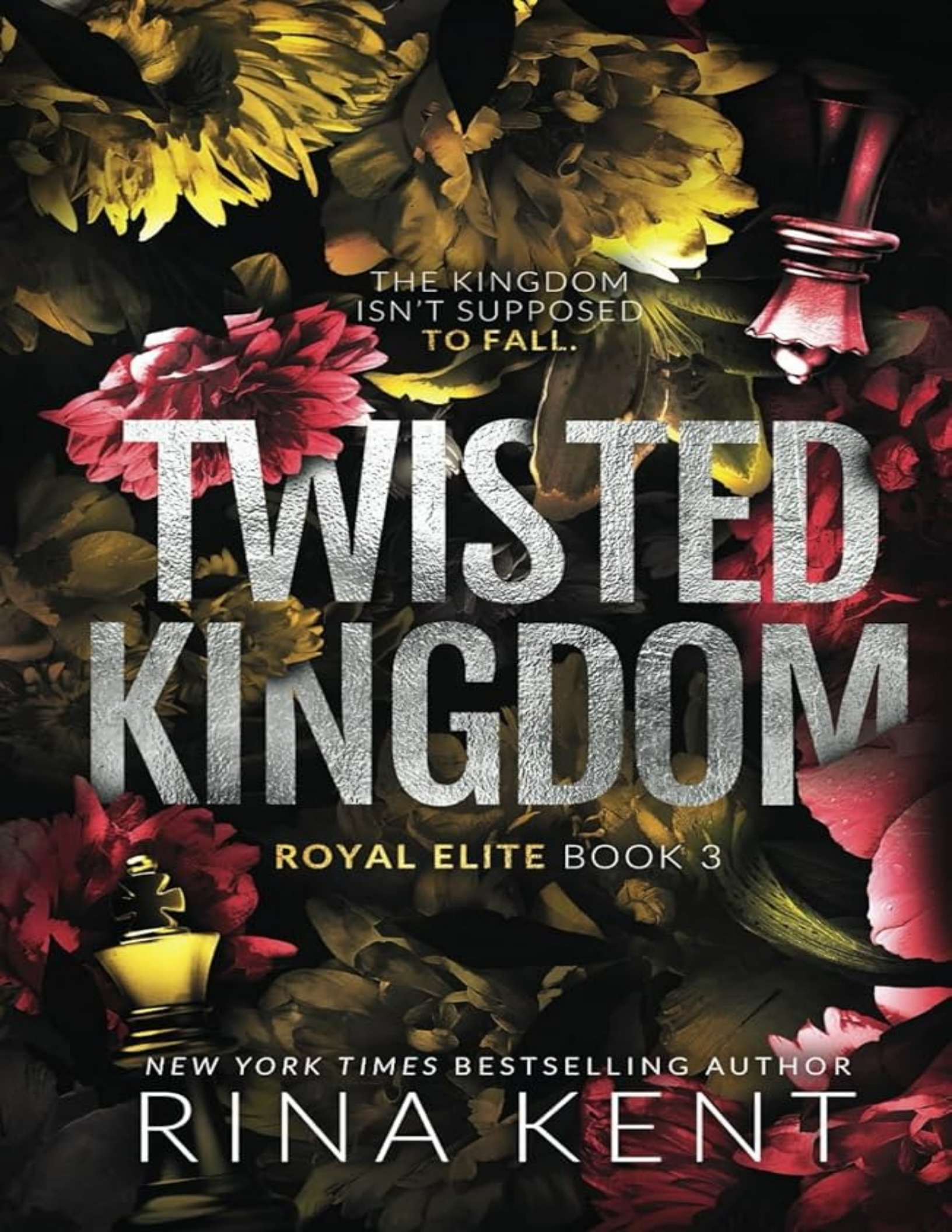


The book cover features a dark, moody background filled with a dense arrangement of flowers. Large, vibrant yellow chrysanthemums are at the top, while deep red dahlias and roses are scattered throughout the lower half. Interspersed among the petals are several ornate, metallic-looking chandelier or lamp shades in shades of red and gold. The overall aesthetic is gothic and opulent.

THE KINGDOM
ISN'T SUPPOSED
TO FALL.

