



## Twins

A story by: Crymsyn R. Hart

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## Twins

By: Crymsyn R. Hart  
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“Do you know what true love is?”

The strega’s question had haunted Victoria for years. It had echoed in the back of her thoughts, hanging over her like a dark cloud. She blamed it for sabotaging every meaningful relationship she had. Something always went wrong. When she found herself getting close to the guys that she cared about, something happened. The last one with Nick had been the worst.

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They had been eating dinner. Victoria was head over heels for Nick. Who wouldn’t be? Blond, blue eyed, tanned god that brought in a six-figure income, amazing in bed, and thought the world of her. They were outside on his balcony eating dinner by candlelight after dating for six months. He had stared into her eyes as if reading her soul. Her heart was tha-thumping in her chest. It was all she could do to eat. Deep down, she knew he was the one. This was the night. His hand had reached into his pocket and pulled out something small and square. Victoria had bitten her lip. She had seen herself being with him for the rest of her life. Their children would be beautiful and her life would be something from a fairy tale.

Suddenly, as he was about to ask her those four magic words, a wind came up extinguishing the candles. The fortuneteller’s voice had sounded in her mind, but Victoria had brushed it off. There was nothing wrong. She was not cursed.

“Nick?” she whispered. But there had been no answer. There was enough light she had found the matches to light the candles again. When she could see again, the only thing across from her was an empty box on the chair and no Nick. She had searched the apartment, called his work, called his family, everything she could think of before calling the police, but nothing. He was nowhere to be found.

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Six months later, Victoria was hearing the fortuneteller’s voice again. This time, she was going to avoid disaster. Nick had never reappeared. Neither had the last of her six boyfriends. Over the course of eight years since her palm reading, she had mourned the disappearance of Jeffrey, Sebastian, Antonio, Dale, Francis, and Nick. Oddly enough, she had never been charged with any crime. No bodies were ever found and there was nothing to prove that she had any wrong doing in their cases. One minute they were there,

and the next they were gone. All leaving empty engagement ring boxes. Each one she had loved deeply. With each one, the fortuneteller's voice had entered her mind and then they had vanished as if they never existed at all.

Victoria stared in the mirror. "What is wrong with me?"

Her looks could have gotten her a modeling job. Chocolate brown hair hung down her back and deep dark eyes looked back at her. Her olive complexion showed her Italian heritage. She could have any man that she wanted, as her best friend and twin sister, Amelia always reminded her. But she worked hard to get past her looks and get to where she was by merit. Now she was close to opening her own high class restaurant after working for years to get through culinary school, going back to roots in Italy, and digging through all of her grandmother's recipes until she was satisfied with the menu. It was during her second trip to Italy, visiting distant relatives, that Amelia had convinced Victoria to go with her to a small gypsy camp she had come across the day before. Their relatives had warned them not to go. Gypsies were a people unto themselves that sometimes lured in outsiders and took advantage of them. Her Great Aunt Silvia had warned that the matriarch of that particular bunch was a strega, a witch.

The twins thought their relatives were superstitious. Amelia went and became infatuated with one of the men of the camp. Their relationship was so hot and heavy that Victoria blushed anytime she thought about the encounter that her sister had. There had been men there that had wanted to take her back to their tents, but she wasn't about to get involved and let herself be seduced. Her sister was more outgoing in that department. They might have been twins, but they were not identical. Where she had model looks, her sister was short and round. Amelia wasn't heavy as she was curvy and voluptuous with their father's Irish complexion, freckles and red hair. No one thought they were sisters, let alone twins.

As they entered the camp, Amelia had dragged Victoria to the fortuneteller. Dried herbs, empty birdcages, and scarves adorned the outside of the trailer. A distinct smell of cedar and olives came from the inside of the trailer. Something darker caught Victoria's nose and a chill ran down her back. She didn't want to enter, but her sister pushed her in. Inside was woman that could have been her great grandmother.

The old woman looked up and motioned for Victoria to sit down.

"Your sister dragged you here. There is nothing to be afraid of." The old woman spoke in English with no trace of an accent. This only added to the mystery behind her.

