

Kevin

Dan, Amy, and Jenny slowly regained consciousness to find they were tied tightly by their wrists and ankles to the chairs they were seated in. They recognized the room as the burned out remains of the cabin, where all of their horrors had begun months earlier. All of their chairs were in a row facing what was left of the cabin's eastern wall. The only sounds were the creaking of the chairs, the wind lightly blowing the pine trees outside, and a metal on metal scraping sound behind them.

Dan looked around the dimly lit room, confused, but still not speaking. He struggled to look behind him to see what was making the scraping sound but was unable to turn far enough to do so. Amy, seemingly frustrated and annoyed by the situation, began screaming for whoever was behind this to show themselves and let her and her friends go. Jenny was the last to come to. The last thing she remembered before waking up was opening another bottle of Smirnoff to try and dull the pain that had begun all those months ago in this very cabin. She could tell that she had been unconscious for some time because she was already beginning to feel the nausea of a hangover creep in. Amy's yelling was like a hammer pounding between her ears.

The scraping stopped and was replaced by footsteps. When Amy and Dan looked to their left, they saw Matt slowly walking around from behind them. His eyes were bloodshot, and he looked as though he hadn't slept for days; and he was carrying a freshly sharpened axe.

Matt knew he was damned. There was more blood on his hands than an ocean of holy water could wash away. But this was something he had to do. He didn't know why he was selected to bear the weight of this burden. He'd begun to see the truth about people after he awoke from the coma. Most people appeared normal, but some had a dark aura about them that he could only describe as evil. The fire had cursed him with not only the ability to see demons in the world, but also the uncontrollable compulsion to destroy them. They looked and acted like people he knew, but Matt could see their true demonic form. With each kill, Matt hoped it would be the last and the urge in his gut would go away.

"What the hell is going on, Matt!?", Amy screamed.

"Shut up, I know what you are," Matt said coldly. "I only hope you're the last of them."

"The last of them, what are you talking about?" Jenny asked, gaining more clarity.

"Oh my god, you're the one who killed Sonny, Jake, and Emily?!", cried Amy.

"I had to vanquish the demons that were inhabiting them. They were no longer the people I knew. Just like you aren't," said Matt, never making eye contact with Amy.

"We aren't possessed or inhabited or whatever you think this is! We're your friends! We were here with you in this cabin during the fire! We've known each other for years!", pleaded Jenny.

"I know you're using their memories to try and trick me. Emily tried to confuse me, too. It won't work. I can see the truth about all of you. Ever since the fire I can see what you are. I'm the only one who can do what has to be done."

Dan couldn't bear to look after the axe plunged into sobbing Jenny's neck. He squeezed his eyes closed as tightly as he could and turned his head away. He knew Amy was gone when her screams stopped suddenly, and he felt a spray of blood land on his cheek.

With a final swing, it was done. But the urge within him to destroy demons remained. There were more out there in the world that he would have to find and destroy. He hoped the next one would be the last.