

# Rumble in the Jungle – Part 1

by Bob 2300 and WillyBoy10



## Chapter 1

There was a massive jungle at the border of a foreign country, it was a nature reserve that was mostly untouched by humans. Protected by the local Nation's government and military, along with certain international organizations. The beautiful tropical world was able to stay the way it was for centuries. Allowing species and legends to thrive away from prying eyes, away from extinction and interference. But there were unpredictable moments throughout the years, that were the stuff of adventure. It was a unique place that was quite different, unlike any other part of Earth.

The border of the jungle wasn't too far from the mysterious sinister asylum and medical research facility. A place that had somehow managed to get special dispensation to be built so close to the nature reserve. High above the dirty soiled floor of the jungle was a beautiful, fun-loving, nineteen-year-old wild girl. Who happily swung through the trees of the jungle she called home.

Miraya had a slender body, blue eyes, a dark-tanned skin tone. She had black raven hair that went down to the back of her shoulders. She was wearing nothing but a white bikini bottom-like loincloth made of khaki around her waist and between the legs, with a moderate rear coverage.

She had thought about keeping her tube top and vine-ribbon on. But decided to leave them at one of the villages she associated with. Since the weather was hot and humid enough for her not to wear them for a few months of the year.

“WOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO-HOO!”

Miraya had often been told that she was human, but she dared not to believe it to some extent. Ever since she was raised by wolves and trained by gorillas. She thoroughly became both a wolf and an ape in her mind. She remembered seeing the outside world such as cities, roads, and neighborhoods. She had always loved living in the wild since she was adopted. It made her adventurous, athletic, energetic, and of course totally wild. While the jungle was fun for her to live in like a playground, her newest challenge of survival came today from an unexpected quarter.

She stood on a branch and inhaled deeply, the jungle was hot and humid. In this season there was always a warmth to it day or night. It was as if the trees the canopy, the plants themselves clung to that heat jealously. It was almost a protective blanket a familiar sensation, mixed with the aroma of the canopy the smell of the leaves and the rain. The fragrances of the orchids the wet fetid hint of rotting vegetation and languid moss. The rare hints of breeze the sun, all of it mixed together in a familiar way, it was home.

Miraya had known this place all of her life. This was her life, her purpose to move effortlessly through the ferns and branches. To swim through the tangles of thorns and vines as if they were not there. She was a skinny girl, now really a young woman. So far, she had led a very solitary life by human standards. If you discounted the pack and the troupe which she did not. Today she was enjoying a diet of fruits plucked from the vine. With fresh nuts cracked open at the foot of the tree's that grew them. And perhaps later a fish plucked from the clear shallow waters. Lazily cooked by the banks. In the jungle, Miraya had no worries.

“Mmmmmmmmmmm..... So good.”

She didn't have to work particularly hard to fill her belly with enough to eat. The jungle was a larder, if you knew where to look. For shelter a few deft twists of vine and palm leaves and she had a hammock or billet for the night. Of course, depending on the season and if the rain was falling or not. She was five foot three slight of build, with enough muscle in her arms to pull her svelte body weight up a vine quite easily.

She reached back feeling that her hair had become raggedy with the day's efforts. With hair that came down to her shoulders she had to tend it. Any longer and it would get in the way and catch so she let it grow no further. Still there were bits of leaf and vine caught in her hair that she would idly pick out and flick away. She had a comb at the village but rarely used it. Her world was going to change a great deal very soon for the care free little jungle girl.

She had mapped out paths through the forest in her head. Vines that were strong enough to take her weight and allow her to swing from one stand of trees to another. She knew which tree had enough bend in them to allow her to spring from one to another. She knew the holes in the spiky bushes that she could slip through without a scratch. She knew the pools of water where the alligator or anaconda might lay in ambush and she avoided them as she went about her business.

She noted the passing of seasons, how she grew older things changed. Branches that could have once taken her weight would now snap. Stones that she couldn't lift before now moved before her, she was always changing and adapting growing and learning. She wished that she had grown up a little further as she only stood at five foot three. At the nineteenth spring, it was a faint hope she would have a sudden growth spurt.

Still she was joyous, sometimes she was mucking about chasing the small monkeys or singing against the rainbow parakeets. Sometimes she was foraging for something that would taste good. Eggs from the birds' nests high in the far up branches, honey jealously guarded in the bee's hive. Sometimes she would have a feast, sometimes she would be pecked on the head and stung in the arm, such was the way of the jungle.

At that precise moment she felt the breeze, she didn't exactly wear very much with only a loincloth on in a form of bikini and a few smears of mud and leaves at most. Which made her hair look ratty but even more adorable and sexier. Her eyes were sharp her fingers nimble her foot falls precise and careful. Even if she looked care free she was paying attention to the jungle around her. There was something off, animals had been disturbed by something. The pattern of the birds the smaller animals something had startled them. There were signs of something of bulk being dragged into the forest along the trails. She wondered if it was a poacher or a zoologist. Branches had been bent and broken to accommodate something of size. There were grooves in the ground in the mud. Where something had been dragged into a clearing that she knew well.

Her curiosity was peaked, still she was cautious of the unfamiliar. There was definitely something odd. She moved closer as it shimmered like the scales of a fish or the glint of the sunlight on the water. This was something alien, something unusual that had no purpose in the forest. She had found a silver box dragged into the forest into the jungle and left there. Who had left it and to what purpose, she was not sure? Would it be sealed tight as a clam, solid as a rock or left open to Miraya for her to investigate? Only by getting closer would she find out.

She looked at the strange silver box in the middle of the jungle clearing, slowly cautiously she walked around it. Seeing the deep heavy foot prints in the mud and soil three maybe four large people had dragged the box in on some sort of sled. She sniffed the air and there was nothing odd, she looked about but could see no others. She listened intently keeping hidden behind a tree, but there was nothing that she could hear. She looked closer and moved to within ten feet of the box. It was about 4 foot by 2 foot by three foot high. As she circled round closer she saw that there was an open hatch on one end and something shiny on the inside. Something moving about like a leaf being blown in the wind, or a fish in the bottom of a pool.

She looked closer and wondered what it was inside the strange metal box? Was it a trick of the

light or was there actually something inside it? She wondered what seemed to be pulling her forwards, it was beguiling. There was something about what was inside it that drew on her curiosity. She sat on her haunches and looked at the box. She crouched down behind a tree picking up a pebble, she hurled it. There was a clink as it bounced off the side of the box and fell to the ground. There was no reaction at all, she hadn't even scratched the silvery box. It had not snapped shut it had not activated some screeching alarm. She moved closer to the box and to the side. She twisted a branch off that gave her a good yard with a twig and cautiously ready to run, she tapped the side of the box. She looked around and still nothing happened.

She could feel herself getting more curious getting closer. She tapped the sides of the box, and she opened the hatch with the twig putting more force in the contact and there was still nothing. The box didn't shut or shift and the curious item inside kept swinging backwards and forwards softly. It was on a steel cord that was connected to the back of the cage. She mused that this was some sort of trap. She had seen grab traps and clap traps before. Left in the jungle by hunters, she would not be caught by one. If this strange thing was indeed one of those she was starting to doubt that. She was still cautious, poking the box again on the inside. She sniffed it with her nose and took a step closer. She bit her lip and crouched down. The jungle girl broke part of the stick off and threw it inside the box. Making sure it hit the bottom as hard as possible, there was no reaction. The hatch didn't snap shut.

