EVIL LURKS IN EVERY TURN PART 4

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Kristina spends the night with Joe in the room of where the strange noises were. She tells him what she and her friends had heard and he tells her the horrific history of the hotel leaving her utterly speechless.

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I quickly got up from crouching down by Joe's side on the bed and closed the door and locked it as he commanded me to as if I was hypnotised.

"Come here," Joe said beckoning me back to him on the bed.

I slowly walked back to him and stood at the foot of the bed and he sat up and grabbed hold of my arms and pulled me on top of him on the bed. Joe rolled on top of me and his kisses were hot and passionate as he kissed me on the lips, down my neck, the base of my throat. I felt his handsï¿½roam over my body. I was only wearing a pretty, lilac coloured summer dress that was off the shoulder.

Joe's kisses were on my bare shoulders, along my chest and down the valley between my heaving breasts. I was breathing heavily, I was feeling so hot . His lips returned to mine and I kissed him back with utter passion as my hands were at the back of his skullï¿½my fingers in betweenï¿½his dark hair. He pressed his body against mine and I felt his hard manliness pressing against me.

He stopped kissing me and looked into my eyes thoughtfully. "Are you OK?" he asked.

I pulled him back down and we kissed passionately again rolling over onto each other and each piece of our clothing slipped off onto the floor.

Joe and I made mad, passionate love rolling on top of each other making a mess of the bed. Our bodies were one and the lovemaking was sensual, sensational, terrific, and at the same time loving.

It was as if Joe and I were in a dream world where it was just us onï¿½the bed in a white puffy cloud making love and there were beautiful violin music playing in the background.

Our breathing inceased and sweat dripped off our bodies as we climaxed together. We lay there side by side catching our breath.

Joe turned to me proping up on his right elbow and smiled happily down at me when I looked up at him and I smiled back. "How was it?" he asked.

"Amazing," I said.

"Good."

I too sat up proped up on my left elbow facing him. "Joe, what do you know about this hotel?" I asked.

His smile faded and he sat up. "What do you mean?"

I sat up too. "I mean the history. Because my sister and I and our friends from university have been experiencing strange noises, scuffling on the floor above our hotel room, doors creaking loudly, heavy breathing. We came into this very room earlier today and it was empty so we thought but the shower turned on and we heard heavy breathing. We went back to our hotel room and put a chair against it and the door

handle started to rattle as if someone was trying to come in. Then there was loud thuds against the door as well. Joe, do you think this hotel could be haunted?"

Joe looked at my serious and worried face then sighed heavily. "OK, this hotel was built in 1910 to Sir William Stockholm, he was a multi billionnaire back in those days. He had several hotels and scattered around here, there, and everywhere in England, France, Spain, and Belgium. But he wanted to buildï¿½a special kind of hotel - a country hotel for passing travellers to come to if they were travelling on foot and needed someplace stay for the night," he explained.

"Yeah? Then what happened?" I asked, urging him to go on.

"A lot of travellers came and thought it was absolutely wonderful hotel so they went back to their town and told their family and friends about this wonderful hotel in the country called Kinderspirit. So they all came and they told their friends. It wasn't until 1915, five years after the hotel was opened that Sir William Stockholm made a horrifying discovery about the land."

I held my breath, "what did he discover about the land?"

"That it was built on a ancient burial ground from 1680," he told me.

I gasped with shock.

"Sir William Stockholm didn't want to lose custom so he told everyone that worked for him not to let the public know about this. But for many years, people had complained of hearing the sound of women crying but not seeing anyone there. Sir William Stockholm didn't believe any word of it until other guests complained about not been able to get any sleep to seeing a man in armour at the foot of their beds with a sword in his hands. By this time. he was starting to lose his own mind, even the people who worked for him had seen the ghosts from the burial ground and thought their master was denying and not realising to the fact that building a hotel onï¿½a ancient burial was not the smartest idea.

A few years later, Sir William Stockholm, by this time had truly begun to lose his marbles as he fired all of his staff and poured oil all over the rooms, the lobby, everywhere and set a match to everything. Everything went up huge red flames of fire and he tried to escape at the front of the hotel but it was locked." Joe paused and looked at me. "The ghosts from the burial ground was not letting him go. They all appeared one by one through the flames of fire towards him and Sir William Stockholm's screams of terror was carried out as they got him and the hotel burnt to the ground."

I couldn't believe what I'd just been told. "So who rebuilt the hotel?" I asked.

"It wasn't rebuilt until 1966 by a man with a lot of wealth called Mr John Herricks. He thought it be an excellent location to make a grand hotel for guests to look out at the grand country side of the west country. He was a greedy and selfish man. He'd learnt of the horrifying history of the Kinderspirit and still wanted to proceed in building the biggest and grandest hotel in the country. That's all I know," he said.

"How do you know all of this?" I asked, as I watch him get up and start to put his clothes back on. There was something else Joe wasn't telling me I just knew it. "Joe, there's something else you're not telling me isn't there?"

Joe sighed heavily whilst buttoning up his black shirt ignoring my question.

I went to him "Joe, look at me. There's something else, isn't there? If there is you have to tell me I have a right to know, my twin sister and my friends have a right to know what kind of hotel we're staying in!" I shouted.

He looked at with a darkened look in his eyes and pushed me back on the bed with his full weight on top of me and his right hand around my neck. "Don't push me, Kristina," he said in a threatening way. Then as if he had been possessed he came out of it and immediately released his hand around my neck and his blue eyes filled up with tears. "Oh, Kristina, baby, I'm so sorry, are you alright?" he said kissing me gently down the side of my face.

"It's this hotel, Joe, it's evil from all of its past. We all have to get out of here," I said holding his face in between my hands and kissed him hard on the lips.

Joe nodded. "I think I'm falling in love with you, Kristina," he told me.

It was like music to my ears I smiled up at him fluttering my long dark eyelashes at him seductively like Liv does when she's with a man. "I love you too, Joe," I said. "I'm so sorry I pushed you."

He shook his head "no, you were right. You and your friends do have a right to know what else there is about the hotel," he said.

"Forget that now, let's just enjoying being with one another,"ï¿½ I said kissing him passionately.

Joe and I made mad passionate love again forgetting temperaily the horrifying truth about the Kinderspirit hotel. That it was haunted.

I did wonder what other thing Joe was keeping from me but that would just have to wait until he was ready. Until then, I was in absolute bliss being with the man I love.

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