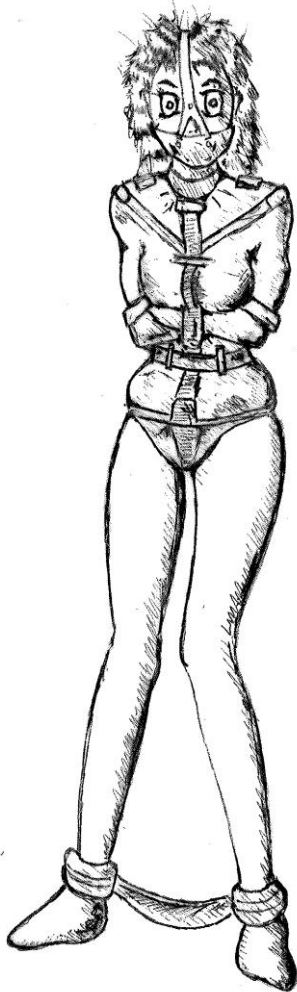


Rumble in the Jungle – Part 2

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Chapter 8

She was fully cocooned both in her straitjacket and the transport jacket, as one of the giant orderlies carried her out of the doctor's office, walking through the hallways and corridors until they were finally at her cell with the door already opened. The orderly quickly tossed her in and locked it behind them, with their footsteps pattering as she walked off.

“Weeeeeeeeeeeeeee!!!!” She screamed excitedly from the rough toss.

Within an hour, the colors were fading out until the trapped jungle girl's view was back to normal. Knowing she was laying on the soft, spongy floor, squirming helplessly and wildly in her jackets.

“I hate playing games with that bastard.” She growled mildly with her eyebrows down in

anger, referring to the doctor and her treatments. She stood herself back up with a hunch to sit on the left corner of the padded walls. "He is evil, sick and twisted as the poachers, wanting to make me as a prisoner and a plaything simply because of who I am."

Once she sat back on the corner, she was having no idea what would happen next after her stay in the asylum, seeing the human world more as the unknown than a home. She thrashed wildly in her bulky jackets to find any possibilities to rip it into pieces for freedom. Wiggling her bare legs and drumming them on floor with some loud grunts, and waving her black hair, shaking her head.

"NO! NO! NO!" She screamed helplessly, letting out her own anger and wildness while struggling. "I need help and to break free!"

She bumped on the corner up and down, back and forth with her back dozens of times. Making low monkey noises and breathing quickly with her legs bend up, and half of her face covered by her hair. Until she finally stopped to rest and struggle again for later, breathing deeply to calm herself down.

"I'm....in....Hell. Help me.....please..." She whispered softly with a few pauses and her mind filled with sadness, anger and wildness. The untamed jungle girl was truly mad.

She had little time to wallow in sorrow and frustration or to lament her lost freedom. As in short order the door to her cell burst open with a large orderly standing on the threshold staring down at her, and a nurse behind them, fiddling about with something in her hands. They had arrived to drag her away to the next therapy session. Miraya was stubborn, trying to back away into a corner of the cell bracing her feet wide getting ready to resist, struggle and remain put she didn't want to find out what they planned for her. The nurse grinned and pulled two items out from behind her back.

"Nooooooooo! Stop it already!" She screamed madly with, struggling in her jackets again with monkey noises. "Eh! Eh! Eh! Ah! Ah! Ahhhhhh!"

The first item was the set of ankle cuffs but they had a shorter strap between them that would significantly hobble the little jungle girl's stride. The second was the gag that had been applied to her before.

The nurse smiled. "We know how to deal with naughty little monkeys like you."

The orderly was fast, roughly grabbing the jungle girl's ankle and dragging her out of the corner. The nurse was suddenly sitting on her pressing the gag into her mouth. The jungle girl cried, but a hand clamped over her nose, feeling herself barely able to breath. She tried to suck in air and her mouth was levered open, she was muzzled again in short order.

Though the size of the object inside the muzzle silencing her seemed a lot larger. perhaps it was her imagination or perhaps something had been changed due to something that she had said to the doctor. She bit down on it trying to chew it away. The rubber bung was definitely larger, and she couldn't even make that much noise. Her jaw was aching from the sensation of being stretched around the object.

