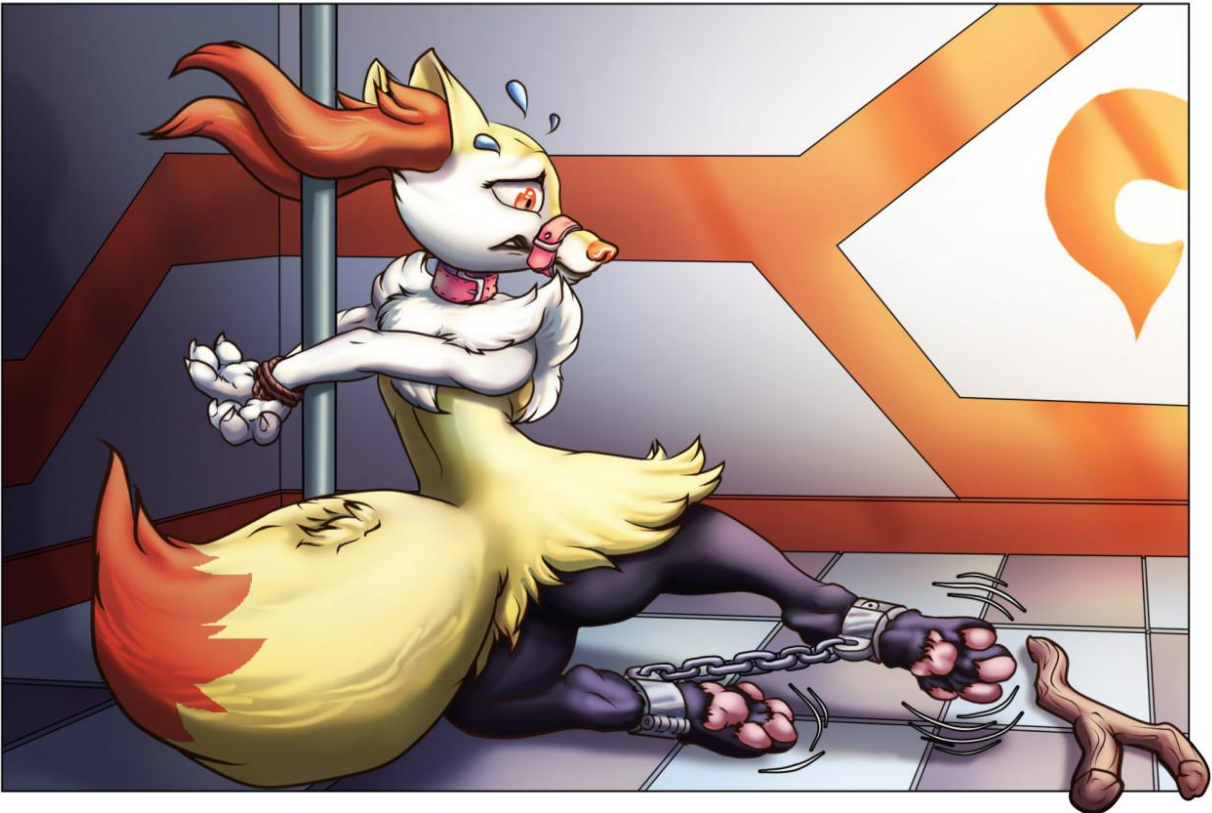


Braixen Escape

(Based off of the image “Escape Attempt” by raptorroper)



Braixen slowly regained consciousness, her vision was blurry as her eyes blinked open. She continued to blink as she fought to regain her eyesight. She was down on her knees, and her forehead was leaning against a metal pole. Although she was slowly waking up, she felt far from refreshed from her slumber. In spite of this, Braixen proceeded to yawn out of reflex. However, she found herself unable to as her mouth would not open.

Unnerved by this, Braixen fought to open up her mouth, but she simply could not pry her teeth apart. After a couple of more blinks, Braixen looked down her snout to see that there was a small pink belt buckled tightly around her snout a bit before where her nose was.

Braixen’s eyes widened at this hideous surprise, and she immediately moved her arms to unbuckle the belt holding her mouth shut. However, she then found herself unable to move her forepaws much at all. Looking down, she saw that her paws were bound together by their wrists with rope, effectively anchoring her to the pole.

Braixen gasped at this, and she quickly tried to stand up fast, only to stumble and fall back onto her knees as a loud jingling sound reached her ears. She looked down, and saw to her utter horror that her legs were tightly chained together right above her paws.

Braixen sat there, breathing heavily as she slowly began to recall what had happened to her. She'd been relaxing outside of her Pokeball when those Team Flare grunts ambushed her from behind. She knew why Team Flare had done that. Her Trainer had defied the evil team time and time again, and now they had taken her to teach her beloved Trainer a lesson.

Braixen glanced to her right, and she could see the Team Flare symbol emblazoned on the wall. She looked around some more, and she could see that she was in a small room with no windows. Braixen then wanted to see what was behind her, so she turned her head and twisted her waist and legs. She then saw the metal door and its small square plexiglass window directly behind her.

Braixen huffed, her ears drooping as the hopelessness of the situation started to grow within her. Her head lowered slightly, and her eyes widened and her heart leapt when she spotted her branch on the floor not too far away from her.

The Team Flare grunts had attacked her before she could've used her branch to burn them good. Braixen knew she was strong, powerful even. As long as she had her branch, she was unstoppable. Just seeing it made her smile, but then she remembered that her paws were currently bound, making it impossible for her to grab it.

