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Warning: Contains explicit scenes, mature content.



Campfire Stories – Fregrar The Cat Hater

As friends were cooking around the campfire, suddenly, a large black cat with white paws darted into the camp from the forest. Without hesitation, it approached them silently. Nbrezor tossed it a piece of fish from a distance.

“A black cat!” Okar panicked. “A witch has finally found us! This is worse than I feared!”

“There’s no such thing as witches... So, little guy, what do you know? Want more fish? You have such a beautiful, soft coat,” Nbrezor said in a gentle tone, stroking the cat that had now come closer to him, greedily eating the fish he offered.

The Wizard stood on a fallen log, pointing at the cat.

But Nbrezor was already enamored with the cat, which lay purring contentedly beside him.

“Speaking of cats,” Larze said, reclining with a full belly and his pipe in his mouth, leaning against the same log the Wizard stood on, “I might tell you the story of Fregrar the Cat-Hater.

A wicked man whose name still echoes in folk tales, even though his death is nearly two hundred years past. In the land of Iscros, in the small village of Dryiska near the eastern borders. It’s where the elven kingdom once stood before it was crushed and humiliated under the wrath of Eakor...”

“That must be quite the legend to be still remembered in that part of the world. He must have been a terrible man?” Nbrezor asked.

“Oh, he was a terrible man indeed,” Larze replied. “But he wasn’t the legend. Eakor is the legend—his bloodline still inspires both fear and reverence to this day. It’s a cult in that region, and people worship him as if he were a god.”

Nbrezor pondered the nickname he had earned, “The Northern Eakor,” but listened as Larze continued his tale.

“Fregrar was known as an angry man. He hated people. He especially hated people from the South. And above all, he hated cats. If a traveler from the South happened to pass through his village, Fregrar would scream vile and offensive insults at them.

But he never dared to lay a hand on them, instead yelling from the safety of his house window. Once, however, a dark-skinned traveler from the South was subjected to Fregrar’s racist outbursts. The man endured it for a moment before losing his temper. When Fregrar noticed the stocky man walking toward his house, he slammed his window shut.

Villagers watching from afar saw Fregrar rummaging through his belongings, pulling out what seemed to be a weapon—a wooden club.



Fregrar returned to his window, and when the Southerner reached his door, Fregrar yelled at him: ‘Get the hell out of here, back to where you came from! I’ll give you ten seconds to leave my yard, or I’ll use this club to turn you into a new doormat!’ Fregrar waved the club, which was covered in old bloodstains and nails.

But the Southerner didn’t heed his threats. To everyone’s astonishment, the man ripped Fregrar’s entire door off its hinges. From inside the house, a huge swarm of cats fled—some badly injured, some missing tails.”

Nbrezor’s expression darkened into anger. “What a sick bastard. If he were alive, I’d kill him twice and go hunting for him right now!”

“Calm yourself, Nbrezor,” the Wizard said. “Save your anger for the night, so you’ll have the strength to fight.”

“Go on, Larze,” Nbrezor muttered.

Larze continued, “When the Southerner tore the door off, Fregrar came charging out, furious, wielding his club, which now appeared to be smeared with dried cat blood.

People followed him into his neglected yard, which was overgrown like a clear-cut forest.

The cats hid among the mess or fled far away. The Southerner entered the filthy house, which now reeked of something even worse than usual.

Fregrar was seen threatening the man with his club, but the Southerner grabbed it and seized Fregrar by his greasy, unkempt gray hair.

He slammed Fregrar’s head against the wall, and the angry shouts turned to terrified screams as Fregrar begged for mercy. But when the Southerner saw what was inside the house, rage overtook him. He struck Fregrar’s thigh with the club, breaking the bone. Villagers who had gathered at the door heard the Southerner growl:

‘With that wrist or leg, you’ll never kick another cat again, you vile bastard.’

The Southerner walked out of the stinking house carrying a small, terrified cat in his arms. The villagers asked what was wrong with the cat, and they realized Fregrar had been kicking it.

‘Is there a healer in this village?’ the Southerner asked.

He was directed to the local healer’s hut, where an older woman who usually tended to people now took in the injured cat. She used herbs and tinctures similar to those found in Erlund’s home, treating the cat’s wounds.

