

# THE ENDLESS CURSED CHAINLINK TEXT

It was a normal evening at our cozy apartment. My boyfriend, Jake was on the couch playing his game, and I, Riley, was cooking pasta for both of us. The air smelled like garlic and butter – warm, safe – until the lights suddenly went out.

“Probably the landlord again,” Jake muttered, glancing up at the ceiling. But I could see the unease in his eyes.

Then both our phones buzzed. The dark apartment filled with a cold, blue-white light. Jake’s face was lit by his screen.

“What is it?” I asked, drying my hands on a towel.

He frowned. “It’s from an unknown number... in our family group chat?”

I read the message aloud:

“Send this to 100 people in 30 minutes. If you miss one person you will be cursed with death.”

As soon as I said the last word, the lights flickered and came back on.

I laughed nervously. “Creepy timing.”

Jake shrugged. “It’s just spam. Someone’s idea of a joke.”

But I couldn’t shake the feeling that the room had gotten colder. I started forwarding the message anyway, my heart racing.

“Riley,” Jake said softly, “it’s not real.”

“I don’t care,” I muttered, fingers shaking. “Just send it too, please.”

He sighed and did it. “Happy?”

I nodded, trying to convince myself we were safe.

The next morning, my phone rang. It was Lillith's number — my big sister. I smiled, ready to tease her about the weird chain text.

But when I answered, it wasn't her voice. It was a man — sobbing.

“This is Officer Grant. Are you Riley Strode?”

My heart dropped. “Yes—what happened?”

“There's been an accident. Your sister, Lillith Vaquez... She was found near the old Elmwood Bridge.”

I was already grabbing my coat. “Is she okay?”

A pause. Then softly, “You should come quickly.”

When I got there, blue and red lights flashed against the trees. They had covered her body with a white sheet. Her phone was still in her hand, screen shattered.

One of the paramedics turned toward me. “She was alive for a few seconds before she passed,” he said quietly. “She said something... but it didn't make sense.”

My voice was shaking. “What did she say?”

He swallowed. “She said... *‘It had... no head.’* Then she died.”

I felt the world tilt beneath me. “What do you mean, no head?”

“She was hit, we think — by something. Not a car. The impact was wrong. There were claw marks on the road, and...” He stopped himself, seeing my face. “We don't know what it was.”

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That night, I couldn't stop hearing her voice in my head. *It had no head.*

When I got home, Jake was pacing the living room. “Riley, where have you been? I’ve been calling you all day!”

“Lillith’s dead,” I whispered.

His face went pale. “What? How?”

I handed him her cracked phone. “She sent the chain message ninety-nine times. Exactly. She missed one.”

Jake stared at the screen, then back at me. “Riley, this is insane—”

Before he could finish, the phone buzzed violently in his hand.

**Unknown Number:** *You didn’t finish what she started.*

He dropped it instantly. “What just happened?”

We both stared, as the message disappeared.

That night, at 3:07 a.m., my phone lit up again. The same blue-white glow. The same number.

**Send this to 100 people in 30 minutes.**

**If you miss one... it will come.**

Then another message appeared beneath it:

**You can’t stop what’s already walking.**

The sound of scratching came from outside the door — slow, dragging, and uneven.

“Jake...”

He sat up. “What is that?”

The scratching grew louder. Then — a knock at the door. Three sharp bangs that rattled the frame.

Jake grabbed a flashlight and crept toward the door. “Stay here.”

I stood frozen in the doorway, barely breathing.

He looked through the peephole, then jerked back, white as a sheet.

“What is it?” I whispered.

He didn’t answer.

I took a step closer. The light from the peephole flickered across his face, and I saw the terror in his eyes. Jake stepped back slowly but quickly.

“Riley,” he said quietly, “it doesn’t have a head.”

We didn’t open the door. We waited until dawn. When the light came through the blinds, the scratching stopped.

Outside, there were footprints in the dust — human-shaped, but twisted and deep, like something heavy had dragged itself along with invisible hands.

Jake and I packed everything that morning. We left town, drove until our phones lost signal, until the sky looked new.

For a week, nothing happened. No messages. No buzzing. No static.

Then my phone lit up one last time.

**Unknown Number:**

*You survived. But you sent it.*

That night, my mother's number called. My father's. My brother's. I answered each one. Nothing but silence – and faint, ragged breathing.

