

THE
CURSE
OF
FINN
MILTON

BOOK 1 OF ETHEREA

VIVIAN MAYNE

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The Curse of Finn Milton
Book One: Etherea
by Vivian Mayne

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Book One of Etherea

THE
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The legacy

August 1996 ~ St Ives, Cornwall

It was early morning when the ghostly spirit passed through the walls of the old Parsonage. Branna Connelly lay silent, unaware of the intruder watching her sleep. In the half-light, long lustrous, black hair framed her fair-skinned face.

The ghostly spirit, Marcio, was an ethereal sentry on business from Etherea, a sacred spiritual realm. Solidifying into a glowing white human form, he sank a long transparent finger into her forehead and gently searched for her mind's eye. Using telepathy he began to commune with her. His presence was strong and Branna instinctively sensed it.

Branna: *Who are you?*

Marcio: *Do not fear me. I will not harm you. There are stories you have been told that are untrue, Branna Connelly. I am going to give you a choice, but you will have to consider it wisely.*

Branna: *What do you want?*

Marcio: *There is a curse but I cannot detect its existence because it is cloaked, shrouded from my perception, if you like. Are you familiar with Finn Milton?*

Branna: *Yes, I am aware of him. Why?*

Marcio: *One of your ancestors cursed him. From the age of ten, he has been enslaved. You believe his kin hurt your family. This is untrue and if proven, a damning crime.*

Branna: *Why are you telling me? I had nothing to do with it.*

Marcio: *I am assigned to hunt evil of this nature. It was not designed specifically for him; it was created for his great grandmother. Her name is Jessica Pengelly.*

Branna: *I didn't know.*

Marcio: *I have assisted in allowing her to regain more function, but there is so little time. There will be an object bound to the curse. Our kind refer to it as a talisman. It must be delivered to Etherea and thus destroyed. It is probable the talisman hones this cloak. Jessica holds vital memories about your great grandmother, Shannon Connelly. Only a mortal telepath can read her mind because these particular memories are cloaked to my kind.*

Branna: *I still don't understand what this has to do with me.*

Marcio: *Finn's life is in danger. He has been bound to a mystic girl called Ellie Morgan since he was a child. Every ten years, fate brings them together for a short time, but in the remaining time she is oblivious to his existence. It is driving Finn insane. He is special, not to mention unstable. We are aware of Finn's abilities, as are you, it appears. He is unique and potentially dangerous because of the unusual amount of pure soul light that resides within him. You know that soul light is the energy of the universe – it is what gives you your abilities. To find it inside humans is rare in this day and age. Trapped inside a mortal, it can have massive repercussions if the balance is tipped and the amount too great. If Finn does not gain this vital information from Jessica, there could be terrible consequences. It is her wish that you instruct him to contact her urgently.*

Branna: *Are you saying my family did this to him? If this curse is real and I help Finn to destroy this talisman, then my family be exposed?*

Marcio: *If they have used their abilities to commit crimes, they will be dispersed. I am not usually allowed to contact a mortal but I must investigate this. Finn Milton will be coming to Cornwall at the end of next week. Arrange to meet him so you can tell him what I have told you. He is so fragile and will need your help when the time comes. Start believing in yourself. You are rarely gifted. Healing, telepathy, telekinesis and shape shifting – impressive by mortal standards. It is imperative you take the right course of action. Balance must be restored before it is too late.*

Branna: *Why can't you give him the message yourself?*

Marcio: *I cannot interfere. As it is, I am only representing Jessica. I cannot see the curse at all or help him like you can.*

Branna: *And Finn is really innocent?*

Marcio: *Yes, but you always knew that, didn't you? Use your instincts – they do you justice. I hope we don't meet again, Branna Connelly. You have a chance of doing something good. You will remember this conversation when you wake. I bid you farewell.*

The sentry Marcio increased in size until he was almost eight foot tall. Satisfied, he darted like the wind through an exterior wall of the Parsonage and flew high above the house as the first rays of light started to stretch from the horizon.

