

She began with a simple four-loop pattern to address the back pain, only to lose balance when the room started dancing with her.

The Dean walked out to offer a steadying hand. “Yitzen?”

Mortified, she staggered away from the woman. “I...” Her voice trailed off. It wasn’t just the room collapsing around her. She could feel them. Her sect, in their thousands. “Ipper Symphony,” she realized aloud as arms grabbed her. <What are you doing to me!?!>

“Somebody call a doctor!”

“What are you doing to me!”

“Lay her down. Easy.”

“God, Mark, she’s burning up.”

Yitzen focused on the Dean’s pinched face hovering over her. A coolness pressed against her back and shoulders. She was on the floor? “I’m fine.” The words barely made it past her lips.

“Honey, what did you say?”

“We’ve got her people coming. Get Carol in Production. We’ll need filler. See if we can still get that other girl out on the set.”

“Mark, she’s right behind you.”

Tenzen’s ebony face appeared through the blur. “I want everyone to stand away from her. Now!”

Yitzen tried to work her numbed tongue. “Ten...I’m sick.”

“No kidding. An Immediate team’s on the way, sweets.”

Yitzen winced as the Dathia gathered her in her arms. “It hurts!”

“Yitz, just hang on.” Her voice became a roar. “I want this room *cleared* or I start removing heads!”

And still her sect watched her. Watched her and said nothing.

“What are you doing to me?” she wailed again. <Stop!>

“Yitz, they’re almost here. Eyes on me. Keep them open.”

“Ten...tell them to leave me alone.”

“Who, baby?”

“All of them!” she bawled out.