Nbrezor, who had the black cat already curled up asleep in his lap, asked, “Did the cat survive? And did Fregrar die from the beating?”

Larze took a long puff of his pipe, exhaling a smoke ring, and continued:



“Yes, the cat survived. It became fond of the healer, and she kept it as her pet. The healer also grew to love the cat and cared for it for the rest of its life,” Larze said cheerfully.

Then, in a darker tone, he added:

“As for Fregrar... he survived. Though the Southerner gave him a proper beating and broke his wrist, Fregrar stayed in that house, swearing revenge. The Southerner spent the night at the village inn, where the locals cheered him and offered him beer. The women were also charmed by his bravery and wanted him to stay longer in the village. But politely, he declined, saying he still had a long journey ahead.”

Fregrar’s Night-time Ambush

Larze paused for a moment, gazing at the moon rising into the clear night sky. The air was fresh. It was still, and the only sound was the faint crackle of embers from the campfire.

Then, He resumed his story:

“As for Fregrar... He had waited for darkness to fall and, after struggling to get up, had watched from his window to see which inn the Southerner entered. He fashioned a crutch from his club and, under the cover of night, sneaked over to the inn with a knife in hand.

He peered through the windows on the ground floor of the two-story building, looking for a room where the Southerner might be sleeping. The gray-haired, sinister-looking man crept around several windows until he saw a faint light emanating from one. Cautiously, he peered inside and saw the shirtless, muscular Southerner standing there.

A twisted, psychopathic grin spread across Fregrar’s face.

He dared to look further and noticed a local young woman in the room with the Southerner. This infuriated him. In his warped mind, he lingered at the window, waiting for the Southerner to fall asleep so he could sneak in and kill him.”

“Wait, so did that sick bastard... You know, *do things* to himself while watching the Southerner and the woman?” Nbrezor asked, laughing.

Larze grinned. “When I traveled through Isaros, I stayed at the same inn where I heard this story while drinking with the locals. There were a few versions of it. In one of the, uh, more disgusting versions, it was said that the next day, stains resembling... Let’s just say... bodily fluids were found on the inn’s wall below the Southerner’s window. And there were several such marks.”

“So this cat-hater jerked off multiple times while spying on the Southerner and the woman having love? That’s even sicker than Veteran. X, Tymon’s friend!” Nbrezor said, stroking the half-asleep, purring cat in his lap.



“Yes, that’s the version I heard while people at the table debated the details of this part of the story,” Larze chuckled, taking a drag from his pipe.

The Wizard, now over his fear of the cat, sat cross-legged on the log in a trance, puffing on his own pipe while listening.

Larze continued, “When the light in the Southerner’s window finally went out, Fregrar remembered why he was there—to get revenge for the humiliation he’d suffered and for the cat that had been saved from his abuse. That thought only fueled his anger further.

Fregrar tapped on the window, hoping to lure the Southerner over. Knife in hand, he crouched low beneath the window, ready to strike as soon as it opened.

After a moment of tapping, a light reappeared, and Fregrar saw the shirtless Southerner approach the window with a lantern in hand, glancing outside into the dim late-summer night. Fregrar ducked even lower, making sure he couldn’t be seen.

When the light began to fade as the Southerner walked back toward the bed where The woman lay sleeping. Fregrar tapped three quick knocks and dropped back to the ground. The lantern light returned to the window. Fregrar’s hands trembled as he gripped the knife beneath the sill. He heard the old hinges creak as the window began to open. His adrenaline surged, his heart raced. The moment he had been waiting for had finally arrived: ‘I may have lost the battle, but I will win the war.’”

“Did that psycho kill the Southerner then?” Nbrezor asked.

“Hold your horses and listen,” Larze chuckled, exhaling smoke. “So, the Southerner’s head appeared at the window, and Fregrar pounced like a stalking cat on its prey, knife flashing in the moonlight. But whether by fate or chance, the Southerner managed to grab Fregrar’s hair yet again. And just like before, he began slamming Fregrar’s head against the wall—the same wall Fregrar had defiled several times. The Southerner did get a shallow cut on his hand from the knife, but he jumped out of the window and gave Fregrar another brutal beating. The woman woke up and screamed in terror at the commotion. Fregrar saw her appear at the window and shouted, ‘You damn whore! I’ll kill you too—’

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