

JANE S. WONDA



VERY
BAD
ELITE

KINGSTON UNIVERSITY
SECOND SEMESTER

Jane S. Wonda

Very Bad Elite

Second semester

Kingston University series – part 2



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For all those who can't decide



They say, "All good boys go to heaven"
But bad boys bring heaven to you
Julia Michaels



SOUNDTRACK

It will always be the wrong one, Belle

The Path of Silence | several artists

Even a pawn can capture a king

Arrival of the Birds | XOMA

The beach house

Filaments | Scott Buckley

Two new allies

In These Dark Times | Aime Simone

The game will never end

Legendary | Welshly Arms

Costello Ave | TRAILS

The Mask of the Kings

Nightmares | Two Feets

I am no longer a character

Jekyll & Hide | Bishop Briggs

Young Minds | Saavan

Full playlist on Spotify at:

Very Bad Kings Soundtrack by Jane S. Wonda

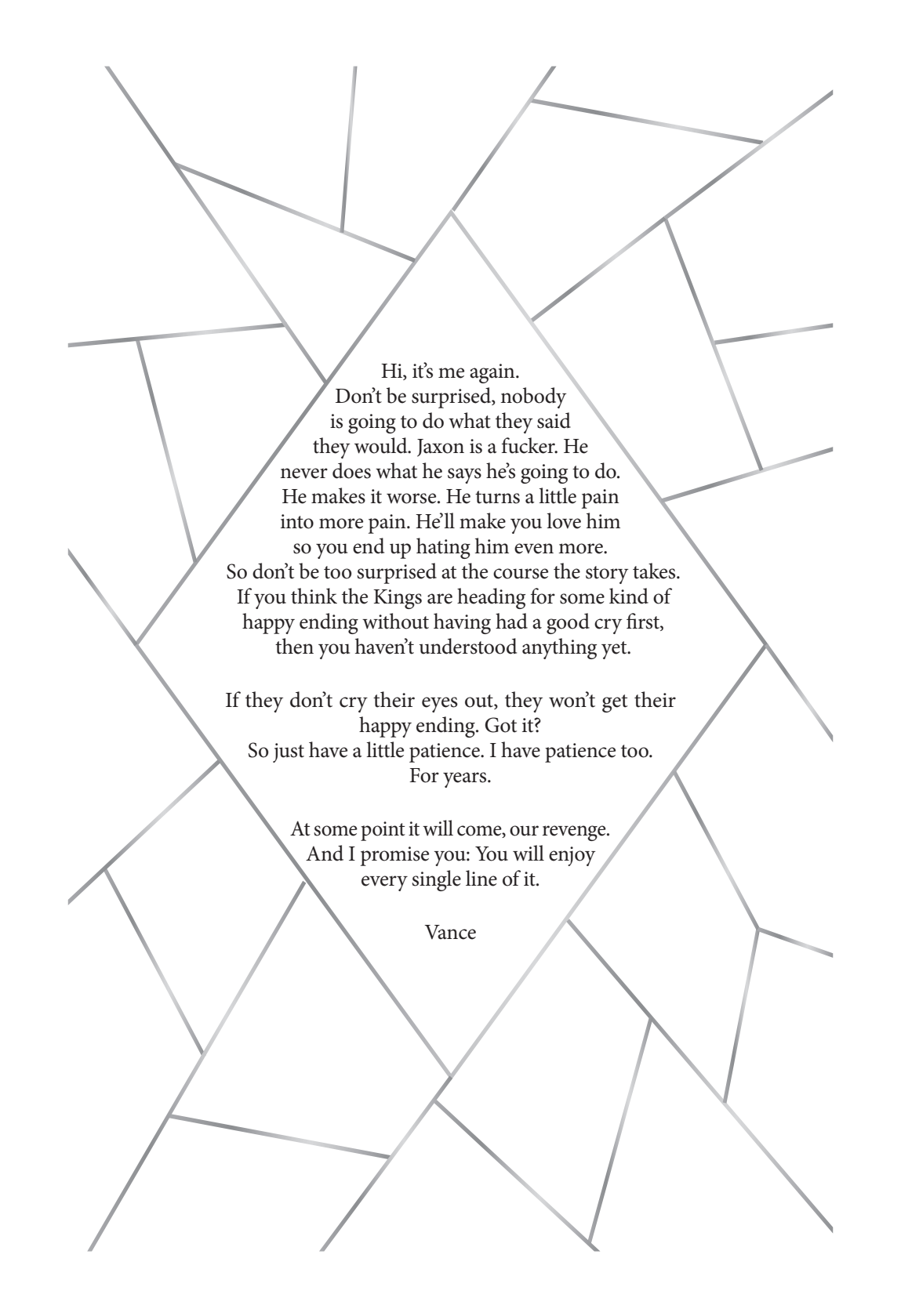
TRIGGER WARNING

I hope you don't expect it to get *better*, do you?

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

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





Hi, it's me again.
Don't be surprised, nobody
is going to do what they said
they would. Jaxon is a fucker. He
never does what he says he's going to do.
He makes it worse. He turns a little pain
into more pain. He'll make you love him
so you end up hating him even more.
So don't be too surprised at the course the story takes.
If you think the Kings are heading for some kind of
happy ending without having had a good cry first,
then you haven't understood anything yet.

If they don't cry their eyes out, they won't get their
happy ending. Got it?
So just have a little patience. I have patience too.
For years.

At some point it will come, our revenge.
And I promise you: You will enjoy
every single line of it.

Vance



THE DECISION

Three kings stand before me.

Three dark faces.

This time I'm not tied up and yet I can't move.

Jaxon, Sylvian and Reece take me in, stare me down and demand something from me that I can never give them.

"Which King do you choose?" Jaxon asks with a dark smile. His voice leaves no room for any other choice than for him. There he stands, the King of Kings, challenging me in an even crueler way than last semester.

I should decide.

I should choose.

One of them.

