

NIGHTMARE DREAM

WA SEAAKAT & REAW FORK



STORY DE E DY WORLDS

Chapter 1 – The Cry in the Night

The rain fell softly outside, painting the window with long trails of silver. Inside a small wooden house on the edge of the city, a man sat alone in silence.

His name was Jiraiya.

The table before him was covered with old books, unfinished letters, and a photograph — a woman holding a baby in her arms, both smiling brightly. Dust covered the frame, but Jiraiya could still see her eyes clearly.

His wife, Mira, had died two years ago when giving birth to their daughter, Lisa.

Since that day, Jiraiya's world had gone quiet.

He spoke less, laughed less, and spent most nights staring at the empty space beside him.

But Lisa was his light — the only reason he still breathed.

He reached for a small music box that had belonged to Mira. When he opened it, a soft lullaby filled the air. He smiled faintly, whispering, "She used to hum this when you were in her belly, Lisa."

The house creaked as the wind howled outside. He looked at the clock. 2:47 AM. Lisa should've been asleep in her room down the hall.

He stood up, stretched, and walked toward her door. He peeked inside quietly — the baby was fast asleep, wrapped in her little blue blanket.

He smiled and closed the door halfway. "Goodnight, my star."

Back in the living room, he poured himself a glass of whiskey. It burned his throat, but it kept the memories away.

Then, suddenly —



A sound.

A cry.

It was Lisa.

At first, Jiraiya thought she was just having a bad dream. He stood up and listened. But this cry... it was different. Louder. Frightened.

He rushed down the hall. "Lisa?"

The air grew colder as he reached her door. His hand shook as he turned the knob.

The room lights flickered.

The air buzzed – like electricity.

And then he saw it.

A tall man stood near the crib, dressed in a black coat. His face was hidden by a smooth, silver mask that reflected the dim light.

Lisa was in his arms, crying helplessly.

Jiraiya froze for a second. "Who are you?!" he shouted.

The masked man didn't move. His head tilted slightly, studying Jiraiya like a reflection in a mirror.

"Put her down!" Jiraiya's voice cracked with rage.

The stranger said nothing – but behind him, the air began to twist. A faint light spun into a glowing circle, humming softly, expanding wider and wider until it filled the wall.

A portal.





Lisa's cries echoed through the light.

Jiraiya ran forward, but the man stepped back into the glowing circle. The room shook as wind pulled everything toward the portal — papers, toys, even the curtains.

Jiraiya grabbed the edge of the crib to stop himself from being dragged in. “Give her back!”

The man turned slightly. His voice was low and calm, almost sad.
“She doesn’t belong only to you.”

“What are you talking about?!” Jiraiya shouted.

The man stepped fully into the light.

“No!”

Jiraiya let go of the crib and jumped after him.

The light swallowed him. The house vanished.

For a moment, there was nothing but white. The sound of his heartbeat echoed in his ears. He couldn’t see, couldn’t breathe. He reached out blindly, trying to grab Lisa — but his fingers touched only air.

Then came the fall.

It felt endless, like sinking into a dream he couldn’t wake from.

His last thought before everything went dark was Lisa’s name.

Chapter 2 – Another World (Earth-120)



A sharp wind hit Jiraiya's face.
He gasped and opened his eyes.

The sky above him was bright blue, full of clouds drifting slowly across the horizon. He was lying on a street – not his street, but somewhere completely different.

People walked by, laughing, talking, carrying shopping bags. Cars moved quietly on clean roads. Children ran past him, chasing a ball.

Everything looked... peaceful. Too peaceful.

Jiraiya sat up, his heart racing. "Lisa..." he whispered.

He looked around wildly – no baby, no masked man, no portal. Just a normal world that felt strangely perfect.

He stood and stumbled toward a nearby store window. In the reflection, he saw himself – bruised, tired, and covered in dust.

"What happened to me?" he muttered.

He walked the streets for hours, calling Lisa's name. No one paid attention. The people around him looked happy, but they didn't seem real. Every smile felt rehearsed, every voice a little too calm – like he was inside someone else's dream.

