Rating:	[Teen And Up Audiences](#)
Archive Warning:	[Major Character Death](#)
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The End

by [spacedogfromspace](#)

Summary

It's the end of the world, at least on the Enterprise.

Notes

Written for Fictober 2022
Day 31: "I'm not alone, and neither are you."

The last fic I wrote for Fictober, and the last day of writing and posting a fic every day for 31 days. It was an experience.

Chekov sprinted down the corridor, the loud klaxons ringing in his ears. A pulsing red light was the only thing illuminating his path. He had no choice but to keep sprinting through the couple seconds of complete darkness until the light pulsed on again, and when it did, it made the normally white walls look like they were painted in blood.

The red lights dimmed out, casting a suffocating blanket of darkness onto Chekov once again. He had already been navigating the ship in the periodic moments of darkness, but there was no getting used to it. His heart started to beat faster than it already was, and he had to resist the urge to cower on the floor. But he couldn't stop. He had no idea if his pursuers were still after him. The red light came back on, and Chekov skidded to a stop, his heart dropping to his stomach at what he saw only a few paces ahead of him.

It was humanoid, and was standing right in the middle of the corridor, facing the wall. Its head was hanging downward limply, as if it were looking at its feet, and its shoulders were slumped forward, arms hanging limply at its sides. Chekov knew that it was one of *them.* The corridor went dark again, and Chekov held very still, holding his breath and hoping that it didn't realize he was there.

The red light pulsed back on, and Chekov couldn't help but scream. The creature hadn't moved at all from before the light went out, except for its head, which was now craned to the side, staring at Chekov with its dead black eyes. Worse still, he recognized who it used to be. Sulu.

Chekov spun around and ran away from what used to be his best friend, the pounding of his heart in his ears and that of his own footsteps drowning out any clues of whether he was being followed, or how closely. The lights went out again, and he pressed forward, knowing he was on a straightaway and wouldn't run into any walls so long as he kept himself going in a straight line. In the darkness, he squeezed his eyes shut, trying to loosen the tears that were forming in his eyes, causing his vision to blur. When the lights came back, he could see a little better, but he didn't like what he saw. There was a cluster of them up ahead, standing eerily still, as what-used-to-be-Sulu had when Chekov encountered him. Chekov slowed down, looking behind him to see that he was still being pursued by what-used-to-be-Sulu. He had a few seconds to make a decision.

Spotting a door nearby, he rushed to it, hoping he had clearance for whatever room this was. He had no idea where he was on the ship anymore, he was so focused on running for his life to have paid any attention to where he was going.

The door opened, and Chekov sagged in relief, then quickly rushed into the room when he realized how close what-used-to-be-Sulu was to catching up to him. He jabbed at the door controls, trying to close it before his pursuer caught up to him, but the lights went out again, the image of a creature bathed in red light reaching towards him from just beyond a half closed door lingering on his retinas.

The room glowed red again, and Chekov was relieved to see that the door had indeed shut, but he grimaced as he spotted the wiggling fingers of one hand trapped in the door. Remembering that he had no idea what might be in this room with him, he took a deep breath, and turned around. He sighed in relief when we saw that the room was empty. It was a small conference room, nothing but a table and a few chairs. He stood in place as the room went dark, and when the red glow illuminated it once again, he picked a chair and sat down on it, resting his head

on the table, trying to catch his breath, counting the steady cycles of red light and darkness.

He had counted to thirty when he realized that there was a new light in the room. He sat up, looking for the source of the light. There was a computer monitor on the wall. The screen was lit up white. It was so bright in contrast to the pitch dark and low red glow that he had to squint his eyes and look through his fingers to see what the monitor was doing. It was just a plain white screen. Maybe it was a sign that the main power was coming on. The red light faded off again, and a second later the screen went from glaring white to black. But not as if it had turned off. The screen was black but it was still back-lit.

"Hello?" A voice said in the darkness, slightly compressed from the speaker it came through. "Can anyone hear me? Is anyone there?"

Chekov was stunned for a moment. *"Captain?* Is that you?" He asked, rushing towards the monitor, hitting his shin on a chair along the way, but barely noticing.

"Pavel?" Came Kirk's voice, sounding relieved. The red lights came up again, and now Chekov could see Kirk's face on the monitor. The light was cast on his face in the way that made him look skeletal.

"Yes, Captain!" Chekov cried out, and Kirk looked visibly relieved as Chekov's face came into view on his own monitor.

"Thank god you're alright," Kirk said. "I've been calling rooms for *hours* looking for survivors, but you're the first one to answer."

A chill ran through Chekov. "I haven't seen anyone either. At least, anyone who wasn't one of *them,"* Chekov said quietly. They were both silent as the lights went back out. When they came back on, Chekov added, "I saw Hikaru, but he wasn't Hikaru anymore." He couldn't help the tears that spilled from his eyes.

On the monitor, Kirk put his face in his hands for a moment, before looking back up at Chekov. "I don't know how many of us are left. I've sent out a mayday, but I don't know that there'll be anyone left to rescue if help comes. I think I should call off the mayday and put a quarantine order on the ship. There's no point in risking another ship full of people," he said, sounding sad. Chekov knew he was mostly talking to himself, talking for the sake of talking.

"Where are you, Captain?" Chekov asked after a moment, thinking that maybe if he was close he could make his way there.

"Ready room," Kirk said. Chekov's heart fell. He wasn't exactly sure where he himself was, but he knew it was nowhere near the bridge.

"Is it just you?" Chekov asked after another long silence.

"No, I'm not alone," Kirk said, and then his eyes flickered as if catching movement out of the corner of his eye. "And neither are you," he said in a sad and knowing tone that let Chekov know that his words weren't a comforting sentiment. "I'm sorry, Pavel."

Chekov felt something drip onto his shoulder. He looked up into blank eyes, and screamed as the creature dropped down on him from the ceiling, knocking him to the floor and out of view of the computer's camera.

Kirk could only hear snarls and screams of terror and pain, and the occasional arm of the creature as it tore Chekov apart. On the monitor, in the red glow of the room, he squeezed his eyes shut, tears running down his face.

"I'm sorry. I'm so sorry," he said, and as the lights went out on Chekov and the creature, the call ended.