The clamour of seagulls woke her. Glancing at the open window, she mentally commanded it to close and the noise faded. Branna rubbed her eyes, remembering something about the young man her father was so obsessed about. It had always been that way. She'd had an encounter with Finn Milton fourteen years previously in 1982, when she was fifteen, and had always wondered about his innocence.

An image of the spectre filled her mind's eye and she recalled a conversation. Although it hadn't scared her, the idea of her family being cloaked and using their supernatural abilities for crime had. She knew her father and brother had killed people; they owned a grip of steel on the local town. They dined on fear and exploited it. She had experienced an encounter with a Sentry, a spiritual soldier from Etherea. Until that moment, Etherea had been a legend, a bedtime story designed to scare gifted children. Now she knew different. *It was real and so were the Sentries.*

Slowly she dressed and embroiled herself in the breakfast routine. Waiting for her father, Logan Connelly, and brother, Jared, to vacate the house in the morning always required patience. A distant cousin of her father was flying into Newquay later, which provided Logan with taxi duties so he was fussing more than usual.

After their departure, Branna unlocked her father's garage, where he crafted wrought-iron furniture. She knew it was his domain and it filled her with dread. She looked around and found the light. The space came to life: a labyrinth of tools and half-built furniture.

When Branna was eight she had witnessed her father opening a rusty safe concealed beneath the floorboards. Fascinated by something being hidden away, she was caught opening it. Grounded in her room for a month, it was the first time Branna despised her father. Being raised by Logan Connelly was an endurance test; he was a determined and volatile man. Always mindful to keep *'Daddy'* happy, she lived in constant fear of him. She had never known her mother, who died shortly after Branna and Jared were born. With a heavy heart she knew she had been deprived of her love and support. Logan had killed her and she hated him for it.

An old wooden table weighed down with tools stood above the spot. Clearing her mind, Branna mentally pushed it aside and then lifted the floorboards. The safe was lying on its back in the hollowed-out space. Smiling, she turned the dial, recalling the combination gleaned from Logan's mind earlier at breakfast. Something clicked and she heaved the door up. It was choked full with books, loose paperwork and dusty files. She prized a thick brown envelope to the top. Inside was an old leather journal, tatty at the edges and tied together with a brown bootlace. In large writing across the first page were the words *'The Pengellys'*.

The first part was dated 1945-1946 when local siblings, Phoebe and Robert Pengelly, were born in St Ives. The next was dated 1965 when Phoebe married Finlay Milton, a young English teacher. The subsequent pregnancy filled many pages, and then in August 1966, Phoebe gave birth to a boy, Finn George Milton. Small photos were glued to the page of the father and baby. Phoebe had died moments after Finn was born.

Branna swallowed and felt a chill. It was dawning on her that the book wasn't about a family at all. It was an obsessive account

concerning one person. His entire life was intricately recorded, including a list of some of his known abilities. Finn Milton's whole existence was woven into the pages of an old notebook. The intense intrusion into his life was beginning to unnerve her.

A few loose black and white photographs fell into her hand. His face looked the same in each one, never once hiding the pain in his pale grey eyes. He looked older than his years and wore a grave expression. She reckoned he must have been almost thirty. Branna couldn't believe how different he was compared to the skinny teenager she'd met years ago. At the back of the notebook was a time line of addresses, showing one in Camden, London, dated 1985. She copied it, adding his father's address in St Ives. Returning the notebook, she made sure nothing looked out of place and left the workshop.

An hour later, her father returned with Michael. While they drank whisky in the kitchen, Branna lay on her bed quietly composing a letter, hoping it would be enough to persuade Finn Milton to meet her.

Something is wrong with me

A few days later ~ Camden Town, London

Finn Milton arrived home late from work trying his best to stay upright. Tiny white lights defined the space in his roof garden. Swaggering, he rested against the railings, drinking from a half-empty whisky bottle. Below him, the town was very much alive.