Braixen's mood soured again, but as her head lowered, her gaze then fell upon her black legs. Or more specifically, her footpaws and pink paw pads. In spite of the chain linking them together, Braixen reasoned that her legs were long enough to reach her branch. Figuring that she had nothing to lose, Braixen raised her left leg and extended it towards her branch. Her right leg was bent slightly, and the chain kept her left leg from going very far, but nevertheless Braixen continued to reach with her left footpaw, wiggling her toes as she tried to at least touch her branch. Braixen had a nervous look on her face as he stretched her leg, straining hard as beads of sweat began to roll down her forehead.

Braixen spent some time kicking and wiggling her toes at her branch, only for there to be quite the gap between the tip of her longest toe and her branch. Eventually, Braixen gasped in exhaustion as an ache began to develop in her left leg. However, Braixen had no intention of giving up. Her branch was so close, and she knew that if she could get it, she'd be free. All she had to do was put all of her effort into reaching it, and perhaps even get her entire body involved.

This thought sounded appealing to her, so she did just that. She slid her arms down the pole until she was lying flat on the ground. She turned her head so she could see as she first slid her left leg across the floor, and then she stretched that leg as far as it could go. More sweat dripped from her forehead as she pointed and stretched her toes as well.

Braixen grunted through the belt around her snout, and the aching grew as she continued to stretch and stretch. She put all her focus in reaching for her branch.

Reach. . .Reach. . . *Reach*. . .

Braixen gasped as the pink pad of her longest toe touched the center of her branch. The feeling of the bark against her toe pad gave her a sense of peace and inner strength. She managed to smile in spite of the belt as she somehow knew everything would be alright. That being said, she knew that simply touching her branch wouldn't get her out of there. She needed to wield it, and to do that she needed to properly grasp it.

With her toe still on her branch, Braixen calmly thought about what her next step should be. She reasoned that if her branch was closer, she'd be able to better utilize it in some way. She stared at her position, and where her branch lay in relation to her. An idea eventually came to her, and she carefully slid her toe down the branch, away from the forked end to the business end, where the fire always came out of.

Braixen put her toe right on the tip of her branch, took a deep breath in through her nose, and then pushed down hard. This caused her branch to stand up on its tip, and Braixen hoped with all her might that the branch fell down towards her. Her heart leapt with joy when the branch did just that.

Braixen slapped her left footpaw onto her branch and pulled in close to her. She then looked towards her bound wrists and realized that there was no way she'd be able to hold her branch in her paws, let alone pick it up. But then, she looked back at her footpaws, and a new idea came to her.

Well, a paw is a paw, no matter where it was on a Pokemon, wasn't it?

The idea of welding her branch with her feet sounded ridiculous to her, but she was literally out of options. So, twisting her body so that she was half-sitting on her rear while her arms were uncomfortably pulled behind her, Braixen held her branch between her footpaws. She did her best to wrap her toes around the branch, making a mental note to carefully clean and wash her branch later, and slowly aimed the business end of the branch at the spot on the metal pole where she was holding her bound wrists.

Braixen closed her eyes and steadied her breathing. She took everything she knew about channeling her Fire-type energy through her paws and through her branch, and then applied it the best she could to her footpaws. Then, with a determined nod, she opened her eyes and called out a Flamethrower attack through forcibly clenched teeth.

A plume of fire shot out of her branch and stuck the pole and her wrist. The rope tying her paws together burned away quickly, and a quick tug resulted in the freedom of Braixen's arms.

Overjoyed, Braixen quickly raised her arms to unbuckle the belt around her snout. She opened and closed her mouth, moving her jaw around and clicking her teeth against each other as she enjoyed the feeling of simply being able to breathe in and out of her mouth freely. She then

snatched her branch out of her footpaws and rubbed it against her cheek, overjoyed to have it back and so close to her. She then sighed and settled into a more comfortable sitting position, sticking her branch back into her tail where it belonged. Braixen then gently rubbed and massaged her wrists, and then gave the same attention to her left legs and footpaw. She squeezed and pulled her soft toes, doing her best to soothe the joints she taxed with her stretching.

After this, Braixen slowly stood up, only to suddenly freeze when she heard an alarm sound, coupled with a flashing red light that filled her cell. Braixen knew Team Flare grunts were on their way, but she was confident that she could take them. She whipped out her branch and made a charge towards the door, only to trip and fall flat on her face.

Braixen realized she'd forgotten the shackles and chain on her legs, and she rolled over and glared at the metal hindrance. She knew that she'd be unable to fight like this, and the cowardly Team Flare grunts would subdue her again easily. Braixen refused to be humiliated again, so she twirled her branch and launched another Flamethrower right at the center of the chain.

The chain quickly began to change color, moving from metallic silver to red, but it still held up against the fire. Braixen tried pulling her legs apart to break the hot chain, but the links still held up. Braixen could hear footsteps approaching, and she knew she was running out of time. When she heard the door being unlocked, Braixen cried out in desperation as instead of fire, an orb of purple Psychic-type energy formed at the end of her branch. Without even realizing it, Braixen fired Psyshock at the hot and weakened chain. Consecutive beams of purple energy slammed into the chain, finally shattering it and freeing her legs.

Braixen jumped up and spun around just as the Team Flare grunts outside opened the door. Braixen twirled her branch and then slammed it into the ground, summoning a Fire Spin right in front of the grunts. They all screamed and ran away in fear, resulting in gleeful laughter from Braixen as she twirled her branch and held it like a witch's broom. Flames gushed out the other end of it as Braixen used Flame Charge to fly out of the room, through the halls of the Team Flare base, and inevitably out the exit.

Braixen smiled as she made a beeline for the nearest Pokemon Center. She couldn't wait to not only share a big, warm, loving hug with her Trainer, but to also tell the rest of her team the story of how she had escaped.