She moved cautiously and put the tip of her toe on the edge of the hatch. Barely tapping it then pulling back quickly, nothing happened. She put her weight on one foot just on the lip of the box and nothing still happened. She got a good look at the slowly spinning disk inside. It was like a fish that was wrapped around itself, all sparkly and incandescent. A polished mirror of finished metal that glinted enticingly. She wanted it, she was not sure why she wanted it but she was going to get it. She looked at the side of the hatch and wedged the stick between the hatch and the side of the box, she was very slowly moving forward. Ready to jump out as she started to actually get into the box to get it.

She reached her finger tips out and touched the hanging silver sphere, it felt odd smooth and cool. She tapped it with her finger tips then dared backwards almost out of the box. She looked around then slowly moved back into the box. She reached the silver sphere and gave it a tug, it moved a few millimeters with the silver line behind it slowly spooling out. She tugged harder and it moved a little further. The jungle girl braced her legs against the side of the box and gripped the sphere with both hands, then gave it a good hard pull.

The tension on the line was heavy, but the line grew longer and longer. Just when it seemed that she might pull the strange object out of the box there was a click. Suddenly a tight metal noose slipped out of the sphere and wrapped firmly around her wrists. She cried out in surprise as she was pulled into the box. Her wrists were pulled to the other end of the box to the floor. The catch that had held the line to the ceiling had released it. A curved bracket seemed to pop out of nowhere, from the bottom of the box. It shut tightly over her wrists locking them in place.

She panicked kicking against the side of the metal box. The lid the open hatch snapped shut snapping the stick she had wedged in it easily. There was the ominous thwack of bolts locking it shut. The jungle girl pulled on her wrists and tried to kick at the bracket with her feet. She pulled

but the noose and the bracket held her wrists and fingers in place wouldn't budge. Slowly a smoky green gas started to come up out of the bottom of the box, out of a vent. The jungle girl felt her vision blur. She tried to hold her breath, but she couldn't hold it for very long.

She felt the world darkening around the corners of her vision. Somehow more steel nooses had wrapped around her ankles and her feet were pulled to join her hands. She felt the second bracket locked down over all her limbs immobilizing them. She felt exhausted, resting against the side of the box. She was out like a light, a goofy grin plastered on her face as the gas numbed her senses.

The jungle girl thought that she heard a woman's voice through the haze. She called out banging on the side of the box.

“Look what we caught in the monkey trap. I guess we take this crazy kid to the institution anyway.”

The jungle girl barely felt it as the box that had trapped her was lifted up onto some sort of sled that was dragged back out of the jungle. At the end of the trail it was loaded up onto a jeep. Then it traveled for a longtime until it came to a road. The box was carefully loaded from the jeep onto a truck then it moved off along the road far away where it was offloaded into a rather remote facility.

## Chapter 2

The jungle girl woke up feeling woozy. It was odd as if she had crawled into a hollow log and the vines had been wrapped around her wrists and ankles. She realized that she was still inside the metal box. The brackets were still locked down over her arms and legs, and her wrists and ankles were still held by the steel cables around them. There was a shift in the box as if it was being moved into position. There was a click on the side of the box and the jungle girl tried to twist around to see what was behind her as there was a rush of air as the hatch opened.

The air felt too dry too stale, the light felt faded. There was the smell of detergents and bleach that was alien to her. She was scared, she tried to look around still not seeing anything. Another click from the side of the box, and suddenly the brackets and the cables come lose freeing her limbs.

She didn't need to wait a second wriggling out of the lose restraints. Her limbs felt numb but she pressed on her resilience was surprising. She darted out of the box to find that she was inside another box. This one was gray and white not silver and far larger. She looked around the room seeing half a dozen other boxes now empty. There were two doors one labeled laboratory. That one was quite firmly shut, and the other was partially open that simply said exit. She darted out of the box, past a nurse in a white outfit out of the door to the box and into an even larger gray and white box. The jungle girl had to come to the conclusion that she was no longer in the jungle any more. She had no idea where exactly she was, and she definitely didn't want to be there away from home.

Miraya walked out of storage room, entering through one opened door to the hallway which was decorated with green walls, blue ceilings and brown doors. She gazed around her surroundings as she walked down more slowly, bare feet tapping lightly on the floor.

“Where am I?” She asked herself quietly while staying calm. This place didn't look too dangerous from her point of view.

The hall was more colorful than the last room she was in, reminding the wild girl of her home that she loved. She looked up at the ceiling, thinking about the skies within a few seconds. She looked at the doors on both sides that could thought she could easily breakthrough, or at least the window panels. The beauty was starting to feel a bit bored, and kept walking with a smile. There was a sway to her stride her hips went back and forth for a more fun and dance-y journey. Miraya loved to traveled around the jungle and its surroundings. Wanting to go to different parts she had never been too, such as old ruins and caves with secret hideouts.

The hallways were cool as the storage room rather than overtly hot as her home. There were no strong winds or hot sun coming through. Which felt nice to the jungle girl, feeling less sweaty. The cool air wasn't overtly cold, but it was nice enough for her slender, near-naked body with a bikini-style loincloth on. Her curiosity was peaked it was somewhat child-like but in a cute in way.

She continued her walk to another hallway that was somewhat different; it had a fluorescent

glow, the walls were plain white, and it was looking and feeling like an institution, as if nature and humanity had been scrubbed and bleached away. The doors were very thick made of steel they lined the walls ten feet apart. There were crazy-face logos that looked very cartoonish on the ceilings. Posters that looked the same on the walls and doors with words as a message to their patients that they're insane. There were also hidden cameras on the ceilings that looked like fire alarms or light fittings.

"I'm not crazy." The jungle girl denied staring at the pictures. Her reaction to the posters and the asylum's logo negative and reactionary despite her wild yet playful behavior.

She gazed around the hall, feeling more of the coolness. It was less colorful and bleaker than the last hallways she had walked through. She was thinking about the storage room she had originally woken up in. Miraya felt the plain features drain at her soul, being used to so many vibrant colors and uneven structures in the jungle. Her eyes fell upon the steel doors, all of it was kept far apart, unnaturally barricaded. She continued to gaze at them as she planted her feet firmly into the cold floor and kept walking with light tapping sounds.

"What are behind those ... them?" She asked herself, a sinking feeling in her gut. That it was all some form of prison and she gulped.

The jungle girl knew being cute, sexy and wild was not safe at all and was perfect enough to become a prisoner, which was dangerous to her. She wanted to run free wildly in jungle, and not to be caged. She faced one ominous door that was as big as the others with a small window and closed slider on the front. With the large rivets on the line, the jungle girl knew it would be impossible to break through and more challenging to escape. While running through the dreary halls there was occasionally a flicker of the lights with no sounds but footsteps.

Miraya was feeling less optimistic, and knew it was time to do what she did best; escape and come back home. She tapped her toes in thought, the floor beneath her feet was as hard and smooth as the pebbles washed round in the river bed. She saw the nurse from before hit a button on the wall and there was an alarm like the shrill cry of a raven. There was the sound of running feet and the jungle girl twisted around. She was almost captured again as two orderlies carrying bundles of straps almost managed to dive upon her from the other direction. But her reactions were swift and she was able to just avoid a couple of muscular women. The orderlies collapsed into a pile as they missed the jungle girl by the smallest of margins and crashed into each other.

The panicking jungle girl headed off down the corridor, she found one door opened with a solid kick. The next one she put her shoulder into and it moved. The next door looked rather more solid, bumping into the security door and bounced off it her progress halted. She tried to activate the lever handle next to it, but it was locked solid. She felt nervous trapped, and couldn't open it nor force it. It was made of a dull gray metal blocking her path, and she couldn't afford the time to look for some other way around it, or the key to it.

