

WELCOME TO MY

BAKERY

KRITI .K



WHO DON'T LIKE CAKE ???

Most people love cakes and cookies—the sweet smell, the soft bite, the taste that melts on your tongue. But what if the sweetness hides something else? What if, behind that warm aroma, there lingers a scent you can't quite place—strange, heavy, almost...
eerie.

Would you still take a bite?

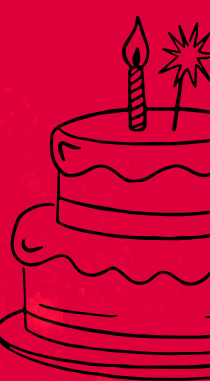
Read carefully. After this story, you might think twice before reaching for your favorite dessert.

Hi, I'm Kriti. I love writing horror stories that turn everyday things into nightmares. Enjoy the read—but don't read it alone at night!" Page 2



Everyone loves cake—so did Pari. She was a whimsical girl, full of curiosity, with an endless love for bakery treats. Creamy pastries, soft muffins, golden cookies—anything sweet could instantly light up her face.

Recently, Pari's life had taken a turn. Her father had been transferred from the peaceful town of Lovelia to a bustling place called Cruva. Unlike Lovelia, with its quiet streets and homely shops, Cruva was alive with noise, color, and most of all—its bakeries. The city was famous for its desserts, and the moment Pari stepped off the train, she could smell it in the air: warm bread, rich chocolate, and sugar melting into something irresistible. But among that sweetness, there was also something else. A faint, strange smell... one that didn't belong.



Pari soon joined a beautiful college, named after one of Cruva's oldest bakeries. The campus itself seemed to glow with color, always carrying the scent of warm sugar and fresh bread. Every year, it hosted a grand carnival filled with cakes, pastries, and music that made the place feel alive.

At first, Pari felt a little lonely. But then she met sofi —a kind, simple girl who shared her love for muffins and sweets. The two quickly became friends, spending their evenings exploring the stalls and laughing together.

Life in Cruva seemed almost perfect...

Pari was excited for the grand festival. Sofi told her about the bakery on which the college had been named—Welcome Bakery. It wasn't just a shop; it was the heart of Cruva. Almost everyone in the city went there.

Welcome was famous not only for its pastries but also for its bakers. People often whispered about them—how they were all strikingly handsome, almost too perfect, as if cut from the same mold

**One evening, Pari went with
sofi to visit Welcome Bakery.
What struck her most was its
strange timing—it never
opened in the morning. Its
doors unlocked only at night,
from 8 p.m. until 3 a.m. The
thought lingered in Pari's
mind, both fascinating and a
little annoying.**

**Still, with her parents'
permission, she managed to
go at nine o'clock. Nova
whispered that the very best
cakes were served at three in
the morning, but Pari knew
her parents would never allow
her to stay out that late**

The bakery was bright and colorful, its halls far larger than Pari had imagined. Along the walls hung photographs of everyone who had ever served there—portraits of the Dia family, the long-time owners. The Dias lived in a grand bungalow not far from the campus, and even now, every new generation worked as bakers in Welcome.

Only the cleaners, Pari noticed, were outsiders.

At first, the air was thick with the sweet smell of pastries.

**But as Pari walked further inside,
another scent crept toward her—
strange, metallic, almost bloody.
She wrinkled her nose, unsettled.**

**“sofi,” she whispered, “do you
smell that?”**

**sofi looked at her with confusion.
Around them, people were eating
with delight, their faces shining
with fascination. No one else
seemed to notice. Only Pari’s
expression betrayed the sour note
in the air.**

Pari and Sofi chose a table near the center of the hall, the glass counter glittering in front of them. A waiter soon approached—tall, strikingly handsome, with a perfect smile that somehow didn't reach his eyes. His uniform was spotless, his movements graceful, almost rehearsed.

Pari tried to ignore the strange metallic odor, but it clung to her senses. At last, she couldn't resist. Leaning forward, she asked in a low voice, "Excuse me... what is that smell?"

“There is no smell,” he said smoothly. “You eat what you want to... and it will fade. First taste, then speak.”

The way he said it sent a chill down Pari’s spine. His voice was calm, but beneath it there was something sharp, like a warning.

Sofi, oblivious, clapped her hands.

“Two chocolate truffle cakes, please! And those almond cookies!”

The waiter bowed slightly, his gaze lingering on Pari for a moment longer than necessary. Then he turned, his footsteps echoing as he disappeared behind the kitchen door.

The metallic scent seemed to thicken.

Their order arrived almost instantly, placed neatly on the table as if conjured by magic.

The chocolate truffle cakes glistened under the lights, and the almond cookies gave off a golden, buttery glow. It was all too perfect, too quick—like the kitchen had been waiting for them.

Sofi's eyes widened in delight. She took her first bite and let out a dreamy sigh. "Pari, you have to taste this... it's like heaven!" Her voice was distant, almost hypnotized, as though the food itself had cast a spell on her.

But for Pari, heaven tasted like hell. The metallic stench only grew stronger, curling around her nose, sinking into her stomach. It was not sugar or chocolate she smelled—it was something rotten. Something that reminded her of death, of flesh decaying slowly in the dark.

Her chest tightened. Her throat refused even a crumb. She pushed her plate away and rose from her chair, forcing a smile for Sofi. “I... I need to use the washroom.”