The constant beat of reggae music was humming away constantly in the distance. The intoxicating smells of the high street were infused with the blended noises of cars honking, police sirens and people shouting.

Camden Town in the early hours of the morning was anything but sociable unless you wanted it to be. Finn closed his eyes and tried to recall the smell of the sea. The atmosphere and sound of Cornwall was so far removed from his life. Born in St Ives, Cornwall, he had spent the first ten years of his life there. He missed the big sky filled with millions of stars reaching to the horizon and the sea illuminated by a large moon casting its glow across an immense patch of water.

The stark present was the city. It offered dark skies tinged with electric orange from the street lamps below. The alcohol was dampening his mood, making him feel numb. Thinking of his abilities, he forced a small glowing orb of light to appear in his open hand. Commanding it to jump several feet, it exploded into a shower of sparks.

To Finn this was completely normal but it was a secret. He had spent the last fourteen years trying to master abilities he knew little about. He remembered being able to suddenly work complex telekinisis from the age of sixteen. He had acquired inherited abilities

from his parents but it was never discussed. Finn and his father had grown estranged. Concealing it from his hectic working life had been a constant pressure. As a result, he became an enigma to everyone he encountered. He refused to integrate so no one in London ever knew the real Finn Milton.

Alone in a city that provided him with a successful career, it was hundreds of miles from the life he longed for with every fibre of his being. He knew most people would cut off a limb to be able to work a fraction of his strange abilities but Finn was amazed and horrified by it in equal measure and longed to be normal.

Checking the post, one letter was post-marked St Ives, Cornwall. The writing was wiry and detailed. Branna Connelly's name was from another life, one he had turned his back on. Their only encounter had been unpleasant. His heart almost stopped as he read its contents and sobered instantly. He glanced at the phone, commanded it to switch to speaker and pressed the numbers using telekinesis. Finn heard it ring some 300 miles away.

"Hello?" Came a weary voice.

"Bastian, are you awake?" Finn asked.

"I am now. Finn, is that you?" Bastian whispered as his wife slept beside him.

"Who else is it going to be?"

Nestled in the back streets of St Ives near Porthmeor Beach was an old fisherman's cottage. Inside, Bastian Pengelly made his way downstairs, swearing under his breath. If nothing else, Finn's lack of social skills was predictable. "It's two in the morning. I'm working tomorrow. What the hell is it?"

"Branna Connelly sent me a letter."

"And you felt like now was the best time to tell me?"

"I know, I should call you more often."

"That's not what I meant," said Bastian.

Finn could hear annoyance in his voice. "I had to call you, you're the only one who understands."

“The only one who listens, more like,” said Bastian. “You sound pissed.”

“Branna knows why Ellie can’t see me. I always knew there had to be more to this.”

“That’s great. Let go of it. It’s eating you up.”

“It already has,” said Finn.

“I diagnose plenty of sleep and some psychiatric therapy thrown in for good measure.”

“But it might explain things. I’m not right.”

“That’s true,” said Bastian. “You should be writing this down, it would make an excellent piece of fiction.”

“Thanks, you don’t have to be sarcastic,” replied Finn.

“Don’t call me this late again, cousin.”

The line went dead. Finn lay on his bed in the dark staring at the ceiling. He clenched his fists as tension boiled inside him. His mind drifted back to September 1982 when he’d first met Branna Connelly; a time when he’d experienced a few home truths, some of which he’d never fully understood.

September 1982 ~ Godrevy Beach, Cornwall

Finn could see flickering lights from a bonfire. Rasping music, talking and laughter, all mingled with the smell of smoke and meat cooking. Pulling his black beanie straight, he clambered down the last of the steps onto the soft sand. Bastian had dragged him to a beach party. He was visiting Cornwall for his grandmother’s funeral. His cousin thought it would be a distraction but Finn wasn’t enthusiastic. Being back in Cornwall only made him more nervous.