TWISTED KINGDOM

ROYAL ELITE BOOK 3

NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLING AUTHOR

RINA KENT

TWISTED KINGDOM

ROYAL ELITE BOOK THREE

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ROYAL ELITE BOOK THREE

RINA KENT

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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

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ROYAL ELITE SERIES

Cruel King (Standalone)

Deviant King

Steel Princess

Twisted Kingdom

Black Knight

Vicious Prince

Ruthless Empire

LIES & TRUTHS DUET

All The Lies

All The Truths

To the survivors.

AUTHOR NOTE

To remain true to the characters and the author's origins, the vocabulary, grammar, and spelling of *Twisted Kingdom* is written in British English.

Twisted Kingdom is a dark high school bully romance, mature new adult, and contains dubious situations that some readers might find triggering or offensive.

If you're looking for a hero, Aiden is NOT it. If you, however, have been itching for a villain, then by all means, welcome to Aiden King's world.

This book is the final part of a trilogy and is NOT standalone.

Royal Elite Series:

#1 [Deviant King](#)

#2 [Steel Princess](#)

#3 [Twisted Kingdom](#)

Royal Elite full-length standalone:

[Cruel King](#)

Don't forget to Sign up to Rina Kent's [Newsletter](#) for news about future releases and an exclusive gift.

BLURB



The kingdom isn't supposed to fall.

The truth screws you over before it sets you free.

Masks drop.

Secrets unravel.

Elsa's race after the past blinds her from the present.

I'll fight for her.

I'll bring her back.

I'll protect her even if it's the last thing I do.

We made a promise.

She's mine.

Are you ready for one final game, sweetheart?

PLAYLIST



I Fell In Love With The Devil – Avril Lavigne

Paradise – Coldplay

Church – Coldplay

Daddy – Coldplay

In My Place – Coldplay

Things We Lost In The Fire – Bastille

Another Place – Bastille & Alessia Cara

Torn Apart – Bastille Vs GRADES

Every Second – From Ashes to New & Eva Under Fire

Natural – Imagine Dragons.

Death of Me – PVRIS

Blood // Water – grandson

Of These Chains - Red

Night Of The Hunter – Thirty Seconds To Mars

Fallout – UNSECRET & Neoni

Numb – 8 Graves

The Fighter – In This Moment
Mother Tongue – Bring Me The Horizon
Grave – Wage War
How It Feels to Be Lost – Sleeping With Sirens

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

AIDEN

P*ast*

We will always be together. You're the reason I'm alive, Aiden.

My mother's voice drifts in my head like warmth in the middle of the cold.

The shackle rattles and protests as I pull my legs to my chest. The freezing floor sends icy bursts through my entire body, but I don't have the energy to stand up.

My toes are numb. The welts on my back burn. The red marks left by my ankle cuff have deepened to purple.

I think that's bad.

What seems like hours pass, and I still don't have the energy to stand up, let alone take a closer look at my wound. My upper body slumps to the cold floor. The ground smells like the stables at my father's friend's house.

My teeth chatter and I bite my lip several times, trying to stop it.

"Mum..." I whisper in the pitch-black room.

She said we have a special mother-son bond, and she can feel my pain. My mother knows the day I'll fall sick before I even wake up. She must be feeling my pain now. She must be crying.

I don't like it when Mum cries, but I want her to find me.

This place isn't like any I've been in before. This place hurts.

My stomach growls like an animal.

I press my hand to it, but that doesn't quiet the sound. If anything, it turns louder and higher as if taunting me.

I lick my dry, cracked lips and stare at the empty bottle of water at my feet. It's the only thing I've had since being separated from Xander and Cole.

Are they hungry as well? Were they also hurt by the red woman?

I don't know how much time I've spent in this dark, dirty place, but it's been long enough that my stomach has been growling non-stop for what feels like hours.

If I don't eat soon, I won't have the strength to open my eyes, let alone stand up and search for a way out.

Mum is waiting for me.

She becomes sad when I'm not with her, and I hate it when Mum is sad.

The door squeaks as it cracks open. I jerk up and flinch when the hard stone wall cuts into my bruised back, but that's the least of my worries.

The red woman is back.

The chain lies all around me. I grasp the cuff and pull with the little energy I have left. I know it won't come off. I know I'm just scraping my skin, but it's all I can do.

If I don't get out of this, the red woman will hurt me again.

She'll beat me.

She'll make my skin burn.