She saw that the nurse she had first avoided had come back. She had something in her hands and primed it, pulling a handle on the side. The nurse took aim and the jungle girl dived to the floor desperate to avoid whatever was pointed at her. A weighted bundle of netting flew past her, and

struck the wall. The handle of the weapon was pulled back again in a rather menacing way, as the nurse took aim from a closer position. The poor jungle girl jumped as high as she could and just avoided the shot from the net gun. The nurse pulled the handle again and either it jammed or ran out of ammunition as it didn't fire again. While the nurse started to shake it in frustration.

The time she had spent dodging the nurse's distractions had given the orderlies enough time to catch up to her. The little jungle girl was tackled hard. With one orderly pinning her arms to her waist and the second orderly grabbing her legs. She was lifted, and bodily carried off down the corridor. She struggled, fought and even tried to bite one of them but it was no use.

"Don't resist us, silly little money girl; it took a lot of effort to rescue you from the jungle."

"You call that a rescue!?" Miraya screamed with a question in her anger. Struggling and yelling at the giants. "You kidnapped me!!"

She didn't need to be rescued from the jungle, and they were the ones holding her. They were far too strong for her to effectively resist and they easily carried her away to put her into a more suitable place. The nurse opened up a thick heavy door and its hinges creaked ominously.

The jungle girl struggled more substantially, she didn't want to be put into that room. It was white with padding on the walls and floor and even the inside of the door. Panels that were thick and soft as living room couches. There was also what looked like a bed in one corner, really a much thicker section of padding like a big pillow. She tried to flail but was dragged all the way into the padded cell.

"Lemme go!"

The nurse produced a white bundle of leather and canvas. A thick, heavy duty straitjacket with brown leather reinforcements at neck waist shoulders and elbows. The jungle girl fought all the harder but still made no progress against the women holding her down.

"What are you doing to me!? Don't wrap me up!" Miraya cried.

The jacket was thick, not just from the layer of stout canvas but it was heavy with a cotton padding inside. The lining consisted of lots of layers making it very bulky and also made it very hard to escape from as it would soon be very tight. With the force of the straps distributed around the patient's body. They could make it really tight without the risk of damaging the patient held inside, not that the jungle girl had realized that yet.

The cotton padding would also make the jacket very hot quickly, so a patient struggling to escape would quickly find themselves exhausted and overheating from their struggles. The bits made of leather on the restraint were designed to reinforce all the stress points. Making the jacket very solid and inflexible so that the stitching could not be torn or ripped so that the seams could not be compromised. It came with a high-neck to the garment that would soon be tightly gripping the jungle girl. It was built from layers of compacted padding outlined in leather, rather than from a single solid piece of leather. In construction it was more like a surgical collar designed to



not only support the patients head, but also to limit their movement for certain treatments.

At the back of the jacket was a very heavy zipper that allowed the garment to be closed very fast to stop someone being packed into it from exiting quickly. There was a padded flap that looked about thick as a diaper to cover the entire waist of the garment, and would cover up the jungle girl to provide her with some modesty. Making it more difficultly to free her slender, near-naked body. The look of the front of the jacket was bulky but still fairly mundane with a few extra bits that seemed unnecessary. But viewed from behind there were multiple sets of fastening points. There were streams of straps and buckles at the back, as if the creator of the design had been paid by how many spaces they could find to add more belts to it.

The canvas was a creamy magnolia off white, and there were a few strains from previous occupants that had not been bleached out when the garment was last cleaned. The leather was a dark mahogany oiled and sealed with a scratched texture to it. Once the jungle girl was put into the straitjacket forcefully in a rough matter. She would not have any chance of getting out, and she knew it.

“No! Stop it! Lemme go!! Noooooo!!!” The helpless little jungle girl screamed.

She pulled and fought and struggled, but it didn't amount to much as her arms were pulled away from her body twisted straight and fed into the thick sleeves of the jacket. As soon as her hands hit the ends of the them. Wrist straps were fastened around the jacket sleeves keeping her hands trapped at the heavily reinforced end of the garment, preventing her from pulling them back out. A second set of cruel straps was buckled tight above her elbows. Further prevented her from getting her arms out of the jacket. With her arms all the way in she was roughly spun round and pushed into the padded floor, that almost felt like a tackle.

She tried to get up, but someone knelt on her back and the jacket was pulled up tight. The zipper was done up down the back, she was not getting out; the jungle girl sighed and slumped down as if she gave up. Then one by one the straps were done up. They were pulled tight with some hard yanks, they seemed to form a complex pattern. Some straps going left to right with the next strap fastening in the other way right to left overlapping each other, making it hard to get to the fasteners of one strap as it was hidden below the strap next to it.

If somehow you found a way to release the straps in theory, you would only be able to get to half of them or even less. It was almost like a puzzle or a knot of straps at some points. The jacket was tightened around her neck, which made her gulp loudly with her eyes widen and her waist covered tightly by the flap. Making it very hard to shift it about, and keeping her head locked in position and a lot of pressure on the jungle girl's flat tummy.

One of the orderlies reached for a crotch strap that was slightly wider than the back straps and buckles. Even bound, there was still a chance for Miraya to be known as a jungle girl. But once that final strap was locked into place, she would officially have no chance to take off the jacket. It went through the buckle with a few hard yanks, and strapped it nice and tight. The jungle girl gasped loudly with her beautiful eyes shooting out a look of panic.

They sat her up and spun her around in a rough matter. Her right arm was fed through two side loops, then a central loop and held in place. Her left arm was pulled through the loops in a similar manner and her arms were pulled tight together. The ends of the sleeves were strapped in place behind her in a tight hug preventing her from moving about much. Her arms were pulled tighter and sunk into the padding of the jacket. There was another loop and another strap. Something was pulling the strap behind her down to her waist, giving her even less movement. Another strap was linked to her elbows behind her back further immobilizing them.

She didn't like the jacket one bit as it currently was, but they were still working to restrain her further. Another strap was used to painfully pull her shoulders back, causing her to grunt in frustration. Two more straps were fed through the jacket one above and one below her perky little breasts. She was left to tug, fight and struggle in the jacket and the padded cell to explore the limits of her world. The rubber padding, the tight canvas, the restriction and humiliation of falling for such an obvious trap and being uprooted to this place wherever it was. She was left alone with her head sticking out of one end of the jacket and her bare legs, sticking out while the other her arms completely immobile. She was patted on the head then roughly pushed into one corner.

“A crazy kid like you needs to be safe from harming anyone, including you.” The orderly said to Miraya with a grin to admire her work, seeing her squirm helplessly in a self-hugging cocoon that looked cute and sexy from a staff members point of view. “A wild monkey like you is a perfect patient for us.”

The orderlies and nurse walked out of the room and slammed the door behind the wild and untamable jungle girl.

### Chapter 3

The cocooned jungle girl stood herself back up moving foot by foot, pushing herself up on the right corner of the thick padded walls. Though her straitjacket was thick, heavy, and tight. Miraya had enough strength to stand up despite her slender, youthful form. She knew exactly what mattered to her the most for a situation like this. By simply getting out of the suffocating restraint.

She snarled and thrashed around in her jacket, trying to pull it off. But the straps would not budge. She ran around the room, growling and running up against the walls to try and break them down. Howling and beating her head against the soft padding walls when nothing seem to worked for her. With another try, the wild beauty banged against the cushioned walls. But still, they weren't likely to break at all.

