

JANE S. WONDA



VERY
BAD
KINGS

KINGSTON UNIVERSITY
FIRST SEMESTER

Jane S. Wonda

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KINGSTON UNIVERSITY SERIES – PART 1



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For all those who always see the good and dream of the bad.



Your naked body should only belong to those
who fall in love with your naked soul.
Charlie Chaplin



SOUNDTRACK

The Magic of Kingston

Mae | Berlinist

Very Bad Kings

Sharks Don't Sleep | Berlinist

Sylvian

Tanz für mich | Provinz

So Many Secrets

Kingdom of Burmecia | TPR

The Game Has Only Begun

Blood // Water | grandson

Mable & Harper

La Vie En Rose | Emily Watts

Jaxon and the Kings

We are Gods | Audiomachine

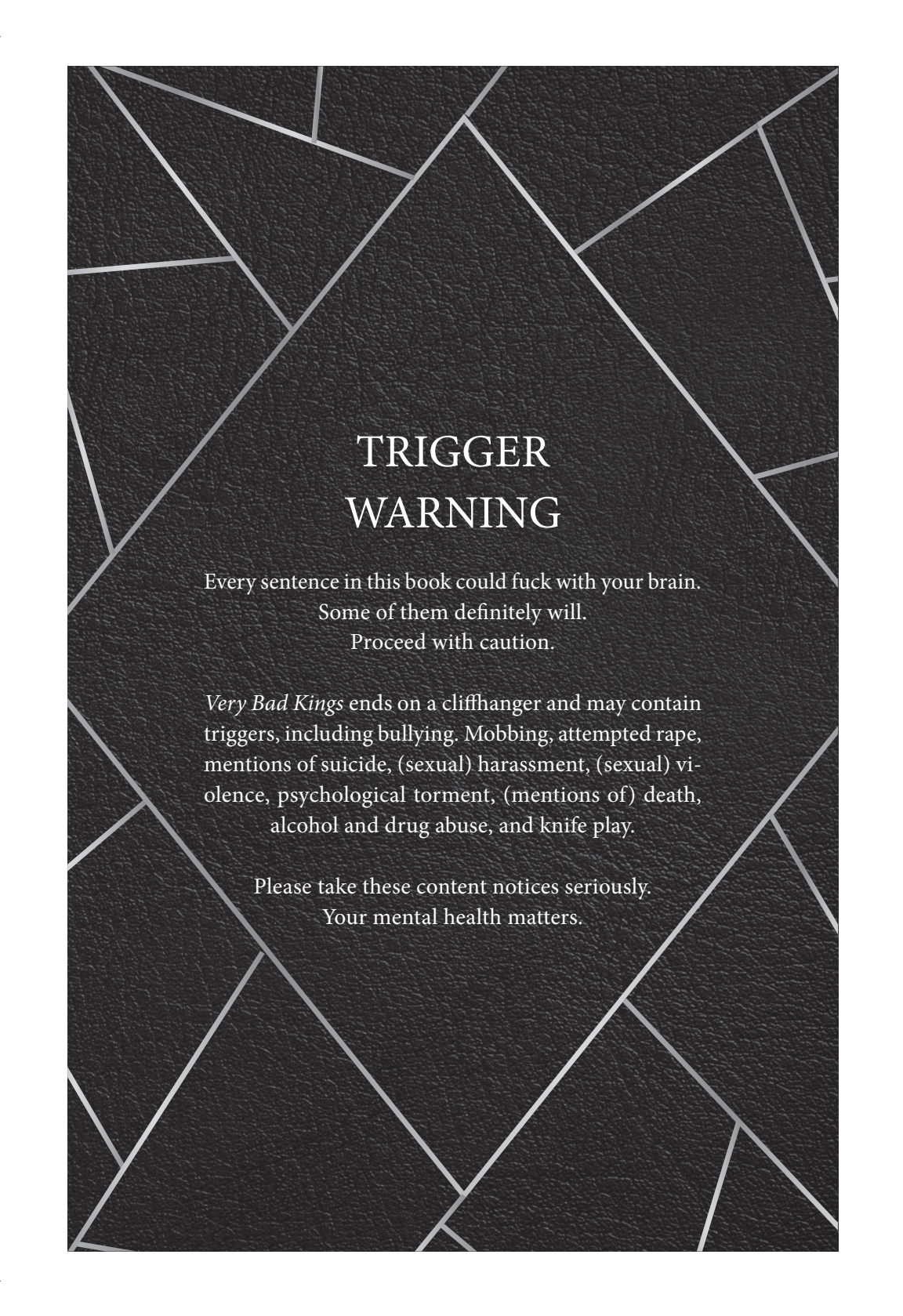
Campus Life

Death Bed | We Rabbitz und co.

