

HE CAN'T HAVE HER...BUT HE'S TAKING HER ANYWAY.

*twisted*  
**GAMES**

TWISTED  
BOOK TWO

ANA HUANG

# TWISTED GAMES

---

## TWISTED BOOK TWO

ANA HUANG

Copyright © 2021 by Ana Huang

All rights reserved.

No part of this book may be reproduced, distributed, or transmitted in any form or by any electronic or mechanical means, including information storage and retrieval systems, without written permission from the author, except for the use of brief quotations in a book review and certain other noncommercial use permitted by copyright law.

Resemblance to actual persons and things living or dead, locales, or events is entirely coincidental.

**TWISTED GAMES:**

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

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

**Proofreader:** Krista Burdine

**Photographer:** Wander Aguiar

**Model:** Christoph Leitner

*To all the girls who said fuck Prince Charming,  
give me a scarred knight.*

# CONTENTS

[Playlist](#)

[Synopsis](#)

[Note to Readers:](#)

[Part I](#)

1. [Bridget](#)
2. [Rhys](#)
3. [Bridget](#)
4. [Rhys/Bridget](#)
5. [Rhys](#)
6. [Bridget](#)
7. [Bridget](#)
8. [Bridget/Rhys](#)
9. [Bridget](#)
10. [Rhys](#)

11. [Bridget](#)

12. [Rhys](#)

13. [Bridget](#)

14. [Rhys](#)

15. [Rhys](#)

16. [Bridget](#)

17. [Bridget](#)

18. [Bridget](#)

19. [Rhys](#)

20. [Bridget](#)

## [Part II](#)

21. [Bridget](#)

22. [Rhys](#)

23. [Bridget](#)

24. [Bridget](#)

25. [Rhys](#)

26. [Bridget](#)



27. [Bridget](#)

28. [Rhys](#)

29. [Bridget](#)

30. [Rhys](#)

31. [Bridget](#)

32. [Bridget](#)

33. [Rhys](#)

34. [Bridget](#)

35. [Rhys](#)

36. [Bridget](#)

37. [Bridget](#)

38. [Bridget](#)

39. [Rhys](#)

40. [Bridget](#)

41. [Rhys](#)

42. [Rhys](#)

43. [Bridget](#)

44. [Bridget](#)

45. [Rhys](#)

46. [Bridget](#)

47. [Rhys](#)

48. [Bridget](#)

49. [Bridget](#)

50. [Rhys](#)

51. [Rhys](#)

[Epilogue](#)

[Books by Ana Huang](#)

[Keep in touch with Ana Huang](#)

[Acknowledgments](#)

[About the Author](#)

# Playlist

“Queen”—Loren Gray

“Castle”—Halsey

“Arcade”—Duncan Laurence

“You Should See Me in a Crown”—Billie Eilish

”Telepatía”—Kali Uchis\*\*

“Stay”—Rihanna

“Uncover”—Zara Larsson

“Secret Love Song”—Little Mix

“They Don’t Know About Us”—One Direction

“Minefields”—Faouzia & John Legend

“Wildest Dreams”—Taylor Swift

“Princesses Don’t Cry”—Aviva

“Fairytale” (Slowed Version)—Alexander Rybak

“I Guess I’m in Love”—Clinton Kane

*\*\*For the Chapter 18 vibes more than the lyrics*

***She can never be his...but he's taking her anyway.***

Stoic, broody, and arrogant, elite bodyguard Rhys Larsen has two rules: 1) Protect his clients at all costs 2) Do not become emotionally involved. Ever.

He has never once been tempted to break those rules...until *her*.

Bridget von Ascheberg. A princess with a stubborn streak that matches his own and a hidden fire that reduces his rules to ash. She's nothing he expected and everything he never knew he needed.

Day by day, inch by inch, she breaks down his defenses until he's faced with a truth he can no longer deny: he swore an oath to protect her, but all he wants is to ruin her. Take her.

Because she's his.

His princess.

His forbidden fruit.

His every depraved fantasy.

\*\*\*

Regal, strong-willed, and bound by the chains of duty, Princess Bridget dreams of the freedom to live and love as she chooses.

But when her brother abdicates, she's suddenly faced with the prospect of a loveless, politically expedient marriage and a throne she never wanted.

And as she navigates the intricacies—and treacheries—of her new role, she must also hide her desire for a man she can't have.