Miraya huffed with her beautiful face covered by some of her black hair. She had been caught in a number of situations before, but none like this. Right now, she didn't have a way out. She ran up and started to slam into the padding where she thought the door was. Each impact sending a shock wave through her body, eliciting a squeal of frustration. She got back up and tried again and again to knock the door down. She kicked and scratched at it with her feet and even rubbed her head against it, in the hope it would free her from her self-hugging cocoon. But again, it did not work one tiny little bit.

Miraya panted, having to accept that she couldn't get through the door. She was trapped inside until someone opened it up for her. She held her breath, swallowing. She howled like a wolf and screeched like a monkey in anguish and started rolling around on her back. Kicking her feet energetically with her eyes rolling around wildly. She lifted them up and tried to scratch at the jacket. Hoping to undo the many straps, zippers and buckles that held her. Her feet, as nimble and flexible as they were. They weren't able to work through the several dozen features to her jacket designed to thwart such attempts.

The jungle girl stood up and looked around, hunched over and squirming. She saw the only contraption in her prison; the soft and comfy bed itself on the left corner. Though it was mostly made of thick padding to prevent patients from injuring themselves. She looked around, wondering if she was being watched. She barked and screamed at the walls and ceiling, running around and slamming against the soft walls and jumped up and down on the floor. She stumbled a few times but got back up just as quickly.

Miraya ran over to the bed and jumped onto it, rolling around as she spat out at the sheets. She got to the other side and pushed the mattress off the base with her body and started to jump on it and kick at it. Messing up the sheets which started to slip off and spread across the room. She stomped on the pillow and kicked it onto the soft padded wall. She huffed with her heart hammering against her chest wildly.

Miraya looked at it again, beginning to slam against them again, hoping that maybe if she could break through, and find another way out. But all it did was tire her out and she panted, as she gave out weak barks, growls and moans. The cushioned bed was a little messy, but undamaged.

The wild and untamable jungle girl panted hard as she stood tall and she fell straight back, her legs rising up and falling back down onto the floor.

“When I get out of here, those bastards are gonna see what happens when I get mad.”

It was nothing but hell to her.

There was a twanging noise and one of the tiles pulled back, a bottle with a thick straw wedged in it was deposited on the floor. The bottle was clear and she could see that there was a green liquid in it. The jungle girl kicked the bottle over. The bottle was solid and the straw acted as a cap, no liquid came out and the bottle didn't break. She narrowed her eyes she was thirsty. She bent down and prodded the bottle with her toes. The jungle girl glared at it, then slowly knelled down and experimentally sucked on the straw.

The liquid was green, clammy and bitter. She dropped the bottle and spat at the floor, feeling the numbness slowly traveling through her body. She pulled at the jacket but her arms remained still, she tried to reach any of the straps on the jacket with her teeth in desperation. But the collar held her head in place.

She felt herself becoming giddy; she tried to twist her legs around to try and get her toes to a buckle, but again it was futile. She struggled and pulled, then banged her shoulder against the door going around and round the tiny cell to find something to use against the jacket, she just bounced off the walls. She was staggering about as she tried to force the door with her shoulder and bounced off with each try, giving herself up after ten attempts. The wild girl frantically struggled, kicked and twisted, but just got her very hot and very breathless, as she felt her body going numb. In a huff she sat in a corner then curled up into a ball. The solitary light went out and she went to sleep. She wasn't even sure what the future would hold for her drugged into submission. Even in her sleep she twisted and fought the jacket, but it held her struggling body just as easily as when she was awake.

## Chapter 4

Before she knew what was going on, the nurse from before was in her cell. And with them a couple of orderlies came into her cell. Miraya was grabbed and hauled to her feet without a word. She was marched out of the room with one orderly on either side gripping a handle on the jacket, dragging her along like a sack of potatoes. Without her arms she was ungainly, and they kept pulling her roughly off balance. She barely had time to realize what was going on. The nurse lead them through several corridors with the jungle girl dragged behind with the little procession. They came right up to a side corridor full of rooms that were locked shut. There were several rooms each door had a label therapy Class T, rooms 1 to 8 on them.

The jungle girl fought the jacket as she heard the muffled sounds of women moaning crying and struggling. She didn't exactly want to find out what was going on in there, but knew they were treated horribly. The nurse grinned as she put a six digit code into the key pad and the door menacingly swung open. The jungle girl tried to resist being dragged in side, but the door was there ready for her and she was dragged inside. To come face to face with an odd metal frame complete with padding. There were a few closed cabinets in the room and Miraya didn't want to find out what was in them.

“What are you doing to me, and why can't you just lemme go?” The jacketed jungle girl asked, begging the nurse and orderlies to drop her off where she belong with very light struggling.

“Sorry, kid.” One of the giant orderlies replied to her. “You're wild and crazy enough not to live there at all.”

The giant orderly with a practiced ease stripped her out of the straitjacket for the session of therapy. They undid the straps at the back, the arms, then emptied her out of the jacket onto the floor, revealing her entire beautiful form. It was a shock to suddenly have the use of her arms back. They were stiff and numb, for the moment unresponsive. She was about to get her bearing or get some life back into her limbs. The orderlies seized hold of her again, dragging her off the floor. She tried to resist as they brought her over to the bench, but it was far too little too late.

“Get the hell off of me you dumbass gorillas!” She yelled at the giants, referring to their sizes. “I am not your prisoner!”

Before she could get her balance and kick, they had seated her on the apparatus. They were locking her ankles in a steel stock in front of her. She couldn't even move her feet about as they were soon clamping her toes into little groves on the apparatus with little rubber loops. If she pulled her toes as hard as possible, she could shift them the barest amount. Then the tight rubber loop would pull her digits back in place a moment later.

There was a bar three feet high behind the cushion that barely constituted a seat. It looked like if it came from a roller coaster train. The jungle girl was held against it by the orderlies. The nurse strapped her in place at neck and waist with thick rubber straps that locked behind the pole where she couldn't reach them. Something was socket-ed into the pole with a click, then her arms were pulled out behind her. They were attached to a second metal cylinder that jutted out at nearly 90

degrees from the pole. Keeping her armpits exposed, and the rest of her body helplessly. Her arms were strapped out of the way at wrist and elbow with more rubber straps to keep her immobilized. Unable to resist the therapy that they were about to administer.

“You’re gonna torture me!” Miraya cried before realizing they were ignoring her words.  
“Lemme go!”

She squirmed in her bonds and the nurse made the straps tighter. Adjusting the frame and stocks so she was stretched to the point she could barely wiggle. The nurse grinned as she strapped another strap around the girl’s forehead, and then her thumbs. More redundant rubber to hold the jungle girl in place. Miraya was getting very nervous wondering what terrible thing they were going to do to her helpless nearly naked body.

The orderlies grinned and recovered some feathers from a box on top of the cabinet.

“The monkey’s voice doesn’t sound crazy when she speaks, but we can make her.” The nurse joked with a chuckle.

The jungle girl instinctively tried to move her exposed feet out of the way. It was obvious that this was some sort of therapy that involved tickling. One of the orderlies sat down by her feet on a stool, and started to work slowly away at her petite little toes.

“We’re gonna make ya laugh like the mad ape woman you are!”

