



I CAUGHT THE ATTENTION
OF A MONSTER.

GOD OF MALICE

LEGACY  OF GODS

USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR
RINA KENT

GOD OF MALICE

LEGACY OF GODS SERIES BOOK 1

RINA KENT

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DECEPTION TRILOGY

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Vow of Deception

Tempted by Deception

Consumed by Deception

To the ones whose type is an unapologetic villain.

AUTHOR NOTE

Hello reader friend,

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.

Killian Carson, the main character of *God of Malice* is a true psychopath, not a make-believe, nor a bad boy who's eventually tamed. He's a villain with very questionable actions, so if you can't handle morally black characters, please do NOT proceed.

This book contains non-con, dub-con, and suicidal thoughts. I trust you know your triggers before you proceed.

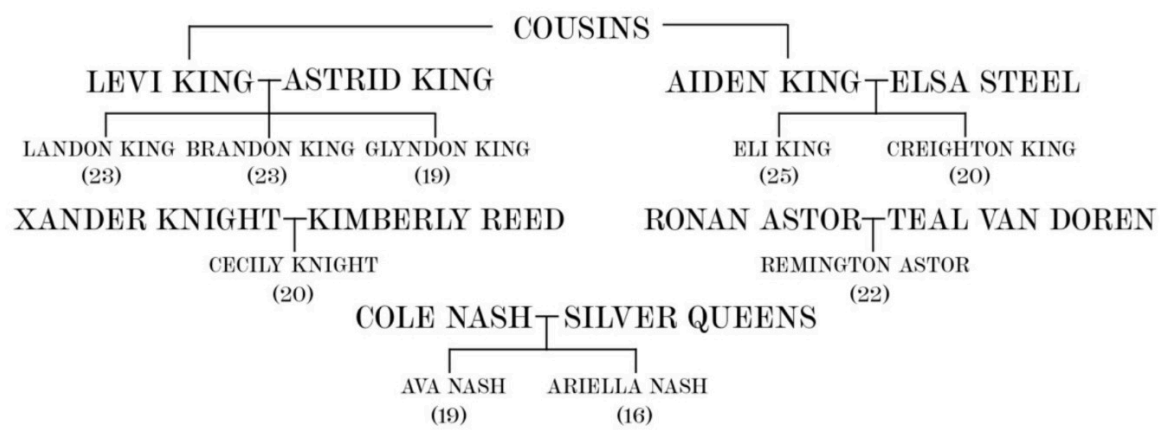
God of Malice is a complete STANDALONE.

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

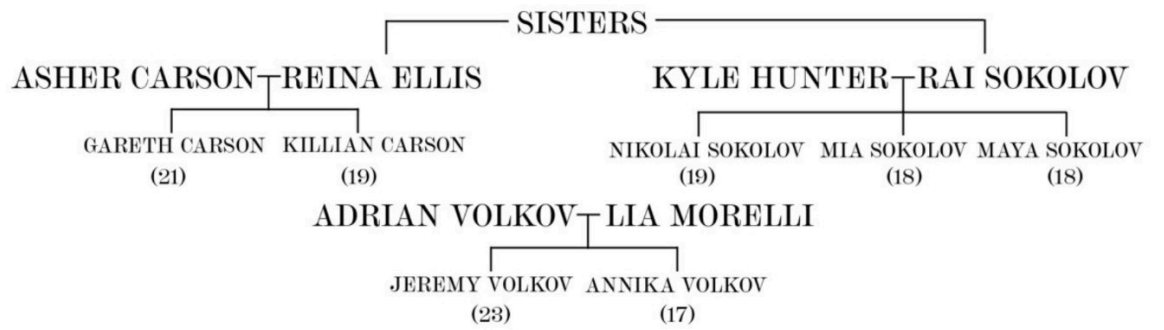
LEGACY OF GODS TREE

LEGACY OF GODS TREE

ROYAL ELITE UNIVERSITY



THE KING'S U'S COLLEGE



BLURB

I caught the attention of a monster.

I didn't ask for it.

Didn't even see it coming.

But the moment I do, it's too late.

Killian Carson is a predator wrapped in sophisticated charm.

He's cold-blooded, manipulative, and savage.

The worst part is that no one sees his devil side.

I do.

And that will cost me everything.

I run, but the thing about monsters?

They always chase.

PLAYLIST

The Wolf in Your Darkest Room – Matthew Mayfield

Family – Badflower

Rehab – Weathers

Fourth of July – Sufjan Stevens

Heartless – The Weekend

Devil Side – Foxes

You and I - PVRIS

Who Are You – SVRCINA

Villains – Mainland

Mercy – Hurts

Heathens – Twenty One Pilots

Who's in Control – Set it Off

Fireflies – Owl City

Alone in a Room (Acoustic Version) – Asking Alexandria

Man or a Monster – Sam Tinnesz & Zayde Wolf

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

GLYNDON

isasters start on black nights.

Starless, soulless, sparkless nights.

The type of nights that serve as ominous backgrounds in folklore tales.

DI peer down on the crashing waves that war with the huge pointy rocks that form the cliff.

My feet tremble on the edge as bloody images roll in my mind with the wrecking force of a hurricane. The replay happens in full, disturbing motion. The rev of the engine, the slide of the car, and eventually, the haunting scratch of metal against rocks and the splash in the deadly water.

There's no car now, no person inside it, no soul to be dispersed into the unapologetic air.

It's only the slam of the angry waves and the ferocity of the solid rocks.

Still, I don't dare to blink.

I didn't blink back then either. I just stared and stared, then shrieked like a haunted mythical creature.

He didn't hear me, though. The boy whose body and soul are no longer with us.

The boy who struggled both mentally and emotionally but still managed to be there for me.

A sudden chill runs down my back, and I cross my flannel jacket over my white top and denim shorts. But it's not the coldness that rattles me to the bone.

It's the night.

The terror of the merciless waves.

The atmosphere is eerily similar to a few weeks ago when Devlin drove me to this cliff on Brighton Island. An island that's situated an hour by ferry