

Act 4 - Echoes of the Forgotten

Time Skip – 1 Year After the Incident

Rex sat in his dimly lit living room, flipping through the spell book again. The pages felt ancient, crackling under his fingertips. He had been here for a year now, a year without aging, a year without real purpose. The Grim Reaper—Frank—never returned. It was just him, the house, and the eerie silence of an existence that wasn't quite life or death.

"You know," Rex muttered to himself, "I should really stop reading this thing before bed. It's making me paranoid."

The attic door, which he had sworn was locked, suddenly creaked open. A cold gust of wind swept through the house. Rex's grip on the book tightened.

"Oh, come on... seriously?"

Something moved in the shadows beyond the door. A whisper echoed through the room.

"Alex..."

Rex felt his nonexistent heartbeat stop. That name. He hadn't heard it in months.

Before he could react, a figure stepped out of the attic. It was hazy, like a glitch in reality. It was him. Or rather, the version of him from before—the broken, dying Alex. Bloodied clothes. Missing eye. The same weak, betrayed expression from that night.

"Why did you leave me?"

Rex stumbled backward. "What the hell—?"

The figure lunged.

Everything went dark.

Act 5 - The Rift Between Worlds

Rex woke up in an unfamiliar place. It was a field, but the sky was wrong—shattered like a broken mirror. Floating fragments reflected different moments of his past. He saw himself as a child, crying in his room. He saw his brother yelling, his parents ignoring him. He saw the crash. Paul, Sam, Jack—his so-called friends—arguing over his body.

And then, something new.

Paul. Standing over a grave.

"I'm sorry, man."

Rex narrowed his eyes. Was he actually feeling guilty?

A voice interrupted his thoughts. "Ah, you weren't supposed to see that yet."

Rex turned around. Frank. The Grim Reaper. The only person—or thing—that had given him another chance.

"You knew about this?" Rex asked, gesturing at the shattered memories around them.

Frank sighed. "Kid, I've been trying to keep your past from interfering with your new existence, but... something broke through. Your old self wants revenge."

Rex clenched his fists. "So what? I just ignore it?"

Frank tilted his head. "Depends. Do you want to move on, or do you want payback?"

For the first time in a long time, Rex actually had to think.

Act 6 - Resurrection and Retribution

Back in the living world, Paul had never been the same since that night. He had gotten away with it. They all did. The story was that Alex had wandered off drunk and got attacked by an animal. No one questioned it. But Paul knew the truth.

And now... someone else did too.

It started with whispers in his room at night. Then, things moving on their own. Then, his reflection in the mirror... smiling when he wasn't.

And then, one night, his phone screen flickered on.

A message.

"Hey, Paul. Miss me?"

Paul's hands trembled. He dropped the phone.

Because on the screen... was Alex's missing eye.

Staring right at him.

To Be Continued...