"Look. I appreciate what—"

"You wonder about me, about what the future will bring you. I see a restaurant and much success for you and your family. But your love life—"

"What about my love life?"

“Do you know what true love is?”

Victoria thought about it. She was in love with Jeffrey. They had talked about marriage when she got back.

“The beau that you have now will not be there for you when you return. There are things in your destiny that are meant to bring you into the dark. He lurks in the shadows. Watching and waiting for you. Only when you are ready to accept your destiny will you truly understand what true love it.”

“Look. Jeffrey and I are in love. I know what true love is. When your heart is given to someone forever—”

“That is only part of true love. True love is when your soul merges with the darkness of another. You become a slave to desire. Nothing else matters.”

“Please, there is nothing like that. No love is that intense.”

The witch started cackling. “Just you wait and see. You think hard on my words. When you are ready. You will discover something few mortals have ever known. Devotion so intense it will be beyond compare to any of the human lovers that will disappear from your life. You are only meant for one being and he will not permit you to have anyone else.”

“Let me guess. He is tall, dark, handsome, will come at night and suck my blood from my veins. All superstition. Thanks for everything, but I have to go.”

The witch grabbed Victoria’s hand. “Mark my words. He will come. And ask yourself then, do you know what true love is?”

She pulled her hand away from the old woman’s and burst out of the door. Amelia was gone and the rest of the camp was leering at her as if she were a common whore. She did nothing, but walk back to her relatives. When she got back to the states, Jeffrey had proposed to her, but two months before the wedding he disappeared. It was as if he had up and left. Nothing was amiss, but they never did find his body. The day that he had gone missing, the question the strega has asked whispered through Victoria’s mind. Amelia told her to chalk it up to coincidence. She was still writing and talking to the gypsy and Victoria was looking to further her education. But even though the fortuneteller’s question, lingered in her mind, her heart wondered if she Jeffrey was her true love. But she never answered that question.

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“Are you still moping? Amelia poked her head in.

Victoria looked up from all of the cards and letters that Nick had sent her. They were all romantic. All heart felt, but Victoria was beginning to wonder. “I’m not moping. I’m just thinking. Remember that fortuneteller you forced me to see when we were visiting Aunt Sylvia?”

“Yeah. What about her?”

“I was wondering if she put some kind of a spell on me? Or something.”

“Come on, Vic? You don’t believe in all that Old Word nonsense anymore then I do.”

“Really? Then how come you went back to Italy five times to meet up with Franco? And I know you’re planning on going back there again.”

Her sister blushed, turning her nose bright red. “That’s different. I love him. It’s complicated.”

“Complicated enough you only see him once a year if your lucky and—”

“This isn’t about me. Remember? Besides. His grandmother wouldn’t have put a spell on you. The locals only call her a strega because of their backwards beliefs. There is nothing wrong with her. She is really nice. She’s even been teaching me some of her secrets.”

Her sister could barely contain a laugh. “And when did you start being interested in gypsy lore. Here I thought you were going to get your Masters. Since when the change of plan?”

Her sister shrugged. “I didn’t know when the right time would be to tell you and mom. Now back to Nick. You have nothing to worry about. Trust me. You guys were in love. He didn’t just vanish like the others.”

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That was six months ago and he hadn’t shown up. Now the whisperings of the strega were back. And she wasn’t in a relationship. Her sister was back in Italy and had been there for months. No one had heard from her, but Victoria knew she was all right. She had always known when something was wrong with her sister. At least on that front, she didn’t have to worry about anything. But as the thrill of opening her own restaurant loomed before her, something was off. Victoria wondered if she should finally listen to the advice of the old fortune teller that she had been fighting after all these years. Maybe she should just give into the question. Maybe she should give up on love all together.

Victoria sighed and wished that her sister were around. It made life easier when she could bounce ideas off of her. Victoria didn’t know exactly what to do, so maybe it was time to think that superstition and myth might be true.

So Victoria lit a couple of candles and pushed aside her menu choices. She sat cross-legged on the floor of her living room. The candles threw flickering shadows across the

room, but darkness was in every corner. She shut her eyes and stilled a shudder running across her flesh from a cold breeze that came into her room. The old strega's voice whispered in her mind.