By morning, they were gone. A car crash. Instant.

Jake's family died the next day – same hour, same minute.

Later, we learned the truth. The deaths weren't accidents. The creature had followed the message into their homes. It moved faster than eyes could follow, through walls, windows, even locked doors.

My parents had been dragged across their apartment, slammed into walls, my mother's scream cut short as the creature struck. My father ran to save her, only to be lifted and smashed into the floor.

My younger brother had been asleep. The creature burst through his window and grabbed him, twisting him violently before leaving him lifeless.

Jake's parents weren't spared either. It struck through walls, snapping doors and tearing furniture as it dragged them across the floor. Their screams echoed down the empty corridors before dying out.

Even Lillith wasn't spared. She had run, trying to escape the curse, but she had missed one forward. The creature struck her in the street, leaving deep claw marks. Her last words still haunt me: *"It has no head... Riley... it has no head..."*

Jake and I hid in our apartment, too terrified to move. The creature came for us in glimpses – a shadow at the window, the walls shuddering – but it never entered. It only wanted those we loved.

By morning, the city was silent. Our phones buzzed one last time. Every contact we had sent the message to had vanished. Their screams still lingered in my ears.

Jake held my hand, shaking. “It... it’s over,” he whispered.

But I knew better. The creature had finished with our families, but it was still out there, patient, waiting for the next miss, the next lapse. And we would never stop hearing the memory of those screams — the sound of every loved one dying in our hands.

A week later, Jake and I tried to make sense of it. The phones, the messages, the deaths—they weren’t random. Patterns emerged.

The chain message wasn’t just a curse. It was a beacon. Every time someone missed forwarding it, it marked them and everyone they loved. That mark... drew the headless creature to them.

It wasn’t just physical. It moved faster than sound, through walls, across streets, appearing only for glimpses. It targeted connections—family, friends, anyone tied by love. It didn’t care about us, not directly. But its hunger was precise.

Even worse, it could wait, lurking for weeks, months, even years. Every heartbeat of ours reminded it where to come next.

We tried to hide in a new apartment. Windows locked, doors bolted, lights on all night. But at 3:07 a.m., it found us.

The scratching started at the bedroom window. Soft, then sharp, like nails on metal. Shadows danced across the walls. My phone buzzed on the nightstand. Another chain message appeared—this time, from an unknown number we didn’t recognize.

*You survived. But your mark grows. They hear you. They see you.  
You can’t stop it.*

The news channels lit up. Every city in the country reported bizarre deaths. Families torn apart, claw marks streaked across walls, windows

smashed from the inside out. And with each report, a single detail appeared in every story: survivors said they saw a **figure with no head**, dragging people silently before vanishing.

We watched in horror as familiar names flickered on the screen. Friends we hadn't even forwarded the chain to, strangers tied to people we loved... the creature had grown. It wasn't just in one city anymore. It moved like a plague, unstoppable, and we realized **we had set it free**.

That night, as we clung to each other, I heard it. Not a noise, but a presence. Heavy, dragging steps across the hallway. We couldn't see it—but the air shifted, cold and oppressive.

I whispered to Jake, barely able to breathe: "It's in the apartment."

He held me tighter. "It's always been here, Riley. Watching."

And somewhere, far away, a headless silhouette moved silently through a city we didn't know — and a new chain message appeared on a stranger's phone.

The curse had begun again.

We were alive. But being alive meant nothing.

Because next week... it would come again.

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I was isolated. No friends, family, not even the mailman. Jake was very devastated about the death of his family members. He cried the first few nights. We stayed up together, not talking but just staring at each other hoping this nightmare would end. One night I broke the silence,

"I wish it was just a dream. The deaths. The problems. I wish everything would end right now." Jake moved closer to me.

Something changed in the room, like everything is going to be all right

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The week after that, the apartment felt alive in a way that was impossible to ignore. The shadows moved without light, the walls seemed to breathe, and the floorboards groaned under invisible weight. Every object—lamps, chairs, even the fridge—shifted slightly when we weren't looking.

It was during one of these nights that Jake finally spoke. His voice was low, shaking.

"I can't keep pretending we don't know what it is," he said. "We need to understand it... if we have any chance at surviving."

I nodded, fear twisting in my chest. "What is it, Jake? Where did it come from?"

