



I'M TAKEN BY A
BEAUTIFUL NIGHTMARE.

GOD OF FURY

LEGACY OF GODS

RINA KENT

GOD OF FURY

LEGACY OF GODS SERIES BOOK 5

RINA KENT

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ALSO BY RINA KENT

[Rina Kent's Books](#)

[Reading Order](#)

To the ones who scream in silence

AUTHOR NOTE

Hello reader friend,

Nikolai and Brandon's story is my first MM book, and one of the fewest stories that consumed me, heart, body, and soul. They live in me, and for a moment in time, I lived for them. Days turned into weeks and weeks turned into months, but I reveled in every lick of their intensity, every lash of their passion, and every sting of their angst.

I poured my heart onto the page to tell their story and I hope you enjoy their special, entirely explosive dynamic as I did.

God of Fury is a complete STANDALONE. However, since this story takes part during the timeline of the previous four books in the series, it spoils some events.

If you haven't read my books before, you might not know this, but I write darker stories that can be upsetting and disturbing. My books and main characters aren't for the faint of heart.

This book isn't as dark as my other books relationship-wise, but it contains sensitive subjects. I'll list them below for your safety, but if you don't have any triggers, please skip the following paragraph as it will provide major spoilers for the plot.

God of Fury contains mental health issues, including depression, borderline personality disorder, suicidal thoughts and self-harm. There are on-page descriptions of a minor's sexual assault, suicide attempt, and violence. I trust you know your triggers before you proceed.

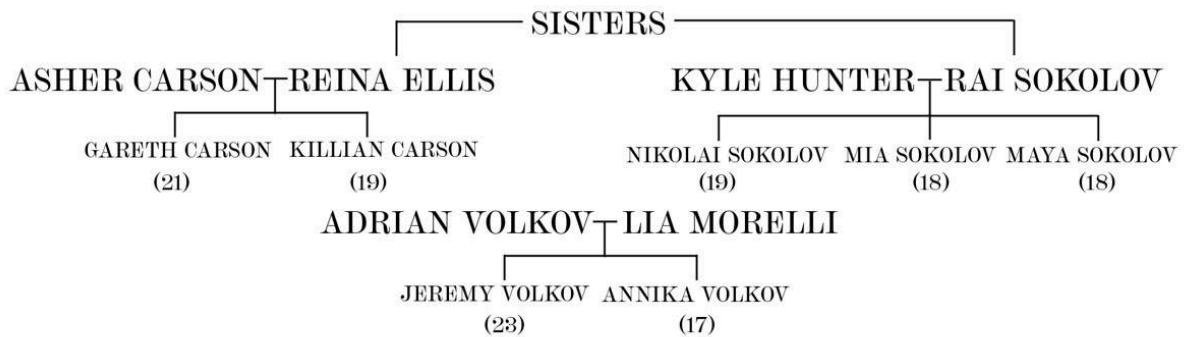
For more things Rina Kent, visit www.rinakent.com

LEGACY OF GODS TREE

ROYAL ELITE UNIVERSITY



THE KING'S U'S COLLEGE



BLURB

I'm not attracted to men.

Or so I thought before I slammed into Nikolai Sokolov.

A mafia heir, a notorious bastard, and a violent monster.

An ill-fated meeting puts me in his path.

And just like that, he has his sights set on me.

A quiet artist, a golden boy, and his enemy's twin brother.

He doesn't seem to care that the odds are stacked against us.

In fact, he sets out to break my steel-like control and blur my limits.

I thought my biggest worry was being noticed by Nikolai.

I'm learning the hard way that being wanted by this beautiful nightmare is much worse.

PLAYLIST

Yellow – Coldplay
Do I Wanna Know – Arctic Monkeys
I Wanna Be Yours – Arctic Monkeys
Your Blood – Nothing But Thieves
Impossible – Nothing But Thieves
Demons – MISSIO
Maniacs – Conan Gray
Run Into Trouble – Bastille & Alok
Somebody Else – The 1975
Someone Else – Loveless
Losing Control – Villain of the Story
Yours – Conan Gray
Sorry I'm Yours – Circa Wales
Half-Life - Essenger
Dear Reader – Taylor Swift
Half of My Heart – Josh Makazo
Silence – Marshmello & Khalid

You can find the complete playlist on [Spotify](#).

BRANDON

What am I doing here?

Deep in the hollow corner of my heart, I know the answer. I know it so well that I can taste the nausea that slithered down my throat and hooked onto my bones the moment I got that godforsaken text.

WA text I should've very well ignored, deleted, and then blocked the number.

A text I shouldn't have dignified with a look, let alone given it enough weight to intervene with my decision-making.

I did.

And that's the reason I'm here.

I did.

And now, I've put myself in an irreversible position.

I did.

And I'm not sure I can shove this lapse of judgment on to the possibility of having no choice.

In reality, I do.

I've just never been good with choices. Don't appreciate them. Don't care for them. Would rather not be presented with one.

The text was an obligation or, more accurately, a pertinent piece of information.

It was *not* a choice and certainly *not* a situation I could've escaped.

The reason I'm here is sorely due to my sense of responsibility that I've carried like excess baggage since I started learning what life is all about.

I'm at what looks like an indoctrination center. Other students stand on either side of me, forming parallel lines and wearing white rabbit masks that cover their features.

We're facing a huge three-story mansion with old-looking stone walls and an ancient tower on the far right.

The longer I remain unmoving, the more unsteady my breathing becomes.

My inhales and exhales flow in a fast, fractured rhythm, forming condensation on the plastic and forcing me to breathe my own air.

Tick.

The sound is low, but it slams into my brain like a fatal crash. My mouth starts to fill with saliva and I gulp it down, forcing my stomach to settle.

Tick.

I lift my hand, about to pull at my skull. Sometimes, I wish I could smash it against the nearest wall and watch as everything spills and shatters. Once and for fucking all.

Tick.

My fingers curl in midair, but I lower my hand and force it to hang limp at my side.

It's fine. I can do this.

Breathe.

You're in control.

My soothing words of affirmation splinter and crack as the scene around me comes back into focus.

No matter how much I attempt to delude myself, the reality is that I'm in the last place I should be.

And I'm not one to challenge fate or go places I'm not supposed to.

In my twenty-three years of life, I've always been the type of man who follows the rules. I've never deviated from what's expected of me and I'm creeped out at the notion of being different.