

THE HIDDEN CIRCLE GAZETTE

AN INDEPENDENT 3DXCHAT NEWS PUBLICATION.

2026-02-07

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EPISODE

Soleil Libre - Part 1

BY JENNE — 2026-02-07



The Isles of Soleil Libre are an idyllic 3DX naturist hideout created by **Jenne**. These Isles represent a life style that harks back to the very core of what it means to be human. In this series of stories Jenne uses the extensive mythology of the isles to introduce us to the naturist philosophy.

Chapter 1 — The World Before Warmth

An original story by Jenne

Before the Isles existed, before Solara's light touched the sea, the world was a place of coverings. People wrapped themselves in layers — cloth, fear, expectation, and the quiet ache of being unseen. They hid their bodies as if they were secrets, and hid their softness as if it were shame. Even in the heat of summer, they walked as though the sun were something to be endured, not embraced.

The world was not cruel, but it was guarded.

Children learned early that the body must be managed, shaped, concealed. Adults learned to carry themselves as if they were always being watched. And everywhere, people forgot the simple truth that their skin was meant to feel the world — the wind, the water, the warmth.

In those days, the sun shone brightly, but few felt it fully. The breeze moved gently, but few let it touch them. The sea called softly, but few answered.

Humanity lived in a quiet tension — longing for freedom, yet fearing the vulnerability that freedom required.

It was during this age of coverings that Solara walked the earth.

She moved unseen, not as a goddess demanding worship, but as a presence observing the hearts of those who had forgotten their own ease. She saw how people longed to stretch, to breathe, to feel the world on their skin without judgment. She saw how they yearned for connection — with nature, with each other, with themselves — yet wrapped themselves in layers that muffled every sensation.

Solara felt their longing like a weight in her chest.

She watched a woman stand at the edge of the sea, wanting to step into the water but hesitating as if the ocean might judge her. She watched a man remove his shirt in the heat, only to put it back on when others approached. She watched children run freely until adults taught them to be ashamed of their own bodies.

And she whispered to herself: *"They have forgotten the warmth that made them."*

Solara knew the world needed a sanctuary — a place where humans could remember what it felt like to be unburdened, unhidden, unashamed. A place where the sun could touch them without fear, where the breeze could greet them without hesitation, where the sea could rise to meet them without apology.

A place where the body was not a problem to solve, but a truth to honor.

And so, Solara began her journey toward the sea — toward the moment that would reshape the world, and give birth to the Isles of Soleil Libre.

The world before warmth was not wrong.

It was simply waiting.

Waiting for the first touch of light.

Waiting for the first breath of freedom.

Waiting for the islands that would teach humanity how to feel again.