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EPISODE

Soleil Libre - Part 4

BY JENNE — 2026-04-15



The Isles of Soleil Libre are an idyllic 3DX naturist hideout created by **Jenne**. In [part 3](#)¹ of the mythology of the isles, we learned how the first of the islands was born. In part 4 Solara gives it shape and purpose.

Chapter 4 — The Birth of Isla La Belle

An original story by Jenne

The island rose slowly, as if waking from a long sleep beneath the waves. Sand gathered first — pale gold, warm even in the fading light. Then came the stones, smooth and rounded, shaped by currents older than memory. Finally, the land itself lifted, forming gentle hills and soft curves that mirrored the shape of Solara's own breath.

When the sea settled, the island stood complete.

¹<https://thehiddencircle.com/soleil-libre-part-3/>

Solara stepped onto the new shore, water streaming from her skin. The sand beneath her feet was warm, not from the sun alone, but from the light she had poured into the sea. It felt alive — not in the way a creature lives, but in the way a memory lives, holding warmth long after the moment has passed.

She walked inland, and with each step, the island responded.

Where her foot touched the earth, grasses unfurled — soft, low, and warm to the touch. Where her hand brushed the air, breezes stirred — gentle, curious, carrying the scent of salt and sunlight. Where her shadow passed, the light softened — not dimming, but becoming tender.

This was not a land of harsh edges or sharp demands. It was a land shaped by warmth, by ease, by the quiet courage of being unguarded.

Solara paused at the island's center, where the ground rose slightly, forming a natural circle of smooth stone. She knelt and placed both hands on the earth.

The island pulsed beneath her palms. Not violently — softly, like a heartbeat. A rhythm of welcome. A rhythm of belonging.

Solara closed her eyes and listened.

She heard the whisper of waves against the shore. She heard the sigh of wind moving through the new grasses. She heard the faint hum of sunlight lingering in the stones.

But beneath all of that, she heard something deeper — a truth forming in the heart of the island: *"Here, they may be as they are."*

Solara smiled.

She had not created a paradise of perfection. She had created a sanctuary of permission.

A place where humans could step out of their coverings — not just their clothing, but their fears, their judgments, their hesitations — and feel the world without apology.

She rose and looked toward the horizon. The sun had nearly set, but its last light clung to the island, bathing it in a glow that felt like a blessing.

Solara whispered the island's name:

"La Belle." The Beautiful. The First Breath of Freedom.

As night settled, the island held its warmth, glowing softly beneath the moon. Solara stood at its edge, knowing that this was only the beginning. The world needed more than one sanctuary. It needed many — each shaped by a different kind of freedom.

La Belle was the first. The heart. The memory of what humanity could be.

Soon, the other islands would rise. Soon, the Twelve Rays would fall upon the sea. Soon, the world would remember its warmth.

But for now, Solara stood on the shore of her first creation, feeling the breeze on her bare skin, and knew she had taken the first step toward healing the world.