



THE MAN I HATE IS
MY HUSBAND.

GOD OF WAR

LEGACY OF GODS

RINA KENT

GOD OF WAR

LEGACY OF GODS SERIES BOOK 6

RINA KENT

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ALSO BY RINA KENT

[Rina Kent's Books](#)

[Reading Order](#)

To the end of an era

AUTHOR NOTE

Hello reader friend,

God of War marks the end of the Legacy of Gods series and the Rinaverse until further notice. This has been the most bittersweet book I've ever written. I was excited throughout the entire process, but I couldn't help feeling a smidge of sadness at the thought of saying goodbye to these intense characters.

Eli and Ava consumed me heart and soul and I hope you experience the same when you read their journey.

God of War is a complete standalone. However, since this story takes part way after the timeline of the previous four books in the series, it might spoil 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.

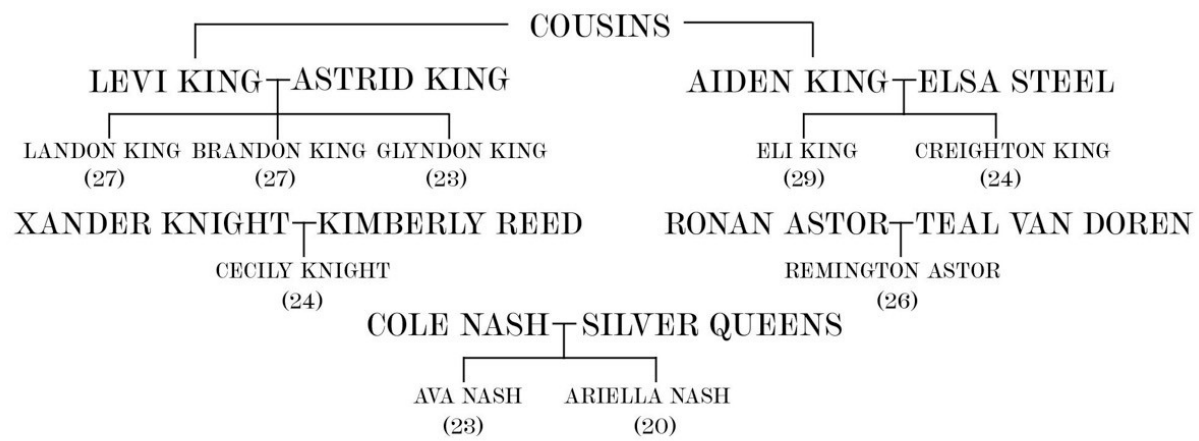
This book isn't as dark as my other books, but it contains sensitive subjects. I'll list them below for your safety, but if you don't have any triggers, feel free skip the following paragraph as it will provide spoilers for the plot.

God of War contains mental health issues, including depression, anxiety, fugue states, and dissociative amnesia. There are on-page descriptions of a suicide attempt, deteriorated mental state, and violence. I trust you know your triggers before you proceed.

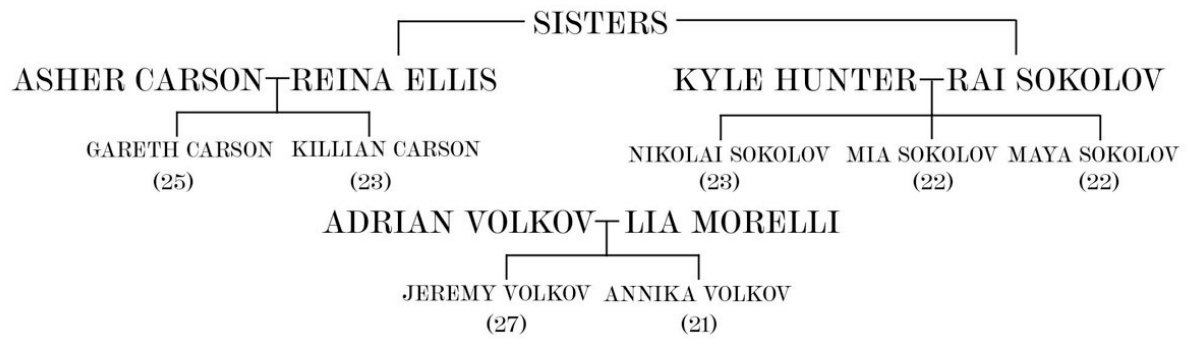
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LEGACY OF GODS TREE

ROYAL ELITE UNIVERSITY



THE KING’S U’S COLLEGE



BLURB

I fell for the villain.