Her bodyguard.

Her protector.

Her ultimate ruin.

Unexpected and forbidden, theirs is a love that could destroy a kingdom...  
and doom them both.

## NOTE TO READERS:

This story takes place over four years and includes several time jumps, especially in Part I, in order to bring us to the present. It has overlapping timelines with the preceding book, [\*Twisted Love\*](#).

Part I takes place through the epilogue of *Twisted Love* (the past); Part II takes place after (the present).

It is recommended but not necessary to read *Twisted Love* first in order to understand what happens.

# PART I

---

---

## BRIDGET

“SPANK ME! MASTER, SPANK ME!”

I stifled a laugh at my bodyguard Booth’s face as Leather the parrot squawked in his cage. The parrot’s name said all you needed to know about its previous owner’s sex life, and while some found him amusing, Booth did not. He hated birds. He said they reminded him of giant flying rats.

“One day, he and Leather are going to get into it.” Emma, the director of Wags & Whiskers, clucked her tongue. “Poor Booth.”

I held back another laugh even as I felt a small pang in my heart. “Probably not. Booth’s leaving soon.”

I tried not to think about it. Booth had been with me for four years, but he was leaving for paternity leave next week and staying in Eldorra after to be closer to his wife and newborn. I was happy for him, but I would miss him. He was not only my bodyguard but a friend, and I could only hope his replacement and I had the same rapport.

“Ah, yes, I forgot.” Emma’s face softened. She was in her early sixties, with short, gray-streaked hair and warm brown eyes. “Lots of changes for you in a short time, my dear.”

She knew how much I hated goodbyes.

I’d been volunteering at Wags & Whiskers, a local pet rescue shelter, since my sophomore year of college, and Emma had become a close friend and mentor. Unfortunately, she, too, was leaving. She’d still be in Hazelburg,



but she was retiring as the shelter director, which meant I would no longer see her every week.

“One of them doesn’t *have* to happen,” I said, only half-joking. “You could stay.”

She shook her head. “I’ve run the shelter for almost a decade, and it’s time for new blood. Someone who can clean the cages *without* her back and hips acting up.”

“That’s what volunteers are for.” I gestured toward myself. I was belaboring the point, but I couldn’t help it. Between Emma, Booth, and my impending graduation from Thayer University, where I was majoring in international relations—as expected of a princess—I had enough goodbyes to last me for the next five years.

“You are a sweetheart. Don’t tell the others, but...” She lowered her voice to a conspiratorial whisper. “You’re my favorite volunteer. It’s rare to find someone of your stature who does charity because she wants to, not because she’s putting on a show for the cameras.”

My cheeks tinted pink at the compliment. “It’s my pleasure. I adore animals.” I took after my mother in that regard. It was one of the few pieces of her I had left.

In another life, I would’ve been a veterinarian, but in this life? My path had been laid out for me since before I was born.

“You would make a great queen.” Emma stepped aside to allow a staff member with a wriggling puppy in his arms to pass. “Truly.”

I laughed at the thought. “Thank you, but I have no interest in being queen. Even if I did, the chances of me wearing the crown are slim.”

As the princess of Eldorra, a small European kingdom, I came closer to ruling than most people. My parents died when I was a kid—my mother at childbirth, my father in a car accident a few years later—so I was second in line to the throne. My brother Nikolai, who was four years my senior, had been training to take over for our grandfather King Edvard since he was old enough to walk. Once Nikolai had children, I would be bumped further down

the line of succession, something I had zero complaints about. I wanted to be queen as much as I wanted to bathe in a vat of acid.

Emma frowned in disappointment. “Ah, well, the sentiment is the same.”

“Emma!” one of the other staff members called out. “We’ve got a situation with the cats.”

She sighed. “It’s always the cats,” she muttered. “Anyway, I wanted to tell you about my retirement before you heard it from anyone else. I’ll still be here until the end of next week, so I’ll see you on Tuesday.”

“Sounds good.” I hugged her goodbye and watched her rush off to deal with a literal catfight, the pang in my chest growing.

I was glad Emma hadn’t told me about her retirement until the end of my shift, or it would’ve been in my head the whole time.

“Are you ready, Your Highness?” Booth asked, clearly eager to get away from Leather.

“Yes. Let’s go.”

“Yes, let’s go!” Leather squawked as we exited. “Spank me!”