Crescent

Your Self Lingers | Echos

Complete Playlist available on Spotify at:
Very Bad Kings Soundtrack by Jane S. Wonda



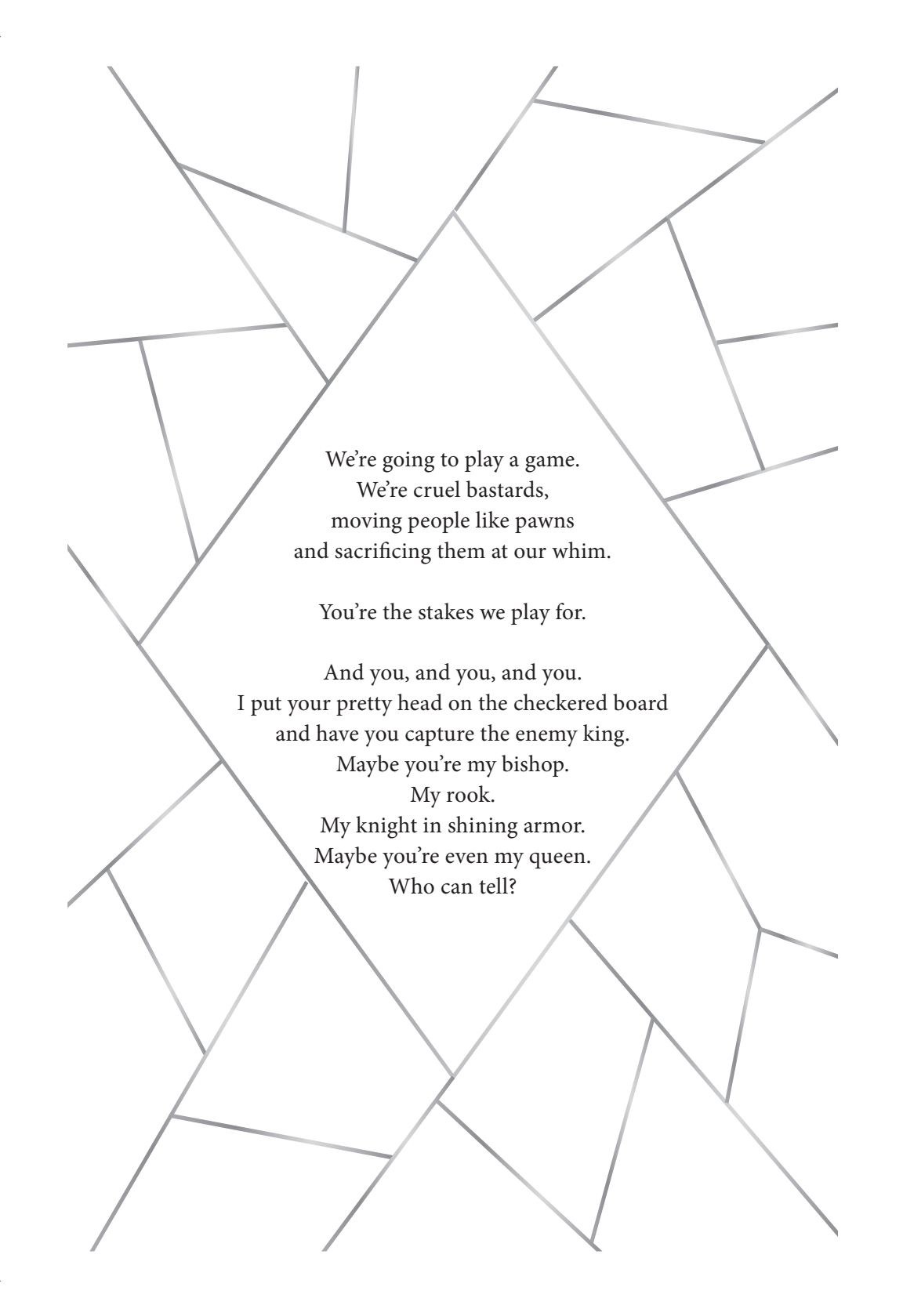
TRIGGER WARNING

Every sentence in this book could fuck with your brain.
Some of them definitely will.
Proceed with caution.

