Meat´s Roses

# Prologue:

.

A breath, a gasp, a danger, and a feeling of dissatisfaction, which come hand in hand with a confusion and a slight pain that runs through my whole body, really annoying, but comforting after having tasted the taste of blood; just like when one is born, that feeling of being soaked in a liquid which provides life, without forgetting the previous total darkness that surrounds one followed by an almost blinding flash of light. As I wake up for the first time in an indefinite time, I can feel how disconcerting it is to interact with the outside again, and in turn I can see a sweaty glass in front of me, in which I can see my reflection as it fades with each exhalation that I give, but I see something unusual on my face maybe some kind of respirator.

I shake my head followed by my whole body which is supported by a narrow support, I open and close both hands which I support on the glass in order to withdraw it and get out of a damn time, I try to push which opens partially, getting up without leaving my forehead and as you go up I could feel the cold external air as it runs through my skin bristling every hair of my body, I kept trying to open it more but it just jams, desperately begins to beat the crystalline panel, suddenly I touch a notch from which I pull sideways, and finally allowed me to remove the glass, standing to one side of the room.

I get up pulling on the edges of this strange container, I rock almost with stumbling to a I can't get used to so I end up kneeling, I really start to feel the uncomfortable weight of the piece that was attached to my jaw so I try to withdraw it, col- I walk both holding both mouthpieces which counted such a strange mask shot and shot, without any result beyond ending up lowering my head. A few seconds past I can hear a serene feminine voice coming from, which says: "Get out of this metallic enclosure, don't be afraid I'll help you get out of here", with which I begin to turn around to see what comes from what Once I can confirm what he has said, the place genuinely fits that description but apparently there are also other container species equal to mine, even so, in the end I cannot find the origin of the voice, to which I try to exclaim what I just can't, really every time this respirator starts to get maddening.

The voice begins to speak again as it comes down from the container, which exclaims: "Hurry up, we don't have much time! On a wall to the left of the container you are coming from, there must be a hidden hatch, you must see a notch on the wall that allows you to open it”. Once his words are finished I begin to move towards the wall, while with each step I can feel the cold ground with my bare feet, once I reach the wall I start looking for the notch in it, I can not find it in sight, so I start to feel the same to my surprise I find it I start to push what remains a click sound, followed by a slight opening of it, I end up pulling it out, to end up seeing that it contains an outfit which is on a shelf.

Once again that voice is heard saying: "I see you have found him, put on those clothes I don't think you want to go naked around there." I take the pants and I think it will be awkward if he does not wear underwear, suddenly she listens again, commenting to me: "I almost forgot under the shelf there must be another one, but this one with underwear", to which I bend down to do so Finding myself shorts and a steel-colored top, and a couple of garters, which I decided to use to tie my hair into a pair of ponytails like this, won't get in the way of my hair anymore, but when I start drinking it I can notice a discoloration of This one, which I did not have before, even so I continue to put on the offered underwear, followed by a purple lycra which combines with the jet of a jacket that accompanies it that simulates being made of leather, there is also a kind of pearl gray leotard although this one is thicker and heavier than one normally is, as I continue I can notice other slight physical changes such as my discoloration on my skin, it was not really someone of a dark skin color, but also not someone who will lean To the paleness, which now it seems that I had partially, continuing with my dress I take some black gloves which fit quite well, almost that they felt very familiar at the same time that I observe a belt of the same color, which almost makes me remembering something even though it was actually so vague and quick, that it was more of a feeling than a memory.

Once I have finished putting on my clothes, I can hear a prominent slight noise outside the room from which I am, which makes me turn from its direction of origin which is a gate, ignorant of what is prowling around. outside or at least I believe it, I hear the voice again: “You know, I need your help to open the other containers, you could verify the content of these, very surely on one side of these there is a panel which could show you about what it contains, it is important that you be guided by that information that it can provide you ”, I began to look over the containers, 13 of which I could vaguely visualize that they were occupied except for 3 including mine, even so I couldn't know what the people they housed were like, so I proceeded to look on the side of the aforementioned panel, and I thought, Why is he trying to free us? I was really dismayed while I was looking, I could realize that I did not have said panel to which I proceeded out of mere curiosity to see what it contained through the glass that it counted, then an uncertainty took hold of me so I saw a morpho and pulsating mass which strangely I felt like this could perceive me, for the most sacred thing, I swear that what I see leaves me cold and covered that almost with a voice between cut and almost shouts I question the voice: "What ... what a vile atrocity it is ... .! is this thing? ", he quickly replied:" Don't raise your voice, I don't think you'd like to go back to sleep, I don't think ... "I interrupt:" Answer! What the hell is this? ", uproariously, he answers: "Don't be alarmed, it's not so horrendous, I thought that by having your profession you would know how to deal better with these things, but ..." short: "I don't understand what you mean?", while little by little I backed towards my capsule as if it gave me security and comfort while in turn my vision was clouded by not being able to understand nothing, then she answers: ¬¬ "I understand, you do not remember anything, so long asleep has made you lose notion of reality and what you are, but do not lose your head for so little case you surely saw 'meat failure'" , I answer: A what? He returns: "I don't want us to go into details, but I still need your help, come to your senses, remember that time is running out, you know I forget in the place where you got your clothes, There is also a weapon, possibly the compartment is hidden and you will have to look for a notch, in case you do not feel safe, maybe this being armed will refresh you ", once I finished listening to this I go back to where I take my clothes and to my surprise there was certainly one in the area where I took my underwear once I pulled it and it slipped which allowed me to appreciate a weapon similar to a sword, although without an edge, as if it were a bokken.

 By Meat of Roses