

# BOUND BY INK

A hand holding a quill pen, poised to write. The quill is dipped into a small, dark inkwell. A bright, glowing blue light emanates from the tip of the quill, creating a vertical beam of light. The background is dark and textured, with faint, swirling patterns. The title 'BOUND BY INK' is written in a large, white, stylized font with a black outline. The overall mood is mysterious and artistic.

Vesser Selene  
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## *Bound by Ink*

Jade, a young author, discovers a mysterious journal that brings her dark stories to life. As fiction bleeds into reality, her creation, Circe Stark, threatens to take control.

Caught between imagination and terror, Jade must find a way to end the nightmare before it consumes her. *Bound by Ink* is a haunting tale of creativity, obsession, and the cost of storytelling

A stylized, handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Vesser Selene". The script is fluid and cursive, with the first letter of each name being capitalized and prominent.

By Vesser Selene

# **Bound by Ink**

## **Prologue**

From the beginning, I have been attracted to the dark side of humans. Things like death, torture, and manipulation fascinated me...", so the first chance I got, "...I channeled everything into a novel. "... A story bound to the author in more ways than one.

## **Chapter 1**

I sat in the corner of an antique bookstore looking at the cracked leather of a journal on a forgotten shelf. The moment my fingertips touched its worn surface, a shiver ran down my back. The journal exuded an inexplicable aura, as though it carried the weight of countless untold stories. Its dark brown leather cover bore intricate, faded etchings, barely discernible in the dim light, and its brass clasp was tarnished, giving it an air of mystery. I couldn't shake the feeling that it had been especially waiting for me. It felt like I was destined to have this journal from the very beginning. Like a siren's song, I couldn't resist. Store's dim lighting cast flickering shadows against rows of dusty tomes, and the faint scent of mildew mixed with the rich, earthy aroma of aged paper. The journal, worn and weathered, seemed to hum with secrets. The dark brown leather cover was marred by deep scratches, and the edges were frayed, as though it had been passed through countless hands. As an emerging author who just debuted recently, I felt a thrill that couldn't be explained.

"that's an old one. It's been here for as long as I can remember, I don't believe anyone has ever borrowed it." The clerk said in a gravelly rumble that matched his wrinkled face.

"I don't know. I think it's the one for me." I replied clutching the journal tightly.

That night, my fingers danced across the old keyboard bringing life to Circe Stark. An 18th-century author with a mind as dark as a moonless night. Circe's life mirrored certain aspects of my fantasy life. A brutal childhood, a rise to fame through chilling tales that captivated and terrified readers, and a string of murders that trailed her like a shadow. Each tap felt like a stroke on a blank canvas, each click felt like my soul seeping through my fingertips and bringing the story to life. Like a mad artist, I painted characters with passion and love.

I leaned back, my voice soft as I read aloud, "Circe stood in the candlelit room, her eyes cold as steel. 'Every act has its consequence,' she whispered, her blade gleaming in the dim light." The air in the room seemed to shift, growing heavier as I finished. A faint chill ran down my spine. I shook off the unease with a chuckle. "Get a grip, Jade. It's just fiction."

## Chapter 2

My life became consumed by obsession of the manuscript. Each carefully printed out page arranged in order inside the old leather journal bound. My workspace cramped as a chaotic mess filled with creativity with a sting of caffeine aroma. Notebooks, manuscripts, and encyclopedias stacked up all over the room. The marble floor littered with crumpled paper and empty food containers. I sat there under the dim light of my laptop with messy hair stuck in a bun with a stray pen. The keyboard keys provided me with an oddly grounding sensation amid the whirlwind of inspiration surrounding me. Circe's chilling experiences unfolded in vivid detail as I often lost hours upon hours at a time in the narrative. Dreams plagued me at night, and my hands trembled as though I had held something sharp and cold. Circe's every emotion felt excessive and troubling to me.

In one dream, I stood in a dark room filled with creepy shadows, gripping a blade with a hilt carved in ancient patterns. The metallic smell of blood hung in the air. I whispered unfamiliar words in a voice that is not mine, low and haunting. Yet those words and the voice felt deeply personal. I woke up gasping, the echo of the voice ringing in my ears.

