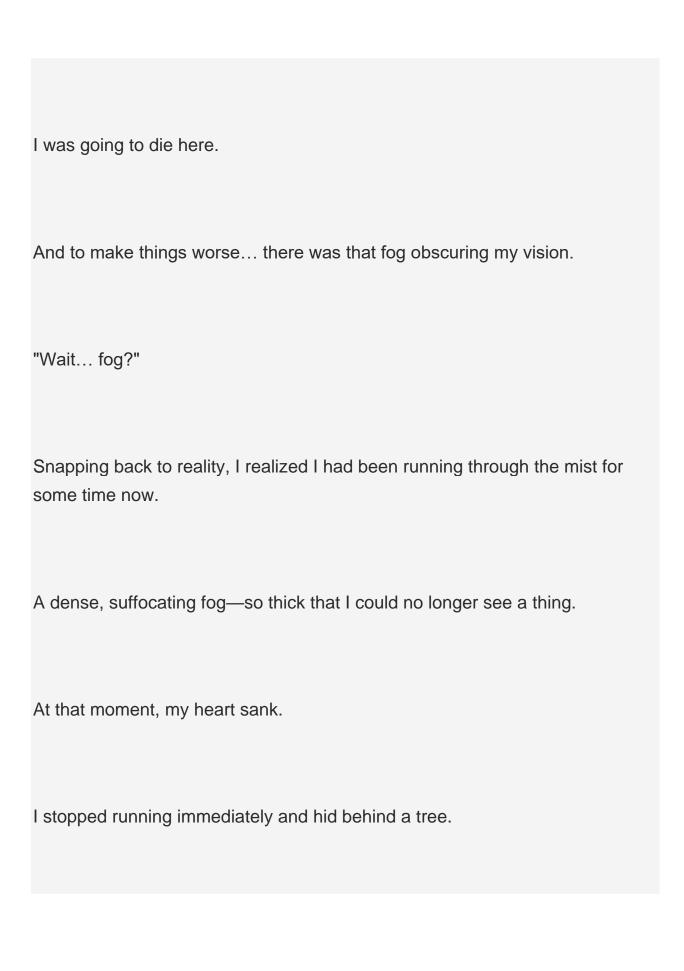
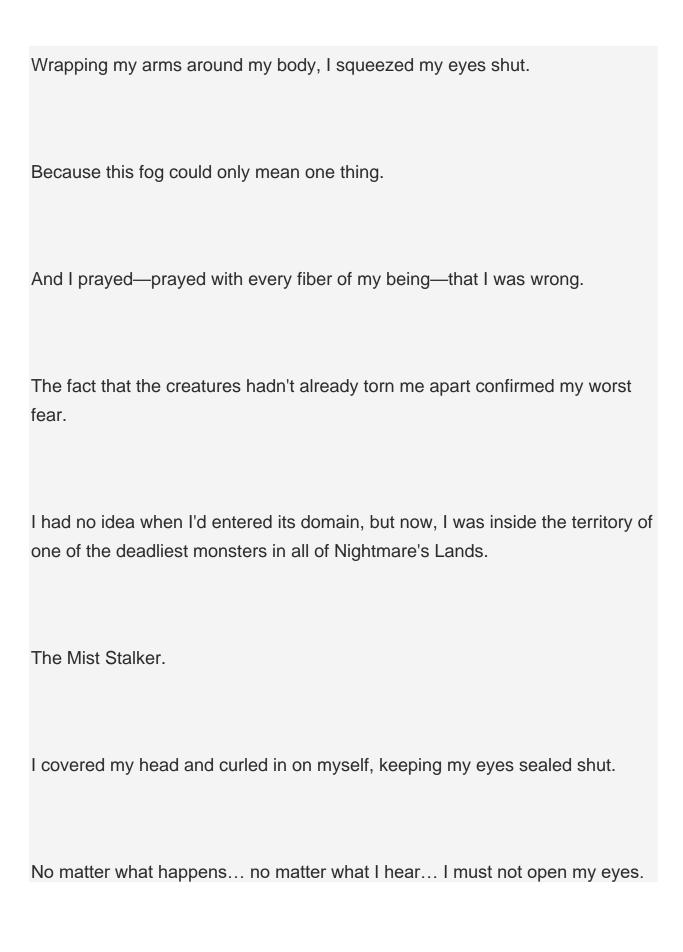
## THE VILLAIN'S POV