A short and pretty blonde girl ran towards Bastian and almost fell over herself.

“Finn, this is Caron Evans, my girlfriend,” said Bastian.

Finn thought she couldn’t have been more than fourteen but

managed to offer a small smile. “Hi,” said Finn.

“So this is Finn from London? Cool. Let me introduce you to Branna. She’s in my year at school. Come on, you have to meet her. She’s mental, your type completely. Bastian told me all about you,” said Caron.

She grabbed Finn by the arm and pulled him towards a bunch of girls beyond the fire. Slightly confused and concerned about what she had learnt about him, Finn was strangely enjoying the attention. She stopped beside three girls, all dressed differently, standing apart from everyone. One wore dated sixties’ clothes, her hair wild and woolly; the next had a pierced nose and sported leather jeans and a black biker jacket, ... and then there she was, the Gothic punk, Branna. A chill ran down Finn’s back. Branna stared at Finn and he felt her look right through him. Her eyes were very pale, like a cat’s, and she seemed to sneer at him through her white and black make-up.

Finn wasn’t sure why Caron thought he would be interested in her. Branna was not his type; he had deduced this much on his own. He also knew Bastian hadn’t shared anything noteworthy about him, having liberally read Caron’s mind in the short space of time it had taken them to walk over.

“Branna, this is Finn,” said Caron. “He’s visiting from London.”

Do I know you?

Branna’s telepathic words filled his mind and they locked eyes despite it being dark. Taken by surprise, Finn watched with a knot in his stomach as she turned to Caron, ignoring him. “Are you here with Bastian?”

Caron nodded duly and Finn noticed a sneer on Branna’s mouth.

“It’s nice when you find a good man. There are so few of them about.”

Branna was looking at him but Finn wasn’t sure to whom she was directing the comment at.

“Have you met my brother, Jared?” Branna asked.

“I don’t think so,” said Finn.

“You’d remember if you had. He’s a bit hard to forget.”

Bastian deposited two cans of beer into Finn’s hands before disappearing off with Caron. Finn couldn’t help but read his mind ... Bastian was thinking there might be trouble. Against his gut instinct, Finn offered Branna a beer, thinking she might bite the top off. He half smiled at the idea. Curiously he looked into her mind when she immediately glared at him.

“You’re Finn Milton. I’ve heard of you. Good trick. Did you see anything you liked?”

“Err. ”

“You’re doing A’ Levels in London. You’ve recently lost your grandmother. You see,” she said, coming closer and breathing in his ear, “I know you have gifts, although strangely, many of them are concealed. You think you can block me, but I can see right through you. I can block you from reading me.” She laughed like a crazy child-woman, but her demeanour faded as quickly as it arrived.

“Fine, I’m not looking for any trouble.” He was considering she was nuts.

“Guess you have enough of that going on without me,” she said.

“I don’t need to put up with this.” He was irritated and noticed they had walked away from the others. They were almost by the water’s edge. It had been so gradual, but the gap was considerable. He couldn’t remember moving his feet but could make out the lighthouse and the spray from the waves crashing against the island. It was making him feel uneasy. “Who are you? You don’t sound like you’re from around here.”

“I’m a Connelly,” said Branna. “You should know who we are. Your poor mother, it wasn’t really her fault.”

Finn couldn’t believe what she was saying. “You don’t know anything about my mother.”

“You don’t know, do you? Maybe you’ve forgotten.”

“What *are* you talking about?”

“She died bringing you into this world,” said Branna. “How can you live with yourself, killing your own mother?”

“It’s not true.” Finn was beside himself. She was trying to get a rise out of him but he couldn’t react, something was stopping him.

“Your father never told you, did he?”

“How do you know all of this?” Finn was reeling at her revelation.