Finally, he stopped in front of a small park.

That's when he saw him – a man wearing a dark coat, holding a baby wrapped in a pink blanket.

Jiraiya's heart stopped.
"Lisa..."

He ran forward and grabbed the man's shoulder. "Give me my child!"
The man turned his head slowly. Behind the mask, two eyes glowed faintly.
And then the voice – deep, familiar – spoke.

"Jiraiya, you can't escape for this."

Before Jiraiya could speak, the baby in the man's arms began to glow – softly at first, then brighter – until her tiny body turned into light and vanished into the air.

Jiraiya screamed, "No!"

In panic, he shoved the masked man, and they both fell to the ground. The man's mask cracked and slipped off, falling into the grass.

Jiraiya stared in shock.

The face beneath the mask was familiar – too familiar.

"Joe?" he whispered.

The man smiled faintly, breathing hard. "Hello... my dear best friend."

Jiraiya's mind spun. "How... how is this possible? Why did you take my child?"

Joe stood up slowly, shaking his head. "I didn't take Lisa. I saw a light open in the sky, and then you appeared here, from another universe. I came to help you."

"Help me?" Jiraiya's voice was full of anger and confusion. "You were holding my baby!"

Joe looked at him with tired eyes. "I was trying to protect her, not steal her. You don't understand yet. This is Earth-120 – a mirror world. The happiest one among all universes. But it's breaking."

Jiraiya blinked. "What are you talking about? Where's my Lisa?"

Joe sighed and looked at his watch – a strange, glowing device with shifting numbers and symbols. "We don't have much time. Someone is following us. Come with me. To your house."

"My house?" Jiraiya frowned. "This isn't my world."

Joe nodded. "It's not, but there is a version of your house here. Trust me. We have to move now."

Jiraiya hesitated. His instincts screamed not to trust anyone – but Joe's eyes were the same as the friend he once knew. The friend he had lost long ago.

"Alright," he said finally. "Lead the way."

They began to run through the streets. People turned to look but didn't react – as if time was slightly slower here. The air shimmered with strange energy.



While they ran, Jiraiya tried to speak. “Joe... I thought you were dead. In my world, we had an accident. You—”

Joe cut him off. “I know. The same thing happened to me... but in another world. This isn’t my home either. I came from Earth-745. I’ve been chasing the truth for years.”

“The truth?”

“Yes,” Joe said, breathing heavily. “About Lisa... and about you.”

They reached the edge of the town, where an old, broken house stood. It looked exactly like Jiraiya’s home – but older, darker, and abandoned.

“This... is my house?” Jiraiya whispered.

“In this universe,” Joe said softly, “yes.”

Jiraiya pushed the door open. The wooden floor creaked under his feet. Dust filled the air.

Inside, a man was standing – holding a baby in his arms.

Jiraiya’s breath stopped again.

The man turned. His face was covered by a cracked silver mask.

“Who are you!?” Jiraiya shouted.

The masked man spoke slowly.

“Jiraiya... I’m sorry. I had no choice. Do not follow me. You’ll be trapped in this loop forever.”

“I don’t care!” Jiraiya roared. “Why are you taking Lisa? Who are you really?”

The man hesitated – then opened a glowing portal behind him. The air shook, and papers flew everywhere.

Joe yelled, “Wait—!”

But Jiraiya was already running.
He didn’t think – he just jumped.

Joe sighed and looked down at his device. “Not again...”

He ran and jumped in after him.

The world twisted – colors bending, gravity disappearing – and everything faded into light.



Chapter 3 – The Truth and the Past

The portal closed behind them with a loud crack.

Jiraiya stumbled, gasping for air.

He was no longer in Earth-120 – the streets were darker, emptier. A park stretched before him, quiet under a cold, silver moon.

Joe crouched to catch his breath. “This... is Earth-021,” he said quietly. “Another world. One of many. One we weren’t supposed to reach.”

