

"IN ANOTHER LIFE, HE KILLED HER.
IN THIS ONE, HE'LL FIGHT TO SAVE HER."

DIABOLICAL TWIN FLAME



AVIAN W. STORK



Trigger Warning!

Some chapters contain raw sex scenes, but are nevertheless written in a passionate and loving tone.

18+



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In this one, he'll fight to save her.

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Prologue
The First Death

Whitmore Estate, 1796

The sky above the hills was ablaze with the final hues of dusk. Shadows stretched long across the earth, like ghosts chasing the sun.

The woman ran.

Her feet bled into the wet grass, her breath ragged with fear. The fine silk of her nightgown clung to her body, torn and stained by brambles and desperation. Behind her, heavy boots pounded the earth closer, always closer.

She cried into the cold wind, tears streaking down her face.

"This isn't you!"

The man who had once pressed soft kisses into her palm, who had whispered dreams into her ear as she lay in the rose garden — he was gone. In his place was a shadow twisted by love turned to poison, by rage, by unbearable loss.

She reached the edge of the hill and fell. Her ankle gave way beneath her. Pain exploded in her leg. She gasped, turning over to see him approaching.

The man stood above her now, silhouetted against the fire-lit horizon. His chest heaved, a gun in his shaking hand. The same hand that once held hers in trembling devotion.

She raised one hand toward him, her fingers trembling.

The man's eyes glistened. He was shaking, teeth clenched, jaw tight with agony.

Then his voice, cold as death:

"If I can't have you... no one will."

A thunderous crack shattered the stillness.

She gasped once.

And then there was only silence, except for the breeze through the trees and the lonely call of a nightbird.

The man dropped to his knees beside her body, rain beginning to fall. He touched her cheek with bloodied fingers, whispering her name.

"Eleanor..."

The wind carried it away, scattering it into the dark.



CHAPTER 1

Lavender Skies

Eleanor woke with a cry.

Her body jolted upright in bed, breath coming fast, her heart hammering against her ribs. The room was still dark, and soft light pressed against the curtains. For a moment, she didn't know where she was.

Then the scent hit her.

Lavender.

Thick, heady, impossible.

It filled her lungs, though there were no flowers anywhere near her London flat.

She pressed a trembling hand to her chest and tried to slow her breathing.

Her dream was already fading, but the *feeling* remained: terror, heartbreak, and something else. Recognition.

She had never met the man in her dream.

And yet she could still hear his voice — low, desperate, broken:

"If I can't have you..."

Eleanor swallowed, shaking her head as if to dislodge the echo.

"It was just a dream," she whispered. *"Just a dream."*

But even as she said it, she knew it wasn't true.
The air felt charged, like static before lightning.
And outside, through the thin curtains, the dawn sky bled
lavender and gold.
She reached for the diary on her nightstand, the one she rarely
showed anyone, and opened it to a blank page.
Her handwriting trembled slightly as she wrote:

*The man from my dream had eyes like storm light and sorrow. He
said he loved me, but it felt as desperate as dying.
Why do I feel as if I've known him before?*

When she set the pen down, she realized she was crying.
That morning, she dressed slowly, her reflection pale and
restless in the mirror. She had planned to stop by the market
before opening her bookstore, but the dream clung to her like
damp air — heavy, unshakable.
She told herself a walk would help.

Fresh air. Coffee. Normalcy.

But somewhere deep inside, beyond reason or logic, she knew
something had already shifted.

Because the scent of lavender followed her all the way down the
street.



CHAPTER 2

Quiet Pages and Restless Dreams

Eleanor Hartley lived a quiet life. From the outside, it was almost too perfect. Eleanor had a charming flat in Bath's historic quarter, above the bookshop where she worked, tucked away on a cobbled street in a quieter corner of the city. From the outside, it looked unassuming – ivy climbing the brick walls, a small wrought-iron balcony overlooking the street below. But on the inside, it was unmistakably hers.

The living room had a warm, soft light that filtered through the lace curtains, giving everything a golden, slightly nostalgic glow. The furniture was mismatched but comfortable, a faded velvet armchair next to a sagging sofa covered in woven blankets. Stacks of books climbed the walls like towers, spilling across coffee tables and even the floor. Candles were everywhere, mostly half-burned, filling the room with the delicate scents of vanilla, lavender, and patchouli. Framed prints of Pre-Raphaelite paintings hung on the walls tragic women with wild hair and longing eyes, to which Eleanor felt a quiet

attraction. The kitchen was small, narrow, and always slightly cluttered. The counters were scattered with tea tins, glass jars of herbs, and her chipped porcelain mugs. By the window stood a small wooden table, on which there was always a vase of fresh or dried flowers, she had a weakness for bringing home odd blooms from the market, even ones past their prime.