“Have you found the girl, yet? Oh, you have. Another poor unsuspecting female, but I do feel for her. I can’t say I know her, but that could change. Your sort will always pay for your sins. Shame, as you really are a handsome bloke. Pity it will only ever be her. It’s a real waste. I could have found some use for you but it’s much too late for that now.”

“Stop reading my mind.”

“You’ll find, Finn Milton, that you can’t stop me from doing anything.”

She was running her finger slowly down his shirt. He wanted to move but couldn’t. She was so close to him and the light from the fire seemed far away. The air was cold and suffocating. The dark enveloped them and he could only see the whites of her eyes as she moved against him. Frozen to the spot, he guessed she was working a charm on him and his heart began to beat faster, unable to fight it.

“Who do you think you are?” He stammered, still trying to work out why he couldn’t block her or push her away. “What have you done to me? What are you doing in my head? Get out of there.”

“Interesting. You’ve been hypnotised. I thought so.”

“What?”

Finn was paralysed. He could feel her hand reaching to his neck and her fingertips were touching the skin. She felt his chin and he arched away as she touched his cheek. His head began to spin as she began to probe him. A tiny drop of blood fell from his nose and trickled over his lip then dropped on his T-shirt. Branna pushed harder, reading his memories, finding them all opening up, she smiled to herself.

“Please stop.” He said as it grew ever more painful.

“Why would I want to do that? You’re far too interesting. Try and relax and it won’t hurt so much. Don’t be a baby, Finn. You can’t stop me.”

Branna could see he was a mess inside, a turbulent mash of unbalanced emotions. “I’m going to do you a favour. You may not thank me for it now but you will, one day.”

Her hand rested on his forehead and she closed her eyes. Finn’s eyes rolled back until they were white; the pressure in his head mounted. Blood poured from his nose as he started to lose consciousness. Branna sensed someone approaching. Her eyes narrowed and her attention dropped. In that instant she moved her hand from Finn’s face.

“Branna, are you alright?” A soft Irish accent punctured the air. A tall young man with jet-black spiky hair appeared out of nowhere. “What are you doing with your hands all over this poor guy?”

Finn caught his breath. Wiping his nose, his hand was wet and covered in blood. He was regaining his composure and senses. Glancing at Branna, he was scared and had no idea what she was capable of. Flexing his hands, she had done something to him.

Different senses were brewing inside him. In his mind, he was learning of hidden abilities. Without any effort, sparks were emanating from his fingers. Jared’s thoughts punched the air as Finn clearly heard them. Noticing, Jared swiftly blocked his mind.

“What have you done to me?” Finn was alarmed by his telepathy, amplified beyond anything he could remember. He could clearly hear voices across the beach. His hearing had become a super sense.

Branna smiled. “You should embrace your powers. No one should be made to forget them. We’re different, Finn. We get to use more of our brains. You have soul light too. Very unusual.”

“What?” Finn wore an expression of disbelief.

The young man stood beside his sister. They were so alike physically, both tall and willowy with black hair. His eyes were doused

with black eye liner. They were both dressed in black and Finn thought of ravens. Between them they seemed otherworldly, close and intense. Dangerous and most definitely gifted.

“Who have we here? Is he giving you any trouble?” Jared asked.

“What, Finn Milton? You’ve got to be joking.”

“Finn Milton,” said Jared. “I never thought we’d meet. I know so much about you. How does it feel having no control of your life?”

“Who *are* you people?” Finn demanded.

“You really don’t know, do you? And you only have telepathy, what a shame. I can see you’ve probed him, sister.” Jared noticed the blood on Finn’s shirt and face.

“I couldn’t resist,” said Branna. “It’s working.”

“Excellent.” Jared grinned at her and she smiled, ignoring Finn completely.

“What are you talking about?” Finn was growing angry. Something snapped inside and he forced Jared down on the sand.

“You ought to ask your mother. Oh you can’t, can you?” A crazy sound came from his lips, which sounded like a laugh. Jared didn’t even try to fight him off.

