Bath Time



Kristopher Mallory

Bath Time

by

Kristopher Mallory

Bath Time

A Religious Horror Story

Copyright



www.StealthFiction.com

Bath Time

eBook Edition
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Edited with Grammarly and Claude

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Disclaimer:

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places and incidents are products of the author's imagination, or the author has used them fictitiously.

Other Releases by Kristopher Mallory

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Gillian

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Wrong Way Charlie

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Road Trip Down A Dark Memory Lane

She's Not Human

Universal Transmission

The Little Old Lady

The Price To See The Dead

Attempted

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"Well done!! Very creative, I loved it." – *skeptikay*

Watchtowers of Carthage Key:

"This is one of my favorites!" – *DrJamie*

Master Stargazer:

"It made me think and that is a good story" – *Paul C.*

Special Thanks

To Cleanliness.

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Bath Time

“A boy’s best friend is his mother.”

~ Norman Bates, Psycho (1960)

Larry heard the water filling the tub and knew *he'd been a bad boy and bad boys are dirty and dirty boys need to be cleaned*. "Please, no bath!" he wailed and ran into his bedroom, desperate for a place to hide.

The babysitter rolled her eyes and followed. She opened the closet and brushed her hand through his Sunday clothes. She knelt at the foot of the bed and peeked underneath. She moved over to the toy box and hoisted the lid.

Larry screamed.

No matter how much he begged his parents, they always left him in her care. At bedtime, he told his father about the baths, and his father laughed. After prayers, he told his mother, too, and his mother kissed his cheek goodnight.

The babysitter stood over Larry, hands on her hips. She looked down and raised an eyebrow and cleared her throat.

Larry met her disapproving stare. "I'll be good," he begged. "Promise. Cross my heart."

The babysitter nodded. She took a step back and turned away.

Larry sighed, relieved to skip bath time, but the babysitter quickly spun back, hands striking toward him like snakes. She grabbed Larry by his arms, her icy hands lifting him from the safety of his favorite toys.

The babysitter cradled Larry close to her breast. He flailed and kicked and tried to bite. He twisted and turned and tried to break free. He shook and shuddered and tried to buy sympathy with the many, many tears that soaked into the black gown she always wore. The babysitter ignored the struggling.

Larry knew he was a bad boy, but he had no idea what made him bad. Whenever the babysitter came, he tried everything to avoid the bath. He ate all his dinner, even the vegetables. He kept the television volume turned low. He remembered his please's and thank you's. He sat quietly on the couch, hands folded neatly in his lap, careful not to fidget. Nothing he tried mattered; he couldn't escape bath time.

The babysitter carried Larry to the bathroom. He grabbed the doorframe, digging his fingernails into the wood, but she yanked him free, leaving another set of scrapes atop dozens of deep, older gouges. She sat on the toilet seat and stood him up in front of her.

Larry took her hand and used it to wipe his cheeks dry. “What did I do? What?” he pleaded. “I don’t want to be bad anymore.”

The babysitter hummed a mantra as she stripped Larry naked. She removed her habit and folded it neatly over the towel rack.

Larry looked at the tub and shivered. The babysitter made the sign of the cross and picked him up and dropped him into the water. He landed with a splash, and she forced his head under to stifle the screams. The bath was freezing, like always. The babysitter smiled and poured another bag of ice into the tub, ensuring the water stayed just the right temperature.

Larry was cold and cold was suffering and suffering, she said, cleaned.

THE END.



About the Author



Born near Baltimore, Maryland, Kris has been writing short fiction since he was a kid. First sharing his ramblings on Stealth Fiction and then on Reddit, where most of his stories were posted to r/nosleep. His stories have been featured on The NoSleep Podcast, Chilling Tales for Dark Nights, Tales to Terrify, and Horror on the Rocks. The recording of The Scarecrow Corpse, read by Markiplier, has been heard hundreds of thousands of times. He lives in Melbourne, Australia, with his wife. And occasionally, he turns into a strawberry.

More stories: StealthFiction.com

What's Next?

LET ME TELL YOU HOW I LOST MY EYES

A Short Story Collection by Sammy Fowler

Coming one day. Maybe. Probably not.