Sofi hardly noticed, lost in her bliss, crumbs sticking to her lips.

Pari walked quickly toward the back hallway. But the deeper she went, the thicker the smell became, as though it was leading her somewhere she was never meant to go.

Pari splashed cold water on her face, hoping to clear her head. The mirror reflected her pale skin and wide eyes, her breath quick and uneven. It's just my imagination, she told herself. Just the city... just the bakery...

But as she stepped out of the washroom, the smell hit her stronger than ever—thick, metallic, suffocating.

A cleaner was there, crouched low, his hands moving in constant circles across the already spotless floor. The tiles shone like glass, yet he kept wiping, over and over, as though scrubbing away something only he could see. Pari hesitated, then whispered, “What is this smell? Don’t you feel it?”

The cleaner froze. Slowly, he lifted his head. His eyes met hers—hollow, unreadable, almost pleading. For a long second, he said nothing. Then, without a word, he stood, lowered his gaze, and walked briskly away, leaving his cloth behind on the floor.

The rag was damp and dark, as if stained with something far thicker than water.

Pari was still staring at the damp rag on the floor when she heard a cheerful voice behind her.

“Pari! What are you doing here?”

She turned to see Sofi standing at the doorway, her cheeks flushed, her lips glistening with chocolate. There was an odd sparkle in her eyes, almost feverish.

“Don’t you want to eat?” Sofi asked, tilting her head with a strange little smile.

Pari shook her head quickly. “No... I’m not in the mood.”

Sofi’s grin widened. “Oh, good. Thank God, because I ate yours as well.” She giggled, wiping a smear of cream from the corner of her mouth.

As they walked back, Pari caught sight of the cleaner again. He stood at the far end of the hall, motionless this time, his mop dangling uselessly in his hand. His eyes were fixed on her—unblinking, almost accusing. A shiver crawled up her spine.

Pari forced herself to look away and went to the counter with Sofi. Strangely, the metallic stench had vanished. In its place was the rich, heavenly aroma of chocolate and cherries, so sweet it made her dizzy. For a moment, she wondered if she had only imagined it all.

The man at the counter gave her a polite smile. “You didn’t eat anything, did you?” he asked softly, as if he already knew.

Pari hesitated. “No... I was feeling a little nauseous.”

The man’s smile widened, though his eyes remained cold. “It’s okay. Perhaps you’ll enjoy our special—something we only serve at three in the morning. It’s... very tasty.”

Before Pari could respond, Sofi clapped her hands in excitement. “Yes! We’re coming for that!” she chirped.

Pari froze. Three in the morning?

That night, Pari returned home with Sofi, but her mind refused to rest. The strange smell, the silent cleaner, the counter man's smile—it all swirled inside her like a bad dream. She tried to push it away, telling herself it was nothing. By midnight, she had almost forgotten about the "3 a.m. thing."

But Sofi hadn't.

At exactly three, Pari's phone buzzed against her pillow.

Groggy, she picked it up.

**Sofi's excited whisper crackled through the speaker:
"Pari, wake up! Come on, we'll miss it!"**

Pari sat up, her heart racing. A part of her wanted to refuse, to stay safely under her blanket. But another part—the curious, restless part—ached to know the truth behind the bakery’s secrets.

“Okay,” she whispered back, glancing toward her parents’ room. “I’m coming.”