He pulled up everything we could find online about "headless figures," "chain curse deaths," and "unseen predators." And that's when the pattern became clear.

The creature had been seen long before cellphones, long before chain messages. Ancient records described it as a vengeful entity tied to human connections—love, family, friendship. Its victims always missed one target in a ritual, and the creature would hunt those marked and anyone they loved.

Legends spoke of a village centuries ago, where a man had been decapitated in a cruel execution. His body vanished before burial, leaving only whispers of clawed footprints and nights filled with dragging sounds. The villagers noticed that families with strong bonds began dying mysteriously. It was said that the man's headless spirit had

transformed into a force that fed on connection, forever cursed to follow those marked by neglect, forgetfulness, or broken chains.

“The chain messages... it’s modern,” Jake said, voice tight. “It uses technology now. But it’s the same thing—the headless man from the old stories. It doesn’t need eyes to hunt. It senses bonds. Love is its map. And every time someone misses forwarding it... they become prey, along with everyone they care about.”

I shivered, picturing Lillith, my parents, Jake’s family—all gone, claimed by something patient, something eternal.

That night, it came closer than ever. The dragging steps echoed across every wall, ceiling, and floor. Lamps toppled without touching, chairs slid toward us, the air turned icy. The shadow appeared in the doorway—taller, broader, impossibly fast. Its hollow torso glistened with some inhuman wetness, claws scraping across the floor, leaving deep marks.

Jake whispered, “It knows... it knows we’re in love. We’re marked. It’s learning more about us.”

I could only nod. Every heartbeat felt like a drum announcing our location. Every glance, every shared breath, every whispered “I love you” was a flare calling it closer.

And then, in the deepest silence, the phone buzzed. Blue-white light. Unknown number. The message was simple:

**Every bond, every heartbeat... all belong to me.**

We understood then that nothing would ever be safe. The apartment was no refuge. Love was no shield. Love itself was a beacon. And the headless creature, ancient and patient, had been waiting for centuries for humans foolish enough to form connections it could feed upon.

We were its newest prey. And every week, every day, every night would only teach it more.

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The week after we learned its history, the apartment felt alive with menace. Shadows shifted unnaturally, floors groaned, and the air was icy. But this time, Jake and I refused to hide. Love wasn't a curse—it was our strength, our reason to fight.

We spent days researching, digging through old legends, trying to find any weakness. Ancient texts spoke of the headless spirit's origin: a man executed unjustly centuries ago, whose rage had twisted into a relentless force. But one consistent detail emerged—its essence could be bound, even destroyed, if confronted directly with courage, fire, and the strength of those it sought to consume.

By the fourth night, it came for us. Scratching, dragging, the heavy presence filling every corner of the apartment. The lights flickered, shadows danced, and the air turned suffocating. Its form appeared at the edge of the room—tall, headless, claws scraping the floor, eyes unseen but knowing everything.

“I'm done running,” I said, gripping Jake's hand. “It ends tonight.”

We had prepared: salt and iron in every doorway, fire ready in a metal container, and courage hardening our hearts. As the creature advanced, we stood together in the center of the room.

“On three,” Jake whispered. “We burn it.”

“One... two... three!”

We threw the fire directly at it. The flames hissed as they touched its clawed form, smoke curling into the darkness. The creature

shrieked—not a human sound, but a grinding, inhuman roar that rattled the walls. It swiped at us, but we held our ground.

I grabbed an iron rod and stabbed it toward its torso. Sparks flew where iron met its twisted flesh. The creature faltered, its dragging steps uneven, its shadow flickering. We pressed forward, unflinching, our bond giving us strength it could not touch.

With a final roar that shook the apartment, the creature collapsed, dissolving into smoke and shadow. The claw marks, the air of suffocation, the oppressive presence—all vanished. The apartment was silent.

We fell to the floor, exhausted, covered in sweat and soot. “Is it... gone?” Jake asked, voice trembling.

I nodded, tears streaming. “It’s over. It can’t hurt anyone again.”

By morning, the city outside seemed normal again. Families untouched. News reports spoke of nothing unusual. The headless curse had ended. We were alive—not just surviving, but victorious.

For the first time in weeks, I breathed freely. Love hadn’t cursed us. It has protected us. And together, Jake and I had faced an ancient horror and won.

We had survived. And for the first time, it felt like life could start again.