EVIL LURKS IN EVERY TURN - PART 2

By : brontewriter

Kristina falls more and more infatuated with the tall, dark haired brooding handsome young man who took her breath away with that kiss. Doors creaking open by themselves, heavy breathing, odd noises going on in the attic of the hotel makes the students of London University terrified unable to sleep. What was going on? The mysterious black wolf appears all the time staring at the hotel. But why?

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Chapter Two

I tossed and I turned in my hotel bed trying to get to sleep but I couldn't as the handsome, dark haired stranger kept slipping into my mind, into my dreams. I let out a soft moan and then jolted upright in my hotel bed. I was all hot and sweaty while Liv and the others were sleeping peacefully when I glanced over at them. I got out of my bed and tiptoed over to the window and looked out as dawn approached for a brand new day.

I heard a door creak open in the hall and then another. Suddenly heard odd sounds going on up above. Maybe rats as it was an old building.

I turned back to the window and my eyes widened as I saw the black wolf lying down on the hilltop opposite staring at the hotel. As if it was staring at me. My heart thumped against my chest. The fog was swirling all around it and the hotel spookily. I didn't know what to do. A loud bang from upstairs of a door slamming up above made me jump and awakened Liv, Trisha and Dominque.

"What was that?" asked Liv yawning.

Trisha shooked her head and her beaded long black hair clicked together. "I don't know," she said. She threw back her bed sheets and stepped out and went to the door and opened it slowly and it creaked as it opened. She stuck her head out the door with Liv, Dominque and I.

We saw no one out on the landing just four closed bedroom doors. So we stepped back into the room and shut the door and climbed back into bed.

Liv looked at her mobile that read the time she groaned. "It's four am. God, I need sleep," she said lying back on the soft pink pillow,

The others went back to sleep but me, I wouldnt be able to sleep. Strange noises and doors creaking open and wolf outside and a gorgeous man kept my mind working. I glanced back out the window and the black wolf was still there with its bright yellow eyes glowing through the dark and gloomy early morning.

It was as if it was calling to me to go to it.

I quickly tiptoed out the room, along the landing, down the staircase, to the front door. I opened it as quietly as I could and let cold air come in. I put an old newspaper down to stop the door from shutting as I slowly went out. The wind swirling and howling around me as well as the fog.

The black wolf had seen I was coming its way so he got to his feet and growled warningly with his head down low.

I stopped. What was I doing? I was outside in just a nightie in a cold and gloomy warning. I began to turn back towards the hotel when I felt a pair of strong arms circle around my waist. I gasped as I realised it was him. I leaned back my head against his chest. I thought this was just a wonderful dream and sooner or later I'll wake up and none of this would be real. I closed my eyes for a few moments and then opened them. Still I had his arms around me and felt his soft tender kisses along my neck.

"Hey Kristina, remember me?" he said.

I slowly turned around and my heart fluttered. He smiled broadly.

"Is this a dream?" I asked.

He stood tall and handsome in black. he shook his head "no dream."

"Who are you?"

"My name is Joe Montellino," he answered.

"You don't have an accent," I said.

Joe smiled, "I was born in England but my family is from Rome."

"Why did you stop the coach and why did you kiss me?" I cried angrily for no reason.

"You didn't like the kiss?" Joe asked hurt.

"I loved the kiss but that's not the point."

"Then what is the point?"

"The point is you shouldn't of jumped out in front of the coach like that you know you could have been killed!" I surprised myself for caring so much.

Joe encircled his arms tighter around my waist to draw me closer to him. "Are you saying you care about me and you loved the kiss?" he asked grinning like a cheshire cat.

I avoided the question as I looked around searching for the black wolf but it was nowhere to be seen.

"Did you see a black wolf when you came?"

"A black wolf?" he asked his eyebrows creased up in confusion. "No."

"Maybe I was hullucinating, don't worry," I said laughing it off.

Joe and I stared into each other's eyes and then lost ourselves in our passionate kiss. We disappeared in the thick fog.

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