Jiraiya shook his head. “Joe... tell me what’s happening. I don’t understand anything anymore.”

Joe looked at him, his eyes serious. “It all started in Earth-745. That’s my world – the one I came from.”

Jiraiya stared at him, confused.

Joe took a deep breath. “Do you remember the night I ‘died’ in your world? The car accident?”

Jiraiya’s heart skipped a beat. “Yes... but you... survived?”

Joe nodded. “I survived. But not you.”

Jiraiya’s hands shook. “Wait... I died?”

Joe looked down, voice heavy. “Yes. You were drinking. I tried to take you out – just a simple night to clear your mind. We drove together. The roads were wet. A car spun out of control. You... didn’t make it.”

Jiraiya’s knees went weak. “And... Lisa?”





Joe's voice was soft but firm. "I took her. I promised I'd protect her. You were gone... I had to make sure she survived. I raised her, even while searching for a way to return her safely. But then... a portal opened, and she was taken from me – by another version of you."

Jiraiya's eyes filled with tears. "Another me?"

Joe nodded. "Yes. Alternate Jiraiya. In his world, his wife and baby died. He couldn't accept it. So he started taking Lisas from other universes, thinking one of them could replace what he lost. That's why he's dangerous."

Jiraiya clenched his fists. "So he's... the masked man?"

Joe's face darkened. "Yes. And he's been trapping versions of us in his path. Each time he takes Lisa, someone ends up stuck, lost between worlds. That's how I ended up in Earth-120."

Jiraiya swallowed hard. "Why... why didn't you just return her?"

Joe shook his head. "I tried. Every universe had rules I couldn't break. I couldn't save Lisa without risking everything. So I followed him, across worlds, always a step behind."

Jiraiya looked at him, voice trembling. "Joe... you risked everything... your life..."

Joe gave a small, tired smile. "I risked everything for her... and for you, my friend. Even if it killed me."

Jiraiya took a step closer. "You... you've been carrying this alone all this time."

Joe nodded. "And I will continue – as long as there is hope. But now, we're here... in Earth-021. And the masked man is close."

Jiraiya clenched his fists. "Then we stop him. This ends tonight."

Joe shook his head slowly. “No, Jiraiya. This doesn’t end easily. He’s not just a villain – he’s broken. He’s someone we could have been... if we had lost everything differently. You must understand that before you face him.”

Jiraiya looked away, his mind racing. He remembered the accident – the night Joe saved Lisa, the crash, the emptiness of losing his best friend. He remembered holding his daughter, desperate, crying. And now... the weight of infinite worlds pressed down on him.

Joe placed a hand on Jiraiya’s shoulder. “Whatever happens, trust me. Lisa must live. That’s why I came for you. That’s why I followed you here.”

Jiraiya nodded, swallowing the lump in his throat. “I trust you... my friend.”

A shadow moved on the rooftop. The masked man had arrived.

Joe’s voice was sharp. “Get ready, Jiraiya. This is it.”

The two friends stared at the figure, knowing this battle wasn’t just for Lisa – it was for every version of themselves and every world they had ever lost.

Jiraiya’s heart pounded. “Let’s save her.”

And with that, they stepped forward toward the unknown.



Chapter 4 – The Broken Jiraiya

The rooftop of the abandoned house was cold, wind cutting through broken windows. Above them, a glowing portal spun like a dangerous second moon, humming with energy that made the air vibrate.

Standing near it was a figure in black, tall and tense. The silver mask reflected the moonlight.

Jiraiya's heart froze. "Stop! Who are you?"

The man slowly removed the mask. Beneath it was a face that mirrored Jiraiya's own – sharp, hardened, older, tired.

"I am... you," the man said softly. "But a version of you from another world."

Jiraiya's knees shook. "What happened to you?"

The alternate Jiraiya's eyes burned red. "I had everything once. A wife I loved... a daughter I longed for... But she was born weak. My wife tried, but she couldn't give me a healthy child. In a few months, they both died. I couldn't accept it. I couldn't live in that emptiness."