In the time that her attention was on the muzzle, the orderly had put the cuffs on her ankles

and tightened them up. The nurse patted her on the head and got up off her body. She was pulled to her feet by the pair with the ankles cuffed, and the orderly got a good stiff grip on the back of her collar and she was roughly frog marched out of the cell. The nurse shut the door and started to lead them forwards to the next unpleasant surprise waiting for the jungle girl.

Miraya hated the ankle cuffs; her stride was limited to a pathetic shuffle and she couldn't maintain a good rhythm to her walk. She had trouble keeping up with the orderly as she was dragged up and down through the corridors, shoved into a goods lift and taken to a different floor. She was paraded around a couple more corridors. Finally, she arrived at a new location that were rooms 1- 10 labeled Therapy S. Her sensitive ears could hear the sound of muffled cries and rhythmic thumping, as if someone was playing the drums. The cries were not of someone singing along to music or humming away to a drum. Listening to them they were full of pain, fear and desperation. Miraya felt a shiver run down her spine as she wondered what awaited her.

The nurse looked very pleased with herself, and the fact that she was going to enjoy administering the next round of therapy impressed upon the jungle girl that she would not enjoy receiving the next round of therapy one little bit. Finally, as she was on the precipice of being dragged into the room waiting for her she managed to get a look through the window on the adjacent room. Through the wire mesh in the window. She saw some one woman in a pair of panties strapped to a frame, and a machine that was paddling her rear relentlessly with a paddle striking her every few seconds eliciting a sorrowful moan.

The young and beautiful woman must have been there some time. She was reduced to a pitiful whimpering broken mess while desperately chewing on a muzzle, struggling to get free from her bonds bent over the middle of the bench with her rear held high in the air. The paddle struck and new tears rolled down her cheeks. Miraya was allowed to watch for a few seconds with each passing impact she saw the light in the other patient's eyes die by a fraction, and she was diminished, as her resistance was demolished under the mechanized assault.

Miraya pulled on her restraints to try and get away; she didn't want to be placed in the same predicament as the poor sobbing, broken woman. Her new therapy was going to be some sort of corporal punishment to discipline and break her. She pulled at the jacket, and tried to kick her feet against the ankle hobble her restraints held her. She screamed into her gag but it was mute. They had put the larger gag into her mouth to silence her cries in preparation. The jungle girl's eyes were big and round as a pup, and full of fear. By the look of the fate of that poor woman, the spanking was quite a heavy punishment to inflict upon a patient. She had to be strong or they would break her and "cure" her.

The nurse looked at the other cell then to Miraya, "She was a bad girl who didn't want to play with everyone else and so we had to break her."

The jungle girl's eyes darted around the room. She saw a table that was covered with straps raised in the middle. There were machines to the side of it which would if switched on mindlessly and mercilessly tenderize whoever was strapped to the bench. There were cabinets with more restraints and implements of torture, or would that be therapy! The jungle girl could feel the sweat running down her forehead. She didn't want to be in this place. But the door was locked, and she couldn't fight both the nurse and the orderly especially with her

body restrained like this.

She felt the outer jacket released then peeled off. They were slowly stripping her out the rest of the restraints, revealing her slender loincloth-clad body. After what seemed to be ages her arms relaxed and hung from her sides, feeling the pins and needles running up and down her sore limbs. It was amazing how much pain simply having her arms immobilized for a long period of time caused. They removed everything apart from the muzzle, so they would need that to keep her shouts of pain muffled. She tried to resist as she was brought over to the padded bench. She didn't want to get a closer look, but they insisted on showing her it anyway.

The frame that was about to accommodate; her slender nubile body was bolted to the floor with supports that were tied to the steel frame of the building. There were lots of sadistic options and accessories on the principle device and lots of things that looked rather painful held on racks where the staff could take a more hands on approach to the therapy. This didn't seem to be something constructive to the jungle girl. This would not heal anyone as the insane asylum claimed to be. They were just punishing people that didn't agree with them nor do they believe in them. They were not trying to help them, they were trying to break them, to be driven by insanity. She remembered seeing a man who beat his pet dog with the hollow look in its eyes. It was like that wolf she had seen in the cage; a shiver ran up her spine in fear.