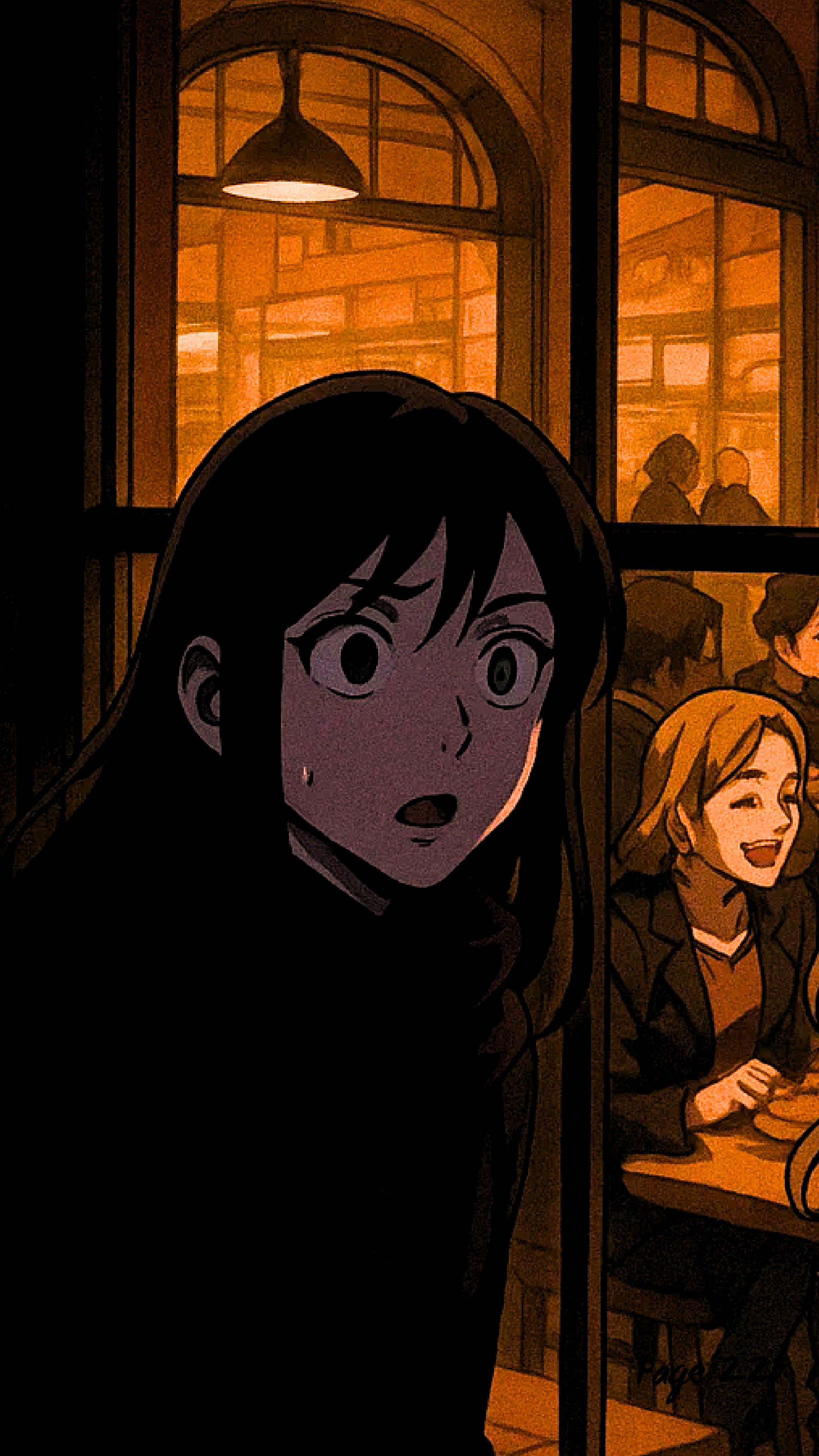
Quiet as a shadow, she slipped out of bed, tiptoed past the creaking door, and slipped into the night. The streets of Cruva were dark and empty, the city asleep—except for the faint glow of the bakery sign flickering in the distance.

Pari expected the streets to be empty, the bakery dark and closed. But when she and Sofi arrived, her breath caught—the shop was still buzzing with life. Every table was full, customers laughing, chewing, their faces glazed with the same dreamy fascination she had noticed before.

It felt impossible, as though none of them had ever left.

The air was thick with the fragrance of sugar and chocolate, smooth and pleasant—so pleasant it almost smothered her doubts.

The metallic stench that had haunted her before was gone, erased completely.



Pari approached the counter, her heart thudding. “Where is your..

3 a.m. thing?” she asked cautiously.

The man behind the counter leaned forward, his smile sharper than before. “You are very lucky,” he said softly.

“Tonight, we have something... very special. Just for you.”

Sofi’s eyes sparkled with excitement. Pari’s stomach twisted.

For a moment, silence fell across the bakery. Every face turned toward Pari, their eyes wide and unblinking, shining with a strange hunger. She froze under their gaze—it wasn't the cakes they seemed to want. It was her.

Then, as if on command, the spell broke. The customers dropped their stares and bent over their plates, shoveling food into their mouths in a frenzy. Crumbs flew, cream smeared, forks clattered against porcelain. The sound of chewing filled the air, grotesque and unending.

The man behind the counter leaned closer, his smile curling unnaturally.

“For you,” he said smoothly, “the special is upstairs.”

He gestured toward a staircase at the far end. Sofi tugged Pari’s hand eagerly, pulling her along.

Reluctantly, with her heart hammering, Pari followed.

The upper floor was unlike anything she had seen. The walls were draped in heavy curtains of black and blood-red, roses scattered across the floor, their petals dark as night. Old

candles burned in iron holders, their wax dripping like tears. The air smelled of roses and smoke, sweet but suffocating.

Pari’s skin prickled. This wasn’t a dining hall. It felt like a shrine

Pari scanned the upper floor, but the cleaner was nowhere in sight. A shiver ran down her spine. It was as if his sole purpose had been to watch her, to see what she did, to guide her unknowingly through the bakery's strange ritual.

Before she could dwell on it further, a tall, striking man approached their table. His presence was commanding, yet his smile was disarmingly charming.

"I am Bemon," he said, bowing slightly. "CEO of this establishment. Welcome."



Pari and Sofi exchanged glances, their curiosity mixed with unease. Bemon's eyes, dark and calculating, scanned them as if weighing their worth. Bemon gestured subtly, and Pari noticed another figure at the far end—a stern, older man whose aura demanded respect. This was the head of the Dia family, the patriarch overseeing everything in the bakery. All the bakers around them were his younger sons, working quietly under his command.



Among them, Bemon was the eldest and most capable, which made him the CEO, while the patriarch ensured that the family legacy and rules remained unbroken.

Pari's stomach churned. The more she looked, the more she realized this was no ordinary bakery. Every smile, every movement, every gaze had a purpose—and she was at the center of it.

Bemon's smile deepened as he leaned closer. "You must be wondering about our special... the 3 a.m. delight."

Pari swallowed hard, her curiosity warring with her fear. Sofi leaned forward eagerly, her eyes sparkling with anticipation.

Bemon signaled to a young baker, who carried a silver tray covered with a black velvet cloth. With a dramatic flourish, he lifted the cover.

