



LET'S TALK ABOUT

TWISTED LOVE

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

BY ANA HUANG

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BY ANA HUANG (AOUTHER)

READERS WHO ENJOY THE FOLLOWING ELEMENTS IN A BOOK MAY FIND "TWISTED LOVE" INTRIGUING:

"TWISTED LOVE" BY ANA HUANG SEEMS TO BE A CONTEMPORARY ROMANCE NOVEL WITH ELEMENTS OF A BROTHER'S BEST FRIEND TROPE, OPPOSITES ATTRACT, AND A TOUCH OF SUSPENSE. READERS WHO ENJOY THE FOLLOWING THEMES AND DYNAMICS IN A ROMANCE NOVEL MAY FIND THIS BOOK APPEALING:

BROTHER'S BEST FRIEND TROPE: IF YOU ENJOY STORIES WHERE THE ROMANCE DEVELOPS BETWEEN A CHARACTER AND THEIR BROTHER'S BEST FRIEND, THIS BOOK FEATURES THAT DYNAMIC, ADDING A LAYER OF FORBIDDEN ATTRACTION AND POTENTIAL COMPLICATIONS.

OPPOSITES ATTRACT: THE DESCRIPTION SUGGESTS THAT THE PROTAGONISTS, ALEX VOLKOV AND AVA CHEN, HAVE DIFFERENT PERSONALITIES AND BACKGROUNDS. IF YOU APPRECIATE ROMANCES WHERE CHARACTERS WITH CONTRASTING TRAITS FIND LOVE AND UNDERSTANDING, THIS BOOK MAY BE ENJOYABLE.

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CHAPTER I

TWISTED LOVE NOW FOR THE ROMANTIC STORY OF A BROTHER'S BEST FRIEND.

He has a cold heart... But he is ready to burn the world for her.

Alex Volkov is a devil with the face of an angel, cursed by an inevitable past.

The quest for success and revenge created by an event that has haunted him for most of his life does not leave much room for emotional problems.

But when he had to look after his sister's best friend, he began to feel something in his chest:
Something broke.

Dry.

A fire will bring the end of the world as he knows it.

< br> Ava Chen is a free spirit who is experiencing a childhood nightmare that she cannot remember.

But even though he was broken in the past, he never stopped seeing the beauty in the world... She doesn't want a man's heart like that underneath his cold exterior.

Your brother's best friend.

Close.

Savior and downfall.

They are a love like no other; but when he does so, the secrets he uncovers threaten to destroy them both... And everything they love.

Twisted Love is a Brother's best friend/opposite love romance with a hint of tension. This is the first book in the Twisted series but can also be read as a standalone book.

Warning: This book contains jealousy/defense content, sexual content, and swearing. Recommended for ages 18+.

Especially Ava There are worse things than being stranded in the middle of nowhere during a storm. For example, I can hide in my tent from a rabid bear that drags me into the next year. Or I'll be tied to a chair in a dark basement and have to listen to Aqua's "Barbie Girl" over and over until I want to bite my arm when I hear the song's title again. But just because things could be worse doesn't mean they aren't. stopped. Think positive thoughts. Uber will be here now. I looked at my phone, fighting my anxiety, as the app confirmed that I had found my time as it had for the last half hour. Normally I wouldn't worry about this situation because at least I have a working phone and a bus stop to keep me dry in the rain. But Josh's going away party starts in an hour. It was getting dark quickly before I even took her surprise cookies from the oven. I may be a glass-half-full kind of girl, but I'm not stupid. No one wants to find themselves alone in the middle of the dark, especially a college girl without a fight. I have to go to defense classes with jewelry like she wants. My brain scrolled through my limited options. The buses that stop here don't run on weekends and most of my friends don't have a car. Bridget has a car, but she has an event at the embassy until 7 pm. Uber is unavailable and I haven't seen a car since it started raining. I won't hitchhike anymore. I've watched a lot of horror movies, thank you very much. I was faced with a choice, a choice I didn't want to make, but beggars can't choose. I pulled out the contacts on my phone, said a silent prayer, and pressed the call button. One ring, two rings. We. Come, stay, or not. I'm not sure which would be worse; To be killed or to harm my brother? Of course, there's always the possibility that my brother might kill me for putting me in such a situation, but I'll deal with that later. I wrinkled my nose at his greeting. Hello Brother. What makes you think something is wrong? Josh grumbled. call me You never call unless you have a problem. It is true that we love the mail and are at the door. By the way, this is not my opinion, so we rarely send messages. I can't say I have a problem. I was protected. It's like giving up. I'm not close to public transportation and can't find Uber. Oh my God Ava, where are you? I told him. What are you doing? One hour from school. Don't be dramatic. I drove 30 minutes away to take my engagement photos. 45 If there is traffic. Thunder rumbled and nearby branches shook. I frowned and walked back to my house. No, this doesn't make me feel very good. The rain was coming from the front and the water was running down me, big and hard, hitting my skin and stinging me. A loud voice came from next to Josh, followed by a loud voice. I stopped. Of course, I heard it was wrong, but no. Here it comes again, another moan. My eyes widened in horror. Are you having sex now? I complained. Shout even if no one is around. The sandwich I ate before skydiving was in danger of reappearing. I repeat, there is nothing more disgusting than listening to relatives talk while having sex. Just the thought of it makes me gag. Technically no. Josh sounded unrepentant. Technically this word carries a lot of weight. Judging Josh's vague answer wasn't a smart move. It may not be sexual, but something is going on and I don't want to know what it is. Josh Chen, you call me. His next words were slurred so he had to cover his phone with his hand. I heard a soft, feminine laugh, followed by a scream that made me want to bleach my ears, my eyes, and my heart. A man took my car to get more ice. Josh said his voice clear again