He paused, staring at the glowing portal. "So I searched other universes... for Lisa. I believed if I took her, I could replace what I lost – bring back love, life, hope."



Jiraiya's voice trembled. "So... all the Lisas you took... you thought they could replace your daughter?"

"Yes," the alternate Jiraiya said quietly. "But it never works. The universes resist me. They are fragile. And yet... I cannot stop."

Joe stepped forward, holding the device tightly in his hands. His clothes were torn, blood running from a deep cut. "You're destroying lives! Let her go!"

The alternate Jiraiya's expression softened for a moment. "You, from Earth-745... you were supposed to die protecting your friend. And yet, here you are. You carry her across worlds, chasing me. You understand what it is to love and lose."

Joe looked at Jiraiya. His voice shook, but he forced it to be firm.

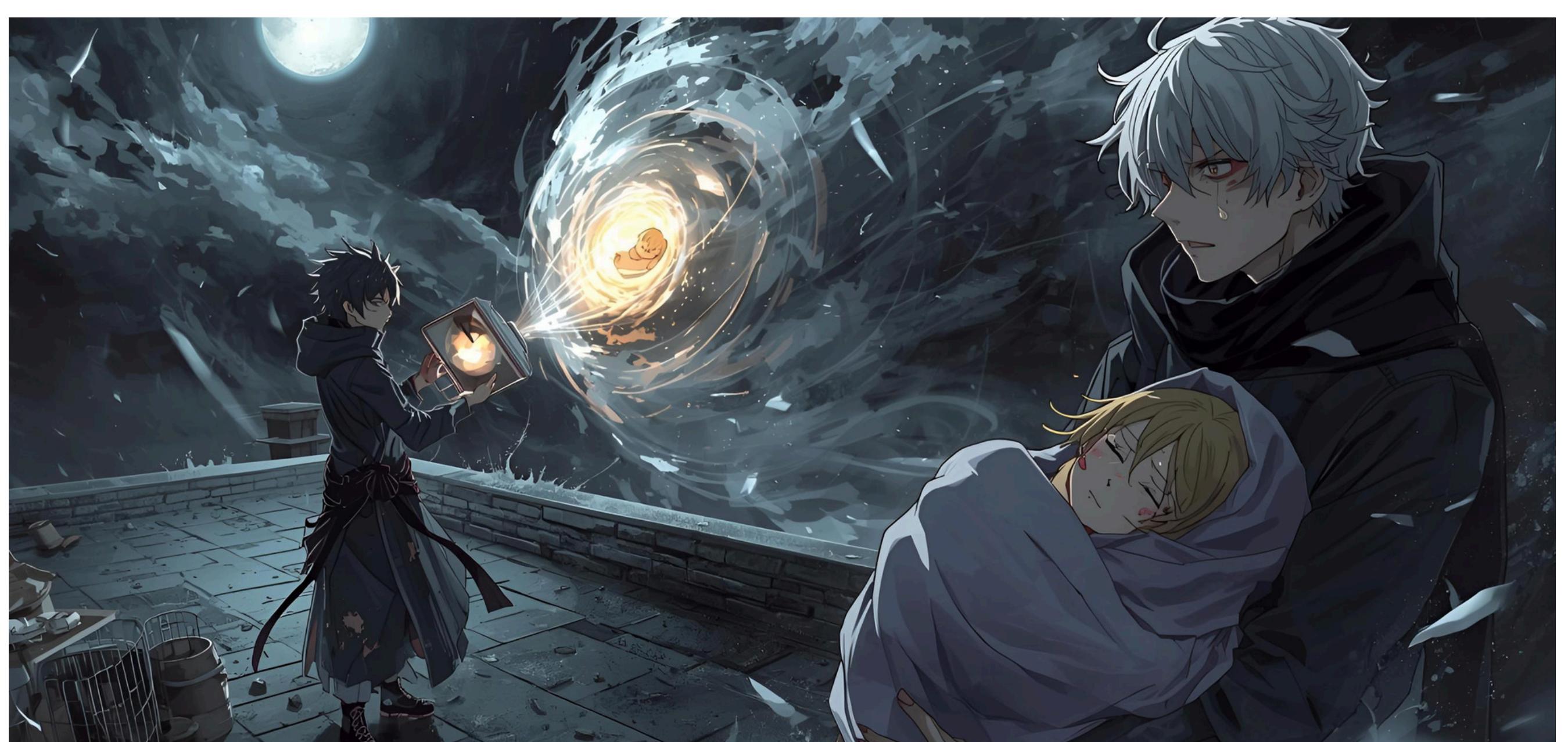
"I can't fight him alone... this version of you... he's too strong. But I can make sure Lisa returns safely to you, my friend. That's what matters most."