"So, what happens now?" Victoria watched the candle flames and the shadows. They flickered and waved and she found herself rocking to the motion of the flames. *Now I wait and go crazy.*

"Now the shadows come alive." A voice from the darkness echoed in her apartment.

She jumped and stared at the far corner and noticed the thickness of the shadow. Her heart leapt into her throat. "Who's there?"

"I've been here waiting for you to accept the truth. Waiting for you to delve into the shadows and answer the question that the strega put to you."

Victoria squinted into the darkness. They seemed to be forming into a shape. After a moment, the form was almost tangible, but Victoria was frozen to her spot and she couldn't move. "What are you? Are you the one that—"

"Yes. I was the one that stole all those that sought your hand. They were not the ones for your heart. Only I can show you that. I won't hurt you, Victoria."

"Then what happened to Nick? To Jeffrey? To all the others that I loved?"

"They are not your concern."

"What did you do to them?" Victoria was now yelling at the shadow.

Suddenly, her arms were grabbed and held. She was looking into dark eyes like hers. Ancient wisdom returned her gaze. Dark hair fell down his back and he was dressed in the darkness of shadows. He said nothing, but pressed his lips to hers. At the first contact all the fight drained out of her. She went limp in his arms and returned his kiss without knowing why. All her emotions were erratic. Her heart went into her throat and she was intrigued. Finally he pulled away.

"What are you?" she whispered breathlessly.

"You are destined to be mine. I've been waiting for you to be born, and realize what true love is."

"That doesn't answer my question. What are you? Are you a demon? A ghost?"

He laughed and it made her giddy. "Victoria, my kind are older than the shadows. We are kin to the angels. We were forgotten when man was created and found darkness to give us comfort. We make dreams and nightmares come true. We can be terrible and beautiful.

Mankind follows along the paths that we have shaped for them. Some cultures call us genies. Others call us daemons. But there is no true name for us. We appear only to mortals when they are truly ready to accept their destinies.”

“And I’ve accepted my fate. You killed all the men who asked to marry me and you expect me to instantly love you?” She tried to move from the daemon’s arms, but he would not let escape.

“I do not expect you to accept me at first. But you cannot deny what true love is. You are my mate, Victoria. It is so very rare that the gods create a mortal who is our equal. And you are mine. You have been since the moment your spark entered your mother’s womb and I began watching out for you. How could I let another man have you for eternity? Marriage is so much more than humans realize. It binds souls.”

“Tell that to all the people who get divorced.”

“Even still. Part of them is tied to one another forever. Even into the next life. You’ve followed your path until now. Know that I can give you whatever you wish. I don’t have to live in the shadows. Let yourself learn to love me. Know what true abandon is. Let it turn into love. You might be surprised as to what happens.”

He let her go and watched as she settled onto the couch and stared at him. “What did you do with all the others? Tell me that. Did you kill them?”

“No. They were placed elsewhere to follow another destiny. But they live. They just left the life they knew behind and became something better, something more suited to them. I can prove they are alive if you wish.”

“All right. Show me.”

He stepped from the shadows and as he did she watched as they formed to fit his body into a tight shirt stretched across his chest and tight black jeans. She licked her lips and tried to keep her mind on what he had told her. He knelt down and stared into her eyes and smiled as he moved a piece of stray hair from her forehead. As he did, Victoria had an explosion of images in her mind. Each one was of the men that had asked her to marry them. The last was Nick. She saw him laughing and holding a child in his arms. Jeffrey was making love to another man. Francois was getting fucked by two woman while he was tied up and her others were hard at work. They seemed happy.

“How do I know what you just showed me was real? It could—”

The daemon leaned in and kissed her lightly. Again she lost all her fight. “I can’t lie to you. What you saw was true. Know they are happy and nothing I did hurt them. I just moved them so you would understand they were not meant for you. Only I was.”