But Josh never left me. If one of your friends doesn't get me the way they want, they won't get me tomorrow either. Josh is a medical student, but he doesn't hesitate to resort to violence when the situation calls for it. But don't worry, I got you. Check your address pin code and keep your phone handy. Do you still keep the birthday gift I got you last year? This is true. BTW, thanks, the police wanted a new camera bag but Josh bought me an 8 pack of peppers. I've never used a single bottle, which means all 8 bottles are the only bottle I have in my bag. We sat side by side under my closet. My sarcasm was beyond my brother's understanding. It may not be too cumbersome for pre-med students. Welcome. Stay where you are, he will be there soon. We'll talk about his lack of self-defense later. I objected, saying I was defending myself. Is this the right word? It's not my fault I don't have UB. Wait, what do you mean? Hugh Josh hung up, it's too late. I think he's going to bore me to one of his friends when I try to explain it to him. I was surprised that he wasn't afraid anymore because Josh had abandoned them since the incident and was overprotective. He took it upon himself to take care of me as if I were my brother and bodyguard rolled into one. I don't blame him. At least one person told me that our childhood was chaotic in a hundred ways, and I tore it apart. But her constant worry might have been a bit much, and as I waited for the temperature to rise, she held my bag close to her, letting the broken leather warm my skin. It could be anyone. Josh doesn't have enough friends. He was a popular basketball player, student body president and high school king, brother of the Sigma fraternity, and a prominent figure in the school. I was the exact opposite of him in college. It's not very popular for SE, but I shy away from being the center of attention and prefer to have a small group of close friends rather than a large group of friends. Josh is the life of the party. I sat in a corner of the house and dreamed of places I wanted to go but could never go. My phobia has nothing to do with this. My heart phobia. I know it's all mental, but it feels physical. Nausea, a racing heart, and paralyzing fear turned my legs into useless frozen solids. The good thing is, at least I'm not afraid of the rain. I can avoid oceans, lakes, and ponds. But will it rain? Yes, that would be bad. I don't know how long I spent in the little bus station when I declined Grayson's offer to take me back to town after the movie, mostly because I couldn't see the view. Not wanting to disturb them, I figured I could call an Uber and be back at school in Thayer in a half hour. But after the couple left, the sky opened up and here I am. It was getting dark. Soft grays were blending into the cool summer twilight, and part of me worried that she didn't know what was going to happen.

This turned my legs into useless frozen solids. One good thing about having Terry is that at least I'm not afraid of the rain. I can avoid oceans, lakes, and ponds. But will it rain? Yes, that would be bad. I don't know how long I spent in the little bus station when I declined Grayson's offer to take me back to town after the movie, mostly because I couldn't see the view. Not wanting to disturb them, I figured I could call an Uber and be back at school in Thayer in a half hour. But after the couple left, the sky opened up and here I am. It was getting dark. Soft grays were blending into the cool summer twilight, and part of me worried that she didn't know what was going to happen. But Josh never left me. If one of your friends doesn't get me the way they want, they won't get me tomorrow. Josh is a medical student, but he doesn't hesitate to resort to violence when the situation calls for it, especially when it involves me. The light shines through the rain. I squinted my eyes, my heart pounding with hope and exhaustion as I weighed the possibility of whether the car was me or a potential psychopath. This part of Maryland is very safe but you never know. I was relieved when my eyes returned to the light, but two minutes later I froze again. Good news, I can see that sleek black Aston Martin passing me. He's one of Josh's friends, which means I won't be watching the local news tonight. bad news. The driver said Aston Martin was the last person I would want or expect to pick me up. Not in Pi. Do my friend a favor and save his little sister or something. He looked at me with an innocent expression and a pale face. Shame on you and everyone you care about, good person. He'll do it, he'll look nice and beautiful, and you won't see your world burning around you until you're a pile of ashes at his Tom Ford-clad feet, on the tip of my tongue. When the car passed in front of me, the passenger's window opened. Get in the car. He did not raise his voice. He didn't raise his voice, but I could still hear him clearly in the rain. Alex Volkoff is.....

*Thank
You*