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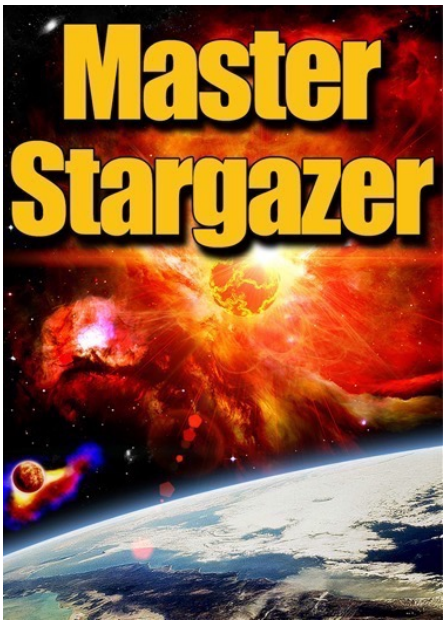
Hear It Read Aloud

Some stories are better heard in the dark.

Bath Time has a complete audio narration, read by John Doe, a digital voice. It runs 4 minutes and it's free: play it online, or download it as an MP3 or an audiobook with chapters.

Listen free at stealthfiction.com

More from Kristopher Mallory



MASTER STARGAZER

This sci-fi story is now available. For more information on this book, please visit Stealth Fiction.

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Deep below the polar ice cap, the last great research station stands on high alert. Hundreds of the station's personnel fiercely do their part to manage the impending disaster. They had practiced countless times, every worker drilled repeatedly until they were able to perform their duties with a cold robotic grace.

Now the time for drills is over; the culmination of the Stargazer's Thousand Cycle Plan is finally upon them. To the relief of all, the training held. There's no hesitation. Not a single worker deviates. Each member knows the consequence of failure is total destruction.
~~~~~

While the station's personnel fight to save the planet's population, the forty-second Master Stargazer stands over his garden, watching drops of water bead across leaves. He gently touches the seed pouch of his favorite flower, and the realization that the time has come hits him with unimaginable force. Fully aware that his heart is beating dangerously fast for a man of his age, he repeats the familiar mantra:

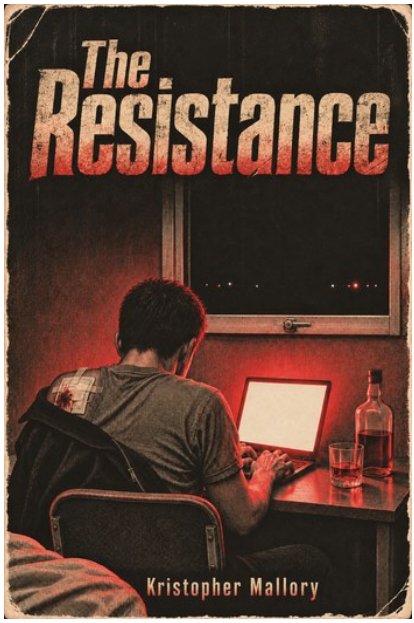
I must calm down if I'm to see this through.

As the research station commander, Master Stargazer's job is to ensure all aspects of the Thousand Cycle Plan remain on schedule, and yet, he's the only staff member not where he's supposed to be. His place is on the command deck, but grief had overtaken him, so he had slipped into his office to give a final farewell to his beloved flora. For years, those plants had reminded him life exists somewhere high above the ice cap. Even now, they remind him it needs to be preserved.

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Praise for Master Stargazer:

"Hands down one of the best short sci fi books I have read, and I have read a lot." – *rickamente*
~~~~~



THE RESISTANCE

This dystopian short story is now available as an eBook. For more information on this book, please visit Stealth Fiction.

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A fugitive journalist posts one last message to the resistance from a hotel outside the capital of the Axis States of America, and gives himself a day.

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Praise for The Resistance:

"One last message from a country that went wrong. Tense, angry and painfully close to home." – *Stealth Fiction*



PAYPHONE

This demonic horror story is now available as an eBook. For more information on this book, please visit Stealth Fiction.