Soft light appears in the otherwise dark room, blinding me. I squint as the echo of footsteps comes closer.

There's no clicking of the red woman's high heels.

My breathing slows down a notch and my grip loosens from around the cuff.

With the light between us, a peaceful face comes into view. A white halo surrounds her, complete with her white cotton dress and bunny shoes.

An angel.

She's like the angel statue Mum has in our garden.

She's the same girl from the other time. I think it was yesterday.

Since she's wearing sleeping clothes, it must be night time again.

She drops the light on the floor and crouches in front of me. Her little hands are dragging a heavy bag behind her, but I don't focus on the sound or

her bag.

I focus on her.

The girl who looks exactly like one of Silver and Kimberly's dolls. The girl with golden blonde hair and sparkly blue eyes watching me with a frown.

The girl with milky white skin and flushed red cheeks.

Do they make Silver and Kimberly's dolls into real people who can move and drag things?

She waves a hand in front of my face, the two lines between her brows deepening. "Can you hear me?"

"Are you real?" My voice sounds far away as if I'm speaking from another room.

I touched her yesterday. I grabbed her hand and asked her to help me, but maybe I'm seeing ghosts.

Maybe I'm becoming like my mother when she can't sleep at night.

Maybe the red woman is trying to torture me again.

"Of course I'm real, silly." She grins, showcasing a missing tooth.

Okay, Silver and Kimberly's dolls don't have missing teeth.

She retrieves a smaller bag and unveils a napkin. The scent of bread and Marmite hits me straight in the stomach. The growling sound can be heard from another continent.

"I brought you —"

I snatch the piece of bread from between her fingers before she has the chance to finish the sentence.

If my father saw me eating right now, he'd yell at me for my lacking manners. I don't even chew, I don't wait for the first bite to go down before snatching the next one.

"I'm sorry. These were the only things I could find in the kitchen this late."

The girl approaches me carefully. I turn away from her like a starving dog protecting his food.

She rises and wraps something fluffy and warm around my shoulders. "It's freezing in here."

I stare at her while munching on a piece of bread. I cough and choke on the bite.

She reaches into her wonder bag and brings out a bottle of water. I grab it from her and drink half of it in one go.

The cold liquid soothes my scratchy throat like honey. I miss the honey sandwiches Margo used to make for me.

I go back to devouring my bread. I start to taste the Marmite near the end.

Something warm connects with my skin and I pause chewing to stare at the girl again.

She's wiping my face with a wet cotton cloth, but the more she wipes the more her expression falls.

Her fingers comb through my tangled hair then she glides the cloth over my arm, forcing me to eat with one hand.

A fat tear slides down her cheek. I swallow the last bite of bread and remain completely still.

Why is she crying? Did I do something wrong? Is it because I told her that she's not real?

"I know you're real." My voice is less scratchy than before. "Don't cry."

"I'm sorry them monsters did this to you. They took Eli, but don't worry." Her palm flattens on my cheek, determination shining in her sparkling blue eyes. "I won't allow them to take you, too."

AIDEN

P*resent*

This is the worst fucking scenario that could've happened. The disaster part is, I didn't see it coming — and I always see things coming.

The most catastrophic mistake any general can make is to feel comfortable and ignore the outside world.

Today I was blinded by Elsa and her closeness, I was over my head with irrational feelings and thoughts and I didn't try to control them.

Elsa has that effect on me; she has the power to fuck up the best-laid plans ever set.

After last night, I wanted her to have a peaceful birthday without allowing the outside world to ruin it.

Result: I've been caught off guard.

Ethan Steel is alive and he's standing in the middle of the Meet Up's lounge area — a place my mother considered a sanctuary.

Elsa hasn't taken her gaze off him since the moment he walked in. Her blue eyes have widened and her jaw has nearly hit the floor. I don't think she even notices it, but her limbs slightly tremble as if she can't control her reaction.

Jonathan isn't holding up better. His menacing gaze studies Ethan like he's watching a demon rise from the ashes. Judging by the tightening of his jaw, he wasn't expecting to see Ethan alive.

Ever.

Elsa's father just shuffled all the chess pieces by showing up from the dead like a fucking ghost.

Queens stands at the entrance, shrinking against the wall. She holds onto her phone with a death grip and watches the scene unfold like it's a freak show.