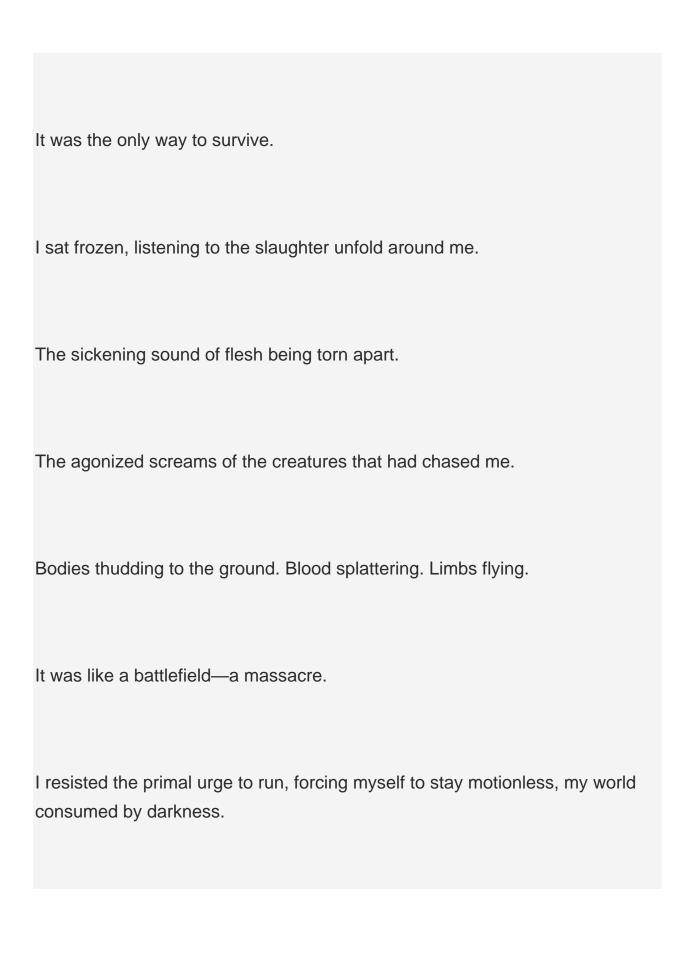
## Chapter 15 15: The Nightmare Lands (3)

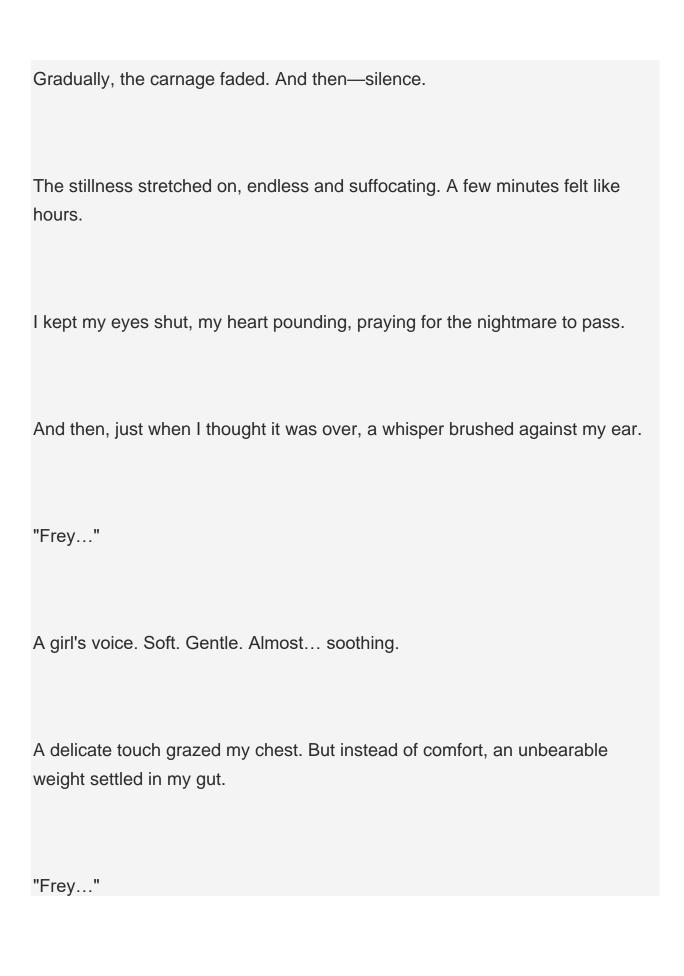
-Frey starlight POV -	
I lunged forward, firing blindly as I ran.	
Behind me, dozens of those grotesque crab-like creatures gave chase.	