It happened back when I was a clueless girl.

But he ruthlessly broke my heart and trapped it in a jar.

Since then, I've sworn to hate him to the end of my days.

Eli King might be a savage devil, but I'm out of his way. And league.

That is until I wake up in a hospital and find him holding my hand.

He tells me the words that change my life forever.

"We got married two years ago, Mrs. King."

So I set out to investigate how I landed myself into this marriage.

Turns out, my memories are darker than my present.

I thought I was ready for the hurricane.

I thought I could handle his soulless eyes and cold shoulder.

I thought wrong.

Nothing can stop my husband.

Not the secrets surrounding us.

Not the hatred between us.

Not even me.

PLAYLIST

Don't Fear the Reaper – Baltic House Orchestra

Breathe – Lo Spirit

Time – MISSIO

BLEAK – Michael Aldag

I Like Me Better – Lauv

Misery – Unlike Pluto

Medium – Micheal Dae

Nothing's New – Rio Romeo

Escapism – RAYE & 070 Shake

Blind Spot – Saint Chaos

PARALYZED – Death and All His Friends

You Make Me Feel Like It's Halloween – Muse

Broken Smile – Lil Peep

Goddess – Xana

Half My Heart – grandson

Feel Something – Jaymes Young

Church – Chase Atlantic

Spell It Out – You Met At Six

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

AVA

The foul mixture of liquor, the latest drug on the market, and a sense of euphoria flows through me as I sway to the loud music.

Here, I'm okay.

As I blend into the middle of lost kindred spirits and empty shells, I don't feel alien.

No pressure. No lost potential.

No disturbing images.

Nothing.

Just the way I like it.

I lift the double shot of tequila to my mouth and slurp half of it. The bitter taste sits on my tongue, leaving a lingering aftertaste that coats my mouth. But it also brings a sense of excitement and reckless abandon. The burn rushes down my throat and settles uncomfortably on top of the inauspicious dose of tranquilizers I've pumped my stomach with.

My solution? Find more alcohol, drugs, and whatever I can get my grubby hands on.

Something. Anything to relieve the pressure of the latest images that have been crowding my head.

Blurry faces with blurry voices in blurry clubs.

The last thing I need is a reminder of my state of mind or the recent pickle I've gotten myself into.

So I choose to sweep it under the rug and pretend everything is fantastic. Normal.

My friends chose this up-and-coming club in North London for the occasion. The grunge, brick walls shine in a beautiful mixture of different shades of blue.

Violet laser beams glow on the crowd of people filling the massive downstairs hall. We have a VIP room upstairs, but it's always fun to get down and dirty.

The dirtier the better.

I've just lifted the half-full shot of tequila to my lips when a slim hand with milky-peach nails snatches the glass and puts it out of reach. I'm about to spout some profanity when my eyes meet her calm green ones. I'm instantly hit with a smidge of judgment and a copious amount of unconditional love.

"Cecy!" I shout over the music, my voice sounding surprisingly sober. "What are you doing here?"

She's wearing a beautiful pastel-orange spaghetti-strap dress. Her silver hair is pulled up in a dainty ponytail and her face glows more than ever.

I don't miss the fact that she's comfortable wearing dresses now when she's always been a jeans and T-shirt kind of girl.

Or the fact that she's put on a subtle hint of makeup. She wants to look beautiful. She loves herself more.