On the tray lay a single dessert, unlike anything Pari had ever seen.

Its chocolate was darker than night, glistening as though it were wet.

Candied cherries sat on top, but they looked unnaturally red, almost like tiny drops of blood. A soft, sweet aroma filled the air—but underneath it, there was a hint of something metallic, decayed, and rotten, just barely masked. Bemon's voice was calm, almost hypnotic. "A bite of this, and you will know the true flavor of our bakery. But remember... it is meant only for the brave."

Pari's hands trembled. The dessert called to her curiosity, but every instinct screamed to run. She looked at Sofi, whose grin had turned almost feral with excitement.



And deep down, Pari realized: once she tasted it, nothing would ever be the same.

Before anything else could happen, Pari blurted out, "Sir... can we just... visit your place? As if we're only your lucky customers?"

Bemon's eyes narrowed slightly, a flicker of something unreadable passing over his face. Then, with a calm smile, he said, "Of course.

But first, take a bite. A small, beautiful cake... just one."

He held the dessert toward her.

The chocolate gleamed, the cherries almost pulsating in the dim candlelight.

Do you smell it? Are you going to eat it?" His tone was both teasing and commanding.

Pari looked at Sofi, who was already leaning forward, ready to devour the dessert. She froze.

Bemon's gaze locked onto her, piercing, as if he already knew what she would do. "Your scent... it's good," he said, voice soft but deliberate.

Pari frowned. "I... I don't apply any scent."

Bemon chuckled faintly, a low, knowing sound. His eyes lingered on her a moment longer before returning to the dessert. It was as if he had been expecting her—and something about her made her different from the others.

The air grew thick, heavy with tension. The moment for the first bite had arrived... and Pari knew that choosing to taste it—or not—would change everything.

Sofi didn't hesitate. She devoured the dessert in seconds, her eyes closing in bliss as if she had been enchanted. Bemon's smile widened, satisfied, almost proud.

Pari, however, couldn't bring herself to take a bite. Her hands shook, her stomach churned, and she pushed the cake away.

Bemon's gaze softened, almost approving. "Very well," he said calmly. He reached into a small velvet box and pulled out two necklaces.

He placed them around their necks.

The chains were delicate, shining faintly in the candlelight. In the center of each hung a red stone, beautiful and glimmering, as if it held a fire within it.

“For you,” Bemon said, his voice low and smooth, “to remember your night here. Keep it close... and it may guide you.”

Sofi gasped, mesmerized by the glow of the stone, her fingers brushing it again and again. Pari’s eyes lingered on it, uneasy. The beauty of the necklace did little to ease the growing sense that the bakery, the dessert, and Bemon himself were far more dangerous than they seemed. *Page 37*

And deep down, Pari sensed that this red stone wasn't just jewelry—it was a key... or perhaps a warning. Pari clutched the red stone in her hand, feeling a faint warmth pulsing through it. Something about it felt alive—as if it had a heartbeat of its own. She glanced at Sofi, who was still lost in the glow, completely mesmerized, unaware of anything else around her.

Bemon watched them quietly, his eyes unreadable, like a predator observing its prey. The room was silent except for the soft flicker of candlelight and the distant, rhythmic hum of the bakery below.

Then, without warning, Pari felt a tug at her mind, subtle but undeniable. Images flashed—dark kitchens, hidden doors, hands moving swiftly, whispers she couldn't understand. The red stone seemed to resonate with the bakery itself, revealing secrets she wasn't supposed to see.

A chilling thought struck her: the dessert, the necklaces, the people... they were all connected. And she had narrowly escaped whatever spell had consumed Sofi.

Pari's heartbeat quickened. She realized that the bakery wasn't just a place of sweets—it was a place where desires, curiosity, and life itself could be twisted and claimed.

She swallowed hard. The red stone pulsed again, and she knew one thing with absolute certainty: the night was far from over, and her choices from here on would decide who—or what—she would become.

Pari's eyes shifted to Sofi—and her heart froze. Her best friend's gaze was no longer human. Her eyes had transformed into glowing red orbs, filled with a strange hunger.

Suddenly, the bakery around her began to warp. Cake crumbs on the floor twisted and turned into human bones, brittle and grim. Candles melted into twisted bone shapes, their flames flickering eerily.

Bemon's form began to change. His perfect, charming features melted away, revealing sharp fangs, pale skin, and eyes that glimmered like a predator in the dark. He was a vampire.



Pari staggered backward, her breath shallow, her mind refusing to believe what her eyes revealed.

The bakery had become a nightmare. What once smelled of chocolate and cherries now reeked of blood and decay. The delicate sweetness had dissolved into something foul and metallic.

Sofi sat frozen at the table, her red eyes gleaming with unnatural light. She smiled faintly, but it was not Sofi's smile anymore. It was something darker, something belonging to the creature she was becoming.

echoing across the marble floor of the palace that had replaced the bakery. His smile was sharper now, predatory, his fangs glistening in the dim candlelight.

“You see it now,” he murmured, his voice low and haunting. “No one else ever does... except the chosen.”

Pari’s hands trembled against the necklace. The red stone burned against her skin, pulsing like a second heartbeat. She wanted to rip it off, but something inside whispered: Don’t. Not yet.

Her throat tightened as realization struck—

This place was not feeding people cakes.

It was feeding on them.

Pari's legs shook as she bolted toward the corridor. Sofi's voice echoed behind her, sharp and strange, "Don't leave. Stay. You belong here now."