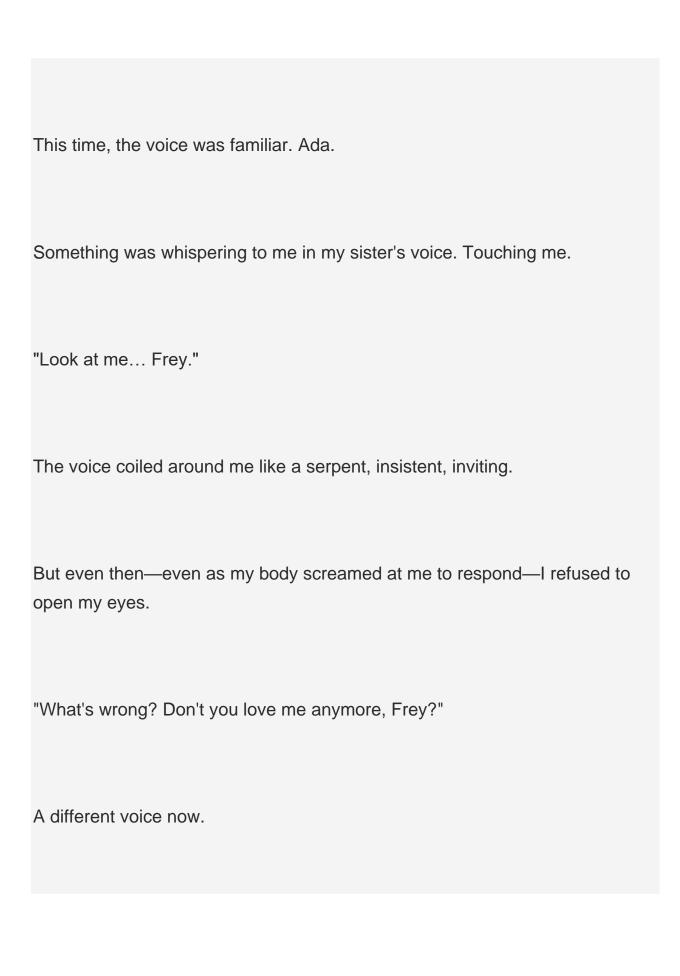
There was no chance I could fight them—not when I had barely managed to kill one while it was already wounded.
I sprinted, clutching my injured shoulder, my breath ragged.
The sound of gnashing teeth echoed behind me. I didn't dare look back—I didn't need to. I knew exactly how terrifying the sight would be.
They were ravenous, desperate to sink their claws into me, so much so that they crashed into each other in their frenzy.
Their numbers kept growing. The distance between us kept shrinking. Their attacks lashed out, some missing me by mere inches.
I knew I wouldn't last. Not like this. Fighting wasn't even an option.
I forced my mind to race, searching for a way out. But no matter how much I thought, no matter how hard I tried—one truth became clear.