Reece. The friend.

Sylvian. The heart.

And Jaxon. My personal fragment that I'm determined to get hold of so that I finally feel whole.

"You understand the rules of the game, don't you?" Jaxon's eyes flash dangerously. In all his vanity, he must hate me for not choosing *him* long ago. "One of us will save you. Another will let you keep playing. And the last one means... your death. It's a wicked game. Utterly reprehensible, the worst of its kind. You only have this one choice, Belle. Choose the right one or let the campus become your personal hell again."

"That really is a tempting offer," I reply ironically and

the crowd at his back laughs. Are they laughing with me or at me? It seems many of them no longer see me as the victim. No, I'm the one lady that everything revolves around. Should that make me happy? Does the support of the masked students mean anything to me? "But I'd rather choose hell than you."

Silence spreads through the room.

Jaxon narrows his eyes imperceptibly, the others step forward. They approach me as if they crave my blood, my tormented heart. I am completely in their hands, with no prospect of escape as long as they won't let me go.

"You choose hell?" Sylvian asks. It's the first time I've seen him raise his voice in front of the others. So far, only Jaxon and Reece have spoken. "I don't think you have any idea what awaits you there."

"If you don't decide, someone else will do it for you," Reece explains coolly. "Don't waste the opportunity to end it. Now."

I look at him, wondering if he would be the one to save me. I can't imagine it. The Kings are still cruel. They do heinous things. And they won't stop just because I choose one of them.

What I did last semester was daring. I challenged them, provoked them, gave in to their thirst for retribution. But no one could have predicted that the game would take a completely different turn when I came back. Maybe I should have listened to Harper and Vance. Maybe I should have been as cruel to the Kings as they were to me. Would it have done any good?

Can I even win this game?

Or am I forever doomed to be a piece on their stupid chessboard?

"No," I reply nervously, not sure if I can allow myself to

defy them again. “No matter who I choose, it will be the wrong one.”