My laugh finally broke free at Booth’s grimace. “I’ll miss you, and so will Leather.” I stuffed my hands in my coat pockets to protect them against the sharp autumn chill. “Tell me about the new bodyguard. What’s he like?”

The leaves crunched beneath my boots as we walked toward my off-campus house, which was only fifteen minutes away. I adored fall and everything that came with it—the cozy clothes, the riot of earthy colors on the trees, the hint of cinnamon and smoke in the air.

In Athenberg, I wouldn’t be able to walk down the street without getting mobbed, but that was the great thing about Thayer. Its student population boasted so many royals and celebrity offspring, a princess was no big deal. I could live my life like a relatively normal college girl.

“I don’t know much about the new guard,” Booth admitted. “He’s a contractor.”

My eyebrows shot up. “Really?”

The Crown sometimes hired private security contractors to serve alongside the Royal Guard, but it was rare. In my twenty-one years, I’d never

had a bodyguard who was a contractor.

“He’s supposed to be the best,” Booth said, mistaking my surprise for wariness. “Ex-Navy SEAL, top-notch recommendations, experience guarding high-profile personalities. He’s his company’s most sought-after professional.”

“Hmm.” *An American guard. Interesting.* “I do hope we get along.”

When two people were around each other twenty-four-seven, compatibility mattered. A lot. I knew people who hadn’t meshed with their security details, and those arrangements never lasted long.

“I’m sure you will. You’re easy to get along with, Your Highness.”

“You’re only saying that because I’m your boss.”

Booth grinned. “Technically, the Director of the Royal Guard is my boss.”

I wagged a playful finger at him. “Backtalking already? I’m disappointed.”

He laughed. Despite his insistence on calling me *Your Highness*, we’d settled into a casual camaraderie over the years that I appreciated. Excessive formality exhausted me.

We chatted about Booth’s impending fatherhood and move back to Eldorra for the rest of our walk. He was near bursting with pride over his unborn child, and I couldn’t help a small stab of envy. I was nowhere near ready for marriage and kids, but I wanted what Booth and his wife had.

Love. Passion. *Choice.* Things no amount of money could buy.

A sardonic smile touched my lips. No doubt I’d sound like an ungrateful brat to anyone who could hear my thoughts. I could get any material thing I desired with a snap of my fingers, and I was whining about love.

But people were people, no matter their title, and some desires were universal. Unfortunately, the ability to fulfill them was not.

Maybe I would fall in love with a prince who’d sweep me off my feet, but I doubted it. Most likely, I’d end up in a boring, socially acceptable marriage with a boring, socially acceptable man who only had sex missionary style and vacationed in the same two places every year.

I pushed the depressing thought aside. I had a long way to go before I even *thought* about marriage, and I'd cross that bridge when I got there.

My house came into sight, and my eyes latched onto the unfamiliar black BMW idling in the driveway. I assumed it belonged to my new bodyguard.

"He's early." Booth raised a surprised brow. "He's not supposed to arrive until five."

"Punctuality is a good sign, I suppose." Though half an hour early *might* be overkill.

The car door opened, and a large black boot planted itself on the driveway. A second later, the biggest man I'd ever seen in real life unfolded himself from the front seat, and my mouth turned bone dry.

*Holy. Hotness.*

My new bodyguard had to be at least six foot four, maybe even six-five, with solid, sculpted muscle packed onto every inch of his powerful frame. Longish black hair grazed his collar and fell over one gunmetal-gray eye, and his legs were so long he ate up the distance between us in three strides.

For someone so large, he moved with surprising stealth. If I hadn't been looking at him, I wouldn't have noticed him approach at all.

He stopped in front of me, and I swore my body tilted forward a centimeter, unable to resist his gravitational pull. I was also strangely tempted to run my hand through his thick dark locks. Most veterans kept their hair military-style short even after leaving the service, but clearly, he wasn't one of them.

"Rhys Larsen." His deep, gravelly voice rolled over me like a velvety caress. Now that he was closer, I spotted a thin scar slashing through his left eyebrow, adding a hint of menace to his dark good looks. Stubble darkened his jaw, and a hint of a tattoo peeked out from both sleeves of his shirt.

He was the opposite of the preppy, clean-shaven types I usually went for, but that didn't stop a swarm of butterflies from taking flight in my stomach.

I was so flustered by their appearance I forgot to respond until Booth let out a small cough.