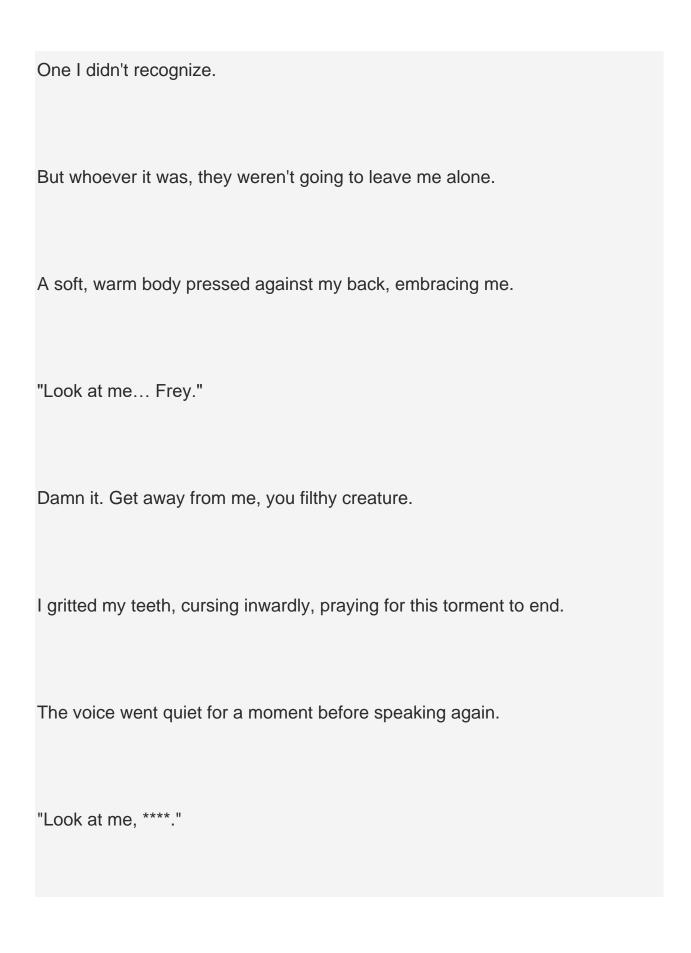


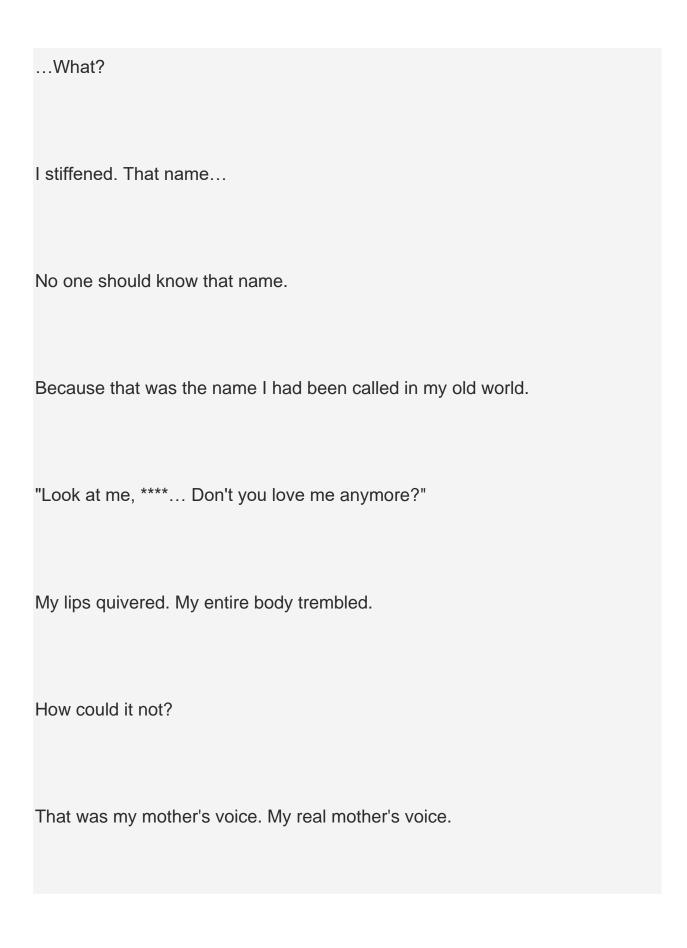






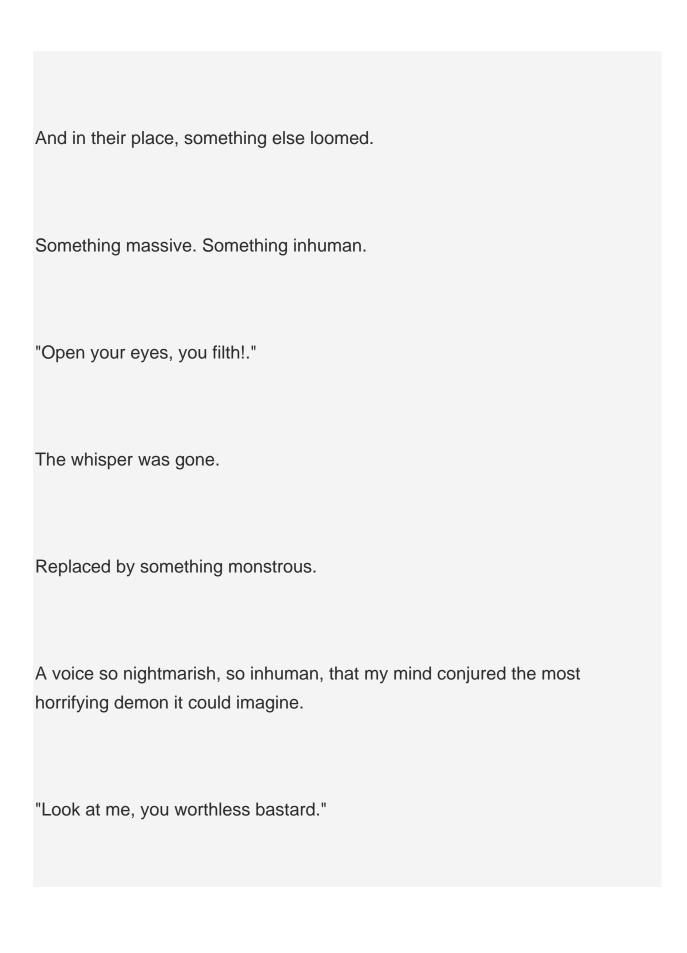






I clenched my jaw so hard it hurt. I knew this was nothing but an illusion. I knew that.
But this this was too much.
That was her voice.
"Open your eyes, my son."
My father's voice.
"We've missed you, brother"
My brother's voice.
I bit down on my lip until blood spilled down my chin.