And to my shame, it's not because of anything I've done or even contributed to. It took me so long to figure out something was wrong. I could blame my condition, but that's no excuse. Not when she's been there for me our entire lives.

"You've had enough to drink, Ava."

"What are you talking about? I haven't even started." I reach for the glass, but she holds it behind her back.

“Don’t even think about it.” She grabs my elbow and starts pulling me from the middle of the crowd I’ve been happily nestled in. They all break out in a meltdown of questions.

Ava, are you coming back?

You joining us for that Ibiza trip, Ava?

I have the latest gossip for you, Ava.

Ava, Ava, Ava...

I love the attention, the hungry gazes, the irresistible need to satisfy my every whim, every need, every demand.

I blow them kisses and wink at a few of the guys, whose names I can barely remember.

It’s all part of my defense mechanism. My charm, my looks, my popularity.

I’m whatever they want me to be. A flirt. A social butterfly. A useless prodigy.

Anything. Everything.

As long as I confiscate their attention. I don’t mind.

Attention keeps the emptiness at bay.

More importantly, the boisterous compliments and not-so-innocent touches ward off dark thoughts.

Even temporarily.

My best friend, Cecily, abandons the shot of tequila on a table and continues pushing her way through the crowd with me in tow.

I tug on her hand, pull her to a stop, and wrap my arms around her neck, swaying to the loud club music. “Come on, let’s dance!”

“This isn’t my scene, Ava.”

“Please, Cecy. For me?” I bat my lashes and twirl her around.

She sighs and moves slowly, in no way matching my energy. I wiggle my hips, and the shimmering pink of my dress catches the strobing lights. My skirt is so short, people behind me must catch a front-row view of my arse.

Some guys hoot and I blow them kisses, throwing my head back with laughter, falling into the intoxication. The madness.

The nothingness.

Some guys surround us and Cecily tenses, her hands coming protectively around my waist.

I used to take this subtle change lightly before, but not anymore. This time, I'm the one who pushes the swarming bees out of the way, then drag my friend through a hall that leads to the toilets.

The dark walls are decorated with grunge neon signs of London, the red lighting casting a warm glow on the otherwise dim space.

The chaos filters behind us, the music lowers a notch, and Cecily releases a breath as she leans against the wall.

"Ready to go home?" she asks slowly, almost hopefully.

"You know the exact answer to that." I pinch her cheek. "You go. I know you don't like these scenes."

"There's no way in hell I'm leaving you here alone when you're half drunk, Ava. This club is in the middle of nowhere and gives off sketchy vibes. No clue why you came all the way here."

"Something different from the usual Soho places. I'm all for adventures."

"Are you sure this isn't about your latest participation in the international cello competition?"

Phantom pain squeezes my chest, but I put on my best smile. "Nope. Maybe I wasn't made for classical music and should switch to DJing. It's much more fun anyway."

"Ava..." She's interrupted by a group of drunk girls giggling and swaying their way between us to the toilet queue.

Cecily takes my hand in hers. "Want to buy some junk food and rewatch *Bridget Jones's Diary*?"

"Don't you have a boyfriend you need to, I don't know, fly to New York with?"

So maybe I'm being salty, but I know I have no right to be. I always thought Cecily was my soul twin. My person. My sister. The one person who was always in my corner.

But that was before I realized how dependent I was on her. How inconveniencing I was to her. She took care of all my dumb drunk adventures. Kept me safe, sane, wiped my forehead after I got sick, then held me to sleep. She listened to my nonsense and let me invade her space with no complaints.

After she found the love of her life and he pointed out that I was taking all her goodwill and giving nothing in return, I hated him.

I thought it was logical to despise him, too. He's taking my bestie, and no one deserves my bestie. But no, the real reason I couldn't stand Jeremy was because he told me the truth I'd refused to see all along.

He was right. I've been too reliant on Cecily. Too clingy. Too childish. A mess of epic proportions, if you will. But it's not Cecily's responsibility to keep me together.

Which is why I kept my mouth shut when she said she was moving with said boyfriend to the States, even if it's been killing me inside.

