Edward’s Death

Elvira and Edward flew with care. They had no idea what her father had gotten up to in the time he had been alone. The myriad list of things simply got longer and longer as she thought deeply.

She shivered lightly. Someone seemed to like it cold; she knew her father liked the cold, but didn’t think it was that bad. To warm her up, Ed took her hand. He wrapped an arm around her back, careful not to hit her wings. It didn’t help much; part of the problem was her tattered clothing from a week in the forest with nothing else to wear.

Ed’s hand slipped from hers, but she didn’t stop to think much of it. His arm slipped off her back, hitting her wings. She stumbled down, but didn’t think he meant to hurt her. Her wings propelled her forward.

She expected him to catch up. A half back-handed apology would come for pulling from her hand, but a sincere one would come for hitting her wings. A few minutes passed. Then a few more. Still, he did not come.

She turned around, and flew back the way she had come.

“Ed?” In a whisper, she tried to find him. She found herself unable to even locate Edward. So, she turned again, and started flying in another direction.

“Elvi?” Ed’s voice echoed softly. She stopped cold, and backtracked, not daring to waste time turning around. “Watch out!” The warning came too late. Her wings crumpled under her, and she found herself stuck on something. A glance around her revealed a spiral sort of pattern around her. She was surrounded by thick, odd strands of something. They were very sticky, and held her skin tight.

“Ed?” She cautiously let out a call for her boyfriend.

“Up here.” His voice was further away. “I think they’re spider webs.”

“Spider webs?” She furrowed her brows. Thinking about it, she had seen blue prints for giant, man and Fae-eating spiders somewhere. She closed her eyes, attempting to visualize the plans and the specs.

Footsteps jarred her from her thoughts. Opening her eyes, she began to work herself free. Despite the sticky liquid holding her fast, she managed to free herself. One limb at a time. At length, she was free. Until she tried to take off, that was.

Immediately, the web pulled her back, letting her arms and legs flop back onto the sticky threads she had freed them from. She winced as she landed oddly on her wings. Another attempt to get free ended in the same manner as the trap refused to let her wings go.

She was left sticky after pulling away from the webs. This sticky residue built up. Each attempt took longer, and ended in the same fashion: her wings still being stuck, and getting bent under her. She could feel the blood dripping from her wing; she’d chipped one, at least.

“I see the spider webs are holding up as well as I thought they would, though maybe not quite as sticky as they could be.” Her father’s voice echoed around the room, and she tried to find where it was coming from. “I’m surprised you didn’t see this coming, Elvira. After all, there were plans in my office, you little snoop.”

The web began to bounce, as if someone was using it as a trampoline. A dark figure marched towards Edward. Its body loomed in the darkness. She became distracted by her father coming into view many times over. His many figures confused her. Was she seeing things, or had her father managed to make a trick of the light? It did confirm one thing: she and Edward could have been hundreds of feet apart from each other, and she’d never know for certain. For all she knew, the web could span the entire room and he was simply further away on the web.

She continued to struggle against the hard, sticky binds that had built up. The strings underneath her continued to bounce, making it harder to keep her limbs free. Sweat built up on her palms as her heart began to beat faster.

“You will soon be disposed of, both of you. First, I wish to introduce you to your guards.” He waved his hand towards the approaching creatures, as if to emphasize his point. “Alphonso, Hershel, your prisoners.”

The web steadied underneath her. A shadow loomed over her. She cast her eyes up slowly. The first thing she saw was a large, light brown circle over her. As her eyes adjusted to the dim lighting, she noticed fine white hairs on the circle. A few black dots were scattered on the circle as well.

She noticed eight spindly, extremely hairy legs. Four stretched out to either side of her, acting as a sort of cage. The hair on the legs was a light brown, with a few black strands here and there.

The thing moved, a smaller circle getting slightly closer to her face. Two sets of eyes blinked in unison. It was watching her as one would their favorite television show, unable to pull away from the excitement. Or maybe it was waiting for orders.

She shivered as she fit the puzzle together. The thing was a spider.

Spiders, to her knowledge, didn’t wait a second longer than they had to if they had prey on the web. Something shimmered on its head. A harness or a helmet; she wasn’t sure. She could only assume that it was the reason she wasn’t being wrapped in a vicious, silky cocoon of death.

Her eyes drifted back to the mirrored images of her father as her skin began to chill and goosebumps appeared. He jabbed away at a little remote. The spider cocked its head to the side, listening to something she couldn’t hear. Then, it reared its abdomen at her.

“You leave her alone, you monster!” Ed’s voice filtered through the room. She could hear the anger. Her father simply laughed.

