



MY HUSBAND. MY VILLAIN.

TEMPTED BY DECEPTION

NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLING AUTHOR

RINA KENT

TEMPTED BY DECEPTION

DECEPTION TRILOGY BOOK 2

RINA KENT

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He Hates Me

He Hates Me Not

To 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.

Tempted by Deception is the second book of a trilogy and is not standalone.

Deception Trilogy:

#0 [Dark Deception](#) (Free Prequel)

#1 [Vow of Deception](#)

#2 [Tempted by Deception](#)

#3 [Consumed by Deception](#)

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BLURB

My husband. My villain.

We started with death and blood.

We started with games and carnal pleasure.

Adrian and I shouldn't have been together.

He's wrong.

I'm wrong.

What we have is the epitome disaster.

Yet, it's impossible to stop.

My husband will either destroy me or I'll destroy him.

PLAYLIST

Hate Myself – NF
Peace of mind – Villain of the Story
Drown – Bring Me The Horizon
M.I.N.E – Five Finger Death Punch
How to Save a Life – The Fray
Gasoline – Halsey
Worlds Apart – The Faim
I'll Be Good – Jaymes Young
I Know How to Speak – Manchester Orchestra
Sorry for Now – Linkin Park
The Light Behind Your Eyes – My Chemical Romance
Fake Your Death – My Chemical Romance
Roses – Awaken I Am
Follow Your Fire – Kodamine
Lion – Hollywood Undead
Only Us – DYLYN
Choke – Royal & the Serpent

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

PROLOGUE - ADRIAN

AGE SEVEN

ou'll do as you're told."

I nod once.

It's better to be obedient when my mother is in this state—or any state, really.

She's been pacing the length of our small apartment for a few minutes, staring at her phone one second and typing on it the

“Y

next.
My feet dangle as I sit on the tall chair in our living room that smells of burnt food because Mom hates cooking and she's terrible at it. My book, *The Nutcracker*, lies on my lap, although I haven't been able to read due to Mom's mood. It's snowing, the window covered with a dusting of white, like in the Christmas movies, but the fireplace offers some warmth from the outside cold.

My mother, who's tall and slender, always goes to the gym, leaving me alone at home, so she can keep her 'shape' after 'I ruined it' when I was born. I don't know what that means, but she says things like that all the time. She's wearing a tight blouse with an elegant skirt, and her blonde hair is pulled up in a bun.

Her lips are blood red and her earrings are long and dangle to her neck like tinsel at Christmas, which I celebrated with my father and his wife, Aunt

Annika, this year. Mom spent the entire month after throwing things at me, but it was worth it.

Mom hates Aunt Annika. She does and says stuff that hurts her, like how she can't even have a baby. My stepmom says nothing in front of Mom, and sometimes even smiles, which makes my mother more furious. But I often see Aunt Annika crying alone in her room. I stand beside her and pat her hand. Sometimes that's enough to make her stop.

Mom doesn't let up, though. She even asks me to search for things when I'm at Dad's house that she can use to hurt Aunt Annika.

I don't want Aunt Annika in pain. She bakes cakes for me and gives me sips of her tea. She takes me outside for walks and buys me gloves and scarves to protect 'my little body,' as she says, from the cold. She hugs me, too, and kisses my cheeks.

Mom never does that.

Because of her job at the hospital, Mom isn't home much. But I am. After I get in from school, I spend a lot of time all alone. It's scary at night because I think the monster under my bed will come out.

Mom says that's nonsense and the real monster is Aunt Annika. Because of that 'bitch,' she can't be with Dad.

Over time, I've given Mom false information since I don't want Aunt Annika hurt. When Mom found out, she slapped me, and once, she smeared my face with red pepper powder. It burned so much that I saw stars, but I didn't cry. Mom and Dad don't like it when I cry.

Mom says Dad is a powerful man and that I need to listen to him and her. But Aunt Annika told me it's better not to listen to everything Dad says.

"Is it because he's powerful?" I asked while she was reading a book to me after helping with my homework.

A shadow passed over her features as she smiled. Her smile is always sad, not like Mom's which looks like a cartoon bad guy's. "Because he's dangerous, *malyshonuk*."

"Like the bad guy in the cartoon?"

"Mm-hmm."

“But Mommy says he’s powerful.”

“In a bad way.” She wrapped her arms around me. “I wish I could take you and leave, my sweet pie.”

I wished that, too. I also wished she was my mother. At least she never hurts me and she makes me feel comfortable. At least she likes me.

Mom doesn’t.

“What did that whore tell you?” Mom asks me with a harsh tone and I flinch. I don’t like it when she calls Aunt Annika that.

“Nothing.” My voice is small.

She stomps toward me and I tighten my hold on the book, waiting for the slap, as usual. No matter how much she hits me, I’ll never get used to it. I hate the pain that comes with it, but most of all, I hate that she doesn’t treat me like most mothers treat their children.

Sometimes, I ask Aunt Annika why she’s not my mother instead, and she just smiles in that sad way.

Mom doesn’t slap me this time, but she bunches her fingers in my shirt and lifts me up by it. Up close, she’s pretty in a scary kind of way. Like witches from cartoons. “Tell me what she said, you little fucker!”

I can’t breathe.

It’s not the first time I haven’t been able to breathe. Mom used to place a pillow over my face when she caught me crying to make me stop.

