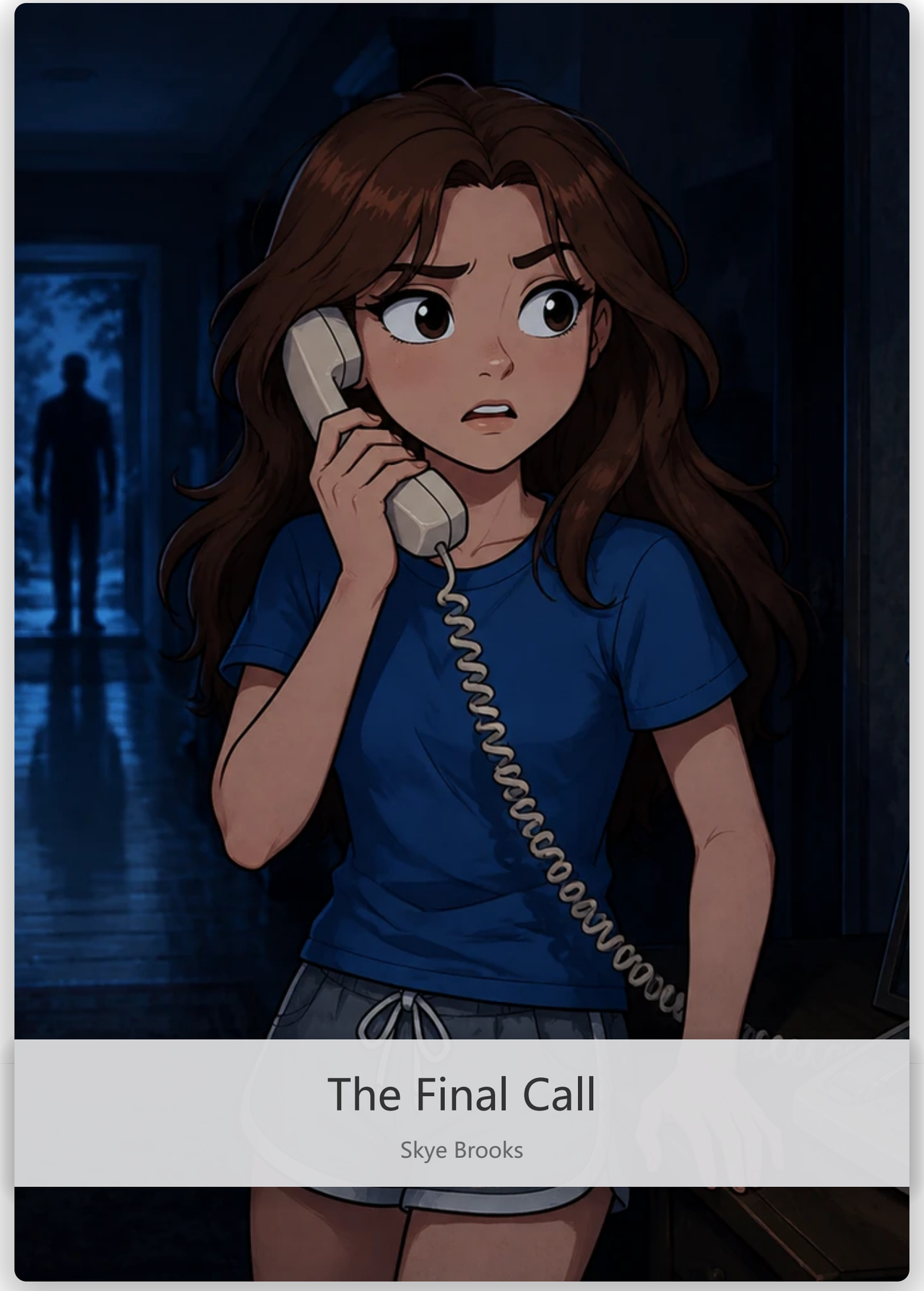


The Final Call

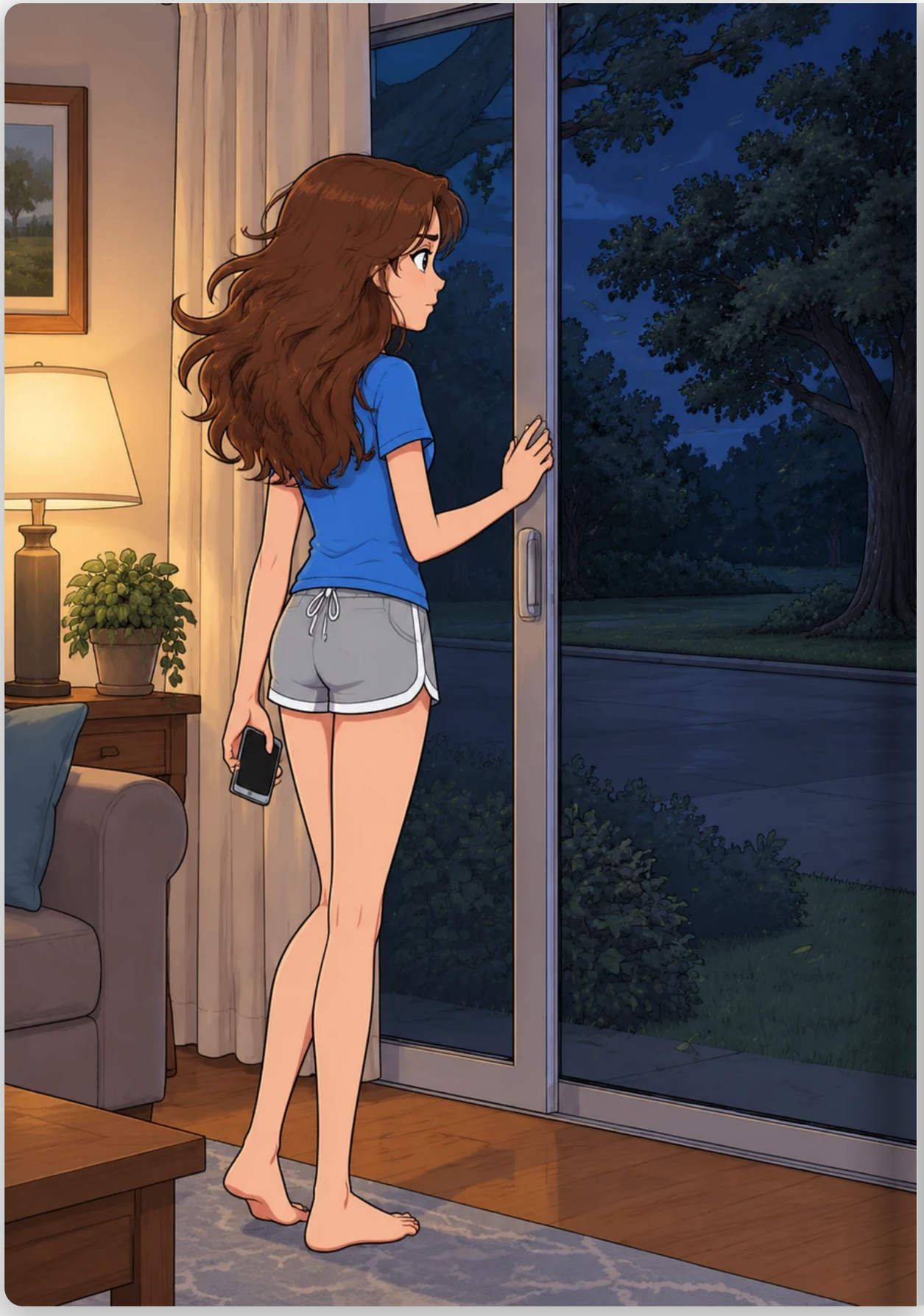
Skye Brooks



The kitchen glowed warmly under the indoor lights while popcorn popped busily on the stove, contrasting sharply with the pitch-black California night visible through the wide glass windows.



Casey stood by the kitchen counter, holding the cordless phone to her ear with a slight frown as a smooth, unfamiliar voice inquired about the wrong number.



After hanging up, she calmly walked over to the sliding glass door to check the dark driveway for her boyfriend Steve's headlights, seeing only swaying oak trees in the breeze.



The phone rang a second time, and though slightly amused, Casey firmly told the persistent stranger not to call back before ending the call once more.