With her ankles locked in the stocks, and there was no way to escape. She still tried to curl up her feet to move them away; but they were held fast. The orderly stared slow, using the feathers they were slowly speeding up and up tracing circles around the jungle girl’s feet. She could feel the sensation growing like a hundred ants crawling over her feet. Then the orderly started to use her own nails to scratch and tickle, working on the jungle girl’s ankles arches and heel. Miraya desperately wanted to escape; she could see the pin that held the stocks closed around her ankles, and she needed to pull it to free her feet. She tried to twist her arms around from behind her, so that she could pull the restraint apart. But her arms were locked tightly behind the back of the seat, meeting at wrist and elbow touching tightly. She could get no purchase to free them because the rubber straps were too tight to escape from.

The feathers worked into the sensitive fold of her skin between the toes. She couldn't close the gap as they were individually held in place with the thick black rubber loops. The bands held her as the nurse and orderlies stated to work on her arm pits. She cried out in frustration as a rotary brush was put in place on one foot and started up. It was relentless and she couldn't escape the tickling machine, no matter how much she strained and struggled.

They had a soft bristly brush that they moved over her tummy and legs, then they had rollers with little spiky bits to really tickle and stimulate her flesh. It went on and the minutes started to build up with more feathers brushes, and creative implements that were dancing on her bare skin. The pressure of the therapy was an overwhelming sensation building up against the jungle girl. At first, she clamped her mouth shut, looking around desperately for some escape but found

none. Slowly it became more and more apparent her jaw twitched, as she had her face screwed up. She was getting redder and redder, having trouble breathing, and keeping a straight face. She twisted about as if she was grimacing, looking like she was going to explode.

Time seemed to slow down as the pressure increased within her. It looked like she was suffocating turning a deep shade of red as she held it in. She twitched and shook for a second. Finally, she cracked and lets out a single muffled giggle. Then another soon more and more spilled from her lips, she was losing control with loud laughter. Soon she was laughing hysterically like a hyena, wishing it would stop as they tickle her more and more.

“That’s what you crazy monkey kids really sound like!” The orderly exclaimed.

It was soon five minutes and her eyes were darting about looking for a way out. For ten minutes, her eyes were screwed shut, and then after twenty, she couldn't maintain the effort and her eyes were misty and unfocused. After what might have been an hour or two. The jungle girl was barely capable of any thought or movement from the unceasing tickle-tormenting that was reducing her to a hysterical blubbering mumbling wreck.

They stopped and she was still giggling like a lunatic she was from staff members’ point of view; it took her five minutes to stop laughing, and realized that the horrible therapy was thankfully over. She didn't resist as they started to let her out of the stocks, her poor toes felt so raw and red. Her throat was sore from the constant loud crying and giggling. They were going to be putting her back in the jacket, and she could see them getting it ready. The jungle girl thought that she would never be glad to go back into the jacket and get wrap up tightly again. But if the option was the jacket or more tickling, she knew what she would choose in these circumstances. Another nurse in a slightly different uniform with a blue stripe arrived to look over the proceedings.

The first nurse deferred to her, so she was obviously a more senior nurse. She watched them with a critical eye, as they took their wild yet adorably beautiful patient out of the tickling machine. When she was bundled back up in the jacket tightly, the nurse looked Miraya up and down.

“Just lemme go already.” The wild girl begged weakly, despite the soreness of her throat. “I don’t belong here.”

She shook her head, and one of the orderlies left the room for a minute, returning shortly with the intention of adding more restraints to further immobilize the bundled up jungle girl. The nurse smiled in anticipation off adding the next layer. She held a thick brown muzzle in her hands and Miraya clamped her jaw shut tight. The nurse grinned and the four of them forced their patient’s mouth open. There was a rubber bit inside the muzzle that pressed Miraya's tongue to the bottom of her mouth. She tried to spit it out but it was strapped behind her head, clamping the muzzle to her face.

She tried to kick, hoping she could beat them up to escape. They quickly added thick padded ankle cuffs to her legs. Leaving with less than a foot of room between her ankles, and the strap could be shortened even further. The next item was the, transport jacket it was white canvas with

lots of padding and bands of leather it gave the impression that whoever was trapped inside it was reduced to a state without a lot of movement like a grub, as the padding ballooned out around the straps. You couldn't see the shape of Miraya's body or any sign that she possessed arms, as the jacket was fastened very tightly behind her. Now she looks like her top half was cocooned. She was already overheating from the thick multiple layers, finding it more difficult to keep her balance.

The jungle girl moaned unpleasantly against the ball gag, squirming in her jacket helplessly while the other with no sleeves was wrapping her up, feeling like if she was in a meaty cocoon of the python's coils. She tried to stretch her legs out more widely but couldn't with the ankles cuffs on. She would yell at them to let her go to run free wildly back in the jungle with profanity, but couldn't speak, constrained by the muzzle. She looked down at the second layer of the jacket much as she could mostly with her eyes moved, noticing it also had the same logo she seen before with a single word that simply said "crazy" and a patient number on the upper left.

"Crazy Patient #00"

"That's your number because you're a one of a kind special case." The nurse said to Miraya with a smile. "You're the first to be called that, making it rare."

That gave the jungle girl a flat look, finding it to be quite insulting. Miraya moaned unpleasantly like she was grunting against her muzzle from all the buckling and tightening behind her with the transport jacket. The wild girl was in disbelief she had not gotten into a situation that required so much time and effort in the jungle. She grunted and moaned again, as she felt the second jacket tightening around her more. Closing her beautiful blue eyes because her hellish prison had no personality compared to her home, that had far more life to it in presentation.

Miraya thought about the other patients in the asylum. How many had been forced from their homes because they weren't accepted, being seen as prisoners or slaves from her point of view? Were they still fighting to hold on. Or had these treatments started eating away at their true selves? She let out a deep breath, as a shiver ran up her spine. She was trapped here like all of them.

But maybe she could connect and work out an escape plan if allowed the time, and if she put in the effort. Though her mouth was tightly stuffed by the muzzle with minimal saliva slipping out of her mouth. The gag had tiny holes for her to breathe. She had enough strength to do so deeply despite the restraints. The jungle grunted and moaned more loudly; her body tightening in on itself as the jacket was strapped into place. Her knees bent, shaking slightly as she gazed her eyes down at her feet. Those were mildly uncomfortable, but she took it like any other wild kid in her home.

But with another hard tug yanking on a crotch strap in between her legs, she moaned out loudly again at the sensation with her knees bent upfront and heaved against the muzzle. As she raised her head up, breathing in as much as she could. Miraya panted with sweat formed at her brow, not even resisting. As the crotch strap was yanked over and over again, the jungle girl grunted out her moans. Her head arched up with each sensation that rocked through her body.



Her legs didn't feel limp, but occasionally waved left and right about as she was yanked up roughly. At last, she withstood the indignity, as the strap go into place at the buckle, and it was finally done. She panted as she felt the constricting, heavy embrace of the two jackets, only her head above her neck and everything below her upper thighs still visible.

## Chapter 5

She was taken back to the cell, dragging through the corridors, as she was staggering barely able to balance. Her feet hobbled, her jaw clamped shut, and the weighty jackets threatening to overbalance her.

The nurse shook her to get a reaction. To show the Jungle Girl her situation in the asylum and her struggles. “Now, little monkey. Don’t give us any more trouble.”

They opened the door, and sat her down. A bottle with a straw that was the same as the first one was put in front of her. Miraya tried to pull back and squirm, but she was held rigid. The straw was pushed into the muzzle, slipping into an indentation with a tight squeeze. The tepid fluid entered her mouth through the gag.

The wild girl gasped, spluttered and was ultimately forced to swallow it all. She could feel her throat starting to go numb, and she slumped into the orderlies arms. She noticed that they unhooked her ankle cuffs. She had free movement for now. The strap was wrapped around her cuffs, and they were left ready to be used later, which was the last thing she remembered for some time as she nodded off.