“You’re in no position to be arguing this.” A slow smile creeped across his face. “I suggest you shut up. She won’t be harmed.” The sly tone convinced her that it was a piecrust promise.

“You’ve tried once to kill me with nature.” The spider’s hairy legs had latched onto her. A fiber shot out of the abdomen, from its, what were they called? Spinnerets? “What convinced you a se-” Her sentence was cut off by the fiber hitting her lips as they closed to form another sound. The impact stung. Instantly, she tried to move away again.

A spider’s cocoon was a death sentence.

“Elvi!” Ed called out, and she noticed that he too was struggling to get off the web. His wings had bent in on themselves, trapping the sticky webbing between the bends. They wouldn’t open, leaving him vulnerable to the spider since he couldn’t walk more than two steps.

Her movement was stopped by being picked up off the web. A couple of the threads came with her. In her panicked state, the wriggling to get away became the spider’s first weapon of defense. Her struggling flung the strands around her body like counterweights. A cry tried to escape her lips as a third leg secured the end of one of the threads to her split wing, securing her wings in an awkward, painful position. Parts were bent over on themselves, and she was sure there was now more than one split.

She had effectively pinned her arms to her sides. A thread fastened itself around her ankles in her attempts to get away from the spider.

She lurched to the side at the spider’s behest, and her eyes followed the silky strand on her mouth. The spider created a gag that stretched the entire circumference of her head from one side of her mouth to the other, but it didn’t stop there. Her eyes caught the floor, and the silk caught her hair again.

The spider sped up, sending the room toppling around her. She had to shut her eyes to avoid becoming dizzy. Not once did she feel web on her nose or around her eyes, but she dared not to open her eyes. A pressure began to push her body together in painful ways. Light throbbing began in her wrists and feet. She began to feel like she had to use the bathroom, but was determined not to pee herself this time.

Around and around the spider spun her. Where she would stop, she had no idea.

The spinning stopped suddenly. A fear of what she would see kept her eyes closed tight. She lurched again, most likely as the spider’s willed since she could feel that she was completely useless. Fear compelled her to stay still.

When she felt a wind on her face, she slowly opened one eye. To her surprise, she could still see her father’s liar. Surprising still, the spider cradled her in two legs as it used the other six to crawl on the web.

She attempted to wriggle out of its grasp, but found that she was stuck tight in a death trap. Despite being swaddled like a newborn, the silk had not solidified completely. She had enough wiggle room to bend her knees. Beyond that, the webbing had her tied up well enough that escape would take more energy that it seemed worth.

The spider lowered her down again, allowing the web to hold her cocoon in place. It moved away, and she cast a weary glance around.

To her side, a mirror showed her sorry state. The cocoon was several layers thick. She couldn’t see her clothing, much less the silken threads from the web that held her fast inside. The ends of her hair were caught in the silk. Some of the longer strands were in her face; the spider brushed the hair away from her eyes to afford her a clear view of something. It pushed her head up and towards the mirrors of her father and Edward.

Ed’s spider was still standing over him, silk glands charged and ready to squirt. He had not been touched by silk yet, but the spider was primed. He had continued to jiggle the web, and was now tangled in the web enough that he was facing the floor. She didn’t even know how that was possible, and wanted to strangle him herself sometimes for the stupidity he was capable of times, despite how cute it could be.

Her father keyed something on the remote again, and pressed a final button. He smirked, and waved goodbye to her.

“I’d tell you to say goodbye, but Alphonso’s done such a good job on your gag.” With that, he pressed three more buttons, and began to walk away. “I will not be seeing you again, Elvira. Alphonso has orders to kill you if you get away before Ed dies, but I doubt you’ll be going anywhere with that tight cocoon around you. This is the last time you’ll see your disgusting disappointment of a boyfriend.”

She watched her father walk out of view, but turned her attention to the spider standing primed over her boyfriend.

Her eyes locked with his for a few precious seconds.

“I love you Elvira.” His words floated through the air. They were spoken moments before the spider’s abdomen contracted. Silk shot out at him, but he was too tightly contained by the web to do anything.

The spider’s hairy legs picked him up. He tried to move himself out of its reach, but the spider was ready. Its legs slowly began to turn him around. It took care to cover every inch of him in the deathtrap’s first layer.

She could see him squirming in the silk. There was only one layer over him at the moment, creating an effect almost like plastic wrap. It wasn’t quite as solid, though. Muffled moans and groans that must’ve been attempts at shouting made their way to her ears.

She began to battle the silk. Until then, she hadn’t noticed how tough the cocoon had become. Her hands could hardly move a centimeter, and she could say goodbye to trying to rip her way out. At this point, she couldn’t bend her knees anymore. The throbbing had gotten stronger, as had the need to pee.