Suddenly, he moved in and kissed her again. His lips trailed down her throat and his hands slipped under her shirt touching her stomach. Victoria fell into the sensation and felt like putty. There was nothing she could do against him. Everything in her wanted this unearthly creature. Part of her felt complete in a way she had never known before as he held her. His lips were silky and soft. She found her hands tearing at the buttons on his shirt so she could touch his flesh. It was as warm as hers. His fingers skillfully, slowly, undid the buttons on her shirt and peeled it away. Before he undid her bra, he stopped then and looked at her.

“Only if you want this Victoria. I’ve waited so long. I don’t want to force you. I—”

This time she kissed him and found that they both toppled on the floor. Her tongue met his as her hands moved to undo the zipper of his jeans. He was already hard and ready for her. The longer she stayed in contact with him, the more her control slipped away. Her whole body was enflamed. She almost felt like she could abandon herself and give everything she was to the man beneath her.

Maybe this was what the fortuneteller’s whisper had meant. Was this what true love meant? Suddenly there were no clothes between them. He plunged into her and her back arched on its own accord. She saw stars and moaned at this long slow stroke. Her fingers gripped his back, wound in his hair.

“Do you accept me for all that I am? Will you embrace the shadows?” he asked her.

How could she say no. “Yes.”

From that moment, he began pounding into her and she was lost in a sea of moaning as he fucked her. Hard and slow, fast and soft alternating between the two. His mouth enclosed on her nipples. His tongue circled the hard pebbles and bit down bringing her even farther away from earth.

When they were done, she lay in his arms as she thought about what had just happened. It seemed that something had been lifted. A veil. The shadows didn’t seem as thick anymore. The darkness was not as scary and the strega’s voice was no longer in her head. The daemon looked up as he leaned on his arm and stared at her.

“Was I so frightening just then?”

Victoria shook her head. “No, but what happens now. Will I turn into something like you?”

He touched her face. “It all depends on what you want. You can give up your self and become as I. You can live as a human and die and then join me. I can join you in human form and we can be together. But the longer you are with me, the more you will become like me. Even my being around you will begin to change the very essence of what you

are. This is why your sister only sees my brother once a year. To be with him longer would be dangerous to her. Already she had begun to show changes.”

“Amelia? Your brother and my sister? How?”

The daemon kissed her lightly. “My brother chose human form to entice your sister. She knew him as a gypsy and then he revealed himself to her. I chose the route that was less direct. I wanted you to face the question the strega posed to you when you were ready. It would not have mattered if you were old and wrinkled like a prune. I still would have wanted you. We are twins. Like you and Amelia. Tell me what you want. I can taste the desire for your restaurant. But I can’t wait in the shadows any longer for you.”

“I want you. I don’t know why. But I do. I want both.”

“Then you will have both. We can figure it out. I’ll be human for you. At your beck and call.” He nuzzled her hair. “Besides I hear that you need a head chef while you are not in the kitchen.”

“How do you know how to cook?”

“I know everything you know and a little more. Trust me. I am sure we can think of something that will make the kitchen sizzle.”

**More by this author:**



*Warning! This e-book contains substantial sexually explicit scenes and graphic language, which may be considered offensive to some readers.*

Amara has been dreaming about a man who leaves her breathless, and everything in her yearns to discover who he is. Is he real? Or is she in love with a ghost? Her body aches from the memory of his caresses, but his name always eludes her.

Andrew feels the same longing, as his heart has never completely healed since he was separated from his lover lifetimes ago. In Amara, he discovers his lost love reborn. Will the sorrow of his soul be eased with their reunion? Or will his longings go unfulfilled?

Andrew's troubles soon multiply when they discover that a vampire is killing his own kind to gain power. When Andrew realizes that Amara is the next target, he swears to protect her even if it means his life. To keep her safe, Andrew brings Amara back to his lair where he dwells with other vampires. Here, she discovers that her dreams are really

memories from a past life and that Andrew is the one who has been haunting her. Overwhelming desire lures her to discover the true connection between them before it burns her alive. Before that happens, Amara meets Simon.

Something about him draws her. He seems more dangerous and intriguing than Andrew. Before long, Amara finds herself torn between Andrew and Simon. With both tied to her heart and her past, which one will she choose? Will she succumb to the hold that Simon has over her? What is the calling of her heart?