She was shaken awake, feeling as if some time had passed, but she couldn't tell how much. Another senior nurse had arrived with a giant orderly to back her up from any possible actions from their patient. She dropped even further in the jungle girl's view, giving a very bad impression. The nurse brought out a bowl of food that had the appearance and aroma of turgid mud that had formed just after the rain when something porcine had wallowed in it. The muzzle was removed but the jungle girl turned her nose up at the questionable food, and clamped her jaw shut. The nurse tried to force the wild girl to eat the slop with a plastic spoon.

“I ain’t eating that!” Miraya reacted madly, refusing to have her meal with her tongue sticking out. “Looks more like poop than real food.”

In a small victory for the jungle girl, the nurse tried to feed her. But got the gruel on the floor, the jacket and over herself. Despite the spilling, it didn't manage to get any in the patient. Miraya saw she was getting angry with each attempt, and every time the patient managed to thwart her, the grin on little jungle girl's face got wider. She was able to resist the process of feeding her. With just a single orderly holding her, they couldn't control all her wriggling. They were just on their own but weren't so good at holding her still, struggling to stop the jungle girl's wildness. The last straw was when the jungle girl stuck her tongue out at the nurse again. They rapidly clamped her jaw shut before the spoon could be shoved into her mouth.

The nurse glowered at her. “One last chance to do this the civilized way, little monkey.”

But the jungle girl turned her nose up at it again, being too wild and untamable to listen to the nurse and orderly. Her tongue sticking out again and squirmed madly in her jackets. “Oh! Oh! Oh! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!”

The nurse fumed and gestured for the orderly to drag Miraya to her feet. Her ankles were cuffed, as she was roughly dragged out of the cell and into the corridor. It was a short journey to a room that was off the side of the corridor.

The nurse gloated. "Soon you won't have the option to say no."

The room was full of apparatus to hold a resisting recalcitrant patient in place, so that she could be force fed whatever the nurses planned to feed her. The little jungle girl was dragged to specifically heavy piece of furniture. On one side of the room was a big steel highchair. She was roughly pushed into the chair, and a steel tray locked in place in front of her, pinning her to the seat. Her bare feet were pulled under the chair and the strap between her ankle cuffs was secured to the back of the chair, a padded bar was forced under her chin, and she had little movement.

She tried to resist and bite, but the nurses had a thick rubber lined ring gag which she forced into the jungle girl's mouth. There were straps under her chin and behind her head, and the ring was staying in place. The nurse smiled and the patient fumed, as a thick rubber funnel was wedged in the ring gag. The nurse had the bowl of food and a large clear force feeding syringe. She put the syringe in the bowl and sucked up all of the mush. The poor jungle girl struggled as the syringe was pushed into the funnel, and depressed. The aroma of the food was far worse than it looked and the taste was far far worse than the smell. It reminded her of the bits that the vultures would leave behind. It was safe to say that she did not enjoy it one bit, and hated it completely.

She was forced to swallow it while the nurse patted her on the head and continued. Poor Miraya could compare the food to the ground up beetles and moldy pulped fruit all mixed together with the stuff from between her toes. The nurse watched her patient almost turn blue as she tried to avoid having to swallow it. Eventually in order to breath, the patient had to swallow the mush. After she had a tiny opportunity to breath more of, it would be forced into her mouth until the entire lot was gone.

The Nurse moved away, and returned with another bowl. The jungle girl whimpered; she didn't want seconds and her tummy grumbled in protest. The nurse moved closer then pulled the cloth away from the bowl showing that instead of more mush, it was instead filled with fruit and nuts gathered from the jungle. For a second, she was drooling in anticipation while she was strapped into the feeding chair. For a moment she thought that the nurse was not so mean, and that she might have a bit of a relief. The bowl was held under her nose and her tongue reached out almost tasting a sweet berry.

Then the nurse laughed at her. "Silly little monkey. This isn't for you."

The orderlies and nurses then proceed to eat the lot in front of her very slowly while she was being fed the last of the horrid slop. The ring gag was pulled out, and the muzzle went back in stopping her from spiting the last bit of the horrible food at the nurse to end the feeding session. She was humiliated, as they released her from the chair and started to drag her away to her next therapy session in a rough matter.

Miraya wanted to struggle in a playful and sexy matter with her tight, bulky straitjackets on to

calm herself down. As she was carried on the way with the tall and muscular orderlies in their grip, but she couldn't. All she could do was staying quiet as if she was at the library, breathing to herself in and out deeply to ease her angst. It only took a few hallways to walked to the doctor's office for her next treatment. She noticed a light brown door with the doctor's name and a room number on the upper middle. She stood in front to take a deep breath, waiting for the giants to open the door.

When one of them opened it, the jungle girl was hoping they would let her walked in and take a seat more normally, but she wasn't surprised how rough they led her in. She continued to behave with a small winced from the roughness, as she let the orderlies forcefully shoved her down on the metal chair, with the muzzle removed for her to speak in front of the doctor's desk.

## Chapter 6

The office door was slammed and locked behind Miraya. She was held in place with clamps from the chair legs closed around her ankles, to prevent her from escaping. Having done so, the orderlies stood behind the chair waiting. The doctor didn't look up at her, simply continuing his paperwork. Miraya kept herself calm her bravery kept going, wincing from the tight clamps when the orderlies had closed them automatically on her ankles. While the metal chair was cool as ice on her bare legs. It was still uncomfortable as the thrones made of the stone in the jungle's temples and ruins. Miraya kept herself quiet to calm down, trying to comfort herself by thinking the chair was a thick pile of leaves on the ground rather than what she was actually sitting on.

"You'll have to excuse the rough treatment, but then we must keep the straitjackets on you at all times. Of course, with some exceptions, since you're a wild little girl from the jungle." He chuckled to himself.

"Well, let's not muck around, shall we? Let's get started. Now... Why don't you tell me about the jungle, and why you want to stay there?" He asked, leaning back in his notably more comfortable chair with a pen and clipboard.

"I've been dealing with a lot of rough stuff in the jungle, since I was very young, and I'm kind of used to it. Every now and then if I were in the same situations, I know how to handle myself." The jungle girl replied softly to the doctor's excuse casually.

While discussing with the man in the white lab coat, she talked about how big, beautiful, and fun her home was over there for her.

"I had seen the human world at some villages in my home, which I go there sometimes, and other areas on the edge - but nothing truly beats the jungle."

Then she explained to the doctor why she wanted to stay in the jungle for life. Telling him she loved to climb, swing, jump, run, wrestle with some of her animal friends. Hunt for food, fight against poachers and predators. Travel to discover different parts of her enormous home and creatures to do so much as she could to experience all that was there.

"There seemed to be a lot of things I could do over there, and I just don't fit in to your world. No matter how much you try, I considered myself as both an ape and a wolf rather than as a person."

"Incorrect." He said simply with one word, and stepped on a pedal behind his desk. As he did so, a short electric shock went through the metal chair, channeling volts into Miraya.

"To cure you, first you must realize that something is wrong with you. Now, I promise I won't shock you again, even if your answer is wrong. However, there are other devices at my disposal for the treatment. And don't even think of lying just to answer correctly, you need to believe what you are saying. So just let the ... The training affect you. And rest assured if this fails we have other treatments - ones I think you might actually enjoy, come to think of it."

There was a menacing little chuckle, then the doctor continued in his usual bland tone of voice, taking down some more notes. Filling in some of the paperwork for the report on the treatment's progress.