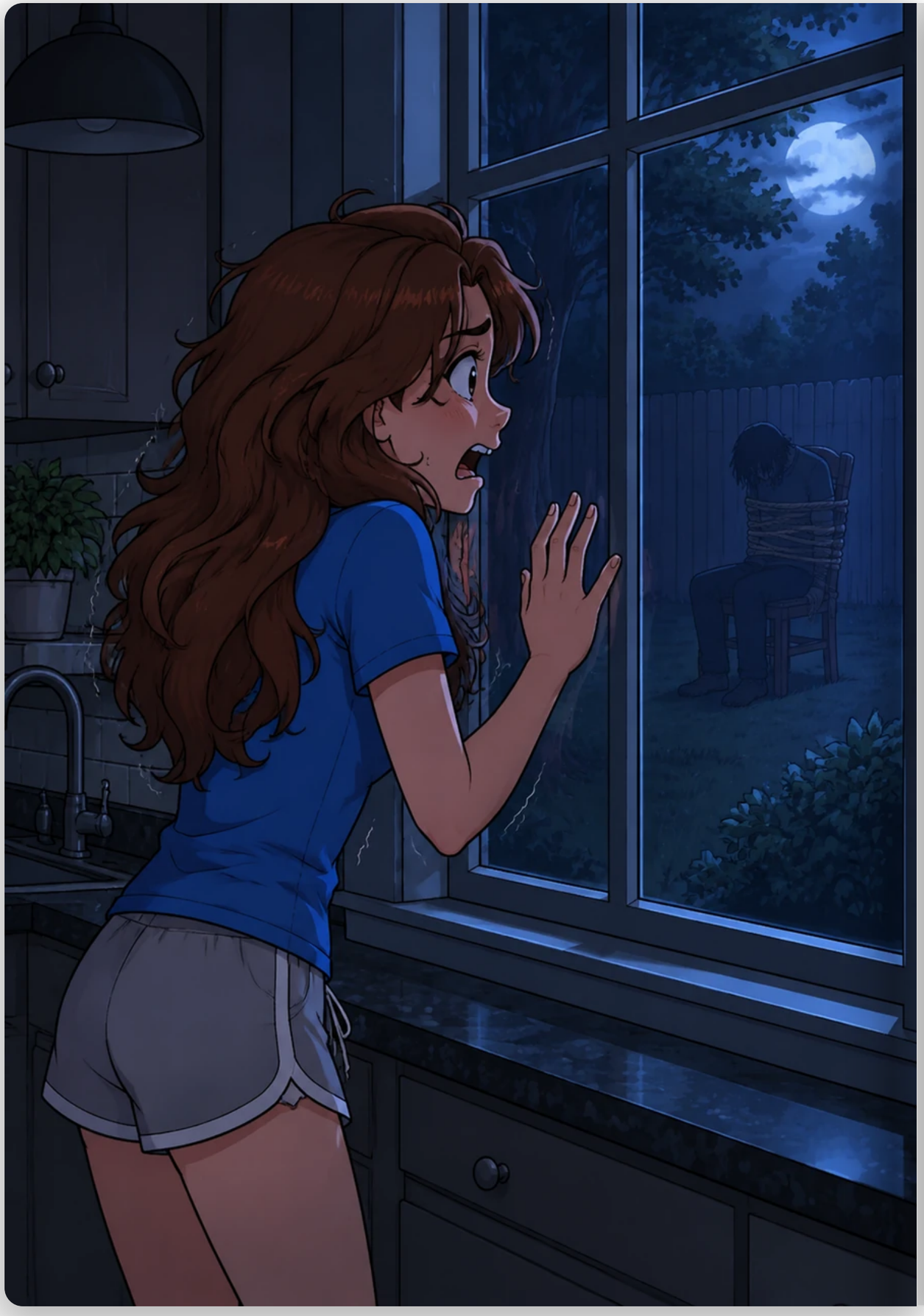
A third ring shattered the quiet atmosphere, and when Casey answered with growing annoyance, the caller revealed he could see her every move, turning the bright kitchen into an exposed spotlight.



Panic surged through her veins as she frantically locked the sliding glass door and backed away into the shadowed center of the room, her heart pounding wildly against her ribs.



The voice on the other end transformed into a predatory rasp, threatening her life and revealing that her boyfriend Steve was already captured and tied up outside near the pool.



Trembling with sheer terror, Casey turned off the kitchen lights and pressed her face against the cold glass, horrified to spot a dark, slumped figure bound to a chair in the distance.



Forced into a terrifying trivia game about horror movies to save Steve, she desperately screamed out the correct answer for the killer in Halloween while tears streamed down her face.



Tragedy struck in the horrifying climax as the masked killer emerged from the darkness, leaving a heartbreaking scene of sorrow and terror under the pale moonlight.