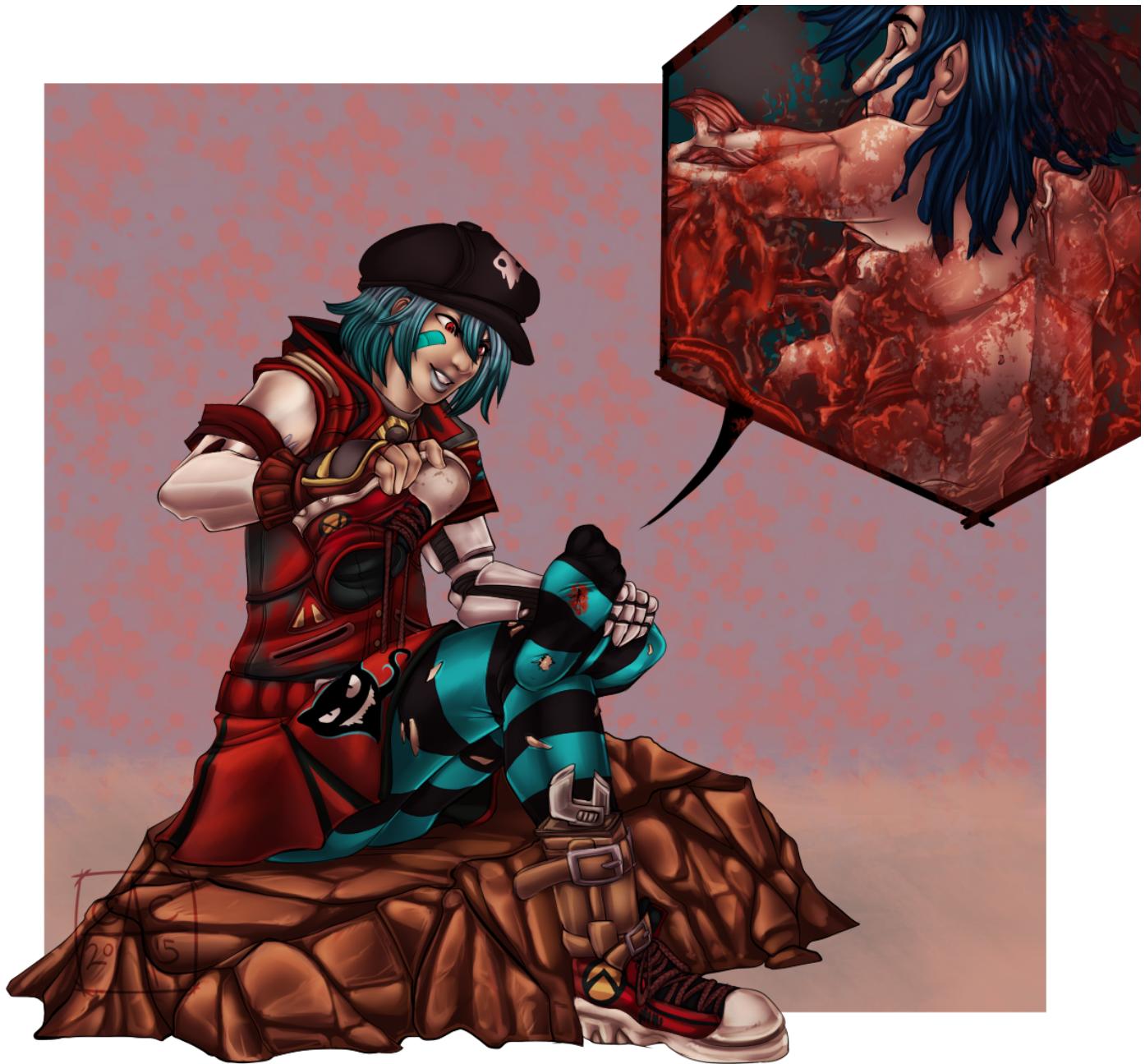


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TRANSIENT

Slow Death

She panted gently as she made her way to take a seat on some rocks nearby. Willow had been at it all day, running through the wastes of Pandora killing and fighting as per the usual. Sweat coated her as dust made its way into every nook and cranny of her body. Maybe she could find a way to get a shower in Sanctuary sometime soon, having gone so long without one fighting she forgot what it felt like to be clean. While she was tired, she wasn't nearly as drained as her little passenger in his fight for life...

His was a different sort of fight, however...

Willow hoisted her leg up onto her knee, having just remembered Mathew beneath her foot. His movements had slowed to the point where she was unsure if he was alive or not anymore. Since he had grown so still inside of the confines of his little torture chamber, his presence had all but faded from her memory while she was focused on killing skags and raiders on the surface of Pandora. Even now, as she sat staring at her shoe and contemplating his fate, she could hardly feel him there.

With a smug smirk she unlaced her shoe and tugged it off of her foot, flexing her toes to get the fabric to stop sticking to her skin. She cocked her ankle upward after a second of letting her foot 'breathe' as she examined what had become of her little 'friend'...

There he was, his tiny body broken and pasted like grime. Mathew's intestines were crushed and caked to the fabric, his arms were ripped off and twisted to other parts of her sole. It

almost looked as though some parts of his body were so crushed they were dissolving... However, he still appeared to be alive. Amusement welled up in her as she began to speak, not getting so much as a twitch from her tortured companion.

"No way!" She shouted, "You're like, totally the most resilient thing I've seen! If I were you, I'd probably wanna' be dead or something. Dude, that's gotta be toxic in there... Seriously, after the first time you showed up and I squashed you I thought you'd never come back... I can't believe you asked for this! Not complaining or anything, my last experiment ended prematurely."

After a few seconds of staring at his crushed form on her sock, she let out another chuckle and slid her shoe back over her foot. Gently she pulled it tight again, feeling his tiny body press down under the idle weight once more as she tied her laces up tight. She looked up to the sky and let out a light sigh, straightening her hat a bit atop her head.

"Four days little guy... Goin' for a fifth. Maybe next time you're around I'll do some more gentle experiments on ya'. Too bad I didn't have you for the first science fair I did!" She said with a smile as she stood up. Now that she had a moment to relax, she could feel his tiny body press into her soft insole. It was his only saving grace, the only reason he was still alive for so long. While her insoles were sweat-ridden and worn down, they were still soft enough to take a lot of the blow off of his diminished form. "Don't worry buddy... I'll fight till' you're flat."

With that, her rifle appeared in her hands and she began to walk forward into the canyon crawling with creatures and other sorts of vile beasts.

Mathew's voluntary torture was far from over.

Art By: Darkomi

Story By: AnirusFere

Mathew (c) AnirusFere
Willow, Borderlands (c) Gearbox Entertainment
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Commissioned work - I did not create this image.

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Sep 10, 2016 11:41 AM

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May 19, 2025 1:24 PM

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