“Leave my mother out of this. You know nothing about me,” said Finn.

“But I do. You killed her and there isn’t anything you can do to stop it,” Jared added.

“Stop what?”

“Don’t you wake up every day knowing that she can’t remember you? It must really grate.”

Finn couldn’t believe Jared was referring to Ellie. Branna was watching them with mild interest waiting for Finn to use his abilities. Finally, Finn clenched his fist and smashed it into the side of his nose. Jared spat on the sand as his nose began to pour blood. Finn backed off, flicking his wrist.

Jared lifted himself up without using his hands as though he was rising into the air. Finn looked around but no one had noticed;

they were a distance from everyone else and it was dark. There was a reason. It limited exposure. Branna had led him away deliberately.

“I probably deserved that, so I’ll take that one,” said Jared. “But if you cross us again, you won’t want to see what we’re capable of, not when you’re so handicapped. There are things that go way back with our families. One day you’ll learn the truth about who you really are, not that you can do anything to change it.”

“Tell me,” said Finn.

“I’m not telling you anything,” said Jared. “It’s not up to me and leave my sister alone. We can both leave a bitter sting.”

Bastian came running over and noticed Jared’s bleeding face. “Finn, what the bloody hell’s going on?”

“Nothing for you to worry about, Pengelly,” said Jared. “I’m sure we’ll meet again, Finn. You take care of yourself.”

“Why don’t you go and hang yourself?”

They exchanged looks before Finn began walking away. It was hopeless; they weren’t going to tell him anything. Finn was conscious of Branna reading his mind, and all he wanted was to put some distance between them. Bastian caught up, grabbing his arm to stop him.

“Finn, what the hell happened? You don’t thump Jared Connelly. Are you mad? You’ll bring the whole lot down on you and some of them are barking, especially their father, Logan. He’s a dangerous maniac. Are you on a suicide mission?”

“Me? Hardly,” said Finn. “They picked on me. They’re nuts.”

“Why would they do that?”

“I have no idea. Why don’t you ask them?”

“What are you doing?”

“I’m going,” said Finn. “You’re welcome to them. When did people become like that?”

“Like what?”

“I can’t handle any of this right now. I feel weird,” said Finn. “I don’t want to talk about it.”

“How are you going to get back?”

“It’s a nice evening,” said Finn. “I’ll walk.”

“Not to St Ives.”

“Why not?”

“I want to help, Finn. Please let me.”

“You can’t. No one can. You’re right,” said Finn. “They *are* dangerous. Forget it. I’ll see you tomorrow.”

“Finn,” said Bastian, but he could only watch him walk into the darkness.

Ten minutes later Finn was crossing the Red River Bridge. He walked to The Pendarves Arms in Gwithian where he phoned for a taxi. It dropped him near the harbour in St Ives.

Finn felt cold and zipped up his jacket. His hand was throbbing and he couldn’t get Jared’s face out of his mind. The Connelly twins had been so strong, much darker than any gifted people he had met. They seemed to know more about him than he knew himself.

Strange senses were waking inside him. He imagined two small balls of energy forming in his hands and they appeared as though he had conjured them from thin air. He raised his hands and thought about throwing them out into the darkness and watch them fade. It happened as he thought it and they quickly dispersed.

Finn’s mouth dropped open in amazement, it had been so easy. He couldn’t recall ever being able to do it before. Branna had definitely turned something on inside him. His abilities had always been there. He had merely been unable to access or remember them since he was ten years old. He wondered what Branna had meant by doing him a favour. If nothing else it was scaring the hell out of him.

Finn wandered aimlessly back to September Cottage and his father. The interaction with the Connellys was still rattling him. He decided not to share the events of the evening with his dad, something he would keep to himself for years. If anything he wanted to forget about it.