She was gently laid onto the bench with her rear pointing up. A thick broad black strap was used to hold her down at her waist. She watched in fear as the end of the strap was sucked into the machine and made so tight she couldn't wiggle. More straps framed her buttocks and she was secured in place unable to escape the device. Her torso was forced down and her slender neck was secured to the padding with a chokingly tight strap. She could look up to see some of the room and the knees of the nurse and orderly, as they kept working on the machine.

With her behind sticking up she made a very promising target, but she still had a little bit too much wiggle room for the nurse's liking. Mittens were pulled over her hands, then more straps were used holding her wrists and elbows down to the machine. Her arms were held out of the way bent at her sides folded, so that they were no trouble. More straps were added at her ankles and behind her knees to give her even less room to maneuver. Even her big toes were strapped down. The nurse looked at her, and then added a few more straps.

The nurse pulled a lever on the side of the machine, and all the straps grew really tight, sinking into the padding and welding Miraya in place. The nurse patted her bottom, not wanting to rip off her loincloth off. She could hit her patient's topless naked back, bottom legs or even the soles of her feet without difficulty. The little jungle girl felt trapped and exposed, she was unable to resist.

The nurse kissed her on the side of the head, "Don't cry yet, sweet stuff."

She was mocking the jungle girl calling her a "monkey girl" and other certain terms as a patient. There was dread and fear threatening to bubble up in the patients stomach, as she waited for the torture to start. She pulled at the bonds and didn't even manage to shift her body in the slightest, as they were held that tightly. The nurse laid a hand on the wild girl's bottom. And a bark of anger at being touched tried to escape the muzzle.

The nurse started with just her hands landing a light blow on the patient's right buttock, then alternating to the left, building up a slow tempo. She ran a hand down the jungle girl's spine. After strapping her to the padded bench, the jungle girl couldn't resist what was happening to her. She was going red as her thigh received a stinging blow. Where the jungle girl was bent over so tightly, she presented her round bottom up to the nurse ripe to be spanked, so the nurse obliged her patient indulging herself.

After ten minutes it would be hard to say which was a deeper shade of Miraya's red bottom underneath the bikini-like loincloth or her face. She was enraged red with anger at the affront of the nurse as she chewed on her muzzle. She wanted to bite and scratch, but the mittens and the muzzle prevented her even if she could have somehow removed the straps and escaped the bench. The nurse looked her in the eyes and the jungle girl stared back unflinchingly challenging her; her will was not broken. The nurse laughed a sadistic chord and moved over to the wall.

She approached a rack and plucked out one implement of torment. She was going to switch up her assault to something a bit more substantial. She had a hand made leather paddle two pieces of thick leather stitched together around a wooden dowel that made the handle it was black, and burnished a foot long including the handle and looked very nasty. It made an ominous thwacking sound, as it landed on the nurse's open palm. She grinned and slowly walked back to the jungle girl.

Where the hand spanking had a slow measured pace to it. This time, the nurse let the blows rain down full of fury and cruelty. The paddle landed on the patient's exposed legs slowly moving up her body. The jungle girl hissed, cried and howled into the jaw breaking gag. The nurse focused on her patient's well-toned buttocks with each impact the entire frame shook with at least the occupant, and the padding around them did.

The nurse gave her a measured look and the jungle girl stared back with smoldering defiance. Her anger was burning like a forest fire with so much hate, and futile was her resistance, but she wouldn't break yet. The nurse shrugged and returned the paddle to its original place. She removed a thin springy rod and flexed it then swung it through the air like a whip cracking it against the restraint frame. The nurse had the satisfaction of seeing the jungle girl flinch in anticipation of the next escalation of the therapy.