I'll deal with her later for not letting me know about Jonathan's arrival and for having Elsa find out about the engagement this way.

Jonathan must've shown up at her doorstep unannounced and made it impossible for her to refuse, but she could've sent a fucking text.

Life as she knows it will crush to pieces. I'll make sure of it.

My attention slides to Van Doren who stands beside Ethan with a proud smirk on his bruised lips.

The fucker.

I knew there was something up with him since the first time he walked into RES, integrating himself into Elsa's life like a parasite.

I just didn't know he was part of Ethan Steel's plan.

Well played, old man. Well fucking played.

"It's you... Dad." Elsa's haunted whisper echoes in the walls, surrounding us like a prayer.

There's an innocent sparkle in her eyes reminiscent of her childhood. Seeing her father again has pushed her ten years back in time.

She's again the seven years old girl who always brought up her father in every conversation.

She called him her superhero.

Her invincible hero.

Now he's back and he'll take her away from me after I've finally found her.

Who the fuck does he think he is to waltz in after ten years of playing dead and take away what's mine?

It's time for us to go home?

Fuck no.

Fucking never.

“Yes, princess. It’s me.” He smiles with so much warmth, I want to poke his eyes out and shove him back to the grave he crawled out of.

It is him, I recognised him as the man rather than Elsa’s father.

Ethan Steel — Jonathan’s former friend and most worthy rival.

He’s aged since the last time I saw him, but he still has the same black tailored suits style as Jonathan. He still sports his chestnut hair slicked back with purpose and power; he still wears Prada shoes and diamond cuffs and a watch that costs a third world country’s yearly budget.

He’s Steel Empire’s emperor back for his heir.

Elsa’s bottom lip trembles as if she’s about to cry, but there are no tears. When I look closer, I can almost see Ethan’s reflection in her electric blue eyes.

She takes a shaky step forward. Her damp blond strands stick to her face and wet clothes, but I’d bet one of my limbs she’s not trembling because of the cold.

I grab her arm, stopping her from taking another step. She doesn’t acknowledge me and continues to try getting to her father.

“Get your hands off of my daughter. *Now.*” Ethan orders in an authoritative tone that would’ve scared any other person.

Ethan isn’t a man to be taken lightly. He’s as ruthless as Jonathan, if not more. If he puts someone in his sight, he won’t stop until that person is eradicated. The fact that he rose from the dead is one more proof of his ruthless personality.

But he doesn’t scare me.

The only person I care about is this beautiful girl who won’t even acknowledge my existence.

“Let her go, Aiden,” Jonathan finally speaks.

I tune him out. “Elsa, look at me.”

She doesn’t.

I stroke my thumb along her arm, caressing softly. “Sweetheart, look at me.”

“Are you engaged to Silver?” Elsa continues staring at her father, but her words are directed at me.

The sudden question stops me in my tracks. How do I answer this without triggering her ugly side?

“It’s not what you—”

“Yes or no?” She cuts me off, still not sparing me a glance.

I grind my molars at the apathetic way she’s addressing me. I can’t blame her, but my brain crowds with only one thought: throw her over my shoulder and get her the fuck out of here.

I’m restraining myself only because she’s reuniting with her father and will never forgive me for taking her away. And while I don’t give a fuck about him or anyone else in this room, I give lots of fucks about her.

“Elsa, there’s so much you need to know,” I speak in my calmest tone.

“It’s a simple question, Aiden. Yes or no?”

“Yes.” My left eye twitches as I say the word.

Elsa goes completely still; she doesn’t even blink.

I expect her to turn around and hit me. I would let her. If it’ll help her blow off steam, I’ll let her hit me all she likes. As long as she finally fucking faces me, I’m ready to do just about anything.

She jerks her arm out of my grip. My hand curls into a fist by my side, but I don’t grab her again.

It guts me to have her close and not touch her, but if I reach out for her, I’m really kidnapping her the fuck out of here.

All the shaking from earlier disappears. Her spine jerks upright, and her chin lifts high as she takes purposeful strides in her father’s direction. Away from me.

“Elsa.” Her name leaves my lips like a pained growl.

“Let’s go home,” she tells her father with such determination, it echoes around the room.

Ethan wraps an arm around his daughter’s shoulders. She snuggles to his side like a kitten.

He nods in our direction. “Looking forward to crushing you, Jonathan.”