

THE HIDDEN CIRCLE GAZETTE

AN INDEPENDENT 3DXCHAT NEWS PUBLICATION.

2024-10-10

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FICTION

My Silent Intentions

BY VIBRENT — 2024-10-10



My Silent Intentions – The Synthesis of a Psychological Killer

The moment I saw her, I knew. Tall, with long hair cascading over her shoulders, and an elegant dress that fit her perfectly. She was stunning, completely unaware of the danger she was walking into. I turned and let my gaze linger on her reflection in the mirror. Our eyes met, and I gave her a warm smile. That's how it always starts. The first step in my dance.

I enjoy the seduction. It provides me with a sense of excitement, something I can't explain. That first glance, laced with tension and anticipation, always makes me feel predatory. There's something intoxicating about the danger that lingers in every interaction. It's something I crave.

She hesitated for just a heartbeat, the kind of hesitation that betrays both fear and curiosity. That delicious moment before they commit. But like the others, she was drawn in. The allure of something unspoken, a flicker of adventure. It always plays out the same. Her smile widened, playful, and I knew she was mine. I moved closer. My lips almost touching hers as my hand wandered, trembling with excitement as the thrill was coursing through me.

I have a distorted reality where my fantasies of power and control blend seamlessly with my actions. I romanticise the act of murder as if it were a form of intimacy rather than violence, which reflects my disturbed psyche.

I led her to the washroom stall. My heart raced with anticipation, and once we were inside that small, intimate space, I felt that familiar rush. The walls felt like they were closing in, trapping us both in that electric moment. It made my skin tingle, every sense heightened.

I brushed a strand of her hair behind her ear. A gentle, intimate gesture. She didn't flinch. I let my body press against hers, close enough for her to feel my breath on her skin. I wanted her to believe it was all part of the seduction, masking the truth. Then, without hesitation, I gathered her hair in my hands, twisting it tightly around her neck. Her face changed in an instant—from curiosity to confusion. I pulled her closer, weaving the strands tighter, feeling the tension in my hands as I cut off her breath.

She struggled, of course. I had control. That's the part I love the most—the power that surges through me when they realise what's happening. I leaned in, close enough for my lips to brush against her ear, whispering words of affection. She thrashed against me, her body jerking, her eyes wide and panicked as they darted to the door. The moment reality crashed down on her was intoxicating for me. I felt it—the control, the thrill of watching her fight for every breath, knowing it wouldn't make a difference.

I tightened my grip, savoring each second, feeling her strength slip away. Her struggles grew weaker until, finally, her body went limp in my arms. Her hair was still wrapped around her neck, perfectly framing her as she sank to the floor. The silence after was thick, enveloping us. It's always the quiet afterward that makes it real. The physical act of asphyxiation gives me intense pleasure. It makes me feel invincible. I stood there for a moment, breathing it all in—the silence, the stillness.

She had been so easy to seduce, so beautiful, and now she was mine. Forever caught in that moment. It gave me a sense of permanence, possessing her forever in the desire for eternal connection.

Watch: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=HzU5sUg5K-U>

The inspiration for this story is **Je Veux**: a short fictional thriller directed by [Sean Bloemer](#)¹, starring Rachael Weathers and Stephanie Shotwell.

This intriguing video was published in 2011 and since went viral to get more than 400 million views!

¹<https://www.seanbloemer.com>