"Everything's an experimental with your case, you see - that's just how unique and deranged you are." He muttered as he filled in more details. "Now, tell me about being a monkey or a wolf."

Miraya moaned slightly, a bit uncertain of her current state; she waited for her doctor to reply without a fight, watching looking at him doing his work. She was wondering what was about to happen next, trying to comfort herself the best she could on the chair. Even though her tight, heavy straitjackets were soft inside, she still felt the tense. She just tried to be relaxed, trying to think - and then it happened.

When the doctor predictably told the jungle girl she was wrong with one simple word, she hated it and was caught by a short minor shock from the chair.

The girl's trapped, slender body heaved with her blues eyes widened, and feeling her heart racing. It felt more as if she was ran over by an elephant than an electrocution. While she hated it when her doctor told her that something was wrong with her when she was actually in a good health condition. Despite who she was and where she came from, she still listened to him questioning more about her behavior, as she began to answer about her ape and wolf upbringings.

"Well, monkeys do have their own fingerprints like we do, they are very playful like me, and they're smarter than other creatures."

"So, having your own fingerprints is something you have in common with monkeys?" The doctor asked rhetorically.

"Procedure 1." He said to the giant orderlies behind Miraya.

The manhandling orderlies removed her from the straitjackets in short order, undoing the straps with lightning speed. The second went out, bringing in a tray with an open container on top, containing a suspiciously viscous see through-fluid. They dipped her fingertips in it one at a time, then put her wrists with her palms facing up in the armrest clamps on Miraya's cold, uncomfortable metal chair.

"Now, as you can see, no fingerprints. I don't see you doing much playing either. It doesn't seem like you have anything in common with monkeys after all. You're not an actually monkey, but you're a deranged idiotic lunatic who just thinks you're a monkey."

"Yeah, our hands are quite like the monkeys." She replied to the doctor, stiffing herself up more on the chair after the shock from it. "We do share a lot of common grounds with them."

She stayed calm, taking another deep breath. The jungle girl felt the striking shock it was hard and painful enough to send her to sleep for recovery in her soft cell.

The jungle girl looked up at the orderlies and the doctor in front of her. Miraya kept herself quietly as they got to work with clamps unlocked on her ankles. She pushed herself up as a giant orderly lifted her. Once she was up off the metal chair, she stood to attention, feet placed together. The beauty breathed softly as the orderlies got to work in undoing the many straps and buckles of the jackets. She shook her head, she remembered them removing the jacket before. Had something happened to her memory, was this the first session or the second session with her doctor? But her head hurt from the shock - It was going a little faster with the restraints being removed.

The jungle girl simply stood to attention, smiling as the orderlies finally freed her from her thick, heavy duty straitjackets. With each strap and buckle that came undone, she was feeling a little more of herself alive with a bit of energy. Her ears twitched with each snap and click made as everything came undone, the weight on her body lightening as the heaviness was stripped away.

She was relaxing more easily once the first layer of the heavy jacket came off of her slender, loincloth-clad body. Her bare, topless chest heaved up and down softly, as the sexy little jungle girl was freed but only for now. She was still trapped in the asylum for crazy people like her.

Her dark tanned-skin brightened with sweat and her black raven hair flowed down to her back like a waterfall. Her stunning blue eyes were beautiful as the rest of her form. As the doctor gave his order, she nodded and said, "Yes, Doctor, as you wish."

The jungle girl had no idea what they were doing to her, feeling like a toyish rag doll, but she did feel something wet on her fingers, like it was a certain kind of blood. Once she was placed back onto the metal chair. She looked down at her slender, near-naked body, realizing the orderlies made her sit on the uncomfortable chair differently, making her feel more uncomfortable.

She looked back up when the doctor showed her no fingerprints and told her that she doesn't seem to have anything in common with monkeys.

"Do you really think everything is so complex?" She chuckled cutely to him with her smile.

"You clearly never seen any ape fingerprints in the jungle on the dirty earth, it's pretty much like ours. I can obviously also climb on trees and swing through them with vines like they do."

"Other humans can climb and swing from vines or ropes, that does not make you suitable for life in the jungle. You are not special, you are just a human, like the rest of us." The doctor continued, taking down more notes.

"All that makes you any different from me is that you think you are special, and you think you belong in the jungle. Once you're cured nothing will stop you from going back, but you won't want to stay there anymore. Now then, tell me about the other animals."

The doctor got up and started pacing around the room with his clipboard, chewing at the end of his pen in thought.

Though, Miraya didn't rolled her eyes in front of the doctor, she still hated what he said about being unsuitable for her home. What she feared the most was what would happen if she was fully converted to human society; her real parents died a long time ago when they were brutally killed by a tiger. The jungle girl hadn't grown up in a city like most people do. She started off as a villager from birth until she was adopted by her wolf pack family when she was five. Which explained why she sometimes visited the villages in her world, every now and then to balance her human side with her ape and wolf upbringings over there like she was doing at the asylum.



## Chapter 7

When her doctor wanted her to speak about other animals in the jungle, she began to talk about wolves.

“Well, wolves are territorial like the same as people, and the alphas formed their own pack of family like people do.”

“Wolves, yes. They follow the alpha, the most powerful of the pack - right now I am the figure of authority, so you should listen to your wolf instincts and do as I say.”

The doctor kept responding as he fastened a weird band around Miraya's forehead, and fiddled with some sort of device behind her. A screen over by the wall came on, showing a cross section of the brain.

“Well of course you're using the frontal lobes for conversation, but you're only truly animalistic if you use some of these other sectors more during your more wild behavior ... This will help us diagnose the issue further.” He muttered to himself, before going and stepping on another pedal behind his desk. Before long, a cage with a wolf inside was brought in.

“I really hate to say this.” She sighed in discomfort. “Since your giants won the prey and predator game, I'll be your good, little prisoner and listen to you like an alpha, and your further up the dominance hierarchy.”

Despite what Miraya said to the doctor, she still wanted to be entirely free from the insane asylum and go back to the jungle where she belonged. The wild girl thought most of the things humans do regularly were overrated and weren't fun to her all. She stiffened herself a little more straightly for her doctor when he placed an additional odd-looking band with a device fastened and slipped down a bit around her forehead; it was more comfortable than her straitjacket or the chair. It reminded her of some of the head bands the female villagers wore.

The jungle girl was still watching what the doctor was doing for a while, until she unexpectedly saw a wolf locked in a cage who was beautiful as her. Except there were a few patches on the side of the wolf's skull as if something bad had happened, with the fur now grown back entirely. She gasped happily in excitement with a little squirming on the chair underneath the clamps, and was happy to have the stimulation.

“You want me to talk with the wolf?” She asked to her doctor, wanting to feel like she was at home much as possible.

“For now. Yes, go ahead.” He allowed, pressing a button to record the audio and data simultaneously.

“Well there's someone who'd be very interested in talking at length with you once you've been cured - they've been studying communication with animals for a long time, but it seems you're the only one who had achieved it ... Unless, as I suspect, you can't and it's merely a delusion

brought on by your sickness." He continued, leaning back in his chair to watch the girl and the wolf.

The jungle girl stared at the wolf to talk with happiness. "Hey, my name is Miraya and I live in a jungle like you used to. Do ya have a name, and what pack you were part of?"

Miraya squirmed on the trapped metal chair, showing how much she wanted to be off of it to come closer to the wolf for her to have a conversation, as she couldn't move and kept talking.

"I want to come closer with ya, but I'm stuck right now in this weird prison."

