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EPISODE

Soleil Libre - Part 3

BY JENNE — 2026-03-18



The Isles of Soleil Libre are an idyllic 3DX naturist hideout created by **Jenne**. In [part 2](#)¹ of the mythology of the isles, we learned how Solara wandered the earth and felt an ache in mankind. In part 3 the first of the islands is born.

Chapter 3 — The First Touch of Light

An original story by Jenne

Solara reached the shoreline at dusk, when the sun hung low and heavy, spilling gold across the water like a promise waiting to be kept. The sea was calm, breathing in long, slow waves that mirrored the rhythm of her own chest. She stood barefoot at the edge, feeling the sand shift beneath her toes, warm from the day's light.

¹<https://new.thehiddencircle.com/soleil-libre-part-2/>

For a long moment, she simply stood there — bare shouldered, unguarded, letting the world touch her without hesitation. The breeze curled around her like an old friend. The sun rested on her skin with a tenderness that felt almost human.

This, she thought, was what humanity had forgotten.

Not the sun itself, but the feeling of it. Not the sea, but the way water welcomed the body. Not the wind, but the way it whispered against bare skin.

Solara stepped forward. The water rose to meet her ankles, warm as breath. She waded deeper, until the sea reached her waist, then her ribs, then her shoulders. The sun's reflection shimmered around her, turning the surface into a sheet of molten gold.

She closed her eyes. And the world held its breath. Solara lifted her hands, palms open, and let the sunlight gather there. It pooled like liquid warmth, thick and radiant, humming with the quiet power of every human longing she had witnessed — the longing to be free, to be unburdened, to be touched by the world without fear.

She whispered: "Let there be a place where they may feel the world as it truly is."

The light in her palms brightened. The sea stirred beneath her. The horizon trembled.

Then, with a slow, deliberate motion, Solara lowered her hands into the water.

The moment her palms touched the sea, the world changed.

Light spilled outward in ripples, each one glowing brighter than the last. The water rose, not in a wave, but in a gentle lifting — as if the ocean itself were rising to embrace her. The glow spread beneath the surface, illuminating the depths with a warmth that felt alive. The sea began to shape itself.

Sand gathered. Stone formed. Warmth condensed into land.

And from that meeting of sunlight and water, an island rose — slow, graceful, inevitable.

Its shores glowed with the last light of day. Its sands shimmered like powdered gold. Its air felt soft, as if woven from warmth itself.

Solara stepped onto the new land, water streaming from her skin. She placed her hand on the sand, and the island seemed to sigh beneath her touch.

This was the first sanctuary. The first place where the world would meet humans gently. The first home for those who longed to live unhidden.

Solara named it **Isla La Belle** — the Beautiful Island, the First Breath of Freedom.

As the sun dipped below the horizon, the island glowed softly, holding the warmth of the day like a memory. Solara stood at its center, knowing this was only the beginning.

The world had taken its first step toward warmth. Soon, it would take twelve