That’s why I don’t do it anymore. That’s why I want to get used to pain, so I won’t need to cry.

The book that Aunt Annika bought me falls to the floor with a thud as I grab Mom’s hands with my smaller ones, trying to remove them.

“M-Mom...”

Her expression doesn’t change as she stares down at me. “You think you’re in pain, you fucking bastard? How about the pain I went through to give birth to you? Do you believe I wanted an illegitimate child? I’m Dominika Alekseev, first in my class at Harvard Medical School, and yet, I sacrificed myself. Instead of aborting your bastard existence, I gave birth to your father’s fucking spawn so he’d leave that bitch. But did he? No. She’s

some fucking nobility, after all, and holds more value to him, even childless. So don't sit there thinking you mean anything except to serve as a bridge between me and your father. You are *my* son, as unwanted as you are, and you will not take that bitch's side over mine or I will fucking kill you. I will finish the life I gave you. Understand?"

She shoves me against the chair and I suck in a long gulp of air, gasping and wheezing. The wood digs against my side and a stray splinter stabs into my arm. Tiny droplets of blood appear on the surface of my skin before sliding down onto the book.

I rush forward, falling to my knees on the wood floor, and wipe the cover of *The Nutcracker* with the back of my hand.

Mom yanks the book from my fingers.

"Mom, no!"

Her head tilts to the side. "She gave you this, didn't she?"

I shake my head once.

"Don't lie to me. She's the only idiot who loves this trash." A sly smile paints her lips as she opens it and positions her hands to tear it. "Are you going to tell me what she said?"

"I...she..."

"What?"

I don't want her to rip my book, but I also don't want to tell her about Aunt Annika.

"Fine, then, you little bastard."

"No!" I lunge toward her. "She...she said we'd go on a vacation."

She raises a brow. "Vacation? Where?"

"Russia."

She laughs, her perfect white teeth showing under the red lipstick. The sound is so loud that I want to place both hands on my ears and not listen to her anymore.

"Well, well. The model good girl plans on leaving." Still clutching the book, she retrieves her phone and walks to the fireplace.

Mom stares at the book and mutters, "Trash," and throws it into the burning flames.

I spring forward, trying to get it back, but the fire has already eaten it. Tears sting my eyes and I hit Mom's leg. "You said you'd leave my book alone!"

"I lied. Now, hush." She pushes me away and I fall on my butt on the floor beside her. The sting makes me wince, but I learned to mask it quickly.

Mom places the phone to her ear and a hand on her hip. "There's a change of plans... Yes...an accident...tonight..."

After she hangs up, she turns around to face me with a triumphant smile, the one that looks like the bad guy. "You finally proved your worth, tiny bastard."

"Are you going to let me go to see Aunt Annika this weekend?"

"Nope."

"But Dad said..."

"Your dad won't be taking her side anymore, Adrian. Because no matter how long he stays with her and no matter how much Bitch Annika and I worship at his feet, only one person matters to him. The one person who will carry on his legacy." She tilts her head to the side. "*You.*"

I stand up, meeting her head-on. "Dad said I could spend the weekend with Aunt Annika."

"You won't be able to anymore."

"Why not?"

She leans in to whisper in my face. "Because your beloved Annika is finally going to disappear."

"No..." Tears stream down my cheeks. All I can think about is her smile, even the sad one, the hugs, and how much she cares about me. She can't disappear and leave me with Mom and Dad.

"Yes. It's about time she does." Her phone rings again and she smiles. "That was faster than I expected."

I watch her as she listens to someone on the other end. Her brows draw together and her red lips twist. The weight in my chest lifts as if it were never

there. When Mom is mad, it means Aunt Annika is safe.

“No, Georgy can’t suspect anything... Yes...I will think of a way to keep him preoccupied.”

After she hangs up, she stares at the fireplace, hand back on her hip and her fingers balled around the phone.

“Is Aunt Annika all right?” I ask in a low voice.

She turns around abruptly, as if she’s forgotten I was there. I don’t like the spark in her eyes or the slight smirk on her lips. “How could I not think of this? The best way to keep Georgy occupied is you, my little bastard.”

When she slowly approaches me, I stumble, stepping back, not wanting her to hit me again. My legs bump against the coffee table and I end up landing on my butt.

Mom stops in front of me, her shadow falling over me and blocking the light from the fire. “Why are you running away from me?”

She glides her nails over my cheek, then into my hair, but she’s not caressing it like Aunt Annika does when putting me to sleep. Mom’s hand is cold like the look on her face.

It’s like being in Russia during the freezing winter.

Mom grabs my arm and I remain still as a stone, unable to move. She dials a number on her phone and snuffles a little before she puts it to her ear. “Oh, Georgy! What to do about Adrian?”

She pauses and I can hear Dad’s frantic curses in Russian from the other end.

Tears slide down Mom’s cheeks. She always cries when talking to Dad, even though her expression right now is still like the bad guy’s.

“He...he fell down and broke his arm...I don’t know what to do! Please come over, please!”

More curses from my father. More Russian.

“Oh, my baby!!” Mom shrieks and hangs up, sniffing, then just like that, her expression turns to normal. “Now, Adrian, you wouldn’t mind making a little sacrifice for your mother’s happily ever after, would you?”

Before I can say anything, she closes her hand around my arm and twists it in the opposite direction, hard.

An ugly pop echoes in the air and I shriek.