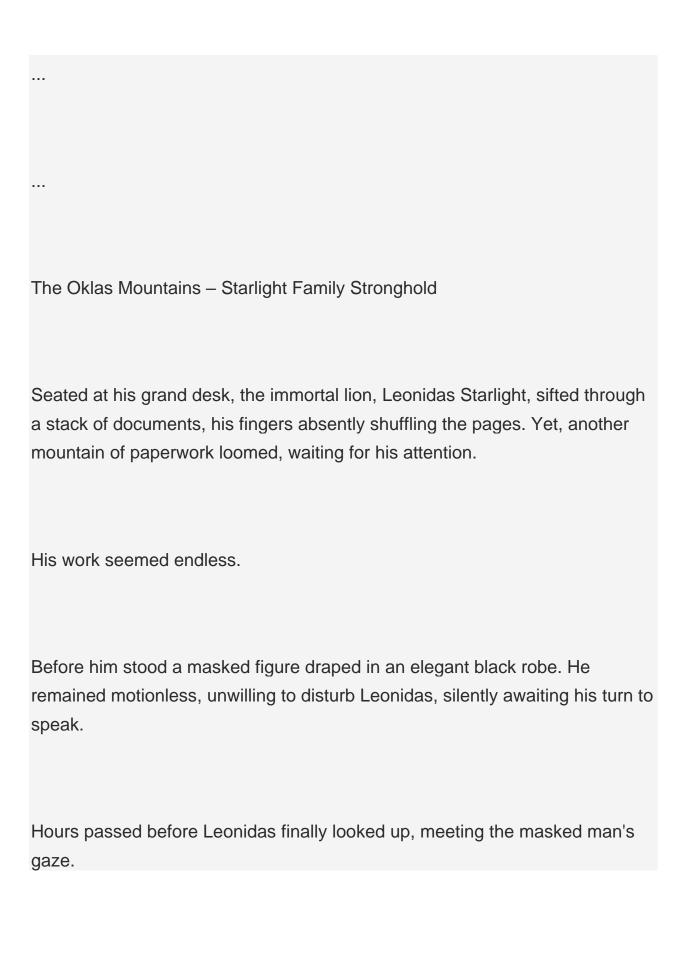
My family.
The longing crashed into me, overwhelming, suffocating.
I nearly gave in.
I could feel their warmth—the embrace I had missed so much. I wanted to reach out. I wanted to hold on.
But I knew
The moment I opened my eyes, it would all be over.
In the midst of my mental battle, the warmth vanished. The gentle touch disappeared.

