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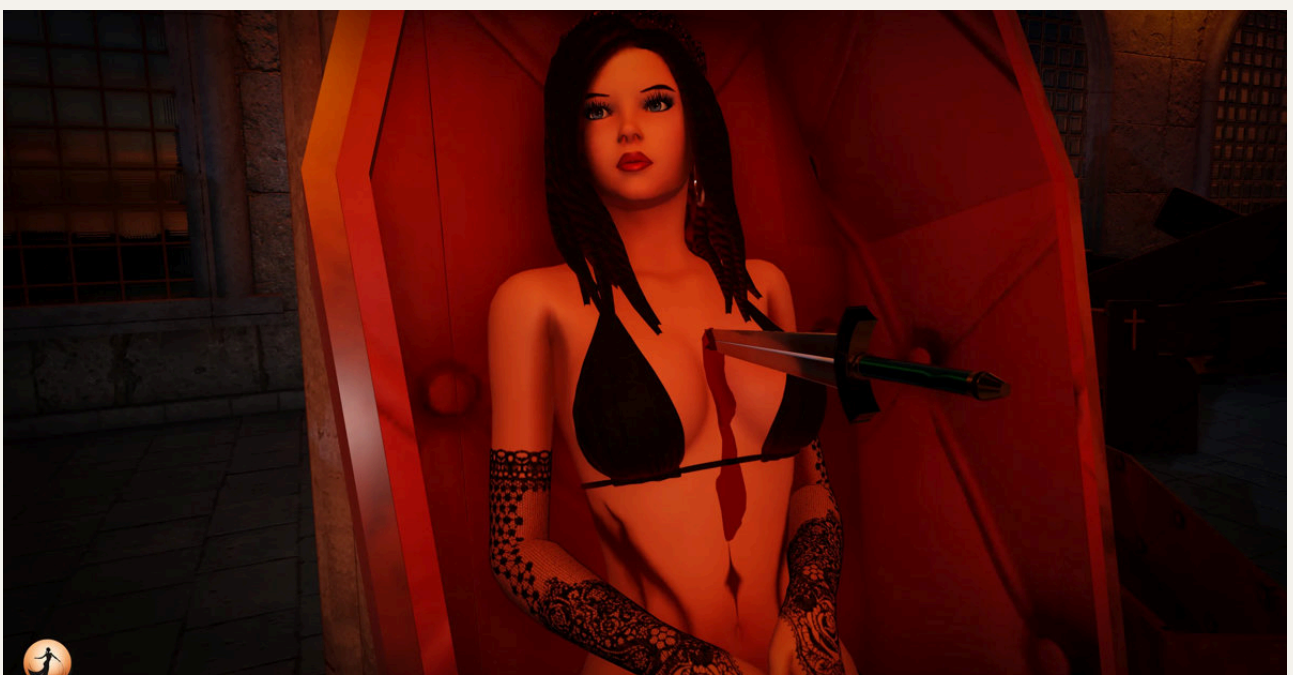
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FICTION

The Devil's Bride

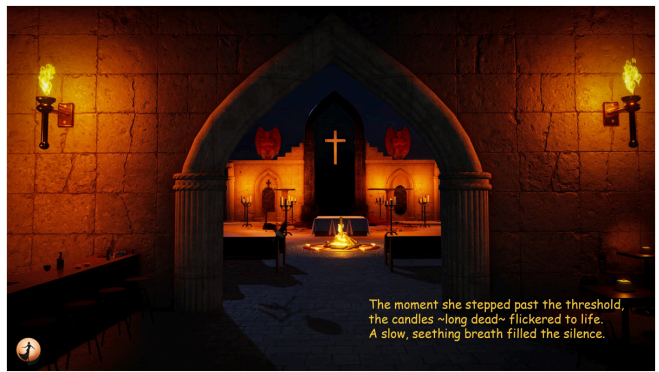
BY VIBRENT — 2025-02-16



The Devil's Bride

The ruined church stood like a corpse under the cold moonlight, its skeletal remains wrapped in ivy and rot. The stained glass had long since shattered, leaving jagged edges that cut the night. The air inside was thick, damp, and wrong ~ like something ancient still lingered within the broken stone.

Vibrent knew she should not be here. But she had been drawn to this place her whole life. The dreams had started when she was a child ~ whispers in the dark and shadows moving just beyond sight. And always, always, a mysterious presence waiting for her beneath the altar. Tonight, she had come to end it.



The moment she stepped past the threshold, the candles ~long dead~ flickered to life. A slow, seething breath filled the silence.

"At last."

The voice slithered through her mind, curling around her thoughts like fingers on her throat. Vibrent's body stiffened as the darkness itself began to shift. Something moved in the shadows. It was massive, draped in darkness as it stepped into the candlelight and the illusion wavered. Its body was grotesquely powerful, like a monstrous sea creature. Its massive form coiled within the ruined cathedral. And at the center of it all was a frightening face with red piercing, haunting eyes.

And then she saw them, Tentacles. They coiled from beneath, slithering against the cold stone floor and the bloody red stagnant mere under it. They moved with a mind of their own, curling toward her, tasting the air. Vibrent's breath came fast, her heart drumming wildly in her chest.



"You are mine," it murmured, voice dripping with something dark and possessive. *"Promised to me before you ever took your first breath. And now, you will fulfil your purpose."* She stepped back, heart hammering. *"No. I refuse."*

Its smile did not falter, but the church itself groaned. The walls trembled, and the great stone cross above the altar cracked, splitting down the middle. A tentacle lashed out, coiling around her wrist. She gasped, struggling, but it only tightened. More tentacles followed, slithering up her arms, her legs, winding around her waist. It pulled her forward, lifting her effortlessly onto the altar.

"You were made for this," it whispered, its tentacles tightening. *"To carry my heir. To birth something greater than heaven itself."* Vibrent thrashed, but it was too strong. *"Who are you she cried."* The Devil's burning eyes narrowed, *"I am the king of the underworld, the ruler of all demons!"*



More tentacles followed, slithering up her arms, her legs, winding around her waist.

Vibrent's fingers curled around the heavy golden candle holder beside her. With every ounce of strength, she swung. The metal crashed against the side of its head. The Devil recoiled, its grip loosening just enough. Vibrent twisted free, stumbling back. She ran, or at least, she tried.

The air itself seemed to shift, and in an instant, it was in front of her again. The tentacles lashed out in fury, seizing her throat, lifting her off the ground. *"You would deny me?"* Its voice was no longer smooth, no longer seductive. It was raw, furious, inhuman. She clawed at his grip, kicking, gasping for air. *"You were given to me!"* it roared, its body twisting, shifting into something more monstrous. Its flesh rippled, splitting in places to reveal writhing bloody red tendrils beneath in the candlelight.

A dagger appeared, its blade long, inscribed with symbols that pulsed with dark energy. *"If you will not be my bride,"* it hissed, *"then you will be my offering."* Vibrent gasped as the dagger plunged deep into her chest. Her scream echoed through the ruined church, swallowed by the darkness. Blood poured over the altar, soaking the ancient stone.



Vibrent gasped as a dagger plunged deep into her chest.



Vibrent was gone.

The candles flickered, the wind howled, and the Devil watched as the life drained from her eyes. Then, slowly, it leaned down, its lips brushing hers whispering final words to her dying body. *"You should have said yes."*

And with that, the candles burned out and the church fell silent once more. Vibrent was gone.