When the spider began to slowly advance on her, she managed to calm herself down. She tried to look away from the scene unfolding in the mirror, but it put one hairy leg to either side of her head. The two legs acted like blinders; she was forced to watch Ed be spun around.

The silk from the other spider was much more transparent than the silk she was trapped in. She could see Ed trying to break the web strands holding his body straight as a stick for the spider.

Bile rose in her throat as she realized that there was no way to save him. Without the ability to move her mouth, spells were useless. She couldn’t even try to distract the spider because she, too, was wrapped up tighter than a python’s prey.

Her vision blurred. Tears began to trickle down her cheeks. She tried to yell his name. All that she could hear was a muffled cry of ‘mmmph!’ that hardly even sounded like her voice. Her limbs began to shimmy and writhe in the ever harder cocoon. She tried desperately to break a layer or two of the silken hold.

It was met by an odd combination of things. First, Hershel (she assumed it was Hershel) stopped spinning Edward’s body. Secondly, she was picked up again. She watched helplessly as the spider holding her began to weave a tighter cocoon around her, pressing her limbs tighter to each other. She began to have difficulty breathing. Her limbs pulsed from being squeezed, and she was on the brink of peeing.

It sensed her struggle to breath, and put her back on the web. The moment she was situated again, the other spider continued on its business with Ed.

She could see him still struggling inside the silk. The spider was adding the silk slowly, as if her father had told it that it could kill him as slowly as possible. He was trying to scream, muffled sounds of ‘mmph!’ and ‘urrg’ came from inside his jiggling cocoon. It felt like watch a fish beach itself and try helpless to get back into the water.

By this point, he was beginning to be turned away from her. She could see his wings beginning to crush further under only a couple of layers. Fresh waves of movement hit, and he managed to snap one of the web threads holding him hostage inside the spider’s silk. With this new development, his right hand was freed enough that he could begin to tear the cocoon around.

The spider refused to let its prey escape. It readjusted Ed in its grip and squirted more silk onto his hand. Then, it continued the slow death spiral, as if it was roasting him on a spit. Knowing she was helplessly wrapped on a web that could be halfway across the room with wings that wouldn’t fly even if she got free condemned him to death if he couldn’t free himself.

The thought caused a surge of adrenaline. Though she could not tell where one layer began and another ended on her cocoon, she couldn’t help but jerk and jiggle inside her binds. Though she wanted to peel her eyes away from the horrific scene in front of her, fear kept her eyes laser-focused on Ed.

Now, the spider was turning him up and over himself to cover the top of his head with more silk. The second layer gave his eyes a glazed look, but he was still moving. He locked eyes with her.

She could see the fear in his eyes. Fear that he would die. Fear that she would die, and that he was powerless to stop it. His chin moved, and she heard something resembling a muffled ‘grrugi’ come from the cocoon. She caught a glimpse of shimmering water in his eyes before the spider had turned him away from her again.

In the cold, dry room, the cocoon hardened faster than it should have. Despite his best efforts, Ed was soon paralyzed by the hard silk. His knees were bent back at an awkward angle, and he seemed to be bending over backwards to touch his ankles. This didn’t stop him from continuing to try.

She managed to pull her eyes away from the scene for a few moments. They were directed upwards. Her spider was no longer watching the scene above in the mirrors. It looked at her with hunger and a glare that could only be described as sadistic. She shivered in her cocoon, and this time it wasn’t from the cold.

As she turned her eyes back to Ed, the entire web shook. The spider was not moving; she was shaking the entire web. Her hands were sweating so much that they were essentially glued to newly wet strands of silk on the innermost layer of her cocoon. Even though she was covered head to toe, she could smell her body odor.

Her eyes landed on Ed, and she took in a sharp gasp through her nose. His eyes were bulging, and he seemed to be struggling to breath. His struggling had slowed down quite a bit. The cocoon was only half as tall as Ed was.

The spider had him bending over backwards in the cocoon; she could see the strain it was putting on his muscles and skin. His eyes had begun to turn red as his blood vessels popped and strained.

She watched in agony as his pants were slowly soaked by something. His eyes slowly rolled back, and all evidence of movement stopped. All at once, his pants were soaked as his body released its load of urine, and she heard a tell-tale sign of pooing.

As more tears gathered in her eyes, the spider stopped spinning its cocooned prey. It began to salivate over the entire cocoon, causing her to half-choke on a sob. The saliva began to work its way into the cocoon.

Tears ran down her cheeks in droves. Waves cascaded down the silk on her face, loosening it the slightest bit as the silk became wet again.

“Edward!” She managed to yell something, half muffled by her sobbing. There was no response, no movement in the cocoon, nothing. A half strangled sob echoed around the room as her eyes closed. Immediately, the spider holding her head pried them open.

