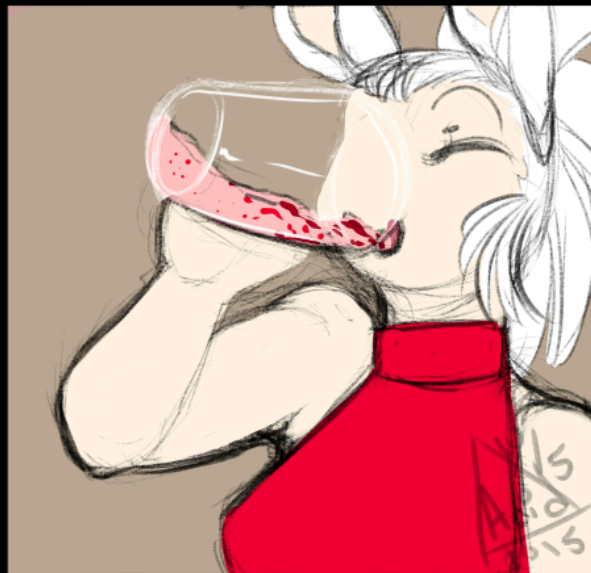


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S E A S O N I

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TRANSIENT

Cold Awakening

Powder fell over his body, waking him up to the sensation of being buried alive.

Mathew choked on the sweet and earthy substance as he tried to open his eyes. Enormous strawberries covered him like boulders keeping him pinned down with a cold blade pushing into his side. Clear plastic was at his back, but the powder made him blend in with the rest of his surroundings. He was growing weaker with every subsequent death it seemed, moving any individual berry felt like an insurmountable task. The sound of upbeat music, light streaming in through a

window, and the owner of the home occasionally singing along all set a beautifully cozy tone for where he was.

His heart sank as he glanced upward to a mound of ice cream atop a scoop, being pried loose by a finger. Mat tried to cry out to the person above, but nothing came from his lips other than a hoarse whimper. It wasn't long before it was far too late for help, and gravity brought the lump of cold strawberry ice cream directly atop his tiny form.

It was chillingly cold, whatever fight he had in him was sapped by the temperature. Slowly, more bits of ice cream fell in above, landing with light thuds and forcing his body further into the cold mess. He was still aroused, squirming uncomfortably against the deluge of ingredients. Scoop after scoop, strawberry after strawberry, all mixed in with a healthy protein powder of sorts. It drained into his mouth, a lovely, sweet flavor that amplified his position. His fate seemed to be sealed as she prepared her little snack. He could see his breath

as it fogged up the plastic wall his face now pressed against, his body so close to the blades that waited to end him.

Cold milk trickled in around his feet, and slowly the white like came up his body. It rolled up his neck, passing his chin as he squirmed uncomfortably. By the time he could take a deep breath in, he was gagging on milk and sputtering. Unable to move, pinned, he waited underneath the liquid line. Music turned into a faint, distant sound.

Then, the hollow click of plastic above his tiny head slid through him like a shot to the heart. He could feel his pulse slowing as the cold drifted him into a lethargic state. She wasn't in a hurry. Without air, he thought for sure he'd die, gagging on milk and strawberry desperately trying to bring in any tiny gasp he could muster to no avail.

His body seized, entering a state of torpor. He couldn't squirm, couldn't move anything, all he could feel was cold and a strange radiating pleasure at the situation he was in. She

must have stepped away to do something quickly, time seemed to slow as he tried to think and assess-

Click....

Vroom...

A sharp pain cut into his side as he was pushed upward, pulling him around on the wall he was pressed against. His hands drug along the plastic, lethargically trailing his movements. In torpor, he couldn't move, couldn't squirm, all he could do was allow the tide to take him.

Thump....

The blade hit his side, cutting right below his ribs and ripping him in half as his eyes opened wide with agonizing fear. His hands left a streak of blood on the wall of the blender as he was thrown into the abyss of strawberry goodness.

Lump... Thump... Lump... Thump...

Every impact was worse than the last, the blades ripping him to shreds as the innocent Flower held the button down.

Still happily humming, Flower watched everything blend from the outside. The streak of blood around the walls faded quickly. A hand slid by, but it looked more like a strange clump of the protein powder she put in. If it was anything but a strawberry shake the sight of red would be an odd one, but she simply shook the blender to make sure the clump was dislodged from the wall and brought into the blades. She had a long workout, and at this point a strawberry milkshake for a post-workout recovery period sounded divine. Flower continued to hum a light tune to herself, dancing slightly as specks of red mixed in well with the ice cream and milk. When she was confident enough the shake was finished, she let go of the button and unlatched the top from its base.

Flower had no idea what she had done, having buried him in ice cream and powder the moment he appeared. The young

Wallaby happily walked off with shake in hand, guzzling it down with a smile on her face without thinking for a second she had accidentally blended an additional lump of protein in as well. Mathew still felt for a few minutes after being blended, a strange mix of sensations as his body spread throughout the mixture. He could think and feel still, and the sensation was incredibly off-putting - parts of himself being swallowed.

There wasn't even an odd metallic taste. His blood didn't taste like normal blood, it had a strawberry flavor to it as well - blended in so deep any lumps left over were just thought to be bits of seed from the ingredients.

And best of all, what she did drink gave her a bigger boost than she imagined it would. A flush wave of positive energy that washed over her body, giving her the energy to do another workout if she so desired... But Mathew, he wasn't there to see anything else. Sensation faded to darkness, and he was sent back into the spiral of death he was becoming accustomed to.

Art By: HedgieVamp

Story By: AnirusFere

Mathew (c) AnirusFere

Flower (c) HedgieVamp

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Commissioned work - I did not create this image.

O R I G I N A L S T O R Y

Jul 2, 2016 02:17 AM

R E V I S E D S T O R Y

May 16, 2025 09:10 AM

S E A S O N I