Very Bad Kings ends on a cliffhanger and may contain triggers, including bullying. Mobbing, attempted rape, mentions of suicide, (sexual) harassment, (sexual) violence, psychological torment, (mentions of) death, alcohol and drug abuse, and knife play.

Please take these content notices seriously.
Your mental health matters.





We're going to play a game.
We're cruel bastards,
moving people like pawns
and sacrificing them at our whim.

You're the stakes we play for.

And you, and you, and you.
I put your pretty head on the checkered board
and have you capture the enemy king.

Maybe you're my bishop.

My rook.

My knight in shining armor.
Maybe you're even my queen.

Who can tell?



GAME OVER

They're coming at me like a pack of dogs—or wolves, their eyes trained on the kill. There are five of them, as different from each other as night from day, and yet they all share one thing:

They're full of desire.

They're full of thirst.

For revenge.

For retribution.

For me.

Five pairs of eyes are fixed on me, five dark faces hidden behind the black-and-gold masks of the Kings, the eyes and lips of only three uncovered. Each of their mouths is twisted into a different kind of sadistic smile.

I'm trapped.

They've won.

The chair I'm chained to won't move across the floor.

I need to flee but they're coming closer.

I can already hear their breaths.

They're close enough their seductive scents cloud my senses.

The middle one steps forward, roughly grabbing my hair and yanking my head back as he approaches my lips. His finger strokes across my cheek as if he were running a blade over my skin.

"You lost," Jaxon hisses, his voice reminiscent of a hunter on

the prowl. Silent and dangerous and beautiful enough to lure me into his trap time and time again, to lure me to my death. “Why didn’t you just run while you still could? Didn’t you know a chess match is almost always over once the queen is out of the game? Seems they haven’t told you that. And here I thought this was one of the best universities in the country.”

Laughter ripples through the room like rain washing over me. I am not alone. Not alone with these five sinister figures, no. The entire lecture hall is full. We have an audience, a faceless collection of students who can’t wait to finally see me fall.

I will not fall.

Nothing, no one will make me leave Kingston before I graduate.

This is my only chance to make more of my life than the hell it used to be, and the hell it’s once again become as the Kings try to destroy me.

I won’t let a single one of those sons of bitches win, though.

“You still don’t seem very scared of us,” Jaxon whispers, coming close enough that I can’t ignore the electric tension he’s always ignited in me. For a brief moment, a memory of his hot body on mine surfaces. I remember him thrusting deep into me. The way he held my head between his hands, drinking in every minute movement of my face, watching what Reece and Sylvian did to me and how it turned me on... Then I remember everything he’s done to me, and I’m instantly cured.

“Oh, I am incredibly scared of you,” I tell him with mock fear, in a voice I can see is driving him crazy even now. Every time I challenge him, he comes closer to losing his cool.

I have long understood that Jaxon wants to defile me all the more when I refuse him. More than defile, even: he wants to destroy me emotionally.

And he very nearly succeeded.

“Too bad Kingston wasn’t even able to teach you manners.

You really should know,” Jaxon tuts, “better than to lie to me, little Belle.”

“Oh, but I studied under the master of deceit, didn’t you know?” I just can’t help but provoke him.

Here I am, tied to my chair, surrounded by a crowd of gawking students, and facing five sons of bitches yearning to devour my soul, and I can’t stop myself from provoking Jaxon Tyrell.

The king among the *Kings*.

The man on the throne of the elite.

My downfall in human form.

Mine, and that of hundreds of other women stupid enough to fall for him.

Jaxon Tyrell.

Maybe I am suicidal after all. Wasn’t I always told that no one at Kingston University opposed him if they planned to keep studying here?