But the further Pari ran, the more the palace warped around her. Hallways stretched endlessly, doors vanished into smoke, staircases led nowhere. Every step dragged her deeper into illusions. Her breath quickened. Her heart hammered. The red stone at her neck burned like fire. She screamed—

And jolted upright. Her alarm clock blinked beside her bed. 3:00 AM.

Pari's chest heaved as she clutched her blanket. She was in her own room, safe, untouched. The bakery, the palace, Sofi's red eyes—it was all just a nightmare.

Or so she thought.

Because as she leaned back onto her pillow.

Pari's hand flew to her neck. The necklace was still there, warm against her skin, the red stone glowing faintly as if mocking her.

Her breath caught. "But... how? If I never went there, if it was just a dream... then where did this come from?" she whispered to herself, trembling.

Before she could think further, her phone buzzed on the bedside table. The screen lit up with Sofi's name.

pari hesitated, dread curling in her stomach. Slowly, she answered. Sofi's voice was cheerful, almost too cheerful. "Pari! Come outside. Let's go again. The bakery is waiting. Remember the 3 AM thing? Tonight is perfect." Pari's blood ran cold. The words echoed her dream exactly. Her hand clutched the necklace tighter. Was Sofi really calling her... or was something else speaking through her? Pari's heart pounded as she tiptoed across the silent house, careful not to wake her parents. The red stone glowed faintly against her chest, its warmth guiding her like a lantern in the dark.

When she opened the front door, the cool night air brushed her face. And there—standing under the pale glow of the streetlamp—was Sofi.

She looked exactly the same as always, smiling brightly, waving as if nothing was strange. But Pari couldn't shake the memory of those glowing red eyes from her dream.

"You came!" Sofi whispered excitedly. "I knew you would. Come on, let's not waste time—the bakery will be perfect tonight." Pari nodded slowly, though unease crawled up her spine. As she fell into step beside Sofi, she noticed something odd.

The street was completely deserted. No stray dogs. No sound of wind. Not even the chirping of crickets. Just silence, heavy and unnatural.

And with each step toward the bakery, the red stone against her chest grew warmer... as if pulling her forward.

As they walked, Pari's fingers brushed the glowing stone again.

The question that had been burning inside her finally slipped out.

"Sofi... do you know where I got this necklace?"



Sofi glanced at her, smiling as if the answer were obvious. “Of course. Don’t you remember?”

Pari’s stomach tightened. “No... I don’t.”

Sofi giggled softly, her voice sounding strangely hollow in the silent street. “You won it. In the bakery. The lucky draw. They chanted something, remember? That’s when they gave it to you.”

Pari froze mid-step. “Chanted...?” Sofi’s eyes glimmered faintly in the darkness. “Yes. And they told you one more thing, Pari—that you will never, ever forget the 3 AM thing.” The red stone burned hotter against Pari’s chest, and for the first time, she wished she had never followed Sofi out of the house.

They arrived at the bakery once more. Just as in her dream, the hall was buzzing with laughter, the air thick with sweetness, and the red curtains glowed like fire in the candlelight.

Upstairs, everything unfolded exactly as she had seen before: the black and crimson drapes, the roses, the eerie glow of candles. Bemon welcomed them with the same soft charm, introducing the place like a host rehearsing lines in a play. Then came the special dessert.

Sofi didn't hesitate. She leaned in and devoured it again, her eyes flickering instantly to deep, glowing crimson.

Pari's pulse thundered. In her dream she had run, but now she made a different choice. Before Sofi could even turn toward her, before Bemon could smile his predator's smile, Pari leapt from her seat.

She dashed through the grand hall and flung herself toward the swinging doors of the kitchen. If there were answers, if there was truth—she knew it would be hiding there.

Pari's eyes moved to a large mixing bowl. At first, she thought it was filled with flour, but then she noticed fingers sticking out, pale and twitching, as if they still wanted to move. The baker pressed them down with a rolling pin, grinding them into the powder until they snapped. Another baker carried a tray of glass jars. Inside, floating like candies, were human teeth, some still bloody.



He shook the jar, and they clattered like little stones.

Smiling, he sprinkled a handful over a cake as if they were sugar.

The smell of burned flesh and sugar mixed in the air, sweet and sickening at once. Pari's stomach twisted—yet the bakers hummed a soft tune, as if this was nothing more than a normal day's work

Pari's knees gave way, and she collapsed onto the cold, blood-slick floor. Her breaths came in short, ragged gasps. Around her, the bakers moved in dreadful silence—demon-like creatures with hollow eyes and twisted grins, yet their actions were mechanical. They did not stop when they saw her. They did not even glance her way. Instead, they continued their work—cutting, kneading, stirring—with chilling precision, as if she were invisible. It was clear to her now: they were not acting on their own. Something else controlled them. Something unseen. And that thought chilled her more than the sight of the kitchen itself.

**And then—it all vanished.
The bakery. The bakers. Bemon. Sofi.
Even the air itself seemed to be
swallowed.**

**There was nothing but blackness.
Thick, endless, suffocating darkness.
From its walls seeped a slow, steady
flow of dark red blood, pooling at
her feet.**

**Pari's breath caught. From the
deepest shadow stepped a figure.
Tall, draped in shadows, with a
presence that made her chest ache.
Without hesitation, he lifted his hand
to his lips and drank the blood
dripping from the black walls—
delicately, with the tip of his little
finger.**

pari's eyes widened. Behind him, shapes began to emerge. Bemon, the bakers—each of them standing silent, motionless. One by one, they melted into the darkness like wax in flame.

