I'll be okay."

"Making jokes about STDs. How original." If Josh was bothered by me insulting him in front of his date, he didn't show it. "I hope your oral arguments are more creative, or you'll have a tough time in the legal world. Assuming you pass the bar, of course."

His mouth curved into a smirk, revealing a tiny dimple in his left cheek.

I held back a snarl. I *hated* that dimple. Every time it popped up, it mocked me, and I wanted nothing more than to stab it with a knife.

"I'll pass," I said coolly, reining in my violent thoughts. Josh always brought out the worst in me. "Better hope you don't get sued for medical malpractice, Joshy, or I'll be the first to offer my services to the other party."

I'd busted my ass to get a spot at Thayer Law and a job offer from Silver & Klein, the prestigious law firm I interned for last summer. I wasn't about

to let my dreams of becoming a lawyer slip away when I was so close.

No freaking way.

I was going to pass the bar exam, and Josh Chen was going to eat his words. Hopefully, he'd choke on them too.

"Big talk for someone who hasn't even graduated yet." Josh leaned against the bar and propped his forearm on the counter, looking irritatingly like a model posing for a *GQ* spread. He switched subjects before I could fire another retort. "You're awfully dressed up for a solo date."

His gaze swept from my curled hair to my made-up face before lingering on the gold pendant resting against my cleavage.

My spine turned to iron. Unlike Clark the Consultant, Josh's scrutiny seared into my flesh, hot and mocking. The metal from my necklace flamed against my skin, and it was all I could do not to yank it off and pelt it in his smug face.

And yet, for some reason, I remained still while he continued his perusal. It wasn't lecherous so much as it was assessing, like he was gathering all the puzzle pieces and arranging them into a complete picture in his mind.

Josh's eyes dipped to the green cashmere dress hugging my torso, skimmed over the expanse of my black-stockinged legs, and stopped at my black heeled boots before he dragged them back up to meet my own hazel ones. His smirk disappeared, leaving his expression unreadable.

A charged silence crackled between us before he spoke again. "You're dressed for an actual date." His pose remained casual, but his eyes sharpened into dark knives waiting to carve out my embarrassment. "But you were about to leave, and it's only five-thirty."

I lifted my chin even as the heat of embarrassment prickled my skin. Josh was many things—infuriating, cocky, the spawn of Satan—but he wasn't stupid, and he was the *last* person I wanted knowing I'd been stood up.

He would never let me live it down.

"Don't tell me he didn't show." There was a strange note in his voice.

The heat intensified. God, I shouldn't have worn cashmere. I was roasting in my stupid dress. "You should worry less about my love life and more

about your date.”

Josh hadn't looked at Wrap Dress since he showed up, but she didn't seem to mind. She was too busy chatting and laughing with the bartender.

“I assure you, of all the things on my to-do list, worrying about your love life isn't even in the top five thousand.” Despite the snark, Josh continued staring at me with that indecipherable expression.

My stomach swooped for no obvious reason.

“Good.” It was a lame retort, but my brain wasn't working properly. I blamed it on the exhaustion. Or the alcohol. Or a million other things that had nothing to do with the man standing in front of me.

I grabbed my coat and slid off my seat, intent on brushing past him without another word.

Unfortunately, I'd misjudged the distance between the bar stool rung and the floor. My foot slipped, and a small gasp rose in my throat when my body tilted backward of its own accord. I was two seconds away from falling on my ass when a hand shot out and gripped my wrist, pulling me back up into a standing position.

Josh and I froze at the same time, our eyes locked on where his hand encircled my wrist. I couldn't remember the last time we'd voluntarily touched. Maybe three summers ago, when he'd pushed me, fully clothed, into the pool during a party, and I'd retaliated by “accidentally” elbowing him in the groin?

The memory of him doubling over with pain still gave me great comfort in times of distress, but I wasn't thinking about that now.

Instead, I was focused on how disturbingly close he was—close enough for me to smell his cologne, which was nice and citrusy instead of fire and brimstone-y like I'd expected.

The adrenaline from my near fall pumped through my system, pushing my heart rate into unhealthy territory.

“You can let go now.” I willed my breaths to come out steady despite the suffocating heat. “Before your touch gives me hives.”