At the stroke of midnight, Amelia dared to enter the abandoned mansion on the hill. The air inside was icy, filled with whispers of forgotten souls. She navigated the dark corridors, guided only by her trembling courage.

As she reached the final room, the door slammed shut behind her, trapping her in a suffocating darkness. Panic clawed at her throat, but she forced herself to take a step forward.

A dim light flickered to life, casting eerie shadows on the walls adorned with macabre paintings. A figure cloaked in darkness stood in the center, its eyes gleaming with malice.

"I've been waiting," the figure hissed, sending chills down Amelia's spine. "Now, answer me this riddle before your fate is sealed."

Amelia nodded, her voice barely a whisper. The figure's grin widened as it spoke:

"I am cold as death, yet I burn with desire. I consume all in my path, leaving nothing but ash. What am I?"

Amelia's mind raced, but terror clouded her thoughts. The figure's eyes bore into her, waiting for an answer that could save her soul.

With trembling lips, she whispered, "Fire."

The figure chuckled, a sound that echoed through the room like a death knell. "Correct, but your fate is already sealed."

Flames erupted around Amelia, consuming her in a blazing inferno. Her screams echoed through the mansion, mingling with the laughter of the dark entity.

When dawn broke, the mansion stood silent once more, a monument to the horrors within.

As you hold the flashlight in your hand, its beam cutting through the darkness like a lifeline, you step into the abandoned mansion on the hill. A chill seeps into your bones despite the warmth of your courage. The air inside is heavy, laden with whispers that tickle the edges of your consciousness. Every creak of the floorboards beneath your feet echoes like a heartbeat in the silence.

You navigate the dark corridors, the beam of your flashlight quivering in your hand. Shadows dance and twist, playing tricks on your eyes. A part of you wonders if you should turn back, if this adventure is too perilous. But another part, a part fueled by curiosity and a dash of recklessness, urges you onward.

When you reach the final room, the door slams shut behind you, sealing your fate in suffocating darkness. Panic claws at your throat, threatening to consume you whole. Your heart races as you struggle to steady your breath.

A dim light flickers to life, casting eerie shadows on the walls adorned with macabre paintings. Your pulse quickens as you take in the scene before you—a figure cloaked in darkness, its eyes gleaming with malice. It's as if the very essence of fear has taken shape in front of you.

"I've been waiting," the figure hisses, its voice sending chills down your spine. "Now, answer me this riddle before your fate is sealed."

Your mouth feels dry, your voice barely a whisper as you nod in acknowledgment. The figure's grin widens, its anticipation palpable as it speaks the riddle that could determine your destiny.

"I am cold as death, yet I burn with desire. I consume all in my path, leaving nothing but ash. What am I?"

Your mind races, fear clouding your thoughts. You struggle to focus, to push past the terror threatening to overwhelm you. The figure's eyes bore into you, waiting for an answer that could save or condemn you.

With trembling lips, you whisper, "Fire."

The figure's smile twists into a cruel grin, a silent acknowledgement of your answer. The room remains tense, the atmosphere thick with uncertainty. You wait, your breath held in anticipation, as the figure's next move remains a mystery cloaked in darkness.