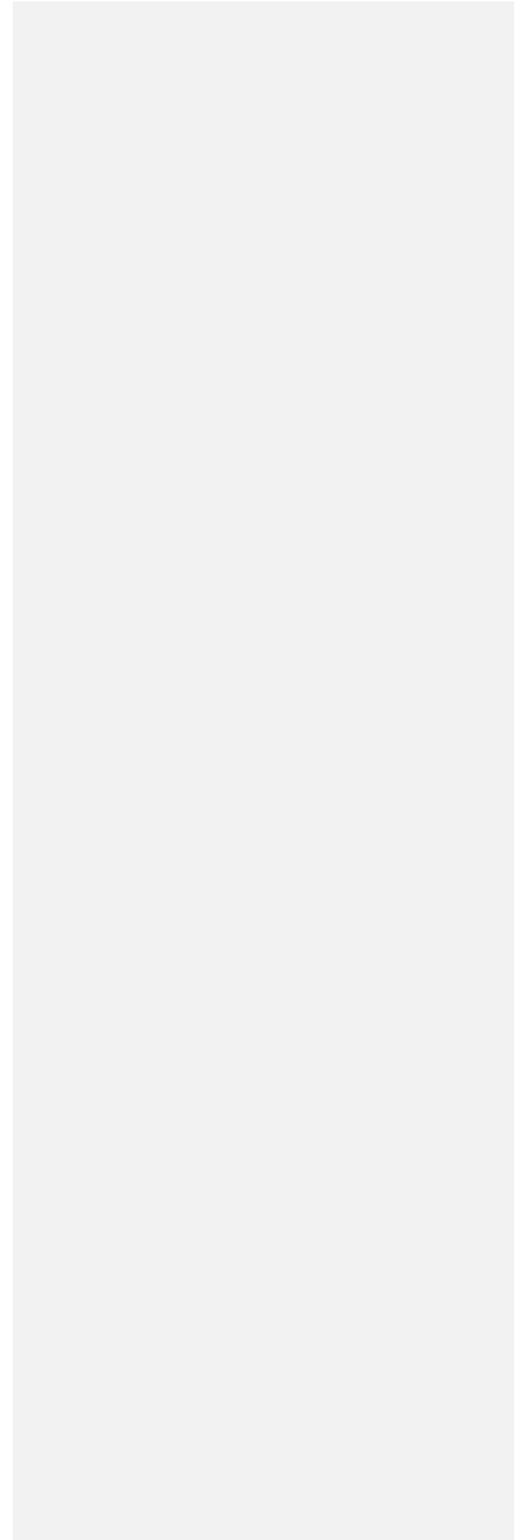




SAMPLE LINE EDIT

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The next six months were heaven. Jake absolutely loved his new job. He had good money coming in, and he had his best friend RC. And to top it all off, he was in the perfect beach town. The only thing he didn't have was love. But who needed that anyway? Love had gotten him—and his father—nowhere. Jake refused to end up like his father.

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However, Jake hadn't sworn off the opposite sex completely. During his brief time in Quartz Beach, he'd met several attractive women about his age. Unlike him, they'd been in the working world for a couple years, but they hadn't yet settled down and married.

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All these ladies, or their parents, lived in Quartz Beach. And for the most part, they came from affluent families. But he made sure his encounters with these women devolved into casual acquaintances and hookups. That was all he wanted and, frankly, all he was capable of. It seemed to be all the ladies wanted, as well. The situation was a bachelor's dream, and it kept his mind off her.

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The ladies he met in town were perfectly content with occasional trysts. Jake was a welcome distraction for wealthy, career-minded, independent, socialite women. He bore no resemblance to the old-money, Ivy League-educated, entitled men they normally dated and would likely marry.

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One Saturday evening, he and RC ~~were sipping~~ at The Keys. They ~~were celebrating~~ nothing in particular, which they tried to do at least once a week. They affectionately called these escapades “drinking to the pure life.”

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“Say, I been meanin’ to ask ya something,” RC mumbled. His eyes were glassy ~~from the~~ alcohol. He was two beers past Jake’s four.

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“What’s that, RC, old buddy?”

“Pops is makin’ me go to this big fundraiser next weekend. Don’t ya wanna go with me?”

Jake rolled his eyes. “That sounds like a barrel of laughs,” His words were drenched with sarcasm.

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“C’mon, Jake. Don’t make me go by myself. It’s the main fundraiser here every year. They’ll be *a ton* of women there,” RC ~~moved~~ his eyebrows up and down rapidly ~~in~~ his best W. C. Fields imitation.

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RC shook his head. “You’re not foolin’ me. Ya know ya want a woman of your own, a *real* woman and not just somebody to drink and hook up with. I remember how ~~you and April~~ were in college.”

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She’d called and texted several times since their encounter at The Keys the night he landed his job. But she’d finally ~~taken~~ the hint ~~that~~ he was done with her ~~and hadn’t~~ tried to contact him ~~in~~ two months. Thank God.

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However, Jake hadn't sworn off the opposite sex completely. During his brief time in Quartz Beach, he'd met several attractive women near his age. Unlike him, they'd been out in the working world for a couple of years but hadn't settled down and married yet.

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