Before the alternate Jiraiya could react, Joe pressed the glowing device tightly. A faint, shimmering portal appeared in front of him, spinning softly like a silver whirlpool. From its light came a gentle, golden glow.

In the center of the light, Jiraiya saw Lisa, sleeping peacefully in her small blanket, untouched by the chaos around them.

Joe's hands were shaking as he lifted her carefully and handed her to Jiraiya. "Here... she's yours," he said.

Jiraiya's heart ached and swelled all at once. Tears streamed down his face as he took her in his arms. The small warmth of her body, her soft breath, her tiny heartbeat – everything he had feared losing – was finally in his grasp.



"Lisa..." he whispered, voice breaking. He hugged her tightly, as if letting go for even a second might make her vanish again.

Joe gave a faint, tired smile, blood smeared on his hands from his wounds. "Go... run... protect her... in every world. That's all I can do now."

Jiraiya wanted to protest, to stop him, to fight by his side. But he understood – Joe had made the ultimate choice. He had risked everything, even his life, to save Lisa.

With one last look, Joe turned toward the portal. A surge of light engulfed him. He raised his hand in a faint wave. "Be safe... my friend..."

Then the light exploded. The alternate Jiraiya screamed in the distance as the energy consumed him. The portal fractured and collapsed.

When the brightness faded, Jiraiya fell to his knees, holding Lisa tightly. Tears streamed down his face.

He had lost his friend... but now, finally, his daughter was safe.

From the corner of his eye, he saw the faint shimmer of the portal's fading energy – a soft whisper of Joe's last act.

"Thank you, Joe," Jiraiya whispered, pressing his cheek to Lisa's. Her soft breathing calmed him.

He stood slowly, cradling Lisa, but exhaustion hit him all at once. His legs gave out, and he fell onto the cold rooftop.

As he looked up at the sky, the world seemed to blur. His vision darkened at the edges. A shadow crept into his eyes... a strange, cold feeling that made his heart pound. Something was not over. Something still lingered in the darkness.

He closed his eyes for just a moment...



Chapter 5 – The Door

Jiraiya opened his eyes.

The room was quiet, the soft moonlight spilling through the curtains. His head ached, his body stiff, and for a moment, he wasn't sure where he was.

Then... he heard it.

A faint, soft cry.

His heart skipped a beat. The sound was unmistakable – Lisa.

He bolted upright, panic and hope mixing together. "Lisa..." he whispered, his voice trembling.

The cry grew louder, coming from the hallway. Jiraiya's legs carried him instinctively, each step faster than the last. His arms tightened around the emptiness where he had wished Lisa would be, imagining holding her again.

The hallway stretched ahead. At the end, he saw the familiar door – the door to Lisa's room.

His hand trembled as he reached for the knob.

He took a deep breath.