The next strikes were the worst both quick and exceedingly painful. It was like Miraya had found a hornets nest and they were stinging her all over. The senior nurse briefly used the thin cane on the soles of her feet two swift strikes that brought lines of agonizing pain. A crisscross pattern of blows along the back of her legs. Then three lines across her bottom and two more cracks across her back. They were delivered in a short space of time and really stung. Miraya let one tear roll down her face, then her head dropped as if she was dead. The nurse put the tip of the cane under her chin, and lifted it up with a grin that looked unpleasant to the wild beauty. The jungle girl blinked and stared at the nurse, wishing intently that her eyes had the power to kill with a glance. She was reduced to defiantly staring at the woman who still seemed to think that this was a funny game.

The nurse cracked her fingers limbered up her shoulders, then raised the cane she aimed for the patient's face, and brought it down. The jungle girl didn't flinch as the object stopped two inches away from her eyes.

The nurse nodded a little respect in her eyes, “Stubborn only lasts so long, little thing.”

The nurse tapped the cane on the side of the machine, then walked over and put it back on the rack. The nurse seized the jungle girl’s hair and pulled her head back up, “You’re quite cute for a crazy kid. When your properly house broken, the two of us will have a bit of fun. But until then, I guess this is just fun for me.”

The nurse then moved onto the automated machinery; she had a control attached to the machine by a cable with a few button clicks, and the twisting of a few dials the machine spun to life.

The jungle girl’s already tenderized rump was struck with small rotating straps. A flogger on a cylinder moved up and down her backside. The orderly returned with two cups of coffee. The jungle girl started to cry as she was left alone with the relentless machine while the asylum staff take a long coffee break. They came back and the machine was still relentlessly disciplining the jungle girl's rear end. But her eyes; they weren’t the eyes of a broken puppet. They were red with rage and more, blood shot and full of hate with her very red bottom to match underneath her skimpy loincloth.

When the machine was switched off, she half expected the nurse to get the cane but didn't. The jungle girl was exhausted from struggling and crying into her gag. She was fed up of being humiliated by this therapy. They had something else to do to her, making her struggle, as they advanced but it wasn't more pain for a change. They worked some sort of cream into her bruises. For a moment, the red marks seemed to go numb, and the ointment made it feel slightly better as if her sore limbs had been placed in cool water, fading the marks out. Miraya was released from the frame, as she tried to resist but failed due to her exhaustion. They put her back into her restraints without much issue despite her glowering.

Chapter 9

Before they had quite finish packing her up tightly into the last layer with the jacket, the door of the therapy room opened up. A junior doctor arrived to review the therapy session. They briefly looked over the patient notes and talked to the nurse and orderly. The doctor looked over the jungle girl's red sore bottom underneath the loincloth, then saw the look in her eyes before the garment covered around her waist entirely.

The young junior doctor who was in her twenties flinched as she saw that look in Miraya's face. She was not sure what was going on exactly, but there was one thing that patients could always do with: When in doubt and when they looked that angry it was procedure to increase the level of restraints.

The nurse finished tightening the sleeveless jacket and the orderly moved off, returning with a pile of steel. The clanking metal and the sounds made Miraya very nervous. To add to her already complete overkill bondage of the muzzle, straitjacket, transport jacket and leather ankle cuffs. The orderly set about adding some steel cuffs above the leather ones. There was a steel collar around her neck with steel shackle down to her waist, and lots of thick chain wrapped around her to weigh her down. As a passing insult, the doctor linked her ankles to the new waist chain. She was forced to crouch down putting her off balance as if she was a hunchback. It was deliberately too short and heavy to be comfortable. She was wobbling about from the weight of the belt, the chains, and the cuffs. The cruel staff seemed to think it was hilarious.

“What’s the matter? The jungle girl lost her sense of balance? A crazy kid like you needs that.”

The trapped jungle girl lowered her eyes brows in anger, screaming and moaning emotionally in silent against her muzzle in front of the doctor with her legs bent down. Both physically and mentally, she was too weak and exhausted to struggle violently after all the hard spanking that was so relentless. She acted like a helpless victim for a moment, driven by the madness. In the staff members’ theory, the previous treatments she had endured would “cure” her. They would force her to convert into human society. But the reality was, her wildness increased to another level, going deep into her heart pounding insanity in this place.