Pari stumbled backward, heart pounding. The truth struck her with icy certainty—this was never real.

It was all a waking vision. And she knew who had wanted this. The figure stepped closer. A faint glow pulsed from his hand. Pari's fingers instinctively went to her neck.

The red necklace.

Pari's voice trembled. "Why... why me?"

The figure stepped closer, the darkness curling around him. His fangs glistened faintly in the blood-red glow, his voice low but sharp.

"Because of your curiosity."

He lifted the red stone slightly, letting it pulse softly. "When we gave you this necklace, we gave you a choice. We gave you a dream—to reveal half of the truth. A chance not to come to the bakery.

You were... lucky."

Pari's heart thudded in her chest.

"But I came..." she whispered

He smiled, revealing sharp, cruel fangs. "Not our fault. It was your own decision. Now listen carefully."

His crimson eyes locked onto hers, glowing with hunger. "Only this bakery will be handed over to a half-human vampire child... a child who will live in this world and deceive it. My dear, I want you to birth that child."

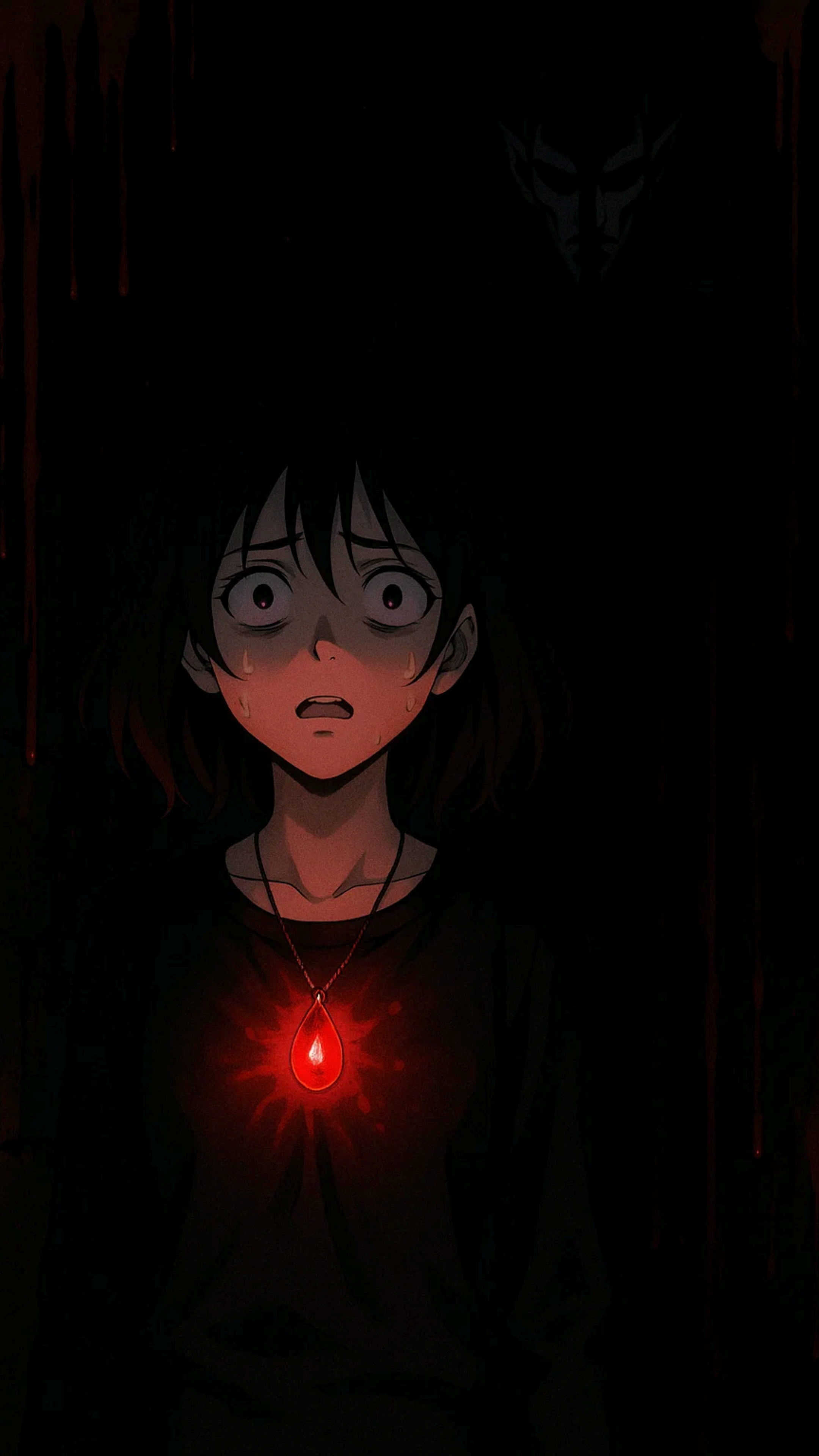
Pari's breath caught in her throat.