The coincidences began innocuously. A cobblestone alley I had described appeared on my morning walk, its damp stones slick under my boots. A peculiar red scarf, once a figment of my imagination, draped casually over a chair at a local café. I dismissed these as quirks of a writer's mind—until they became too specific to ignore.

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"Jas" I called my friend, my voice trembling as she walked down to the kitchen of our shared apartment. "It's exactly as I said before. I'm not hallucinating. Neither is this a coincidence. Just yesterday I wrote about a restaurant named Louis Crete. Today, I found it. Same name. Same menu. Even the waiters look the exact same as I described it."

Jasmine raised her eyebrows. Her face tells me she doesn't believe a word I said. "Jade, it's probably a subconscious thing. Maybe you have seen these things and places and you have already forgotten. We all have moments of Déjà vu." She replied in a gentle manner. "No," I insisted, my fingers tightening around my cup. "I made it up. I'm starting to feel like my book is bleeding into real life."

Jasmine laughed uneasily, the sound hollow. "You're overthinking. Get some sleep."

## Chapter 3

Tuesday night, I sat under the low light of the laptop describing a decrepit manor covered in ivy, its towering steeples silhouetted against the crimson sky of dusk. The air around it filled with an eerie silence, broken only by the faint rustle of wind weaving through the overgrowth. The scent of damp earth and decaying leaves filled my senses as I envisioned Circe stalking the shadowed halls within. The manor itself felt alive, its crumbling walls exhaling whispers of forgotten secrets, where Circe committed one of her gruesome acts.

A few days later, while I was taking a walk, my mind instinctively felt something wrong. I looked around the unfamiliar road as fear rose inside of me. Before me stood the exact manor-ivy snaking across its crumbling facade, the wrought-iron gate hanging ajar. My breath caught as a shiver ran down my back. The address of the name plate matched exactly as I had written down earlier.

“No,” I whispered, my voice barely audible over the pounding of my heart. “This isn’t real. It’s just a coincidence.”

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That evening I flipped through the journal as fear gripped me. Each page increased the weight in my heart, the blank parchment seeming to whisper secrets and threats. I felt the journal having a life of its own as if trying to complete the rest of the story. The words pouring out as if compelled by an unseen force.

In the room, surrounded by the glow of the computer screen, I read aloud: “Circe’s hand didn’t tremble as she drew the blade. ‘Your sins have found you,’ she murmured, savoring the fear in her victim’s eyes.”

My voice trembled. The words felt so familiar yet so foreign as if I’ve heard the same words in a past memory. The sensation lingered, an unsettling weight pressing against my chest

## Chapter 4

As days went by, my dreams intensified. In one, I was standing in the manor's hall. The walls were lined with tattered tapestries that seemed to ripple as if alive. Many faces stared back at me through the frames. Their eyes screaming for help. Desperately trying to escape the fate that came for them. My fingers trailed over the familiar journal's leather cover that seemed to have mysteriously appeared in my hands. It's surfaces warm and pulsating with faint heartbeat. I opened the pages filled with my own handwriting as well as those that looked ancient. The writing depicted horrors that felt familiar yet so foreign. I woke up with a scream, the journal lying innocently on a desk far away. For a few seconds I saw the cold eyes I had described multiple times staring at me from the darkness with a hint of sorrow and evil.

Jasmine visited the next day, her eyes filled with concern as she looked at me. Her fingers nervously adjusted the strap of her bag, her movements quick and restless. She was visibly stiff as she avoided my gaze, her eyes gazing out of the ordeal window. Her lips pressed into a thin line as she shifted her weight from one foot to other.

"jade, you've been isolating yourself. And these coincidences you talk about. you are scaring me." When she finally spoke, each word carried the weight of her fear. She kept looking at the darkness that had started to seep in through the cracks as the sun gradually drifted away in the horizon. As if looking for an explanation for her unexplainable fear. I glanced at the full mirror in the corner. My eyes were wild, dark circles etched beneath them. "Circe is real. Or I'm losing my mind. Everything I write happens. You have to believe me. I don't know how to stop it." I repeated the same answer over and over again.

Jasmine hesitated, her hand hovering over my arm. "Burn the journal. Delete the manuscript. Let it go."

