

I'M TRAPPED BY THE DEVIL.



GOD OF WRATH

LEGACY  OF GODS

USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR
RINA KENT

GOD OF WRATH

LEGACY OF GODS SERIES BOOK 3

RINA KENT

God of Wrath Copyright © 2022 by Rina Kent

All rights reserved.

No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, scanning, or otherwise without written permission from the publisher. It is illegal to copy this book, post it to a website, or distribute it by any other means without permission, except for the use of brief quotations in a book review.

This novel is entirely a work of fiction. The names, characters and incidents portrayed in it are the work of the author's imagination. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, events or localities is entirely coincidental.

ALSO BY RINA KENT

ROYAL ELITE SERIES

[Cruel King](#)

[Deviant King](#)

[Steel Princess](#)

[Twisted Kingdom](#)

[Black Knight](#)

[Vicious Prince](#)

[Ruthless Empire](#)

[Royal Elite Epilogue](#)

LEGACY OF GODS SERIES

[God of Malice](#)

[God of Pain](#)

[God of Wrath](#)

God of Ruin

God of Fury

God of War

EMPIRE SERIES

Empire of Desire

Empire of Sin

Empire of Hate

Empire of Lust

LIES & TRUTHS DUET

All The Lies

All The Truths

THORNS DUET

Yellow Thorns (Free Prequel)

Red Thorns

Black Thorns

KINGDOM DUET

Rule of a Kingdom (Free Prequel)

Reign of a King

Rise of a Queen

THRONE DUET

Throne of Power

Throne of Vengeance

MONSTER TRILOGY

Blood of My Monster

Lies of My Monster

Heart of My Monster

DECEPTION TRILOGY

Dark Deception (Free Prequel)

Vow of Deception

Tempted by Deception

Consumed by Deception

To anti-heroes and villains.

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, dubcon and mentions of sexual assault. I trust you know your triggers before you proceed.

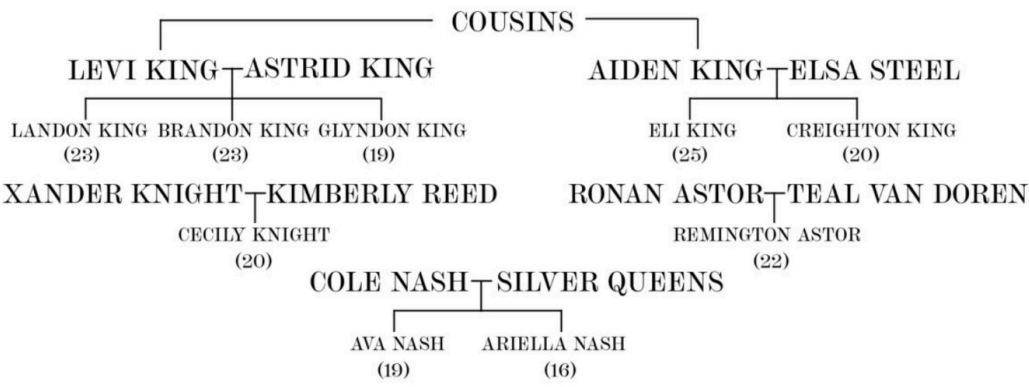
God of Wrath is a complete STANDALONE.

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

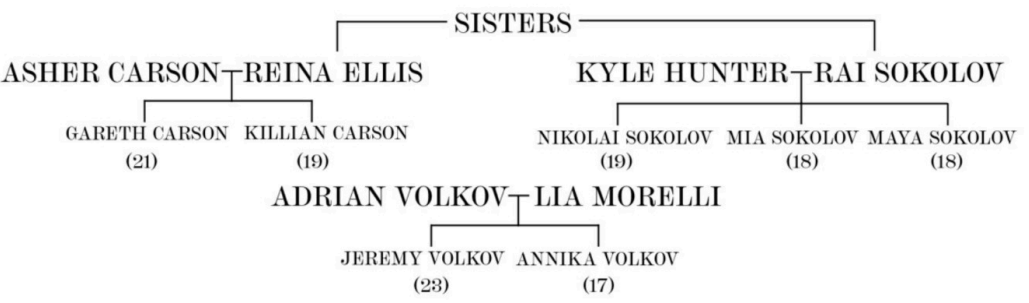
LEGACY OF GODS TREE

LEGACY OF GODS TREE

ROYAL ELITE UNIVERSITY



THE KING’S U’S COLLEGE



BLURB

I'm trapped by the devil.