All she could do was cry and breathe deeply, to suck the air into her cocooned body. Wet saliva dripping out of her gagged mouth like rain with her head tilted down upfront and eyelids twitching. The first doctor Miraya met came to see her, asking a simple question while removing the muzzle off of her beautiful face. “How are you feeling right now?”

With her mouth freed again, the jungle girl heaved for more air. It felt more like she was suffocating than being taken care.

“You’re making me feel like shit, you sick bastards!” Miraya barked angrily with profanity.

“Watch your language, kid.” The Nurse called out to her like a parent. “If you say that again or spit in front of anyone, you’ll be taking the deep muzzle back in your mouth.”

The jungle girl gulped with a child-like face full of fear. The doctor went closer to her, rubbing the head atop for comfort and trying to ease the situation for the patient with a grin.

“No matter how much of a wild imbecile you are, everything will be alright.”

The trapped beauty hated it, he called her stupid. It was simply because who she was, which made her growl softly. Her animal friends and families gave her all the education she needed to live in the jungle for life.

“You have another treatment that could possibly work for her?” The junior doctor asked.

“Not really.” He answered with a friendly grin. “I think what we really need to give her right now is some activity.”

With a quick snap of the fingers, the tall and muscular orderlies began to undo the same restraints, starting with all of the ankle cuffs. Once they were removed, Miraya could finally move again with her legs, taking tiny steps and doing some stretching and lifting one of her legs up, wiggling her feet. She was still feeling the extreme heaviness of her restraints, but with nothing around the ankles, and she could stand up straight with her best strength.

Soon the steel collar was unlocked that slowly slipped off of from her other collared neck. Miraya tried to bent down. To move her upper body a little shifting from behind, but her self-hugging cocoons had considerable limitations for certain movements.

“Don’t worry.” The doctor said to his patient. “They’ll take your jackets off when you get to the next session.”

Finally, the orderlies moved on to the steel waist shackle, they unlocked it, placing it down gently onto the floor. Miraya stepped over the shackles and chains, squirming cutely in her jackets. They were wary for any movements she had; she was trying to move without trying to struggle like the mad women she was supposed to be from the staff’s point of view, and she didn’t even want to set them off.

“While we’ll let you walk to the next room, you can go, but not without our orderlies with you.” He said to the jungle girl. “It’s for your safety.”

“You heard the doc, crazy kid.” One of the giant orderlies said to Miraya, reaching behind her to place their hand on a strap on the back of the jacket to get a good grip, as the other orderly did the same. “Time to move out.”

They escorted her out along all of the rooms and corridors, leading her into the cell hallways.

“Wait, you big gorillas aren’t taking me back to that soft cave thing again?” The wild beauty asked nervously to the giants, referring to their sizes and her padded prison.

“No, the doc isn’t lying to ya, kid.” They answered her question, walking continuously to lead her patient where she was really being taken to. “We’re taking ya to special room made specially for people like you.”

They were finally out of the cell hallways, walking through the ones that were more normal with green walls and regular doors. Miraya sighed and closed her beautiful blue eyes gently with relief. With the halls like them, she was more comfortable, as it looked and felt more closer to her home. Once the orderlies stopped, at she was staring at one of the doors in front

of her and the giant orderlies.

The door looked slightly more friendly than some of the others. At least this one had a coat of pastel green paint slapped haphazardly upon it, and the nurse obscured the details. There was a key turned in the lock and one of the brawny giants slowly opened the door, as Miraya slowly approached to her new therapy.

There was a gust of fresh air, well fresher ... It smelled, well it was definitely different. The nurse stood to one side and ushered her in. The jungle girl looked at the sign on the side of the room; it simply said jungle gym with a picture of a grinning monkey wearing a red and white sweatband and lifting a weight of some sort in one hand, their arm flexing.

She was hesitant to go on in; Miraya looked about and cautiously saw that there was the largest open area that she had seen while being trapped in this place. The walls were easily twice as high as the corridor, it didn't feel so oppressive, as if she had found a clearing. There was a breeze of some sort. She saw a duct at one end of the ceiling with a solid grill locked over it. There was a corresponding duct at the other end, also barred with a second solid grill. She could smell the air there was a very faint hint of her home. This room actually had some airflow to the outside world a hint of fresh air was a bitter sweet sensation, but she had trouble recounting how long she had been in this place with the disruption to her sleep and the drugging - It made her very worried indeed.

