

Of Love and Madness

Dark. It was always so damn dark in here. Dark, musty, and worst of all NOISY. Even with almost every square inch of her cell covered in what must have been half-a-foot of soft padding she could STILL hear the other inmates' muffled 'MMMPF's of suffering throughout the night, let alone her own incoherent grunts when she was trying to get a nurse's attention or just her frustrated growls in general. It didn't help that the 'hospital' staff only came by her cell three or four times a day to feed her baby pabulum through a straw or occasionally give her a sponge bath.

Yet through all this madness, tedium and literally suffocating 'living conditions', one thought still perpetually occupied her near-broken mind...Ace. He was the one man, the one 'Pokémon' who above all else had wittingly or not shaped the course of her life more than any other. He was the one to have her arrested and thrown into this...'funhouse'...and ironically it was only because of her former 'love' for him that he did so.

Maybe she was hoping for too much? Maybe she was pining for a prize she could never hope to win? Or maybe it was just that the stuck-up rat wasn't good enough for HER. Either way, at some point along the road she'd stepped too far over the line and as a result was now sitting alone in a dark cushioned room with a chew-toy strapped into her mouth and bundled up like a sack of potatoes, quite possibly for the rest of her life.

In the end, however...with every single moment of every single day trying its damndest to make her little mind snap like a twig...it was her unwavering obsession both for good and bad of the Pikachu called Ace Spade that kept her inches away from becoming just like all the other 'residents' whose muffled screams kept her awake late into each night.

Only THIS night, a very DIFFERENT noise began catching her attention...

'BLAAARM!' "CODE WHITE! Harvey Bennett has escaped his cell! Repeat! CODE WHITE! All security forces to the South Wing!"

'The South Wing...' she pondered, 'Isn't that the same wing I'm being held in...?'

She didn't have much longer to think about that, however, since the answer to her question seemed to present itself with the sounds of loud crashing, banging and blood-curdled screams that she could only guess was the sound of several security guards 'juicy insides' being violently emptied out...

...And then everything suddenly went quiet.

The silence went on far too long for comfort, and she quickly began to worry about her safety... *'What the heck is happening out there...? Did he escape? Did they catch him? Is he just sitting outside waiting for something...?'*

All of a sudden, her fears began to escalate as slow quiet footsteps broke the tense silence...and they were getting louder.

Now thoroughly terrified, she desperately struggled to try and get her restraints off in the vain hope she might be able to escape this infamous rampaging psychopath with her life. No matter how hard she tried, though, her straight jacket and ball gag just weren't budging. She was completely at the mercy of whoever or whatever was about to walk in through her cell door.

The hinges of the thick steel frame began to creak, and the first light she'd seen that day poured into her room. Part of her wanted to look the intruder in the eye; see what he looked like and why everyone was so afraid of him...see what species of Pokémon he even was, since she'd only heard whispered rumours of the guy before, most of them horror stories...but her timid little eyes refused to open, so she just sat there, cowering in a curled-up ball, hoping for at least a quick end to finally free her tormented soul from this cruel prison and uncaring life...

It was then of course to her surprise to hear a thick, almost comical Australian accent greeting her from just a foot or so from her enormous ears. "Well 'ello 'ello, what moit weh 'ahv 'eeyah? You're cert'nleh a cute li'ah squirl'eh, aren'tcha?"

"...Mmmh...?" She couldn't resist any longer; she opened her eyes and peered up at her 'guest'...to be met with only another almost hilariously unexpected sight. Standing in front of her, maybe only an inch or two taller than herself from forehead to heels...was the silhouette of a Bunearry. Harvey Bennett...the infamous mass-murderer...the only inmate in the entire prison who not only every other patient, doctor and security guard was afraid of, but whom even the world-renowned Ace Spade, the one who she had obsessed over so long for his immense skills and courage...spoke of in hushed whispers on occasion...was an Arceus-damned Bunearry! He DID appear to have a huge ugly burn-scar covering most of the left side of his face, though, so she guessed that made up for it a bit.

And strangely enough, she had to admit...he looked kinda cute.

"Aye think aye've 'eard about'cha. You're that li'l...'Emily' gihrl...right? The cute li'l squi'ehl that kept try'n to hit on ol' Acey-boy fer so long? Aye neveh thuh' you'd beh this cute in'the flesh."

Emily nodded, blushing slightly under her gag-straps at his 'compliments'.

"Tell-ya what... I'm currentleh look'n for a li'l...'employee recruit'n' today, and you my li'l sweet-cheeks look to me lyek a fyne candideht forh a job intehview..."

Emily couldn't help but smile a little. However much she still felt she should be cautious around this ticking time-bomb of a Pokémon, his charm was becoming hard to resist. Whatever his offer was going to be...it was sounding very tempting.

"Oh, an' of couwrse...theh'll be 'benefit plans..." the mad Bunearry continued, "Aye know jus' 'ow much you've got that 'card' of a Pikachu boy on yeh mind, just like aye do... S'ow would you like teh 'elp meh...'pay him a few visits'...?"

Emily began to grin from ear to ear. Crazy or not, this bunny rabbit knew how to sweet-talk a girl.

"So whadda yeh sahye? Interestehd...?"

...Emily nodded, her mischievous grin longer containable. All her instincts of self preservation started to melt away in the face of this irresistible 'deal'. These were the kindest words spoken to her in years, and at this point, even a devil's chocolate-coated promises were welcoming to her ears. "Mmmhmmm..."

"Glad t' 'ear it... Now, 'ows about weh take that big ol' rubber lollipop outta yer mouth?" Reaching his paws around behind her head, the Bunearly man; with a surprisingly gentle grip; unbuckled the strap at the back of her neck, allowing her to spit out the foul-tasting 'accessory'. It was at this moment she noticed the killer Bunearly's breath; it smelled like raw meat and stale chew tobacco...which oddly enough only excited her inner 'electrical socket' even more...

"...You're...you're pretty cute for a serial killer...you know that...?" Emily whispered, not even bothering to hide her blush anymore as she wriggled around seductively in her straight jacket.

"An' yer quite the piece-a work fowh aneh li'l Emolga girls Aye met..." Bennett remarked, "Aye LIKE crazy pieces a' work..."

"Well...when we get out of here you can 'work' me ALL you like, Honey-bun..."

"...I like theh way you talk, Sweet-cheeks... Aye 'ave a feel'n this is theh stawt of a be'iful partn'eship..."

"So do I...~"