

# Night Encounter

## An Urban Drama

The rain hung heavy over the street, as if the night had decided to drown everything in it. Water gathered in the cracks of the asphalt and reflected the dim light of the streetlamps in distorted, flickering patterns. He walked without direction, his soaked suit clinging to his body, each step a quiet resistance.

In his mind there were only fragments: an open door, muffled laughter, and a stranger beside her in bed. A face of shock, a moment that destroyed everything. After the outburst came silence. The walls seemed to close in, too tight for his chest to bear.

He noticed her only as he passed by.

She sat on the steps of a decaying house, slumped together, her thin summer dress completely soaked, pressed against her skin like a last refuge. Her shoulders trembled. Wet hair clung to her face in dark strands. When she looked up, her gaze met his instantly.

Fear. And within it, a trace of hope that barely still existed.

He stopped. He leaned slightly forward, his posture broken, as if he could no longer fully carry himself.

“What’s wrong? Can I help?” he asked, helpless.

She did not respond immediately. Then she shook her head, barely perceptible.

“I had to leave,” she whispered. “He wouldn’t stop.”

She said no more. It was enough.

The rain grew heavier, running over their faces, tracing fine lines of water and something else. The light above them flickered, warm and out of place in the gray, wet street.

He stepped closer. He saw the marks she tried to hide. He saw how she made herself smaller, as if she could disappear that way.

“You’re alone,” he said.

Her lips trembled briefly, then came the answer, quiet and almost breaking: “So are you.”

He nodded. No explanation. No justification.

A silence formed between them, denser than the rain. Something unspoken that both understood without needing words.

Slowly, he reached out his hand. He paused.

She hesitated. Her gaze searched his face, examining every movement. Then she placed her fingers into his. They were cold, wet, and alive.

For a moment, the world seemed to stand still. The light, the water, their bodies—everything appeared too clear, too sharp, as if it were not real.

He knelt down to her level. Her forehead lowered close to his shoulder, without fully touching it. Her breathing was shallow and unsteady.

“I’m not going back,” she said.

He glanced past her at the dark house behind her. Empty windows, no sign of life.

“Neither am I,” he replied.

That was the only thing that was certain.

He helped her to her feet. She swayed slightly, her weight barely noticeable. Too light. For a moment, he thought she might simply dissolve into the rain.

But she remained.

They began to walk, slowly, step by step, away from the house, away from everything that lay behind them. The rain swallowed their footsteps, leaving no trace.

After a few meters, he looked back.

The steps were empty. No trace, no imprint remained.

Only the pale light.

And the rain, pretending no one had ever been there.

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Explore the accompanying photograph for this piece, along with many more striking, evocative, and artistically distinctive images from this and other series, in the web album at [www.BioMechMaidens.com](http://www.BioMechMaidens.com).

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