Inside the cocoon, she saw Ed’s body disintegrating. When the spider wasn’t blocking her view, she was forced to watch her boyfriend be digested. The cocoon acted like a stomach, but his wings somehow managed to escape the initial digestion process.

She gulped, disgusted. Ed hadn’t stood a chance; now…the thought was too much. Her tears didn’t stop as the spider stopped salivating on the cocoon. She could hardly see his wings as the spider resituated the cocoon.

Then, it poked its mouth into the cocoon. Slurping began to envelope her ears, and she began to dry heave. Adrenaline overthrew her fear for a few seconds, and she managed to flip her cocoon over, trying desperately to get away from the sight and sound.

She tried to yell ‘stop’, but it was cut off by a sob. The hard silken gag cut the sob off, leaving only a half-muffled cry for the spiders to hear. However, her reprieve from torture was short-lived as Alphonso flipped her over again, holding her in place now by the stomach.

The other spider continued to slurp from the cocoon. Tears blurred her vision too much to see how much of her boyfriend was left. Her limbs tried desperately to free themselves in an attempt to run to his cocoon, but the webbing around her had finally dried. Despite how sweaty she was and how shaky her body felt, nothing visibly budged.

The cocoon Edward was contained in dented as the matter inside was sucked up. When the cocoon broke open from a lack of inner matter, all that she saw float down between the web’s strands was one lonely wing.

The spider burped, and his other wing came floating down. Apparently satisfied, it began to scamper off the web and out of sight.

She felt like someone had punched her in the gut, and couldn’t stop her tears. Strangled sobs echoed in her ears. Why hadn’t she tried harder to escape her binds? Why didn’t her magic work on the hardened silk?

Her thoughts continued to race as she cried. She hardly noticed that the legs had retracted from her body. None of her words made sense, not that they would be understood anyway. Her will to fight began to die with the realization that she had utterly failed to protect her boyfriend.

If she couldn’t protect him, how would she protect herself? How would she be able to protect anyone?

A change in scenery broke her thoughts. Precariously balanced on the spider’s legs, she watched the spider prime itself through teary eyes. The body of the spider curled towards her, and silk began to spray forth. The end of the new silk strand attached to one of her shoulders.

Two more of its legs touched her, and she began to be spun again. This time, the spider didn’t stop at her mouth. The silk bound to her face and hair as if it needed her to live. A good chunk blocked the base of her nose, making it instantly more difficult to breathe. It spun around her, and her vision was soon obstructed. However, having her head covered by the silk wasn’t the worst part.

When the spider finished its business on her head, it began to treat her like any other prey. The vicious spinning continued. Pressure was added to her body in tiny amounts, but the silk was being added so fast that the pressure soon began to build up to uncomfortable levels, too.

She literally could not cry now. The tears would not run down her cheeks, not that she cared. She deserved to die. She wanted to die now. The hole in her heart seemed too great to fix by any other means.

The original cocoon the spider had put her in had hardened long ago, making it nearly impossible to squirm. Each additional layer hardened in due time as the air around her dried it, pressing her body together in the most uncomfortable way. Her wings had long ago lost feeling, and there was a distinct throbbing in her lower extremities that had only grown.

Yet she was still determined not to pee herself. Despite her resolve to be reunited with Edward as soon as possible, her adrenaline began to take effect. Her heart raced, and depression was staved off for the moment.

She attempted to squirm, to wriggle, to move. The silk’s hold on her body did not budge, no matter how hard she tried to move. Each new layer made it more difficult to do things; breathing was becoming impossible. The pressure holding her fast soon became too great to counter, and her body was being smushed together, almost being ground into dust by the pressure.

If she didn’t do something soon, she was going to die. If only her mind would allow the thought of seeing her blessed boyfriend again dictate her actions!

The spinning continued. The silk was too thick to see through now, leaving her unsure of what way she was facing. She strained to breathe, trying desperately to keep her brain awake for long enough to get out as the fight or flight response kicked in.

In one last ditch effort to save herself, she managed to pry her eyelashes from the silk and close her eyes. Thanks to her tears, she was able to say a spell with what might have been her last breath.

The wretched spinning stopped and her stomach flip-flopped as she tried to orient herself. As her ears began to pound, she managed to crack her eye open. It was met by silk. Not the flimsy strands that she’d watched go around her, but hardened sheets that had no holes.

The blood began to rush to her head, and she figured that she was caught somewhere, upside down.

Now she faced an entirely different challenge. The hardened silk could hold its shape and strength for years. There were no holes, and she was becoming light headed as the blood pooled in her head.

Was she going to die, or would someone find her first?