Jaxon smirks, the crowd murmurs, but Sylvian steps forward.

“You don’t seem to have understood.” Sylvian growls. The green jungle in his eyes devours me. The anger that I defy his will seems endless. “This is not a *request*. It’s not an *invitation*. It’s an *ultimatum*. You only have one choice. Make it.”

“Are you still not afraid of what might happen?” asks Reece impassively. As if he doesn’t care about what’s happening. As if he’s already sure I’d take him if my pride didn’t get in the way. The Kings have involved me in a game of lust and desire. It was clear that I wouldn’t last long. My pride is the only thing that keeps me from falling for them again.

“There’s only one thing I’m afraid of,” I whisper.

“Oh yeah?” asks Jaxon, stepping closer. I can feel his breath on my sensitive skin. It’s crazy and reprehensible, and most certainly spells my doom, but I can’t wait for him to touch me again. I should hate him. I should want to hurt him. But there’s something else. Something deeper.

Something completely dark that I can no longer escape.

The reason why I didn’t run.

Why I can’t leave Kingston.

Although it would be smarter. Definitely. You can’t win the game of the elite with just one piece. Even when Sylvian’s lips brushed mine for the first time, I should have resisted.

But all I could do was let myself be wrapped further and further in their net.

Like a butterfly that has become addicted to being caught. Something tells me that there are wings waiting for me at the end of its abyss that will propel me back up.

“And what is this thing you’re afraid of?” Jaxon murmurs in a quivering voice, with uncontrolled vindictiveness in his words because I will never play along with his stupid game. “If it’s not us?”

“That you’re taking away the most important thing in my life.”

Curiosity flickers in his gaze.

“My studies. I want to stay at Kingston. But not at any price. You want something from me that I’m not prepared to give.”

“You just have to give a name. That’s all. Sylvian’s, Reece’s or mine,” Jaxon summarizes smugly. “And you won’t even do that to save your fucking studies?”

I swallow hard. Again, it seems so easy to end the game. But I’m not strong enough. I can’t lie. I can’t betray my heart just so I can stay at Kingston. “Maybe you haven’t noticed,” I whisper, “but you’re not exactly guys a woman would willingly choose.”

Restrained laughter erupts in the room again. But it dies down as soon as Jaxon laughs.

The other kings also purse their lips. It gives me goosebumps to see Sylvian and Reece like this. Do they long for my downfall more than Jaxon ever did?

“Are you really going to force me?” I ask anxiously.

All the masked students follow our battle of words with interest. How will the Kings react if I don’t make up my mind?

What consequences am I allowing?

“Of course not, *Belle*,” Jaxon whispers back. “No one will *force* you. If you don’t choose, be prepared for us to *destroy* you this time. But so much more. Until there is nothing, nothing left of what you once were. Do you really think you know what it means to defy our rules forever? What it means for your *life*?”

“So I have to choose? Come what may?”

“Or you leave. If you leave Kingston, it will save you from what will happen otherwise.”

I raise my chin. Although my heart is racing, I feel safe and strong. I lower my voice and look him firmly in the eye. The beauty in Jaxon’s flawless face is eclipsed by the shadows of his soul. My life used to be a hell. Compared to Kingston, it’s *nothing*. Still, I won’t give up. “Never.”

Jaxon smiles. “Then choose. Now.”



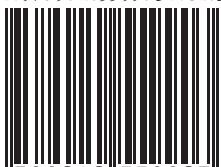
YOU RESISTED AGAINST
THE ELITE AND I HAVE ALREADY
TOLD YOU WHAT WOULD HAPPEN
IF YOU WOULDN'T OBEY...

Mable has fled the campus of Kingston University, but she is determined to hold on to her scholarship, despite the threat of the powerful Kings. When she returns to the campus, she expects the worst, but then a mysterious new ally emerges. Who is Romeo? What is Vance planning? And why are the Kings suddenly trying to protect her?



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