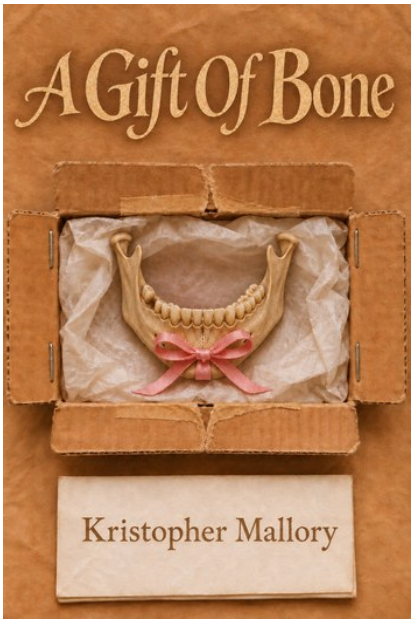
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Patrick Levine's family wrecks their new Durango on an icy back road beside a dead town, and the only payphone for miles has a dial tone.

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Praise for Payphone:

"Winter dread at its best. You'll never trust a dial tone again." – *Stealth Fiction*



A GIFT OF BONE

This crime horror story is now available on Amazon. For more information on this book, please visit Stealth Fiction.

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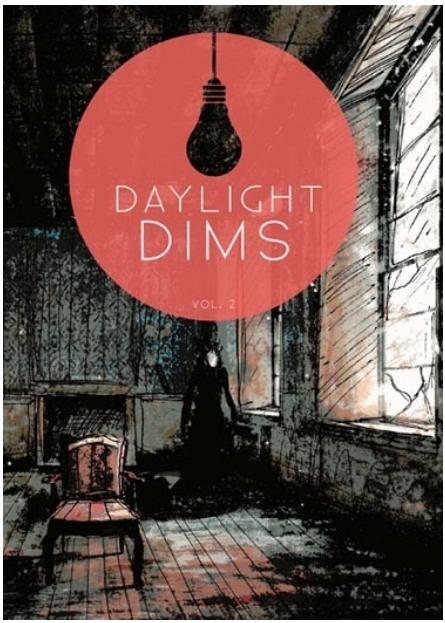
Ten cities so far have each received a gift from the Gifter, and the retired investigator who knows the old case best still won't come back.

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Praise for A Gift Of Bone:

"A cold, patient crime horror that saves its worst gift for last." – *Stealth Fiction*

More from Stealth Fiction



DAYLIGHT DIMS
VOLUME TWO

This horror anthology is now available. For more information on this book, please visit the Daylight Dims website.

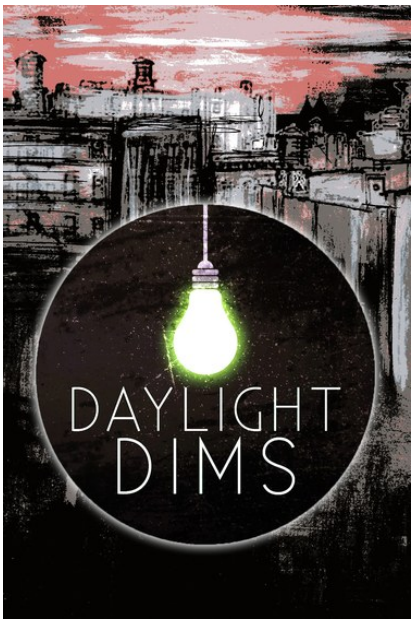
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Darkness descends again. Daylight Dims Volume Two features thirteen stories that cross the genres of surreal, dark fantasy, and heart-pounding dread. This annual horror anthology is guaranteed to twist your perception of horror. From the common, comfortable tropes to the more taboo, these handpicked tales have a literary aspect designed to showcase what true horror can be.

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Praise for Daylight Dims Vol. 2:

“This was probably one of the most entertaining collections of horror stories I've ever read. And I don't say this to suck up or to stroke any tail feathers. I was happy to have the opportunity to read through this before release, and I implore anyone on the fence about picking this up to do themselves a favor and take the plunge into the abyss. You will not be disappointed.” – *Human Gravy*



DAYLIGHT DIMS

VOLUME ONE

Second Edition — now with two new stories from the editors.

This horror anthology is now available. For more information on this book, please visit the Daylight Dims website.

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The editors chose 13 stories from over 100 premium submissions. DD contains some of the best horror around.

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Praise for Daylight Dims:

"This is a fantastic horror anthology. All 13 stories are exquisite. The book was not what I expected initially, as I thought that it might be all vampire or werewolf tales. Not so! These are original stories from authors of the macabre. From dark fantasy and pure suspense to classic horror tales, it shows the extraordinary scope of fantastical fright fiction. The stories in this anthology are a tour de force of fear, which will haunt you, terrify you, and stay with you." – S. Mahaffey, *"neverjudge"*