

Chapter 1: The Meet Cute

In the beginning, it was magical. Everything about that day was out of the ordinary—a welcome break from the usual routine.

I had just moved back from Savannah, Georgia, to be closer to my family. After an exciting day catching up with old friends—including a wild ride with a state trooper after my friend Casey ran out of gas—I was getting ready for a night out with Emoly and Sabrina. Having just ended a relationship with yet another shifty guy, I was ready to focus on myself. But then Em called, her tone shifting:

“Amanda, I think I found someone for you!”

I laughed, skeptical. “Oh yeah? How do you know he’s my type?”

“He’s chubby with a beard, and he lives right next door to me. Get down here!”

I had a fresh tan, a new haircut, and nothing to lose. Sabrina picked me up, and off we went to a bar called Big Ugly.

The Setup

Inside, two rounds of \$2 vodka cranberries later, I saw him—the guy Em thought was perfect for me. He was sexy, so I decided to just be myself and let whatever happens, happen.

We sat together while my best friend flirted with his buddy, Raj. After a few drinks, we were truly hitting it off, bonding over music, movies, and mutual friends. At one point, I even tried to show off my dance moves, only to fall flat on my face. I popped right back up hoping he hadn’t noticed. He did, but he found it cute.

Then came the group photos—and the crowd pressure for a picture of “us.”

I quickly realized everyone was waiting for a kissing picture. As I froze up, he pulled my chair closer—assertive and smooth. The countdown began: Three... Two... One...

I panicked and ducked at the last second. He caught my forehead instead. It wasn’t the plan, but the photo captured it all, becoming one of my all-time favorites.

Before the night ended, though, the alcohol—and the undeniable spark—finally earned him that kiss: a passionate, bubbly preview of what was to come.

The Great Escape

When the bar closed, we grabbed late-night Waffle House and headed back to the guys' apartment. Jhae and I sat down to talk, both agreeing on how rare it was to have such easy, genuine conversation.

Just as I was relaxing into the night, Em came bursting out of the bedroom, laughing hysterically.

"Bestie, we gotta go. I'm out!"

Without missing a beat, I gathered my things. "If my bestie says we out, we out."

I thanked the guys, swapped numbers with Jhae, and ran for the car. Once we were safely pulled away, I turned to her. "WTF was that about?"

She was dying. "Girl, there was hair everywhere in the bathroom! When I asked whose it was, he said it was his housekeeper's. I told him a housekeeper is supposed to clean the shower, not leave her hair in it!"

We cried laughing all the way home. But the second I walked through my front door, I opened Facebook to stalk my new "perfect guy" and figure out the real story.

Who was Jhae Moe Green?