

Hotel of the Lost Hours

A Noir Fiction

The room is dim, a scene of stagnation and decay. The walls are covered with worn, stained wallpaper that has long since seen better days. The air is heavy, and the weak light from the old-fashioned ceiling lamp offers little relief.

A woman stands in the foreground of the room, her posture tense, her gaze fixed on the man in the background. She wears black lingerie—a simple slip and bra that faintly shimmer in the dim light.

The man, hands deep in his pockets, observes her with a cool distance that speaks more about the dynamic between them than words ever could. The expression on his face shifts between indifference and subtle contempt.

The room speaks of functionality, not comfort. Old couches, worn and pragmatically arranged, dominate the space. It is a place where no traces are meant to be left behind, a place for fleeting encounters that no one wants to remember.

The two remain silent. The suffocating stillness makes the tension between them palpable. Their eyes meet briefly, but no words are exchanged. It is a situation where words would make no difference anyway.

The man shifts imperceptibly, his gaze briefly sweeping across the room before returning to the woman. It is not interest that drives him, but mere routine—and perhaps a hint of boredom.

The woman lingers for a moment, then turns slightly to the side, never taking her eyes off him. It is a movement that invites nothing, only the wish to get the inevitable over with more quickly.

The room is a testament to the hopelessness that drives people like them into such spaces. Here, nothing endures—only fleeting moments in a place that bears witness to its own decay.

The accompanying image can be found directly next to this text in the NEO NOIR section of the web album at www.BioMechMaidens.com.

For inquiries or feedback, contact me at Horst.Waschinski@gmx.de.

You can also follow my work on Facebook: www.facebook.com/Horst.Waschinski.

© 2026 – Original content of the NEO NOIR series. Unauthorized reproduction, modification, or commercial use is prohibited.