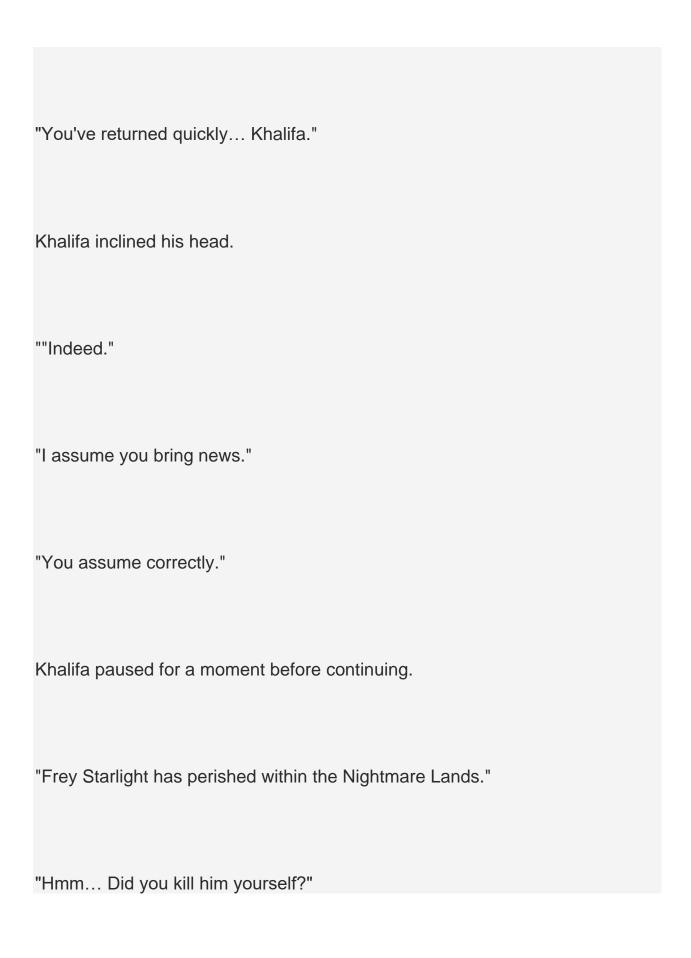


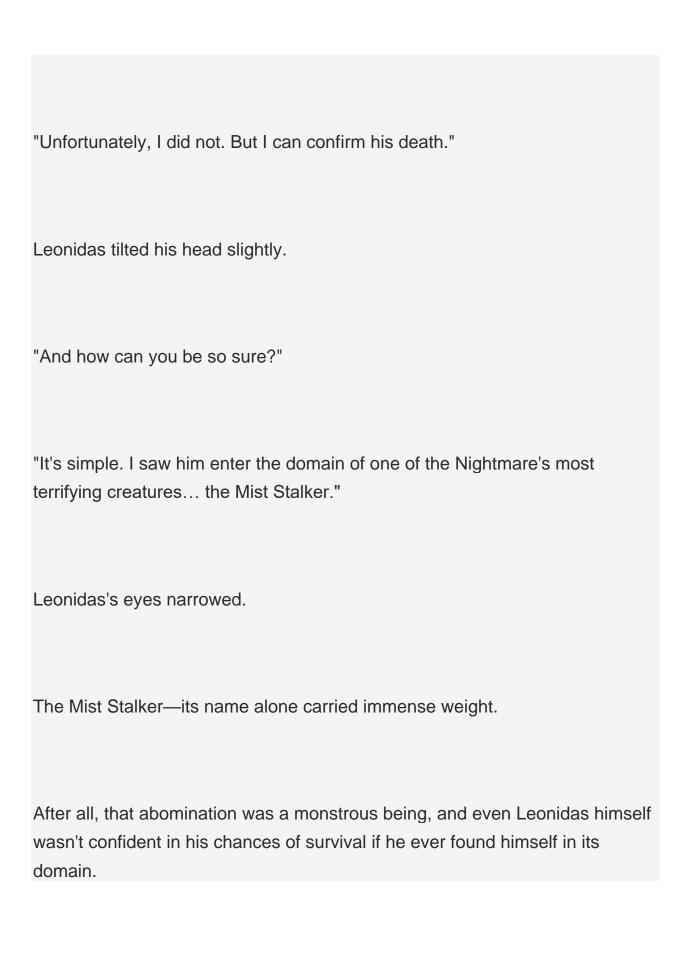
The voice scraped against my sanity like nails on glass.
The battle inside my mind dragged on, endless and torturous.
I had no idea how much time passed. Minutes. Hours. Days.
But I stayed there. Eyes shut tight.
I anchored myself in pain, refusing to let go, refusing to lose my grip on reality.
And then—
It was gone.
The presence vanished. The voices stopped.

