

Autumn Leaves

'I've HAD it!' a young, rebelliously dressed Quilava girl thought to herself. 'I am SICK and TIRED of EVERYTHING my parents have to say to me!'

She'd been walking for what seemed like hours now away from her family home. Being it was already dark out when she left the front door, it was hard to tell just where she was going or even what time it was after a while. She inwardly cursed herself for not at least bringing a watch or MP3 player or something. Not that she was going to chicken out and backtrack now. Not after what her 'loving mother and father' tried to pull on her earlier that day.

'I could almost put up with the Sunday classes and church dresses and even bigoted bible-thumping nonsense, but TODAY they went too far! The day a parent decides to try and have their daughter committed to a loony house for not being "Arceusly enough" is the day they lose their privilege to HAVE children!'

The Quilava began to notice the sky above her starting to look even darker. Glancing upward, she discovered from the thick shadowy foliage overhead that she'd waltzed right into a forest. 'Great...' she muttered silently, 'I've gone and gotten myself lost in the woods... Well, at least maybe it'll be harder for my parents to find me too, then...'

Taking a moment to plunk her stripy tighted and skirted butt on a log to catch her breath, she then began to curse herself for not finding something a little more casual to wear before deciding to become a fugitive from her deranged parents.

She was just about to dig her paw into one of the zip-lock baggies of snacks she'd stashed in her purse for her 'trip', when she heard an ominous rustling in the trees nearby.

Though reckless and thrill-seeking as she was, the Quilava wasn't stupid. She heard stories from the news about kids and teens going missing in forests only for their corpses to be discovered three months later in dumpsters...often with traces of another Pokemon's 'DNA' somewhere in their bodies'...

So even if the chances of that happening to her were slim at best, she wasn't going to take any chances. She quietly resealed her snack-bag and put it back in her purse...and drew out her can of pepper spray in its place. She opted not to ignite her head-flames not just because it would literally make her a glaring target, but also risk starting a forest fire considering how dry the leaves under her shoes sounded upon stepping on them. Again, she wasn't stupid. Accidentally causing a city-wide incident and killing hundreds of innocent Pokémon wild and not wasn't her idea of a pleasant evening.

With her can of 'creeper deterrent' and a Swift attack held on ready, she waited in tense silence for any approaching assailant. However, after several long moments of nothing but silence, the Quilava began to wonder if maybe she was just being paranoid. The forest was

certain to be full of wild Pokémon minding their own business, after all. It's not like serial killers all just hung out in woods all night waiting for the odd chance some innocent kid would just so happen to find themselves wondering around lost for easy grabbing.

She was just about to put her spray-can away again when she felt a sharp sting in the back of her neck. Before she even had the chance to flinch and reach for whatever had struck her, however, she suddenly lost all strength in her muscles and flopped down face-first into the dirt, blacking out soon after.

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The Quilava girl stirred, groggily trying to open her eyes...only to realize she couldn't. Confused, she attempted to reach for her face with her paws...just to find she couldn't move them, either. In fact every one of her limbs seemed to be stuck together in a mummy-like position, and it wasn't long before she noticed her mouth seemed to be stuffed full of some mysterious sticky material and sealed shut from the outside of her lips, too.'... *The HELL?! Did I fall asleep in one of my bondage kits again?!*' Much to her horror, however, she soon realized the 'material' this 'sleep-sack' was made of wasn't like that anything she nor her closest friends had available. Judging from the stickiness, high tensile-strength and thread-like weave of the head-to-toe wrapping...it felt an awful lot like Araidós webs.

"Mmmmm! MMMMMMM!" She began struggling aggressively, her memories of the previous night quickly returning to her. "Mmmm-mmmm-MMMMMM!!!" She didn't even know why she kept trying to scream for help; the thick wad of webbing in her maw was proving a very poignant reminder that nobody would be able to help her unless they were practically standing right on top of her. Plus from the eerie sounds large scuttling legs rushing towards her, her struggling might just have attracted the exact **WRONG** attention she wanted...

"Mmmhmhmhmhmhmhm...!" The teenage Quilava was now truly beginning to fear for her life.
'Stupid...STUPID Autumn! Why did you think running away in the middle of the night with hardly any survival gear was a good idea?! Autumn you stupid...Mukking...IDIOT!'

"MMMMMMRRMM! MRRRRRRMMMMMMMM!!!" All her struggles seemed to do was quicken the pace of her 'captures'. It wasn't like she had much hope of breaking free on her own, either, what with every square inch of her body save for her nostrils covered in web. The fact that even THOSE were unblocked made her start to think, too. Clearly whoever these Ariados were, probably feral ones from their lack of dialogue, wanted to keep her body 'fresh' for a little while...and it looked like they were just about ready to take her out of storage for their breakfast...

Autumn quickly began to realize the inevitability of her situation. She couldn't move, couldn't call for help, and could even try igniting her flames since the webs cut off any oxygen to her lighting patches. All her efforts to escape were accomplishing was alerting her abductors their meal was ready. It soon began to dawn on her that unless by some cosmic miracle someone happened to find her and come to her rescue in the next few minutes, her short, miserable excuse for a life was over. And for the first time since as long as she could

remember...she wasn't sure how to feel about that. For the past several years part of her deep down wanted nothing more than to leave this stinking crap-hole of a world behind for the great beyond...but now that it looked like it was finally about to happen...it suddenly didn't feel as welcoming as she thought it would. Funny what good 'ol fashion survival instinct can do to a gal, huh...? But at the very least...maybe it really was for the best. Her parents threatening to try and have her brain cooked in an electroshock helmet to make her more 'malleable' honestly still felt like a slightly worse alternative to this in her mind... And maybe if they discover their utterly disgusting behavior towards her had lead to her being eaten alive by a horde of feral Ariados they might just learn a lesson or two...

...And maybe Autumn would finally get to find out once and for all whether her parents blabbering about the 'pearly gates of Arceus's Kingdom' tripe actually had any truth behind it or not... A big part of her deeply hoped it didn't from the way they had described it to her...

Autumn gulped, now feeling one of the Ariados's slimy, quivering mandibles dripping saliva right onto her web-wrapped face. At that point all she could do was hold her breath and hope the enormous spider Pokémon would at least have the decency to smother her to death with more webbing before it starting draining her of her vital fluids.

Tears welling up to dampen her sealed-shut eyelids, Autumn clenched every muscle in her body and readied herself for the end.

(To Be Continued...)