She looked up the ceiling trying to judge the distance, it had been painted blue and white. It was almost like she was looking up at the sky, which was designed to give the room the feeling that it was larger than it actually was. She looked up spotting several toy parrots and macaws posed as if they were in flight, hanging from plastic lines attached up to the ceiling. They were positioned at slightly different heights and slowly turned in the air flow from one duct to the other. The jungle girl felt a small glimmer of hope. She was forming a plan, if there was fresh air from the ducts, then they lead outside.

If she could follow them or get into them perhaps she could see the outside again; she just had to get out of these restraints and then up to the duct and pull the grill off. Then she could get away - but this plan still had quite a bit of work to be done.

A lot of the small details needed to be worked out; the very faint scent of the familiar against this alien place was a very big relief and at the same time, it caused her a great deal of regret. She was sorely missing her home and her friends, howling in sadness.

At some point while they were planning the construction of this institution, they had added a huge well play area for the inmates to exercise. Something to stimulate the senses the mind, and the body with vivid sights and sounds. In the background, there was the sound of animal calls mostly bird songs running on a loop. They had obviously taken the jungle outside as inspiration for this place. But looking around, it was more like they had crafted this place from a book of pictures rather than actually going there. As if an architect hundreds or thousands of miles away had commissioned this, rather than someone going out the door and looking down the road.

Miraya looked at the walls they had been painted fairly skillfully with pictures of plants from the jungle, but the sizes were all wrong and there were plants mixed together that would not

grow together. Still compared to the rest of this sterile lifeless place, this room looked and felt a little like the jungle she knew. She saw the stuffed animals leaning against the wall; A giraffe with its neck too short, a monkey with its arms too long, and many more sitting there with their glassy eyes staring into oblivion at the pretty views.

She slowly approached the room, and there was a rubber threshold strip that almost caught her left ankle, then a padded flooring she stumbled on as she got used to moving on the spongy surface.

She moved closer to one of the stuffed animals, sniffing it and nudging the toy that was a large silver gorilla. She tapped it with her right bare foot. It was made from some sort of foam like the flooring, it seemed made to be played with roughly, and it was something for the patients to have some sort of stimulus. But it was nothing like the real thing even the pose looked very artificial and ungainly from her point of view. She moved and walked around the room, as she sniffed and squinted. Most everything was made of wrapped in or stuffed with the same sort of durable rubber padding.

There was the scent of air fresheners blended to hide the smell of the rubber ones that smelled less like bleach and disinfectant. Still it was better than the padding of her cell that was impregnated with the scent of sweaty feet from barefoot patients pacing up and down over the floor. In this room, they had wrapped the same padding around into bundles and covered it with a texture that looked almost like a tree bark. These objects were spaced all around the edges of the room that had branches all made from some sort of foam rubber with leaves painted on. She soon found that she was going to bounce off one bit after another without hurting herself or damaging the display to keep all of it as patient safe as possible.

She looked around for a way to mantle up to the vents and swing over. Everything was out of her reach, so that she couldn't get to anything that might have been able to help her escape. Miraya looked up it was too far to jump, not that she could jump very far in the jackets that were thick, heavy and tight. There was a balcony around the room, but it looked more decorative than serving a proper function. An architect's folly rather than a place that someone could sit and observe. It had some practical purpose, there was just a place to put some controls lights and fixing points, there were some actual plants at high level, and they did spill down from the balcony they had disguised its presence at first.

The jungle girl looked at the nearest vine and gave it a good long look with a little sniff. She shook her head, since they were plastic reproductions and all artificial. She looked around and then sat down folding her legs, squirming in her cocooned prison. She sighed deeply; it felt hollow. As if the place was mocking the girl for her wildness like if it was parody of her real home. She looked up at the vent, but the distance was insurmountable, feeling her gut twisting inside her body. Why had she put her nose into that silver box? she cursed her cruel fate.