Silence.
But I still didn't move.
Hours passed. One after another. And still, I remained motionless.
Only when I was certain it was truly over did I slowly, cautiously, open my eyes.
For a moment, my vision blurred, struggling to adjust from darkness to light.
But then, clarity returned.
The fog was gone.
And all around me—

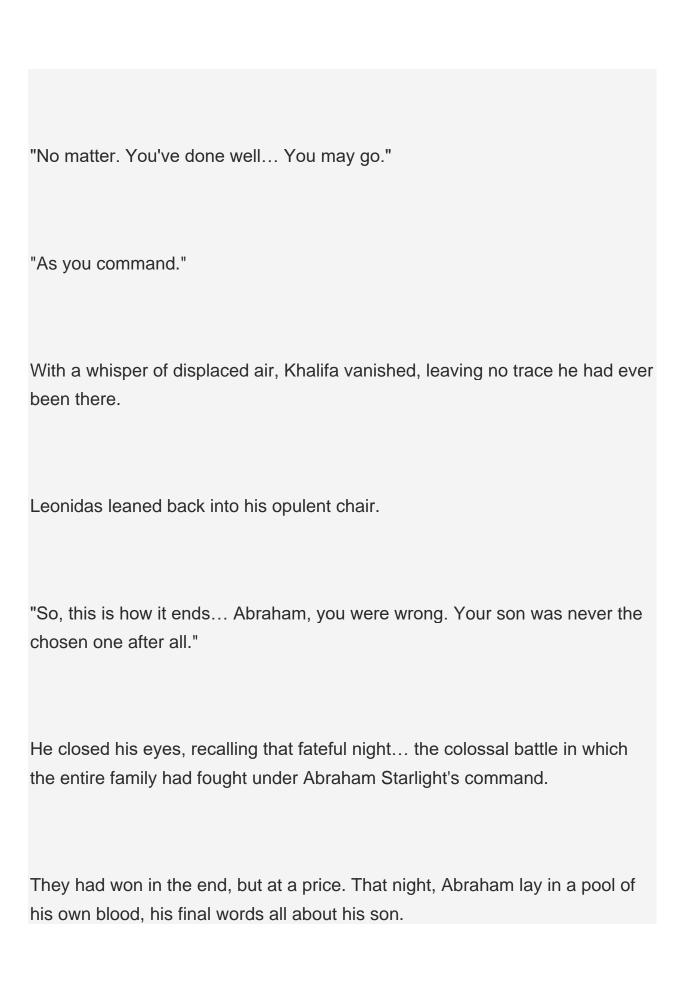
Dozens. No, hundreds of corpses.
The severed limbs of the crab creatures littered the ground like discarded shells.
It was a battlefield. A massacre.
A one-sided slaughter.
I fought the urge to vomit and sat there, completely drained.
"What kind of hell have I stepped into?"







It was powerful, but worse than that, it possessed attacks that targeted the mind, making it an absolute nightmare to deal with.
In his 150 years of life, he had never heard of a way to escape the creature once caught in its mist.
So yes, Frey was dead—beyond any doubt.
"You should have recovered his body or at least what remained of it."
"My apologies, Lord Leonidas, but even with my teleportation abilities, I lack the courage to step into the mist."
Exhale
Leonidas sighed.



And now... that son was dead.