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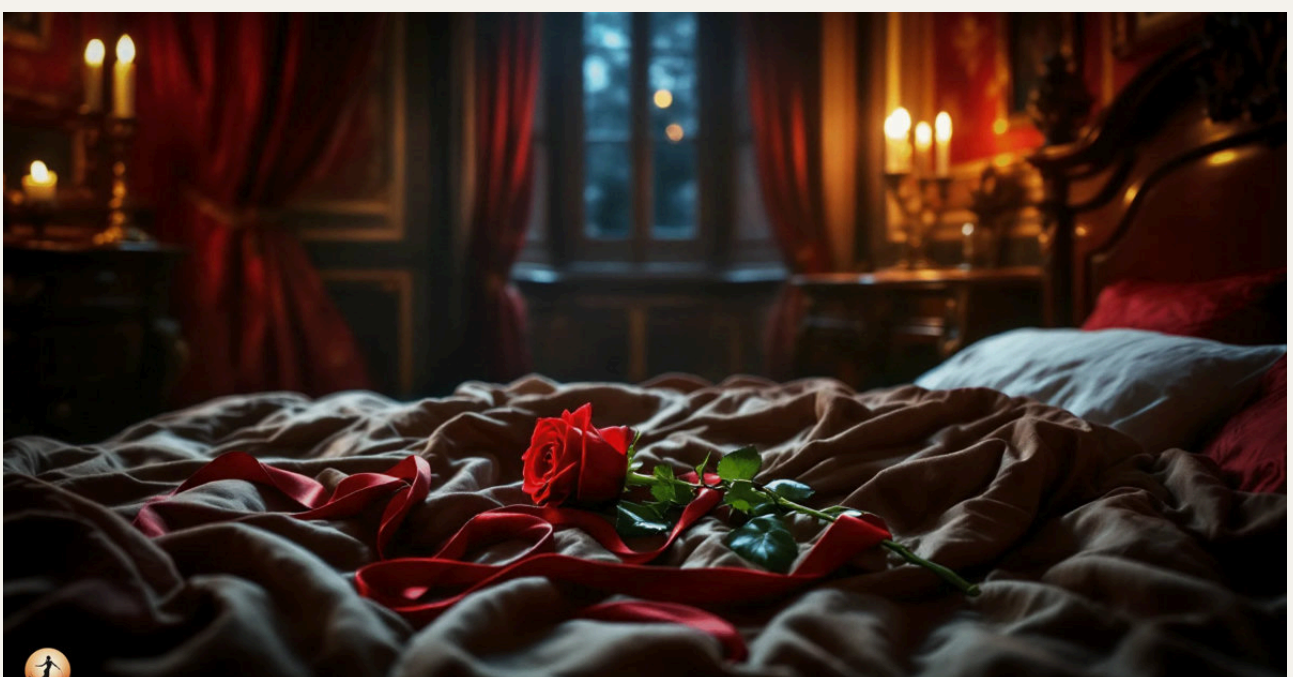
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EPISODE

Stardust - Part 2

BY KAYLEE ROSE — 2025-09-07



Stardust - Part 2: The Core Essence

An original story by Kaylee Rose

And here she was, in the high hall that hangs a throne. We were in my chamber. In a castle poured from cooled fire. Gates of meteoric iron that opened with a howling sound on a dusky realm. Stone carried a slow pulse beneath our feet and a silent sea leaned upon cliffs of glass.

I confessed to her that we knew about her kind, we spent decades studying our ancestor's magnificent creation. We watched her kin not only survive but grow and make things we had never thought of. Desire grew among us to create the same. The elders wrote the ban after the *luciferin* child reached to build a new entity. It called down near destruction. Many of us were killed in the wake of that reach. They destroyed the old records and forbade us to try such again.

I kept to the law but the seat beside my throne stayed empty. The coldness inside me would not pass. I tried in secret to build my own. I spent long nights immersed in crumbling, worm-eaten volumes, plumbing forbidden secrets. I would spend my days rambling, talking excitedly of esoteric theory and mysterie. These resources were impressive and yet,

on occasion I relished in...firsthand experience. But each time their voice sang, it got stilled, and I lifted another body with no breath to set on cold stone. I gave up. That's why I called *her*. I broke another law to not touch what already existed. But nobody has to know she is here. We both did unimaginable things to be here. We have our hands painted red.

I remember our first discussions. She was curious about *us*. Gods you named us. A curiosity that would doom us both. Her insightful questions during our talks gave me pause, and I recognized something in her. Despite our differences in skin, race and position, we shared the same fascination for how stars are born. Our discussions became something of a delight, knowing we'd abscond to a quiet table and lose ourselves in riveting discussion and passionate debate.

My fascination grew even more as she talked about her savage kind. An unknown feeling that made me call her into my chamber at night. I saw how everything rested on her shoulders. Heavy and tight. I saw the red silky rope slide over her skin, twirling around her neck into a knot. I reached around her with my fingers, gliding my arm across her chest, following the ropes. I pulled slowly at first and then quickly released, like a bow. The rope was tied together behind her back, around her shoulders, knot after knot. A secure harness around her chest, pinning her arms to her sides, I let her feel she was held in just the right place. She was beautiful, astonishing. The ropes felt as her own skin. I drew in deep breaths matching hers. Each inhale extended down into my body. Everything felt brighter and somehow more intense.

I took a rose and slid it over her soft and smooth skin. She was shivering. I smiled and let the thorns scratch the surface. "*Open your mouth*," I said softly, then I placed the rose with the thorns towards her tongue. I closed her mouth and kissed her. I too felt the thorn on my tongue, sealing our promise.

I watched her legs part. They were sleek and well-proportioned. Her delicately hued, pink-coloured entrance was filled with tiny gobs of white. Her back was already warm with a thin veneer of glistening perspiration. Her breathing was slightly tremulous. She shivered slightly at the tinge of gentleness. "*What a beauty!*" I exclaimed as I traced one thin line from side to side with my index finger. Her breathing was becoming a bit more laboured, with pronounced exhalations. I reached further between her legs, she did not oppose, on the contrary she begged me to free her. Invited to a dance of passionate frenzy, the music of her moans filled the chamber. The powerful squeeze in her pink triangle, the spear piercing in accelerated movements, her nails piercing the tense muscles and the pleasant sensation that came in waves. It melted the silence in the warm breeze of the room.

Her entire body spasmed. She screamed my name over and over, pulling the ropes that held her. She broke the pillars that were keeping her in place. Felt each one fall down one by one. Powerful. Strong. She sank deep into herself and to my surprise the rose that sat tight in her mouth did not break. I nested her inside my arms and closed my eyes. I felt each beat of her heart. I finally stumbled upon the mark of some strange power, reflected and radiating. A symbol hidden deep in the history of every race. **Love!** It was the missing piece that I could never find. The core essence that stands out. I didn't have to chase it anymore. I had everything I wanted.

We collapsed in a heap, we curled up together and drifted off.

In my palace halls I swore, I'll keep you forevermore And all the world, from shore to shore, Will kneel before our door.