

# Faithless

*by* Hazar Worth

The fever had passed through her.

She was now sitting in her bathtub. The warmth of the water made her pale, rich vanilla skin flushed with the fullness of circulation as her pores continued to allow the passage of her toxins from her system.

The first and third nights were almost unbearable for her. The fever struck and the fever disrupted her dreamscapes.

The supple realms where she sat across from men with fuck me eyes and fuck me bodies and fuck me subtexts became haunted with the same elements that even now, were lurking across the storefronts of her memories.

'Why are you here...? Why have you chosen to be here...?'

His voice felt like long strands of spaghetti set afire.

'Why are you here...? Where do you feel you possess any concerns to be here among us..?'

She heard the low hum of her cellphone vibrating on her bathroom floor.

'...yes...?'

'What happened...?'

'The same thing... the same question.....'

'Have you prepared the proper bath for yourself..?'

'Yes I have. I followed your instructions to the letter, sir.'

There was a pause that always taught her that his moods were not pleasureable.

'Why did you go back there.... after everything we spoke of..?'

'The fever. You and that damn fever that happens each time we do the ritual...'

'The ritual wasn't designed to do this. No. This doesn't make any sense to me..'

'How do you think I feel...? Huh..? I fucking trusted you to.....'

When the pause returned this time, she was the one held in favor.

'...Listen....there is so much about you that needs to be known. Aren't you still curious as to why he wasn't able to survive what happened to the both of you?

She started to chew her already chewed finger nails. She was back to that habit again.....

'Alright... let me think here for a moment....'

For the first time since the fever, she was starting to feel her appetite returning. The fever had contributed to her 15 pounds loss. Her body didn't feel so much weak as her body felt .....opened... like a blossom too eager in anticipating the wordless songs of Spring's needed carnivals and parades.

'Describe the place where you met him again to me...'

'Wasn't any different than before. The house was a strange almost sticky-wet blue, and the door was opened in that way as if you were leaving the house instead of entering the house....'

'What side was the door on again?'

'The right side....'

'Wait...wait... the right side you said..?'

'Yes... the right side...'

He voice halted his march of reasoning and analyzing....

'But before....the door was normal.....don't you remember..? The last time you visited...the door was normal....'

This detail struck against the back of her hand like the well-thrown force of a perfect ice-ball.

'My God.... it can't be... how can it be that....that would mean...'

'That would mean we have headed down a more interesting path than we had realized we were heading down....'

For the first time in the background of his phone, she heard the familiar strains of his composition that he had been commissioned to compose for the City's upcoming Festival of the City....

'Does this mean what I think it might mean...?'

'That another door had been composed that will allow entrance into the City. And this means that the Horn of the Unabundant has been captured by...'

'The fair doctor. But why would he risk this move, this unpredictable move that seems to go against his need for...'

'...For a full-proof strategy...? The fair doctor never hedges his bets unless an unexpected development did manage to sneak it ----'

The waters of her bath churned with a velocity unannounced and stress. Her cellphone was flung from her hand and struck her mirror with the necessary force to open a convenient portal for him to step across through....

'..What's going on...HEL-LO....HEL-Lo.... god damn it Judith... Judith... answer Judith ANSWER...'

The water wouldn't allow her any advantage. Her breasts felt the bite and sting of the water's turbulence as her oversized nipples felt plucked at as her hand sought one last attempt to save her but was met by the familiar hands that had once attempted to strangle her....

'You have been very delightful...', the sound of his voice sliced against the water's fury like the words spoken at Last Rites at a hospital.

'But you will be going back home, very soon now....your Father in Heaven seems to think so as well, lovely so lovely Judith...'

The fair doctor usurped her last attempt, flinging her hand and arm away from the tub's side as the tub's bottom relinquished any hold to reality, and Judith's body became carried further and further and further from the bathwater's surface.