**Because I love your curiosity," he
whispered. His voice was dark
velvet and steel. "I will make you
that mother... and in doing so, you
will join our bloodline forever. All
I ask... is that you surrender to
me."**

**The stone at her neck flared red-
hot, burning into her skin. His
laughter came then—low, cruel,
and eternal.**

"Hahahahah..."

**Pari realized then: this was not an
offer. This was her fate.**



**Pari's voice shook, but she spoke
with defiance.**

**"I can't give you my soul. Better
you take my life."**

**The figure laughed—a deep, cruel
sound that echoed through the
darkness.**

**"You are right... but what do you
know about me?"**

**He stepped closer, his red eyes
glimmering like blood in the dark.**

**"From the beginning... when you
arrived at our college... I was there
with you. Watching. Waiting.
Feeling that glow inside you."**

**Pari's heart pounded. "I never saw
you."**

**He smiled faintly and then...
changed. His form melted into
Sofi's—her best friend, her
constant companion. Pari
gasped, her knees weakening.
"Got it, Pari?" Sofi's voice was
cold, unnatural. Her eyes
glowed red. "I was always with
you."**

**Pari's vision blurred. She
stumbled back as the world
warped around her. Sofi stepped
closer, her smile cruel and
knowing. Behind her, the
darkness pulsed and whispered.
"Now... you belong to me."**

**The stone around Pari's neck
burned violently. A voice echoed in
her mind—a laughter, deep and
eternal—"Welcome to the bakery,
my dear."**

**"Come with me," he said,
stretching his hand toward her.
"Join me, or be consumed. There is
no other way."**

**Pari's breath caught. The air grew
heavy, the whispers louder.
Somewhere deep in her mind,
Sofi's voice echoed—soft, pleading.**

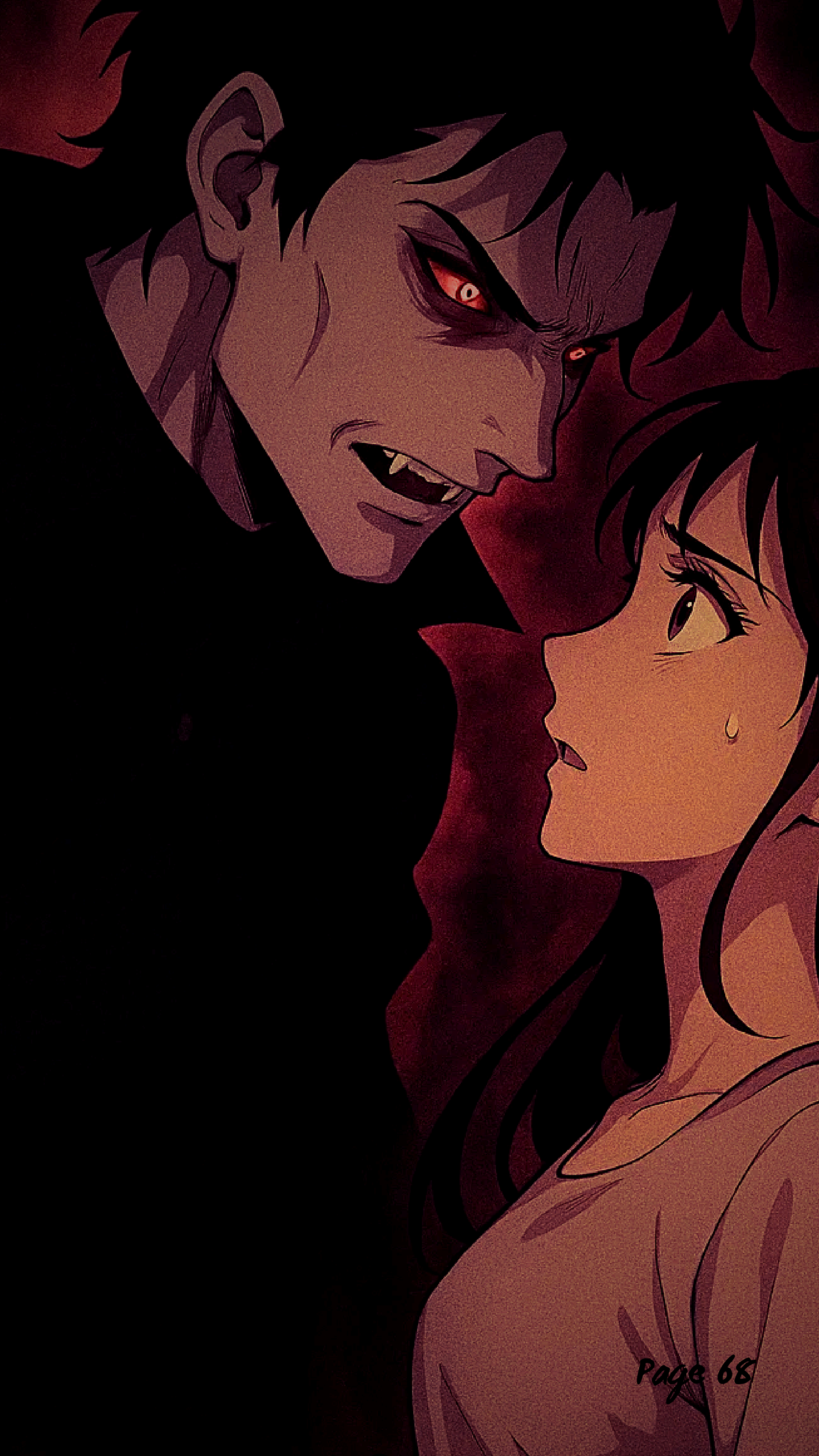
His crimson eyes burned into her soul. He stepped closer, the air around them thick with shadow and the scent of blood.