What started as an innocent mistake turned into actual hell.

In my defense, I didn't mean to get involved with a mafia prince.

But he barged through my defenses anyway.

He stalked me from the shadows and stole me from the life I know.

Jeremy Volkov might appear charming, but a true predator lurks inside.

He's out to possess, own, and keep me.

But I have no plans to stick around in his blood-soaked world.

Or so I think.

PLAYLIST

Love and War – Fleurie
Another Love – Tom Odell
We Have It All – Pim Stones
Save Me – Emily Brophy
Blindfold – Sleeping Wolf
Madness – Tribal Blood
Every Breath You Take – Chase Holfelder
I Want You to Want Me – Chase Holfelder
Young Beast – Wold's First Cinema
Moth To A Flame – The Weekend & Swedish House Mafia
Certain Things – James Arthur & Chasing Grace
Losing You – James Arthur
Compliance – Muse
Russian Roulette – Rihanna

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

CECILY

his is a mistake.

The worst of all.

The most disastrous of all.

Maybe even the deadliest.

I shift in place, sweating behind my mask. My T-shirt and jeans stick to my heated skin until it's almost too unbearable.

I inhale sharp breaths into my starved lungs, but I might as well be consuming smoke. My fingers itch to touch the mask or readjust the wig that digs into my skull.

After careful consideration, I don't.

This place must be filled with surveillance cameras, and the last thing I want is to catch these people's attention.

Not when I'm not supposed to be here. Behind enemy lines.

T My gaze flits sideways discreetly as I methodically alternate between breathing through my nose and mouth.

The sledgehammer of dusk starts to tilt on the horizon, splashing a hint of orange behind the gray clouds.

An eerie sensation coats the thick air and trickles into my bones. No one aside from me seems focused on the sun's ceremonial descent or the bold silhouette of danger this place is coated with.

On either side of me stand people wearing similar white masks with black numbers written on their foreheads.

I was one of the first to be allowed inside the Chamber of Decadence and my number is twenty-three. I stand in the second row that, like the first, has twenty people.

No, *students*.

There are four rows, and the fifth is steadily being filled by the other participants who've been directed inside the gothic-like mansion by burly men in black suits and grotesque bunny masks.

Slashes of red crack their masks at the mouth and surround the holes where their blank eyes show. But the part that made me stiffen, aside from their sharp, dirty teeth, was how the one at the entrance double-checked the invitation QR code on my phone.

I was so sure he'd figure out that I stole someone else's invitation and was trespassing where I shouldn't be.

Despite the brown wig I wore to cover my attention-grabbing silver hair, the gray contacts, and thick-framed glasses, I wasn't confident I'd go unnoticed.

Still, I didn't speak to avoid giving away my British accent.

After all, The King's U is an all-American school, and we from Royal Elite University are easily picked out from a crowd.

Especially one we're not supposed to be part of.

Like this initiation.

The bunny gave me a hard stare, definitely longer than the one he directed at the other participants, but he eventually strapped a numbered mask on my face and a tag on my wrist with the same number.

I had to leave my phone, keys, and glasses with his bunny friend before I was allowed inside.

And now, I wait, with about eighty-five others. Make that eighty-seven.

I know because I counted.

That's what I do when my nerves are about to slice open my veins and spill my blood onto the ground. I count.

I also study my surroundings—watching, observing, and searching for a way out.

That's the part that made me think I'd made a mistake.

This place isn't designed with an escape route in mind. Once you're in, you're doomed. Physically. Mentally.

Emotionally.