Professor Milton was watching television when his son walked in and looked at him with surprise as the beach party was meant to be an all-nighter. They merely exchanged a glance before Finn headed to the quiet of his room without saying a word. Finn slumped down on the bed, thinking how hard it was being a teenager. He had the body of a man but lacked the maturity and wished deep down that he had chosen to stay at the beach instead of running away.

1996 ~ Camden Town, London

An urgent beeping noise was playing out like incredibly loud drumming. Finn was flying and his body was made of white mist. The sound became more urgent and transformed into an irritating industrial noise. Opening his eyes, Finn commanded the alarm clock to fly against the wall of his London flat where it consequently broke into several pieces. A sharp pain crossed his forehead and he cringed as consciousness took over. The dream was over.

A little unsteady, and nursing a foul hangover, he put on a record. A moment later he stepped into a hot shower feeling his day-old coarse stubble. As the welcome water fell on his face, he could hear Jim Morrison singing *The Changeling*.

A happy memory of Ellie Morgan entered his mind. All was calm. He had managed five hours of sleep and craved a triple espresso as though his life depended on it. The phone began to ring, mixing with the sound of the music over the pounding water.

Finn heard it clearly, benefiting from almost sonic hearing. He let the cordless handset fly effortlessly across the room into his waiting hand. *Love her madly* started and he turned down the volume by staring at the record player.

“Hello?”

“Finn?”

Finn recognised the voice, it was American, unmistakably Southern. “Brett? How are you?” He willed the stereo to turn off

and sat on the edge of the sofa, dripping water onto the wooden floor.

“I’m flying over from Paris,” said Brett. “I didn’t want to miss your big opening night tonight. I’m sure you’ve written another belter. I’m having a soiree at our Eel Pie pile tomorrow. I want to discuss a project with you and I want you to come along.” Having experienced one of Brett Pietersen’s parties it amazed Finn he was still married. “There’ll be plenty of totty. I guarantee you won’t be disappointed.”

“I’ll see you at the theatre, tonight?” Asked Finn, wondering how he could get out of going to the party.

“Of course, but I don’t expect we’ll have the chance to chat properly, will we?”

“I’ll come to your place, tomorrow evening,” said Finn reluctantly. “I have to go. Sorry Brett, but I have to go to work and do the final arrangements.”

“Very well my boy, see you later,” said Brett.

Touching the calendar on the wall he had circled in pen: 15 August. Thursday was his birthday *and hers*. Born on the same evening almost thirty years ago. They’d met for the first time as young children outside a thatched cottage in the summer of 1976. It was a meeting, which changed both their lives irrevocably.

Ellie Morgan had known Finn for only four weeks in the last twenty years. Finn had loved her without restraint the entire time, even though they had been lost to one another. It defined his existence and often made him feel suicidal. She was always on his mind and he could do nothing about it.

As Finn prepared to leave for work, Ellie Morgan was on her way to London on the train with her best friend Joo Williams. They had planned a short holiday. Finn would be working just around the corner in Drury Lane.

VIVIAN MAYNE



Vivian Mayne was born and raised in Cornwall and has travelled to London, France, Belgium, South Africa, Germany, and Holland. Having travelled for 11 years, she returned to Cornwall with her son Jake, settling near her family. Recently married, Vivian lives in West Penwith with her husband and two Maine Coon cats.

Over ten years ago, she was inspired by unrequited love and began to write her first novel *The Curse of Finn Milton*, book one of a trilogy called *Etherea*. She passionately formulated a contemporary hidden world in Cornwall where two families are locked in turmoil over an act of revenge. A short companion story called *My Forever Girl*, based on *The Curse of Finn Milton* followed, then Book two called *The Flame and The Moth* which is available now for the first time in paperback.

All titles are published by Fleurdi Books and produced by www.maynedesign.co.uk.

Book 2 of **Etherea**

Published by Fleurdi Books

VIVIAN MAYNE

THE FLAME AND THE MOTH

Finn Milton and his fiancée Ellie have survived the Parsonage and are ready to start a normal family life. But a dark omen has proven they will always have a part to play. For all parties, breaking from their past has grave consequences.

