



HE'LL RUIN ME.  
I'LL DESTROY HIM.

# GOD OF RUIN

LEGACY OF GODS

RINA KENT

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## LEGACY OF GODS SERIES BOOK 4

RINA KENT

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## **ALSO BY RINA KENT**

[Rina Kent's Books](#)

[Reading Order](#)

*To the psychos,  
May we enjoy them in fiction but never encounter them in real life*





## 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.

This book contains primal kink, somnophilia and mentions of childhood trauma. I trust you know your triggers before you proceed.

*God of Ruin* is a complete STANDALONE.

For more things Rina Kent, visit [www.rinakent.com](http://www.rinakent.com)

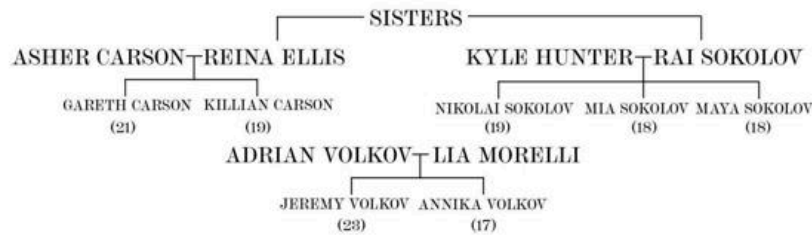


# LEGACY OF GODS TREE

## ROYAL ELITE UNIVERSITY



## THE KING’S U’S COLLEGE





## **BLURB**

I'm out for revenge.

After careful planning, I gave the man who messed with my family a taste of his own medicine.

I thought it'd end there.

It didn't.

Landon King is a genius artist, a posh rich boy, and my worst nightmare.

He's decided that I'm the new addition to his chess game.

Too bad for him, I'm no pawn.

If he hits, I hit back, twice as hard and with the same hostility.

He says he'll ruin me.

Little does he know that ruination goes both ways.



# PLAYLIST

Blood on Your Hands – Veda & Adam Arcadia  
Angel of Small Death & The Codeine Scene – Hozier  
RUNRUNRUN – Dutch Melrose  
Roman Empire – MISSIO  
The Worst in Me – Bad Omens  
Skins – The Haunting  
Don't Say I Didn't Warn You – VOILA & Craig Owens  
Supernatural – Barns Courtney  
Rude Boy – Rihanna  
Happiness is a Butterfly – Lana Del Rey  
Artistry – Jacob Lee  
Bad Decisions – Bad Omens  
Last Cigarette – MOTHICA & AU/Ra  
Anarchist – YUNGBLUD  
Colors – Halsey

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





## MIA

onight, a certain eyesore presence will get a taste of his own medicine.

I stride through the darkness of the night with a chip on my shoulder and rage boiling in the very marrow of my soul.

**T**My fingers splay on the strap of the mask covering my face. Breath condenses against the plastic and sweat coats my upper lip.

The place where my plans will take place materializes in front of me—huge, imposing, and dreadfully heartless.

Not empty, though.

These types of hedonistic meccas are often brimming with wannabes who like to think they're worth more than their parents' bank accounts.

But, oh well, none of my plans would have meaning in the absence of a crowd.

The dazzling lights of what can only be called a mansion slash through the night with the brightness of a falling star.

There's nothing modest about what I'm looking at. It's a huge three-story architectural wonder whose front brims with wide, tall windows.

That's where all the lights shine through, particularly on the first floor. LED strips cover the trees in the vast garden surrounding the property. I can't help feeling bad for the poor trees that are being suffocated for some random celebration.

The mansion's exterior boasts a welcoming Victorian-like vibe that promises great fun, but I'm not fooled.

Inside that mansion lurks skin-crawling danger wrapped in a dazzling appearance.

And tonight? I'm going straight for that danger's throat and bringing him to his damn knees.

"Slow down, Mia!" a feminine voice calls, crowded with frustration.

I throw a glance back to find my twin sister, Maya, holding her carnival mask with golden ornaments in hand as she pants.

My eyes grow wide behind my own mask and I pull her to the side before we cross the property's gate.

She struggles under my firm grip, her whines resembling those of a petulant child.

"Ugh, you're hurting me." She releases herself from my merciless hold after a long struggle. It's no secret that I'm the twin who loves strength training. Maya is more interested in massages and sculpting her model body.

We're under a tall tree with bent branches that offers some form of camouflage from any onlookers.

Maya hikes a hand up her hip over the skintight glittery black dress that leaves nothing to the imagination. My sister has always been proud of her slim hourglass figure and C-cup breasts, and she's never shied away from showing them off.

We're identical twins, so we have the same petite facial structure, almond-shaped light-blue eyes, and full lips, though hers are slightly bigger than mine. Our hair is shiny platinum blonde, but she keeps hers long—currently swishing to her lower back—while mine falls just below my shoulders.

Usually, I'd have a ton of ribbons in mine, but since I'm trying to stay under the radar, I have it in a ponytail tied with only one blue ribbon.

I'm also wearing my least attention-grabbing outfit—a simple strapless leather dress that reaches the tops of my knees.

My boots for the night are the tamest I have and the only ones that aren't chunky or covered with chains.

Maya, however, chose to wear heels, as usual, not seeming to care about whether or not that would hinder our mission.

I point at the mask in her hand and gesticulate to her face, then sign, "You're supposed to be wearing that! They have cameras around, and you might have just offered them a front-row seat to our identities."

She rolls her eyes dramatically, proving her position as the ultimate drama queen I know. "Relax. The camera range only starts once we're close to the gate. And I was going to put it on, if you'd been patient for, like, two seconds."

"Don't mess with me." I snatch the mask and smash it to her face, then strap it around her head so that it's secured.

She whines and groans. "You're running my hair, idiot. Let go. I'll do it myself."

I only release her once I'm satisfied with the mask's placement. She glares at me through the eyeholes as she proceeds to fix her hair.

"Don't give me that," I sign. "You know how much effort it took for me to get a goddamn invitation to this pretentious event. The last thing I need is for something to go wrong."

"Yeah, yeah." She throws her hand in the air with obvious exasperation. "I've heard the story about your sacrifices a thousand times, to the point that I can recite them back."

"In that case, stick to the plan and stop giving me headaches."

"Yes, ma'am." She does a mock salute and I make a face behind my mask.

Since she can only see my eyes, Maya can't get the full picture, but she still smirks anyway like an annoying idiot.

My twin sister has always been my best friend, but she often drives me up the wall with her shenanigans.

After I make sure neither of our faces is showing, we start walking toward the mansion again.

Or more accurately—the Elites' compound.