She has to decide soon, because time is running out and the hunter still lurks in the shadows...

**Excerpt:**

Glancing in the woods, she saw a shadow leaning against a tree, staring right at her, waiting for her to make the next move. The figure was out of her range so she only saw the shape of the man that spoke to her. A flashback overtook her.

In her past, she was a child standing by a figure peeking out from behind a tree. A man with blonde hair and pale skin had smiled at her. He was some kind of angel. This memory wasn't from this lifetime. There were others that she couldn't quite grasp. Ones in which she had feelings for him. Suddenly her thoughts pushed her backward.

His breath was hot on her ear. His tongue traced the line of her neck. Amara held in a

moan as the sensations of his hands moved up her calf, under her skirt, searching out her moist depths. She was helpless against him as he had total control over her, but she let him and surrendered to his manipulations.

From the memory, her nipples hardened and she began to breathe faster. It was as if he was next to her, doing what she was remembering. The night air was cool on her exposed flesh, but she was burning up from needing him. It had been so long since they had been together. Eons it seemed. Amara clenched her fists against the memory as her heart sped up and she tried not to be caught up in it. But it was impossible.

She felt the hardness of his length against her backside. His free hand cupped her breast, fingering her nipples.

Amara closed her eyes and bit down on her tongue to keep herself in the present. She had to stay focused. Through all of this, she knew he was the one that her soul had locked onto. He'd called her Jacquelyn, like in her dreams. She fought to sort through the mental block and the memories that she had of this man. Damn it! She had just read about him in her journals, but her mind was still overwhelmed from the squelched passion that had built in her just from the vague recollection. Finally, as she dug deep through the emotions he elicited in her, a name appeared in the haze.

Andrew.

Very good. I'm surprised you put it all together so quickly. For some the awakening process takes years, as their true identities are hidden underneath lifetimes of humanity. But you've known what you were since the day you were born.

"What are you talking about?" she whispered.

The volume of the cemetery's residents was growing louder. They were shouting something. Amara diverted her attention back to the graveyard but saw nothing unearthly, so she started toward the figure that held her transfixed. As she moved down the hill, the stranger's thoughts were merging with hers, just as she had done with Trevor. But this was different. He had access to her memories and she wasn't used to that. As she tried to push him out of her mind, the atmosphere in the graveyard changed, breaking her concentration. The spirits rose quickly, vying for her attention. They pushed the man out of her mind momentarily and made her aware that the phantoms were screaming.

What are they saying?

She looked toward him as she scanned the burial ground. Hairs rose on the back of her neck. The place had changed. It had become creepier in a way she couldn't explain. It was like the expectation that someone would jump out and get her, or fear that the serial killer was coming after her in a horror movie. It didn't feel safe. She glanced at Jesus and he was still staring. Cars whizzed by on the nearby road. The night was becoming dangerous, but Amara couldn't see the threat. The stranger still shared her mind, but

wasn't making it a point to intrude, rather he was just listening to her every move. She was surprised that he couldn't understand the spirits through her.

I never had the gift of talking to the dead. You were always more powerful. Maybe that was one reason I was jealous all the time, because I knew that, in the end, I would lose you once you realized how truly gifted you were. In the end, my worst fears came true. Honestly, I never thought I would see your beautiful face again. But here we are.

"Whoever you are, get the fuck out of my head! I don't know what the hell you want with me. Why are you following me? How do I know you? What the hell are you talking about?"

Listen. Don't you hear that?

"Hear what?"

Leave now. I don't know what the ghosts are saying, but you have to get out. Run!

"Like I'm going to listen to you. You won't even come out from the woods. The ghosts might be telling me to be careful of you. How do I know you're not some pervert who thinks because you're telepathic you can just fuck with my mind. Piss off!"

Amara turned her back on the figure, irritated that he had the audacity to tell her what to

do. She always hated that. She didn't need anyone dictating her life.

Forgive me for showing up this way. I never intended to come to you like this. I had hoped I'd meet you on a more intimate basis and we could get reacquainted. Now is not the time for you to be condemning me or reminiscing. You have to listen. Whether you believe me or not, you must leave, quickly. Run!

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