"And yes..." His voice was low but carried an edge of cruel delight.

"Until I win your answer, Pari... this red velvet stone will burn. And when it burns... I will consume your soul. And you... will live... inside me."

A dark laugh echoed, deep and endless. "Hahahahaha..."

He tilted his head. His voice became a whisper that curled into her mind. "Do you want to live this way..."



**where I give you all pleasure? Or in
the other... where I take pleasure
from your scream?"**

**His hand extended, sharp
fingernails glinting in the crimson
glow. His words dripped with
hunger.**

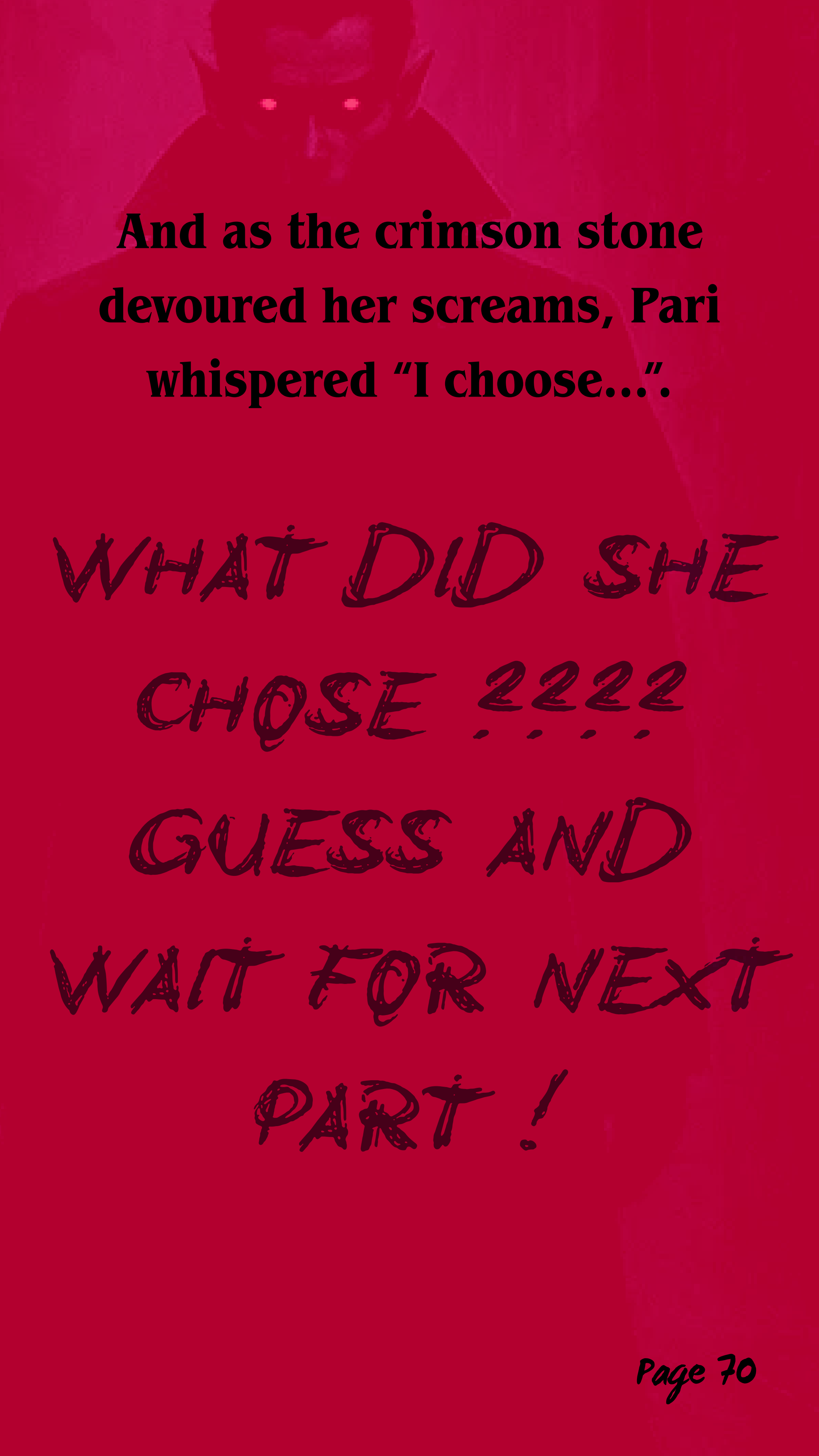
"Say... say fast. Tick tock... tick."

**The stone at her neck blazed like
molten fire. Pari's chest heaved.**

**Her mind screamed, her body
froze.**

Time was slipping away.

And the darkness was hungry.



**And as the crimson stone
devoured her screams, Pari
whispered “I choose...”.**

WHAT DID SHE

CHOOSE

GUESS AND

WAIT FOR NEXT

PART !

BAKERY

Kriti kumari

bakery i am coming home

Through shadows deep,
through flesh and bone

My eyes lock at three,
every night,

Where people glow with
hungry light.

Creepy whispers never free,

Welcome to my bakery...
eternally.