

The Last Scream

TRIGGER WARNING! Includes bloody and mature scenes that may scare readers.

1: The Death Of Lorelie

The scream was honed enough to carve through the night. It shattered the silence of the lake, slicing through the dense fog that coiled around the trees. Callis ran. Her heartbeat was a hammer against her ribs, her breath ragged. The gelid air bit at her skin, but she barely noticed. All she could think about was Lorelie's. Lorelie's voice. Lorelie's scream.

The deserted boathouse emerged as Callis walked further, its putrefying frame swallowed by shadows. The door hung open, swinging slightly as if something had just passed through.

Callis hesitated, her fingers tightening around her phone. Her gut twisted. Every instinct in her body told her to turn around, to call the police, to get an adult. But she knew—knew with sickening certainty—that if she waited, it would be too late.

Steeling herself, she stepped inside.

The scent hit her first—metallic and thick. The unmistakable stench of blood.

And then, she saw her.

Lorelie.

Sprawled across the wooden floor, her dark hair fanned out like a halo, her wide eyes staring at the rafters above. Her throat had been slit. A deep, dark gash, so brutal that Callis staggered back, her stomach lurching. Blood pooled beneath her, soaking into the ancient wood, turning it black.

For a moment, the world stopped.

Callis wanted to scream. Wanted to run. But something held her in place.

Lorelie's fingers were curled around something. A scrap of paper, damp with blood. Callis crouched, hand shaking as she pried it from her friend's grip. The ink was smudged, but she could make out the words.

"He knows."

Callis's blood ran baltic.

A sound behind her. A whisper of movement.

She spun around, but the boathouse was empty. The wind creaked through the broken windows. Still, she could feel it. A presence. A pair of unseen eyes. Watching.

She had to get out.

Clutching the paper, she turned and ran until she burst out into the night, lungs screaming.

Someone had killed Lorelie.

And they were still here.

The Investigation Begins

The police arrived twenty minutes later. By then, Callis had already vomited twice and sat through what felt like a thousand questions from an officer with tired eyes and a skeptical frown.

“Tell me again,” he said, voice laced with disbelief. “You just happened to be out here? In the middle of the night?”

Callis clenched her fists. “Lorelie texted me. She said she had something important to tell me. She sounded... scared.”

The officer exchanged glances with his partner. “And where’s this text?”

She pulled out her phone. The message was gone.

No. That wasn’t possible.

She scrolled, frantic, but her conversation with Lorelie had been wiped clean.

“I swear, she texted me!” Her voice cracked.

The officers weren’t buying it. She could see it in their faces.

“Look, kid,” one of them said, softer now. “We’ll take it from here. You should go home.”

Go home? With her best friend lying dead inside that boathouse?

No way.

Callis watched as they marked off the crime scene, as Lorelie’s body was lifted onto a stretcher, as the world around her dissolved into flashing red and blue lights.

Something wasn’t right. The missing text. The note in Lorelie’s hand. The feeling she’d had inside the boathouse—like someone else had been there.

The police weren’t going to solve this.

But she would.

3: The Secrets She Left Behind

By the next morning, the whole school knew.

Lorelie's murder spread like wildfire, whispered in hushed voices between classes, filling the halls with a thick, strangulating tension.

"She was probably mixed up in something," someone said.

"I heard she had a stalker."

"She must've known her killer."

Callis clenched her jaw, shoving past the gossiping voices. They didn't know Lorelie.

But she did.

And Lorelie had been hiding something.

Callis spent lunch in the library, laptop open, scrolling through Lorelie's social media. Her last post was the night before she died. A picture of the lake. The caption?

"I finally know the truth."

A chill slithered down Callis's spine.

The truth about what?

She scrolled through the comments. Most were normal, condolences and shock. But one stood out.

A single emoji.

An eye.

No name. No profile picture. Just an eye.

Callis's pulse pounded. She clicked the profile. It was empty. No posts. No history.

A dead end.

Except... it wasn't.

Because the account had been created the night Lorelie died.

This wasn't over.

This was only the beginning.

And whoever had killed Lorelie...

They were watching..