Bedroom, her sanctuary. A wrought-iron bed dressed in soft linens pale cream with embroidered edges and far too many pillows. More books were here, of course, stacked on the bedside table and the floor, mostly romance, Gothic tales, and philosophy. A jewelry box sat on the dresser, filled with trinkets passed down from her mother and grandmother. There was also a standing mirror, slightly cracked at the corner, where Eleanor sometimes lingered, brushing her hair and daydreaming. Fairy lights were strung above the headboard, glowing softly at night.

The apartment always smelled faintly of books and roses, a fragrance born from the stacks of old volumes and the vases of wilting blooms she refused to throw away. When she returned home in the evenings, she would pause by the door just to breathe it in as though the place itself were welcoming her back. The rooms often echoed with soft music, the sounds of a piano or violin, which seemed to float in the air like ghosts. Eleanor liked melodies without words, so her imagination could supply its own stories. Sometimes they were tender, sometimes tragic, but always hers.

The space was undeniably cozy thanks to the warm lighting, mismatched pillows, and layers of blankets that made the sofa feel like a nest. Yet beneath it all ran an undercurrent of loneliness, quiet but undeniable. It was the kind of home carefully tended by someone who longed for beauty, who knew how to create comfort, but hadn't yet found anyone to share it with.

At night, when she curled up with a book in the hush of her bedroom, the silence seemed to press a little closer. She would imagine what it might feel like if someone sat beside her, if another heartbeat filled the room. And though she never admitted it aloud, she dreamed of passion, something wild and consuming to shatter the stillness she had built around herself.

She ran a secondhand bookstore tucked between a bakery and a flower shop, its windows fogged with the scent of yeast and roses. Every morning, she walked to work with a warm coffee in one hand and a novel tucked under her arm, nodding to the neighbors who knew her as “the quiet book lady.” From the outside, it seemed idyllic, even enviable a life of comfort, rhythm, and charm. But inside, Eleanor felt as though her world was a snow globe: pretty, still, and utterly sealed. The same days turned over and over, glitter falling in the same patterns, beauty without surprise. What she longed for, though she would hardly dare name it, was the crack of glass, something wild enough to shake her carefully contained world apart.

She was thirty. Single. Quietly adored by a handful of locals for her taste in rare books and her uncanny ability to remember exactly what someone liked to read.

Her hair was the color of old gold, often tied in a loose bun with strands escaping to soften her pale, thoughtful face.

She had once been in love.

A long time ago.

It was the kind of love that had left a scar instead of a memory something she rarely spoke about, even to herself. Since then, Eleanor had folded her heart away like a fragile letter, tucked behind the safer routines of her days. She told herself she was content with the stillness: the shop bell chiming, the smell of paper and ink, the evenings spent reading by lamplight.

And yet, every so often, a restless ache stirred beneath her ribs, the sense that something was waiting for her, just

beyond the edges of her quiet life, something vast, dangerous, and impossible to ignore.

The bookstore was her safe place: *Wild Chapter of Her Life* — an old Georgian space with creaking wooden floors and velvet armchairs near a faux fireplace that burned orange year-round. The walls were lined from floor to ceiling with shelves that sagged under the weight of secondhand novels, their spines worn, their pages carrying the faint perfume of dust and memory. A brass bell jingled whenever the door opened, and Eleanor always looked up, half-expecting some fateful stranger to walk in, though it was usually the same handful of locals.

Children sprawled on the rug near the fireplace after school, their laughter echoing beneath the beams. Older patrons wandered the aisles, trailing their fingers along the spines as if searching for lost parts of themselves. Eleanor knew them all by name, their favorite genres, their habits. It gave her a quiet satisfaction to place the right book in the right hands, to feel, for a moment, as if she were helping people find pieces of themselves.

And yet, when the shop emptied and silence pressed in, she sometimes sat in one of the velvet chairs with her knees tucked beneath her and wondered if the *Wild Chapter* she had named the store for would ever arrive in her own life.

Eleanor paused, her hand still resting on the stack of novels. The titles stared back at her — hearts bound in chains, lovers silhouetted against blood-red skies. She gave a half-laugh, half-sigh.

"Of course I wonder," she admitted softly.

"But if I did meet him, I must've scared him off."

Rachel snorted and perched on the edge of the counter, swinging her legs.

DIABOLICAL TWIN FLAME

*SOME LOVES ARRIVE GENTLY.
OTHERS ARRIVE LIKE A HAUNTING.*

Eleanor Hartley's life has always felt slightly out of place, as if she were waiting for a story she had already lived. When she meets Lucas Whitmore, a quiet gardener with a gaze that stops her breath every time they meet.

And something far more dangerous begins.

Every touch feels familiar.

Every kiss feels remembered.

Every dream grows sharper — showing her a life she doesn't recall living, and a man whose devotion blurred into something dark.

The deeper Eleanor falls, the more Lucas changes... as if another version of him is surfacing.

As if the past she sees at night is bleeding into the present.

What binds them is powerful.

But what hunts them is older than memory.

To break the cycle, Eleanor must uncover the truth behind the visions, the nightmares, and Lucas's unraveling mind, before passion turns fatal.

Because some twin flames heal you.

And others burn you alive.

