

Mary stares at you for a moment before sharply inhaling. "I 'did this' because there is power. You can feel the words in your chest. Her smile thins.

"In case you off-brand Mystery Inc. haven't pieced it together—I am Mary Hutchins. I am continuing the line."

She gestures lazily around her - "This is

where is began and where it will end."

The air cools. Despite being inside, there feels like a breeze is blowing.

"That girl tried to warn you. 'Liar.'

'Killer.' 'Hutchins.' 'Drowning.' You heard the words, but you assumed it was going to point you towards a missing girl. You would end up heros...pathetic."

Mary tilts her head toward the dust-dim portrait of Eliza Harrow hanging on the wall.

"The village needed a monster. They chose the woman who helped the dying. Eliza pleaded for them to look elsewhere. She even figured out who was responsible which is why she became the next to be given as a sacrifice. Her death, it gave power...unimaginable power."

Her voice goes tender, like a lullaby turning sharp.

"Samantha showed up just as I needed to

honor my ancestors. She was a gift. She listened to my lies, she trusted me to help her. She cried, she begged... She sank."

The lamps dim suddenly. The sound of running water seems to fill the room, but no water can be seen.

"You came so close," Mary says, almost proud. "You wanted to help and you will, just not in the way you intended. You will join Samantha."

The kindness drains from her face.

"Seven drownings in seven generations. The old bargain. This was the seventh. With the last breath she gave, the power continues and now with all of you...I will become unstoppable."

She presses her palm to the wall closest to her. The building shudders.

It is now you see the knife clutched in her other hand. The sight of the blade causes your mouth to go dry. Cutting your eyes to the rest of the group, everyone is frozen.

Mary's eyes seem to roll back and her voice is now deeper. "You." she says pointing at your with the knife.

She takes a step towards you, you can't move. It feels as if unseen hands hold you in place.

Mary moves faster than she should be able to and seconds before the blade reaches your chest there is a blinding light.

Through squinted eyes, you see her - Samantha. Beside her other women, you only recognize one other, Eliza. She stand between you and the knife. Time seems frozen if only for a moment when suddenly the light goes out.

It takes a moment for your eyes to adjust. The emergency light on a wall to your side coughs back to life in a pale blink, and you see her. Mary lies on the floor, the knife off to the side.

Her chest doesn't rise, her body still.

Cautiously you check her pulse only to

confirm the obvious. Mary is dead.

The next few days are a blur of police, questions and few answers. It is only once the story breaks in the news you see it all.

There had been seven murders, all documented by women of the Hutchins's family. Mary had killed Samantha and through the use of cadaver dogs, her and the others remains had been found on the property.

The legend of the Iron Well Witch has been rewritten. Justice of some kind had been served and you can finally add the last line to the investigation report - Case Closed.