EVIL LURKS IN EVERY TURN

By : brontewriter

A group of students from London University travel to the West Country for a field trip and stay in a huge, creepy, frightening looking hotel with clouds of fog wrapped around its roof like a scarf. Twenty one year old, Kristina Lang, meets a mysterious tall, dark, broody, and devastatingly handsome young man dressed in black that takes her breath away.

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ONE

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I jerked back and forth on my seat in the coach that took me and my identical twin sister, Liv Lang, and our friends from London University to somewhere in the West Country. The coach wobbled as it went over a pebbled road. We'd been travelling from seven in the morning and it was now mid afternoon.

Our lecturer, Ms Johnson, a tall and lean woman in her late forties with black hair scraped back in a tight bun, piercing black eyes, a thin face, had insisted that she joined us on our field trip when we were quite capable to explore the great outdoors on our own. She rode at the front of the coach with her head held up high.

I looked back over my shoulder at my twin sister, Liv, kissing her blonde- haired, good looking boyfriend named Gerry Jones. I envied my sister who was only a few minutes younger than I for her confidence, her determination, how easy it was for her to bat her long dark eyelashes in a man's way and with her long legs and long,luscious jet black tresses. I had those as well but I don't throw them out at people because I wasn't that confident. I was shy, caring,considerate with a sweet temperament. I am loyal to my closest friends and have always had a long-term boyfriend. But I hadn't been with anyone for the last year since my last boyfriend, Barry Hicks, took off to Paris with his parents.

I longed to find someone again to love me for me, for someone to understand me. I miss having romantic walks, cuddles in winter in front of the fire and in bed.

Suddenly, as the coach went onto another country road that was a lot smoother, I noticed a tall, dark haired, broody devastatingly handsome young man on the side of the road smoking a cigarette. He'd had seen me on the coach looking at him that made my heart thud. He ran in front of the coach and the driver had to slam on the brakes before hitting him.

Everyone jerked backï¿½and forth and everyone was talking all at once.

I stood up as the angry coach driver opened the door and turned to us, "please stay in your seats," he ordered. He stepped off the coachï¿½and stood in front of the mystery man with his hands on his hips with his pot belly spilling out.

Everyone looked out the windows to watch. I hurried to the front.

"What do you think you were doing? I could have killed you!" shouted the coach driver angrily.

The young man ignored him and stepped onto the coach and stared at me and I stared back. My heart pounding against my chest.

"Excuse me, I don't know who you think you are but could you kindly get off the coach," said the driver putting a hand on his shoulder making the young man jerk his head round and glared at the driver dangerously. The coach driver stepped back nervously.

I watched as the young man stepped closer to me and then suddenly quite in front of everyone kissed me taking my breath away.

Shocked gasps were among the students especially between Liv and her friends.

The young man pulled back and smiled, "I'll see you very soon, Miss Kristina Lang," he said in a soft, velvety voice. He turned from me and saw the terrified coach driver quickly get back into his driver's seat and started up the engine. He stepped off the coach.

The coach driver stepped on the pedal and sped down the road.

I raced down the coach and looked out the back window and saw that the young man was staring after me.

"Hey Kristina, you're in my seat," said Liv irritably tapping her left foot on the floor.

"Sorry," I said and quickly got back in my seat. My mind went to thoughts of him. The kiss. The passionate, surprise kiss knocking me off my feet. I smiled at the memory and gently touched my lips where I still felt the kiss upon them with my fingertips.

Who was he?

Daylight turned to dusk as night was drawing in as the coach drove up towards a huge, black, frightening looking hotel called 'KINDERSPIRIT'. The hotel was made out of black stone with arched windows, and triangular roof top. The hotel was positioned high on top of the hill. Why someone would want to build a hotel in the middle of nowhere was beyond me. Thick fog wrapped itself around the roof like a thick white scarf. Making it look very terrifying.

The coach driver pulled the coach to a complete stop making students jerk back and forth in their seats. He opened the doors and students started to move and step off the vehicle taking their belongings with them. I was last to get off.

A hauntingly beautiful howl of a wolf or a wild dog broke through the silence of the earlyï¿½night as the coach driver and Ms Johnson led us to the front door and rang the door bell.

I glanced back over my shoulder and my blue green eyes widened in terror as a pair of bright yellow eyes of an animal appeared through the thick fog. I heard a deep, menacing growl and a beautiful but deadly black wolf stepped into view from the light of the hotel and stared at me.

I could not move nor could I think straight.

"Kris, come on," urged Liv when everyone realised a wolf had followed us.

The wolf watched me carefully as I slowly slipped through the front entrance of the hotel and the hotel clerk shut the door.

Each and every one of us stared in awe at the huge white crystalï¿½chandelier on the white ceiling and then took our other surroundings in as well. There was a telephone on a shelf on the wall on the right hand side, brown leather chairs in the lobby where a clerk stood behind the reception area in a bright red clerk outfit of suit and a hat. Thwere was stairs straight ahead with a bright green carpeted floor.

Strange colourings, I thought.

Ms Johnson read out from the list in her hand what rooms we'd be staying in and who we'll be sharing with. Thankfully I'm rooming with Liv, Trisha Daniels, my best friend and Liv's best friend as well called

Dominique Sparrows.

Trisha was a half African-ï¿½American black girl from Texas who'd moved down to London when she was ten with her parents from Kenya,

Dominque was a tall, blue-eyed, slender girl with platinum blonde chin length hair.

Ms Johnson also mentioned that there'd be no boys in our rooms whatsoever. Like anyone paid attention to the rules anyway.

As Liv, Trisha, Doninque and I got settled into our room of two wardrobes between us to share, four single beds on either side of the room with a smallï¿½bathroom that had toilet and shower at the bottom.

I looked out the window and saw the fog had thickened around the hotel spookily sending a shiver up and down my spine. I saw the black wolf sit on a hilltop in front of the hotel and lifted his muzzle to the airï¿½ and let out a beautiful yet haunting cry. My heart went out to it.

But my mind kept wondering back to the tall, dark, broody and handsome stranger who'd stopped the bus, stepped on the bus and kissed me with such passion in front of everyone. I smiled to myself.

Who are you? And where are you? I wondered.

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