After all, this mansion belongs to the Heathens. One of two notorious clubs at The King's U that simmers with corrupted power, infinite wealth, and mafia ties.

In fact, the majority of its members either belong to the Russian mafia or have ties to it.

All the students who showed up today are from TKU—except for me—and are thirsting after a smidgeon of that power. A glimmer of the monstrosity.

It's a privilege to receive an invitation to the Heathens' initiation that takes place twice a year, at the beginning of every semester.

The chances of actually being accepted into the club are about one percent. Not only do these types of initiations get brutal, but the founding members are also highly selective.

Safe to say, I'm not here for any medal or a real chance to get into the club. They'll kick me out the moment they find out who I am anyway.

My sole purpose is to get information about their inner workings, their security, and to gather as much intel about their members and the property as I possibly can.

Now, the likelihood of my doing that without drawing attention to myself is probably about five percent, which is admittedly low.

But I have a superpower.

Invisibility.

If I choose to, I can slip unnoticed into any situation. All I have to do is remain silent, blend into the background, and move seamlessly.

The creaking of the gate wrenches me from my busy thoughts, announcing the end of the admittance process.

A hundred students line up in five neat rows. Some are completely silent like me, others murmur and chat among themselves. Many are even joking, elbowing, and nudging their friends.

Words like 'excited,' 'can't wait,' and 'finally' float in the gloomy air with the energy of a distorted lullaby.

Everything about this place reeks of distortion. Some of that sensation has to do with the fact that the mansion the Heathens use as their compound is vast, old, has cathedral vibes, and could be used to perform satanic rituals.

It stands tall with three stories, separate wings, and two eastern towers that I suppose are used for surveillance.

A haunting quality flows within and around its walls in correspondence with the notorious reputation the club has.

Considering the fact that the mansion is situated off-campus, and therefore has more land than dormitories, it's huge and, most importantly, secluded.

A large forest surrounds the property, but from what I've heard, it's all wired, surveilled, and no other soul aside from the Heathens, or whomever they invite, is allowed access.

The double doors with demon-like knobs barge open and countless men in bunny masks rush outside in a sea of terror.

Not a word is spoken, but the combination of quickening footsteps, deformed sights, and the number of people involved is enough to make me freeze.

They circle us in systematic order, their Halloween-esque masks serving as the only features they project onto the world. Thirty-five. That's how many there are.

And they're all huge, burly, and definitely guards.

Because, of course, the members of the Heathens have their own security. They're mafia princes after all, with empires of blood to go back to.

Their parents wouldn't allow them to go to university without security shadowing their every move.

The casual chatter comes to a halt when the double doors on the top floor swing open and five people dressed in black stroll out to the balcony.

All eyes focus on them.

Every face, every breath, and every bit of human attention is on the Heathens' main members, who look down on us like we're peasants.

Neon purge-style masks cover their features, each a different color. Red, white, green, yellow, and orange.

And since it's near dusk and cloudy as usual in England, the colors pop against everything black.

A bad pop.

A spine-chilling pop.

A pop that would make anyone remember those colors and masks should they meet them in the dark.

Static fills the air before a distorted voice speaks.

"Congratulations for making it to the Heathens' highly competitive initiation. You are the selected elite the leaders of the club think are worthy of joining their world of power and connections. The price to pay for such privileges is higher than money, status, or name. The reason everyone wears a mask is because you are all the same in the eyes of the club's founders. The price of becoming a Heathen is handing over your life. In a literal sense of the word. If you aren't willing to pay that, please exit through the small door to your left. Once you leave, you'll lose any chance to join us again."

A door beside the big gate opens, and exactly ten participants exit with their heads bowed.

The remaining ninety don't move from their spots. After all, everyone came here with the promise of power and positions that would benefit not only their university life, but also their futures afterward.

I would've left as well, if I hadn't made a promise, but I did, and I need to keep my word.

The voice rings out around us again, definitely from overhead. "Congratulations again, ladies and gentlemen. We shall now begin our initiation."