

Forgotten Villa

The Night That Changed My Life

18 September 2025. Some nights divide life into two parts: the life before and the life after. For me, that night began like any other ordinary evening in Mumbai. I had recently moved into a small apartment. Boxes were scattered across the room and half of my belongings were still unpacked. My kitchen looked empty and lifeless, so most of the time I ate outside at nearby restaurants.

That afternoon I received a parcel from Priya. Priya was technically my cousin, although we were never close enough to comfortably use that word. She was the adopted daughter of my uncle. A few days earlier she had called me with tragic news-my uncle had passed away after suffering from a serious brain-related illness. I still did not know the exact disease. But what surprised me the most was something else: before his death, my uncle had transferred his entire villa property to my name instead of leaving it to Priya. That decision never made sense to me.

Inside the parcel, Priya had sent a photograph of herself along with the official property documents. She asked me to visit the villa soon and complete the formalities. I stared at the photograph for a long time. Priya looked calm, gentle, almost fragile. I had no idea that this would be the last time I would ever see that version of her.

Later that evening I called my friends Kartik, Sunil, and Ravi. When I explained the situation, they immediately turned the trip into an adventure. Instead of simply inspecting the villa, we decided to spend a night there-a small weekend getaway. That was the plan.

By evening I picked them up in my car and we started the long drive away from the city. The weather felt strange that day. Thick fog covered the road and the moon had a deep reddish glow. A red moon. I remember Ravi joking that horror movies always begin on nights like that. None of us knew how right he was.

Rain began pouring as we approached the forest where the villa stood. Luckily we were already close. Within minutes the old mansion appeared through the rain like a dark shadow. It was around eight in the evening.

The building looked abandoned. The walls were stained with age and the garden had grown wild. But when we reached the entrance, the door opened. Priya was standing there.

She welcomed us politely and told us she had already prepared dinner. But something inside me felt uncomfortable. I told her I wanted to explore the villa first. While my friends wandered into different rooms, I began looking around the hall. Several doors were locked. When I asked Priya about them, she explained that after my uncle died she could not bear entering rooms filled with memories of him. So she locked them and kept the keys somewhere in the house.

The explanation sounded reasonable, but something still felt wrong.

A large chandelier had crashed onto the floor, shattering the marble tiles beneath it. When I asked why it had not been removed, she said a small earthquake had caused it to fall and that no workers from the city were willing to travel this far. I offered to help clear it, but she stopped me immediately. Her voice was firm. She told me I should not do anything that might cost me my life.

I laughed awkwardly, thinking she was exaggerating. I wish I had listened.

Moments later she asked me to check the kitchen while she called Kartik and Sunil. As I approached the door, the lights suddenly began flickering. Before I could react, something struck my head from behind.

Everything went black.

When I opened my eyes, I was lying in the main hall. The house was silent-too silent. Rain thundered outside, but inside the villa there was nothing. No voices. No footsteps.

My friends were gone. Priya was gone.

At first I thought it was a prank. I called their names again and again, but no one answered. Then I noticed something that made my stomach twist. Blood. Dark stains spread across the floor and walls. That was the moment I realized something terrible had happened.

My hands were shaking, but I pulled out my phone and began recording everything. If I survived, I wanted evidence. I wanted the police to know what had happened inside that villa.

While searching the house, I began finding pages scattered across rooms-old diary notes written by my uncle. At that time I did not realize those notes would slowly reveal the horrifying truth behind everything.

The earliest note was dated **14 August 2023**. My uncle wrote that a doctor had diagnosed him with a mental illness that caused memory loss. He said he was lucky to have Priya because she took complete care of him. Another note dated **30 August 2023** described how she fed him, gave him medicine on time, and looked after every small detail. Yet even then he mentioned something strange-Priya seemed slightly different.

On **11 September 2023**, he wrote about how Priya cooked his favorite meal. Apparently he had loved that food before his illness but could not remember it anymore. The doctor was supposed to visit the next day, but the visit never happened. A note dated **13 September** said the doctor had called claiming he was busy. Something about that detail bothered me, because later I would learn that the doctor had already been dead.

As I continued exploring the villa, the notes grew darker. On **1 October 2023**, my uncle described becoming weaker while Priya remained his only caretaker. Another note from **12 October** mentioned that food had started tasting strange. He wrote that something about the house felt wrong.