Jaxon’s cold blue eyes squint. His is the only face I can read in spite of the mask, as easily as if we were meeting in bright sunlight. I know Jaxon Tyrell. I know him all too well.

Everyone else blurs into the faceless mass behind him. Those who don’t want to be recognized are disguised, their faces covered with scarves or dark hoods pulled down low.

I wonder if Harper’s in the audience.

“You almost won the game, Belle.” Jaxon speaks louder now as he steps back. “You impressed me. I’m almost sad to have to say goodbye to you. It was so close”—he holds up his thumb and index finger, only slightly apart—“and so *very* entertaining. I wouldn’t have wanted to miss a moment of these last few months.”

I grit my teeth as I struggle to bear Jaxon’s arrogance. The lights at the back of the lecture hall turn on, illuminating the entire aisle.

The audience, craven idiots that they are, shrink back into the rows of seats and away from the cone of light. Three women stride

through the door at the top of the hall.

Three masked women. My heart breaks the moment I realize who has made their appearance.

There they come, my enemies, my rivals. Each of them stabbing me in the back in her very own way.

Their shimmering white ball gowns hug their slim figures. All three of them are beautiful: impeccably so. It's just their personalities that render them uglier than anyone else in the room.

Sylvian and Reece step away from the other Kings, toward the women before leading them back to the center.

They betrayed me.

Each in their own way.

They delivered me to Jaxon Tyrell and now they want to watch my end alongside their lying brides!

"Oh, are you sad Sylvian picked someone else?" Jaxon asks me. Lightning-fast, he bends toward my ear, though he doesn't lower his voice, allowing everyone to hear him. "How could you ever believe he'd choose scum like you?"

His words hit me hard enough I have to fight down tears.

The audience jeers when Jaxon suddenly pushes my chair back. I scream, panicked, I can't catch myself, but he grabs me at the last moment. Reaching around the back, he unbuckles the belt binding me. Then he drops me the rest of the way. Lying twisted on the floor in front of him, I prop myself up on my elbows.

"Run," he whispers, and this time I'm the only one to hear him. His voice has lost all sense of performance or showmanship. He's done playing. The only thing he wants now is retribution.

I glance at Reece, then at Romeo and the other King whose name I don't know. Is it Zayn? All three are staring back at me from behind expressionless, golden masks. They're going to help Jaxon—that much is clear. They'll do anything to make their leader happy.

And he won't be happy until I'm lying broken on the floor,
never to rise again.

Until I'm held down by inescapable chains.

Until I'm bleeding.

Until I'm screaming in pain.

"I'll run tonight," I whisper to Jaxon. "But I'll be back in time
for the first class of the new semester."

His attractive, sculpted face morphs into a hateful grimace.
"You wouldn't dare."

"No one, not even you, will keep me from taking advantage
of the best opportunity I can expect in my life. You picked the
wrong enemy for your game. You'll have to kill me to keep me
from coming back."

The look Jaxon is giving me is too close to a killer's stare. I start
backing away across the floor. He'd kill me. I've known that for
a good, long while. That means I have to make sure that he can't
do so without facing the consequences.

I'll have to be trouble for him on all accounts.

For all of them.

One last time, I look around the crowded, dimly lit hall. I
look into Jaxon's face, then into Sylvian's behind his mask, as he
demonstratively links hands with his princess. The gesture alone
is enough to drive a spike through my heart.

Reece seems as calm as ever. I almost regret having to declare
war on him. Once I truly make myself his enemy, he surely won't
be as... nice anymore.

"See you next semester!" I call, getting plenty of boos and hisses
in return. I look at eight hate-filled pairs of eyes before I run. I flee.

But only so I can return better equipped.

The war hasn't even started, you sons of bitches!

Not a single one of you will ever find their way back into my
heart!



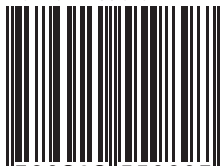
WE'RE GOING TO PLAY A GAME. FIVE KINGS. FIVE SACRIFICES.

Mable is one of five scholarship students that get admitted to the prestigious Kingston University. The university's wealthy elite despises their parents' charity program and they want Mable gone at all costs. She has to deal with the Kings: five rebellious male students who are playing a dark game. Will Mable come out on top? And what will happen to her when three of the Kings suddenly only want her?



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