The wolf was about to reply to Miraya when the door opened, and in stepped a fierce-looking veterinarian. The wolf bowed its head and didn't resist as she fitted a sort of visor to it, connected by some cables to a terminal she had. Spinning colors that were dimmer and in simpler patterns, flashed through the visor, and the wolf stiffened looking at them.

"You do not belong in the jungle, you must stay with your pack. Fit in with the pack and live with them, friend."

The wolf howled, managing to sound so strangely hollow and even spiritless.

"Drat, it's all over the place..." The doctor was muttering in his corner of the room.

"Why are you saying this to me? When other wolves actually welcomed some people in the jungle who are willing to follow our rules?" She asked the wolf in denial, starting to think the creature was also "kidnapped" like it happened to her with one of the silver boxes.

Miraya was in disbelief, squirming on the chair underneath the clamps energetically. She was starting to feel like escaping the asylum and rescuing the wolf. Her tears were shedding out of her beautiful eyes, sliding down onto her face.

"Don't say that again..." She plead more emotionally, bowing her head down for the wolf and stopped struggling. "Why would they do this to you?"

The jungle girl was so sad and upset with some anger mixed within her feelings; she was hating the idea of an animal telling her to go back to the human world. To her, the way the wolf said it to her sounded more like a betrayal than a call for help.

"The wolves didn't know the rules of your pack - if they did, they'd insist on you going back to them and not letting you live in the jungle. You do not belong with us, you must listen to the alpha and return to your pack - that is our law if you want to be really accepted among wolves." The caged animal continued like a tortured recording.

The doctor turned off the screen in frustration, but kept the audio - he popped the drive into a laptop in his drawer, taking it out and starting to work on something.

“Not enjoying your conversation, hmm? It seems that nobody in the jungle thinks you belong there, and nobody out of it thinks so either - you see? Thinking your place is in the jungle is just your delusion, your sickness, your illness, and your wild insanity.” The doctor added cruelly as he worked.

“No.....” Miraya denied it softly in sadness, letting her tears drop out of her eyes like small raindrops. “They welcomed me and let me live there regardless who I am.”

The jungle girl had many animal friends, families, and mentors who meant a lot to her. Not just personally but also dearly with those who were very close and part of her community and culture. If she was fully converted to the human society, the young beauty would never see them again. She had no idea how the caged wolf was raised. She believed the creature was in captivity, thinking it was treated more like a prisoner. She knew how much it would negatively impact her world if that fate went into her entirely.

“I.....am.....not.....sick.” She spoke slowly in a soft tone to her doctor, saying one word at a time with pauses while crying.

“Well, I think that's enough of that for now - just let me know if you ever want to see your new wolf friend again... We could also bring in an ape if you wanted someone else to talk to, I think a few survived my experimentation ...” The doctor continued, waving to the veterinarian, who in response gently removed the visor off of the wolf which stood there vacantly, they rolled the cage and equipment out of the room.

Then the doctor came around and removed the weird band from around Miraya's forehead, patting her head condescendingly.

“Well now, let's continue talking about your unnatural obsession with the jungle. Is it just monkeys and wolves you've interacted with?” He asked, picking the clipboard and pen back up.

The wild girl was mentally in disbelief consumed with sadness; it was hard lifting her head back up, and looking straight ahead. The words the creature had said was painful to her, like it was some form of mind torture. She felt the loosening and the removal of the strange band on her forehead with no care about it, crying about what the wolf said to her. Miraya took a deep breath to calm herself down, feeling too sad and numb to struggle on the uncomfortable chair. She was held by the clamps no matter how desperately she was to escape.

When she heard the doctor's next question about her interaction with the animals in the jungle, she answered to him that apes and wolves weren't the only ones, saying a variety of the wild creatures she knew in person at her home with more pauses.

“Panthers.....snakes.....spiders.....elephants...rhinos...hippos...bears...lions...tigers...vultures...crocodiles....bats....jabbawocks.”

The girl mentioned a lot of animals as many as she could from what she remembered, including creatures that were considered as mythical outside of her world.

“But you associate most with apes and wolves - why aren't you a panther or a snake girl? Or are you claiming you can speak to all of those animals?” The doctor asked incredulously.

“Besides, not all of those exist...”

He muttered, mostly to himself. “Well in any case, all the more reason to leave - even if you talk to most of those animals, you could still get trampled by an elephant or wrapped up and eaten by a snake. Even someone who likes animals as much as you surely do doesn't trust those slithering creepy things.”

It was clear the doctor didn't have much of a taste for reptiles. Though the bats might for him because Miraya was so batty to him.

“I might be close to the gorillas and wolves the most, but I can actually speak to all these creatures.” Miraya replied to her doctor, lowering her eyebrows down in anger rather than sadness, as she began to scream in front of him with some swearing. “They taught me how to survive in the jungle, and I got through so many dangers in one damn piece!!”

The jungle girl simply couldn't take what the doctor said to her while she was crying and letting her tears fall. She went back to her energetic squirming on her metal chair underneath the clamps. Wanting to show her independence to him and the rest of the staff to prove that she was not delusional despite her wild, animalistic behavior. She clearly knew he had never been there, even though it was right down the road.

“Most of you people don't even have the balls to live there, and all of this civilization thing is overrated as hell!!”

“Well, getting all excited will do no good.” The doctor snapped his fingers, and a staff member brought over a syringe with a large needle. Gently pushing it into her arm, the large amount of fluid inside was sucked into Miraya's bloodstream.

“A nice relaxing agent - see how long you can keep struggling now.” He chuckled.

“Well if all this civilization is so overrated, let's see your pathetic wild idiocy overcome it.” The doctor sneered, sitting back to watch the drug take effect.

“How about if you lemme out of this damn prison first, so I can prove it to you!” She replied emotionally to the doctor, squirming on the metal chair and making animal noises while crying. “You're the one who is being delusional and crazy - not me!!”

She tried as hard as she could, to slip her hands out of the clamps but couldn't, and she knew if she tried to do the same with her ankles in a risky matter. Her bare feet would be ripped apart from her body.

“I'll show you what my home really looks like, and I hope bad karma will come to you!”

When the Jungle Girl noticeably saw a staff member, holding a small bottle filled with a certain kind of drug and the doctor holding an injection needle on his right hand, her eyes widened in fear with more tears falling down out of them, wetting her face. They were mixed with her own sweat from all the struggling. “What are you doing?”

Miraya begged her doctor not to put the drug into her body; she cried loudly as she could for mercy, referring to it as a “magic potion knife.” Once the needle stabbed through on her right upper arm with the drug was streaming down into her system, she was no longer crying for help. Instead seeing the psychedelic spirals on her vision and saw colorful words as messages such as “Behave like a good little girl,” and “You were a naughty little girl; just stay calm.”

The jungle girl was in a hypnotic blissful state, letting the drug to numb her body and mind in comfort and relaxation, she was smiling widely in a goofy manner.

“I’m so sorry, master.” She apologized hypnotically to her doctor in a soft, seductive tone with a cute giggle that sounded sexy. “I was being a naughty girl again like before and need to calm down. You own me.”

Her seductive tone was almost too much for the doctor, who quickly swiveled his chair around to face the wall. The orderlies who had brought her in behind the chair were being gentler as they undid her restraints and began putting the straitjackets back on her. They tightened the straps slowly, squeezing her tightly as much as she could be squeezed in the jacket. Her neck was choked for just a moment as the collar strap was tightened with a loud gulp, and the tight waist covering made her gasp loudly in an erotic way.