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The Welcoming

It had been eight years since I had stepped through the door of my family home. I had returned to confront my brother, to lay claim to the family fortune.

Entering through the front door brought back a rush of memories. This grand staircase used to be our playground, where we would fight for control of our parents empire.

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The Welcoming

As I entered the grand hall I heard a sharp 'click' and the lights filled the staircase with light.

"Who's there?" I ventured, my voice echoing down the hall.

Was someone playing games with me?

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