Just now was a slip. I blame the alcohol.

I trap my bottom lip beneath my teeth and bite down so harshly, I'm surprised no blood gushes out.

"So you're not okay with it, after all?" She watches me carefully. "I knew it. I was surprised you didn't throw a tantrum."

"I'm just kidding," I lie through my teeth. "You go live your life, Cecy."

"I can stay a few more weeks."

"No. Don't stop your life because of me."

"You're not a burden." She clasps my shoulders. "I'm worried about you. Like, really, *really* worried. You've been drinking so much, it's almost an addiction at this point. You haven't been taking your meds regularly and you keep spiraling into these destructive patterns more often than not."

"It's called having fun."

"Taking weird pills from strangers is not fun. It's suicidal."

"They're not strangers. They're friends."

"Not good ones." She sighs. "I'm not the only one who's worried, Ava. Your mum and dad are, too. Is it true that you haven't spoken to them since

you left the competition hall?”

“I texted.” My voice gets caught and I swallow, then exhale deeply to release the tension.

“And you believe that’s enough?”

“For now.” I can’t trust myself to speak to Papa and Mama and not break down. I’ve had three panic attacks in three days. I know I’m spiraling and a huge episode is growing in the distance, but no one needs to know about that.

Least of all Cecy, who’s finally found her well-deserved happiness. If she figures out what’s wrong, she won’t go to the States, and I can’t be in her way anymore.

“I’ll take the meds on time and cut down on drinking. I promise.” I lean my head on her shoulder so she doesn’t see the blatant lies in my eyes. “But only if you FaceTime me every day for at least three hours.”

“Promise?”

“Promise.” I push away reluctantly and jut my chin in the direction opposite us. “Now go to your man and do your magic before he kills the guys who surrounded us on the dance floor.”

Her eyes light up, and then her entire body angles toward a tall, broad guy with full sleeves of tattoos. A personality that’s completely contrary to hers. And, wait for it, he’s an *actual* Russian mafia prince in New York.

Jeremy has been keeping his distance, but he’s been following us around from the get-go. Like, everywhere. I’m sure the only reason he didn’t glue himself to Cecily is because she asked him for some alone time with me.

Although he’s standing across the room, his entire attention is on her. His dark eyes meet hers, and in that fraction of a second, I don’t see a scary motherfucker with a reputation that sends people running. I see a man who loves my friend as furiously as she loves him. A man who’d level the world to the ground just to protect her.

“Want us to give you a lift?” she asks, ripping her gaze from him with obvious effort.

“I drove.”

“But you’re drunk.”

“I only had half a shot and you snatched it away before I could finish it. I’m perfectly sober.”

“No, you’re not.”

“I’ll call an Uber.”

“That’s not exactly safe.”

“I’ll ask Papa’s chauffeur to pick me up. Is that safe enough?”

“I guess. I’d rather we take you home.”

“I’ll be fine.”

“You sure?”

“Just go before Jeremy hates me some more for daring to occupy your time.”

“Since when do you care what he thinks of you?”

“I don’t. I care about you, and you love the twat, so I have to put up with him.”

She gives me a quick hug. “Love you. Let’s watch *Bridget Jones’s Diary* tomorrow, deal?”

“Deal.”

“Text me when you get home.”

“Yes, Mum.” I salute.

She gives a subtle shake of her head before she moves in Jeremy’s direction. Cecily chances one last look at me, her brows drawing together, and I can see her contemplating either staying or forcing me to go home early like a granny.

I fake my best smile and send her kisses. Before she can change her mind, Jeremy appears in front of her like a mountain. His hand slips to her lower back with subtle possessiveness and he drops a quick but passionate kiss on her mouth that makes her forget about me.

Only momentarily, though, because she keeps looking at me as he hauls her out of the club, warding off any unwanted attention.

She deserves all of that and more. If there’s anyone in the world who’s owed happiness and a man who only brightens up when she’s around, it’s