

# THE VILLAIN'S POV

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

-Frey starlight POV -

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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 was going to die here.

And to make things worse... there was that fog obscuring my vision.

"Wait... fog?"

Snapping back to reality, I realized I had been running through the mist for some time now.

A dense, suffocating fog—so thick that I could no longer see a thing.

At that moment, my heart sank.

I stopped running immediately and hid behind a tree.

Wrapping my arms around my body, I squeezed my eyes shut.

Because this fog could only mean one thing.

And I prayed—prayed with every fiber of my being—that I was wrong.

The fact that the creatures hadn't already torn me apart confirmed my worst fear.

I had no idea when I'd entered its domain, but now, I was inside the territory of one of the deadliest monsters in all of Nightmare's Lands.

The Mist Stalker.

I covered my head and curled in on myself, keeping my eyes sealed shut.

No matter what happens... no matter what I hear... I must not open my eyes.

It was the only way to survive.

I sat frozen, listening to the slaughter unfold around me.

The sickening sound of flesh being torn apart.

The agonized screams of the creatures that had chased me.

Bodies thudding to the ground. Blood splattering. Limbs flying.

It was like a battlefield—a massacre.

I resisted the primal urge to run, forcing myself to stay motionless, my world consumed by darkness.

Gradually, the carnage faded. And then—silence.

The stillness stretched on, endless and suffocating. A few minutes felt like hours.

I kept my eyes shut, my heart pounding, praying for the nightmare to pass.

And then, just when I thought it was over, a whisper brushed against my ear.

"Frey..."

A girl's voice. Soft. Gentle. Almost... soothing.

A delicate touch grazed my chest. But instead of comfort, an unbearable weight settled in my gut.

"Frey..."

This time, the voice was familiar. Ada.

Something was whispering to me in my sister's voice. Touching me.

"Look at me... Frey."

The voice coiled around me like a serpent, insistent, inviting.

But even then—even as my body screamed at me to respond—I refused to open my eyes.

"What's wrong? Don't you love me anymore, Frey?"

A different voice now.

One I didn't recognize.

But whoever it was, they weren't going to leave me alone.

A soft, warm body pressed against my back, embracing me.

"Look at me... Frey."

Damn it. Get away from me, you filthy creature.

I gritted my teeth, cursing inwardly, praying for this torment to end.

The voice went quiet for a moment before speaking again.

"Look at me, \*\*\*\*."



...What?

I stiffened. That name...

No one should know that name.

Because that was the name I had been called in my old world.

"Look at me, \*\*\*\* ... Don't you love me anymore?"

My lips quivered. My entire body trembled.

How could it not?

That was my mother's voice. My real mother's voice.

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.

And in their place, something else loomed.

Something massive. Something inhuman.

"Open your eyes, you filth!."

The whisper was gone.

Replaced by something monstrous.

A voice so nightmarish, so inhuman, that my mind conjured the most horrifying demon it could imagine.

"Look at me, you worthless bastard."

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?"

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## The Oklas Mountains – Starlight Family Stronghold

Seated at his grand desk, the immortal lion, Leonidas Starlight, sifted through a stack of documents, his fingers absently shuffling the pages. Yet, another mountain of paperwork loomed, waiting for his attention.

His work seemed endless.

Before him stood a masked figure draped in an elegant black robe. He remained motionless, unwilling to disturb Leonidas, silently awaiting his turn to speak.

Hours passed before Leonidas finally looked up, meeting the masked man's gaze.



"You've returned quickly... Khalifa."

Khalifa inclined his head.

""Indeed."

"I assume you bring news."

"You assume correctly."

Khalifa paused for a moment before continuing.

"Frey Starlight has perished within the Nightmare Lands."

"Hmm... Did you kill him yourself?"

"Unfortunately, I did not. But I can confirm his death."

Leonidas tilted his head slightly.

"And how can you be so sure?"

"It's simple. I saw him enter the domain of one of the Nightmare's most terrifying creatures... the Mist Stalker."

Leonidas's eyes narrowed.

The Mist Stalker—its name alone carried immense weight.

After all, that abomination was a monstrous being, and even Leonidas himself wasn't confident in his chances of survival if he ever found himself in its domain.

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.

"No matter. You've done well... You may go."

"As you command."

With a whisper of displaced air, Khalifa vanished, leaving no trace he had ever been there.

Leonidas leaned back into his opulent chair.

"So, this is how it ends... Abraham, you were wrong. Your son was never the chosen one after all."

He closed his eyes, recalling that fateful night... the colossal battle in which the entire family had fought under Abraham Starlight's command.

They had won in the end, but at a price. That night, Abraham lay in a pool of his own blood, his final words all about his son.

And now... that son was dead.