By **9 November**, he noticed wounds appearing on his body that he could not explain. Priya told him he must have injured himself by bumping into furniture. He tried to believe her, but doubt had already begun growing.

On **24 November**, he wrote that Priya had dark circles under her eyes and barely spoke anymore. He prayed either for recovery or death so that she would not suffer caring for him. By this point, the notes felt less like a diary and more like a desperate attempt to understand reality.

Then came the note that shook me the most.

On **2 December 2023**, my uncle wrote that he heard strange noises coming from the basement at night. Priya insisted he must have been dreaming. But he was not convinced.

A later note dated **27 December** described something horrifying. He had seen blood stains covering the basement floor and the smell had made him faint. But when Priya later took him back there, the entire basement was spotless-as if nothing had ever happened.

The basement door in the villa was locked.

And I had no idea what waited behind it.

The truth finally began appearing in the next entries. On **2 January 2024**, my uncle secretly followed Priya and saw her bring a man into the basement. At first he assumed the man was her friend.

Then she cut off his head.

My uncle wrote that she looked like a demon, blood covering her face and madness burning in her eyes. He also mentioned seeing the body of the doctor-the same doctor who had supposedly been “too busy” to visit. Priya told him something terrifying: his turn would come soon, and by the next day he would forget everything again.

The later notes were filled with fear. On **14 January**, my uncle wrote that terror ran through his body whenever he looked at Priya. He remembered adopting her sixteen years earlier after her parents died in a car accident. He had raised her like his own daughter.

Yet now she frightened him.

On **29 January**, he wrote that he believed Priya would eventually bring his death. Still, he insisted there must be some reason behind her actions.

The final entry was dated **16 February 2024**. His handwriting was shaky. He wrote that he suddenly remembered everything. He had seen Priya with a child-a boy. He did not understand who the boy was.

Then the note ended abruptly.

The final line simply read:

No. She is here.

After that, there were no more entries.

By the time I finished reading those notes, I understood something horrifying. Priya had been killing people inside the villa.

And my friends were somewhere in that same house.

Alive or dead, I did not know.

Before I could search further, something appeared at the entrance of the hall.

Priya.

Or at least something wearing her face.

Her body looked bruised and broken, and blood streamed from her eyes like tears. Her voice sounded unnatural. She told me my friends were already dead.

I did not believe her.

I ran.

While hiding in another room, I found one final document. It was not written by my uncle. It was written by Priya herself.

In it she confessed everything.

People called her a monster, she wrote, but no one knew what uncle had done to her. Before his illness he had been cruel and abusive. He had taken everything from her-even her child. To bring the child back, she had turned to black magic.

During one ritual she summoned something. A demon.

It promised to return her child if she offered **five souls every year on the night of the Red Moon** for five years. She had already begun collecting those souls.

And that night, my friends and I were meant to be the next sacrifice.

After reading that confession I knew one thing: if I stayed in that villa, I would die.

Priya eventually trapped me in the basement during one of her rituals and tried to bind my soul there. Somehow I managed to escape the strange looping corridors. While exploring the mansion I found tools that allowed me to clear blocked paths and solve puzzles left behind in the house.

Eventually I discovered a car key hidden inside a room that once belonged to Priya. For the first time, I had a chance to escape.

But my friends might still have been alive.

So instead of leaving, I searched the rest of the villa.

Finally I reached the terrace.

They were there-unconscious, but breathing.

Relief flooded my chest.

But it lasted only seconds.

Priya appeared again, her eyes burning with rage. There was a broken section near the terrace edge. I slowly moved toward it, pretending to panic. At the last moment, I pushed her.

She fell from the villa screaming.

The sound echoed through the night.

My friends woke from the noise. Within minutes we were running toward the car and driving away from that cursed place.

I believed everything was over. I believed Priya had died that night.

But weeks later something happened.

I woke suddenly during the night with a strange feeling crawling through my body. When I looked at the ceiling, I saw her.

Priya.

Clinging upside down like a shadow.

Watching me.

Then she vanished.

Since that night I have never slept peacefully again.

Because deep down I know something.

The horror of that villa did not end when we escaped.

It followed me home.

And I do not know if it will ever leave.