

Cafe Special- Freezer Burn
by Holo

The undead Worgen grabbed Wire by the wrist, nearly snapping the small wolf's arm. The strength of the grip wasn't as painful as the chill of it though; the Worgen's hand was like ice, and it burned, making Wire whimper.

"Stop whining, meat, or it'll get worse," the Worgen growled as his hand grew colder still. Wire bit his lip until he drew blood to stop from crying out. The undead beast dragged Wire through the empty forest and then down into a burrow hidden at the base of a massive tree. The Worgen barely fit. He was almost too tall for the ceiling clearance, but moreso, his gut bumped the sides of the earthen passage as it wobbled side-to-side with his waddling gait. They went deep underground, into a cavern carved out under a tangle of titanic roots. "Perfect. No one will be able to hear you down here."

Wire stood and swallowed hard. His hand was released, and it was numb from the cold. He grabbed it with his other, still warm hand to try and revitalize it. The hulking Worgen snorted and padded around the cave, lighting blue flames in lanterns around the room. The cavern was furnished with shabby furniture, and dark passageways branched off from the chamber they were currently in. Wire got caught up in looking around and didn't notice his captor stomp back over to him.

"You're too fluffy," he growled as he grabbed both of Wire's wrists, circling his huge fingers around the bands of white, almost wool-like fur that Wire had. The Worgen's fingers grew cold, so cold that Wire could feel ice biting at his skin. He whined and squirmed, half trying to pull away, and half too scared to make any real attempt. The cold sensation started to burn like fire, and then gradually dulled until he couldn't feel it anymore. Pleased, the Worgen let go. "There." The cold had bitten deep; deep enough to kill the cells that grew fur, but not deep enough to make Wire's hands fall off. He'd recover... but his wooly fur would never grow again.

Wire's ankles received the same treatment next. He was grabbed at the ankles and the Worgen yanked on them hard, making Wire fall onto his back with a grunt. He tried to catch himself with his hands, but the impact sent a shock through his frostbitten wrists that made him howl in pain. Tears welled up in his eyes as the pain shot up his arms, making every nerve tingle from his fingers to his shoulders. The undead Worgen let go and stood over Wire, glaring down at him before turning around to kneel down. His gut pressed against Wire, covering his torso completely and pinning him down. Wire was graciously rewarded with a view of the Worgen's ample rump, while the Worgen got to work on his ankles. Wire's toes curled as they were frozen over until the skin under the fur was blue. Wool was already starting to shed from his wrists in patches.

The Worgen regarded the rest of Wire, especially his fluffy mane. "Mmhh... Keep that," he muttered, more to himself than to his plaything. Still, he reached forward and grabbed Wire by the collar, and used his huge claws to shred off all the clothing above the wolf's waist. "Alright meat, gotta let the others know that you're MY dinner," he snarled. A finger touched to Wire's chest, so cold it knocked the wind from his lungs.

That huge finger was traced over Wire's chest, slowly, until cold blisters formed under the skin. When he was finished, the undead monster brushed the dead fur off with his hands. It

was hard to make them out upside down, but Wire could see that the Worgen's initials had been cold-branded onto his chest.

Wire was shivering. It was cold enough under the press of that icy touch, but the blue fires around the room seemed to be sucking heat from the air. He could see the fog of his own breath dancing in the pallid light. The Worgen got up from where he was crouched over Wire.

"Don't worry, meat. I hear that hypothermia is a peaceful way to go. Like falling asleep." He paused. "Sure didn't keep anyone from screaming for their life though." The Worgen gave Wire a kick for good measure, making him reel as his ribs cracked and ice crystals formed on the side of his body. The undead moved toward the exit, ascending back to the outside. "See you in the morning, meat. If the cold hasn't killed you, it'll at least have kept you fresh." He licked his fangs and gave his hefty middle a slap, making it shake. With that, the Worgen closed a heavy, metal door behind him, locking Wire inside the icebox to freeze to death, alone.