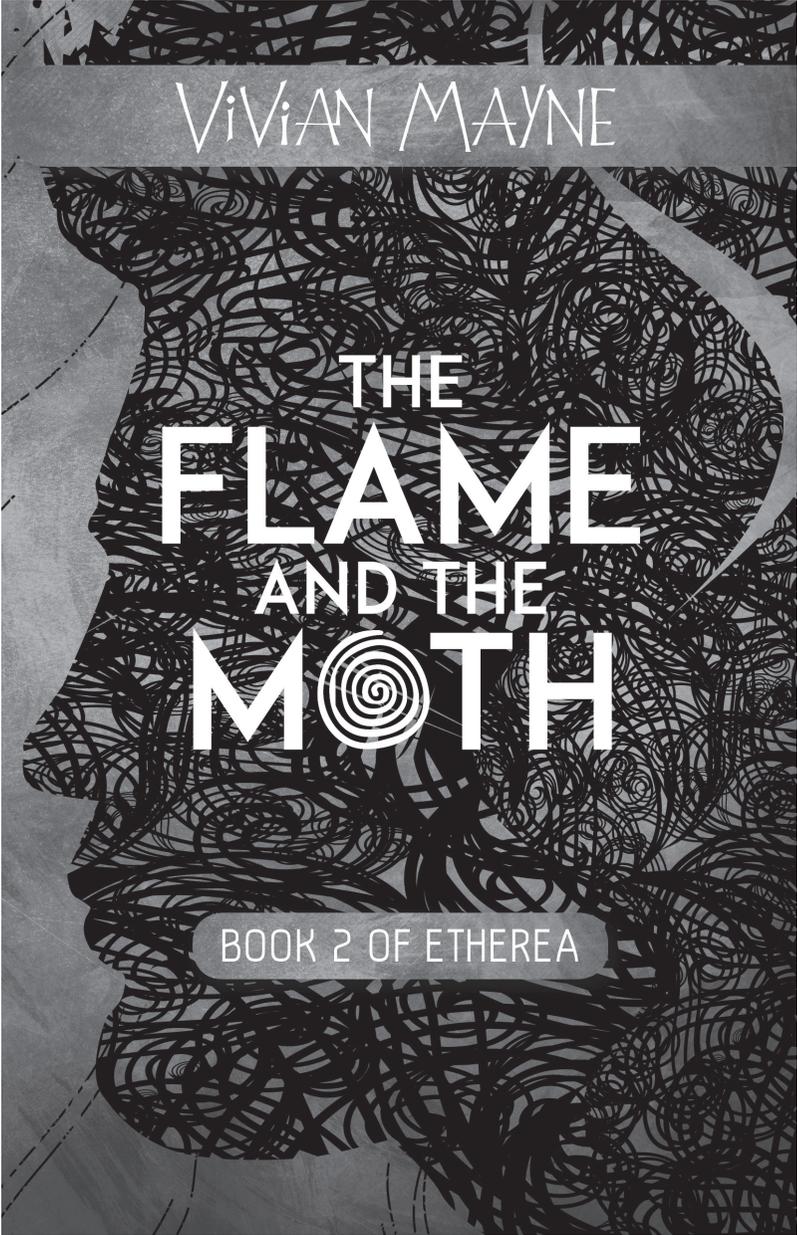
Her house abandoned, Branna Connelly is one of the few survivors of her family's genocide. But not even she can hide her darkest secret from Cillian Connelly searching for Logan, Branna's murdered father.

Whether their motives are for good or for family vengeance, they ultimately cannot escape the existential power of *Etherea*. Behind the curtain, a crumbling reality is only limited by imagination where nobody can escape the code.



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VIVIAN MAYNE

THE
FLAME
AND THE
MOTH

BOOK 2 OF ETHEREA