I laughed a hollow laugh, my voice trembling. "I've tried. It's like it's... part of me. I can't escape it."

## Chapter 5

Desperation clawed at me as every attempt I made to destroy the story failed. Every day I would wake up with a new page added to the journal as if Circe was documenting her own story. As if with each passing second, she was blurring the line between reality and fiction. Trying to pull me into the manuscript and take over me.

As I tried another attempt at drowning the journal with the help of jasmine a sudden thought grasped me. I turned to my laptop trying to conceal my excitement and nervousness. My fingers danced on top of the keys creating a new music to anyone that's Listened.

"What are you doing?" jasmine asked in fear and puzzlement. She stood at the doorway as if ready to escape at any moment. I looked up from the screen. Staring at her with an unconcealed smile. "we can't destroy the journal right. But what if we destroy her?" I replied.

"What?" she asked with confusion painting her usually smiley face. Jasmine was a 5'2 beautiful women with a figure every woman would be jealous of. She had raven colored hair that highlight her pale blue eyes. Everyone that met her would describe her as a hardworking and courageous woman yet right now she looked like a scared little mouse trying her best to save her friend. "think about its Jas... everyday there are multiple pages added to the journal, which I didn't write. And every night I see Circe living that life. The weirdest thing of all is that every page is handwritten. You clearly know that I print out the pages. It's as if she is possessing me every night to finish her story... so why don't I do exactly that?" I explained with a hint of excitement in my eyes.

"I'm going to do what she wanted me to do. I'm going to write her off. Kill her." I continued without waiting for her reply. "Circe stood in the alleyway staring at the few people she used to call her friends. Her face depicting the pain and betrayal she felt in her heart. 'why?' her voice came out broken. 'you have committed too many sins now. We can't let you go on like this' they replied with anger and disgust filling their voice. That night as the darkness of the night consumed the alley, a steady flow of crimson flowed down the pavement. The crickets whispered praises as death took what was gifted to it." I read aloud the glowing words on the screen.

## Chapter 6

I printed out the last page of the manuscript and placed it into the old journal bound. The white of the paper gradually turned brown as the printed letters changed into handwritten words. Horror gripped me making me drop the journal and stepping away.

The knock on the door came as an unexpected blow. When I opened it, I was met with a mob—a chaotic crowd of faces I recognized. Friends turned strangers, acquaintances warped by fury. Their eyes burned with accusations.

"What... What is this?" I stammered, backing away as they surged forward.

The mob leader, a tall man with a sneer that cut like glass, stepped into my apartment. "You thought you could hide your sins behind a story, but we know the truth."

My heart hammered in my chest. "What sins? I haven't done anything!"

"You haven't?" the man snarled. "Then explain this!" He held up a sheet of paper—a page torn from my manuscript. On it was a description of a betrayal, one I had written as part of Circe's ending a few minutes ago.

I staggered back, clutching my head. "How did you get that?" I asked, my voice full of accusation.

"You did those things and had the audacity to write a book about it!" He growled ignoring my question.

Tears streamed down my face as she shook her head violently. "No... No, it can't be. Circe is real. She did it!! Not me!"

The mob descended on me. They dragged me into the night, my screams tearing through the silence. My punishment mirrored the grisly end I had written for Circe—tortured and killed by those seeking vengeance. As the world faded around me, the fractured pieces of my mind began to coalesce into a horrifying truth.



## Epilogue

Tracy sat in the corner of an antique bookstore looking at an old journal. Her fingertips tracing the dark brown leather cover that bore intricate, faded etchings barely discernible in the dim light, and its brass clasp was tarnished. The journal lured me in like an inescapable fate. As a raising author, Tracy felt a thrill that couldn't be explained. The journal bringing her wave after wave of inspiration for a new story and a protagonist.

"Jade" Tracy whispered in a daze. Coming up with a character for her new novel.

"that's an old one. It's been here for as long as I can remember, I don't believe anyone has ever borrowed it." The old clerk said with a gentle smile.

"I don't know. I think it's the one for me." Tracy replied clutching the journal tightly.

She traced the engraving in the back on the journal. "Bound by ink. Doomed to repeat." She repeated out loud .....