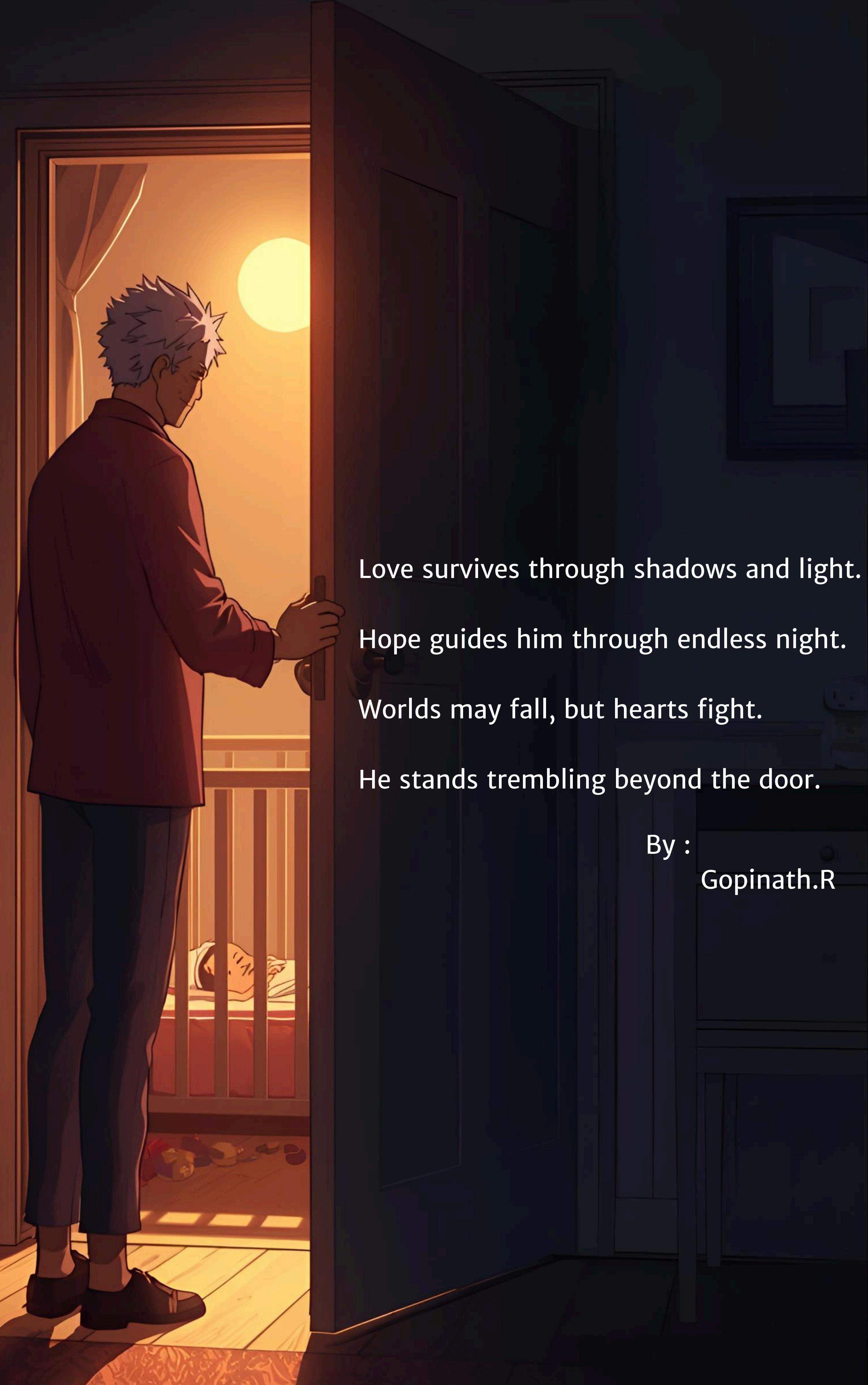
He turned it.

He pushed the door open...

And the story stopped there.

The room beyond waited silently, holding its secrets, its warmth, and its tiny heartbeat.



A man with spiky hair, wearing a dark jacket, stands in a doorway. He is looking into a room where a young child is sleeping in a bed. The scene is lit by warm, golden light from the doorway, creating a contrast with the dark interior of the room.

Love survives through shadows and light.

Hope guides him through endless night.

Worlds may fall, but hearts fight.

He stands trembling beyond the door.

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