In her frustration she tugged at her straitjackets, but again as per every other time she had tried very hard, it didn't budge even a little. She looked around the room there was nothing with an edge of any sort. She understood that the various rubber covered pieces of apparatus coated with the very basic jungle theme formed a track of sorts. It would work out as sort of gymnasium assault course. The nurse and orderlies were planning to give the jungle girl lots of exercise while going through the little course. It would burn off all her excess energy and get her into a more manageable state through exhaustion.

The nurse pointed out the course and she expected the jungle girl to take the activity. Weaving through some obstacles climbing over some others, and crouching down below some more. Of course, in her current state, the jungle girl really didn't want to do any strenuous exercise, especially dragging around all her tight restraints. With the weight and bulk of the jackets, she was ungainly. She could just imagine how hot it would be doing all the other exercises. It would not feel exactly very good. There would be chafing around her neck and between her legs. The fetters that were on her legs before they were removed would make moving a true pain, limiting her stride. She had not been muzzled in a while, but at least she could breathe properly without chewing on the rubber bung again, and be ready to pass out.

“Go on, get some exercise naughty monkey.” The orderly glowered back, feeling that this was done to deliberately humiliate her to show her how powerless she was in this place.

“Then why won't you take these off of me?” The jungle girl asked about her jackets who was cute, sexy, and wild enough to be in them tightly regardless.

Miraya hesitantly moved her toe onto the first piece of apparatus; she was cautious of the foam moving under her, but took a couple of steps along a low balance beam that was padded to look like a log. She shuffled up to the end of it, and jumped off onto a section that looked like a white gray toad stool. She could hear in the background, as they were playing the songs of the birds, but there was no life to it, no reaction to her movement or anything else. She paused and was not sure of the jump onto the next beam, but they suddenly added persuasion and broke her from her moment of reflection.

The nurse hit her on the rump with a crop, adding one sting on-top of what she had endured earlier. She almost fell off the stand but held her balance, pushed herself forwards, and started to move, jumping from one padded section to the next. Her feet didn't get a good grip on the edge, as she slipped fell, bouncing off the padding and rolled to a stop. They came over and looked down at her grinning, but they didn't help the jungle girl get up, as she had to fight to stand back up with a grunt of effort and some flailing of her feet. With the layered jackets, she was almost like a tortoise flipped over. A small roll a push, then she was standing. She had learned, and slowly moved back to the start of the course for another go. This time, she managed to clear that jump, and scurried from that obstacle to the next.

She made it half way around the circuit, ducking under padded hoops and jumping over padded rubber designed to look like shrubs, then she had to hop over a series of bars designed to look like tree roots. They got narrower with little gaps between them, as she was finding it very hard going and she felt herself tumble over. The nurse stood over her and planted the crop on her back. The jungle girl squirmed like a worm up against the side of the wall and back up on her feet, not wanting to be punished again. She tried to move back to the apparatus where she had fallen off. The nurse stood in front of her and shook her head, pointing to the start of the course with the crop.

Miraya had to start it all again that made her thought about giving the nurse a flash of defiance, then she looked at the crop and considered her current predicament. The jungle girl started to slowly shuffle back to the start of the course. The restraints were sapping her energy very quickly and she was boiling hot in the tight confines of the jackets like if it was the hottest day of the year with no shade and being baked in an oven.

Still she was getting used to walking on the padding, and was used to the course, thinking she could go again. She made steady progress up to the same point where she had failed. She took a deep breath and moved forwards, looking at the crop and hopped very precisely through the obstacle. She was past it, then moving onto the next, pasting two more, as she found a bar that moved as you put weight on it. That took three tries and three more treks round the course for her to overcome. Then soon after that, she found herself hitting a wall, well a very steep ramp, try as she might just slid down it, but wasn't able to climb the steep obstacle without the use of her arms.

As she slowed down, the nurse approach her with the crop, trying a bit harder and still didn't achieve any more progress despite a few more applications of stinging motivation. The nurse looked thoughtful, then beckoned one of the orderlies over, taking something off the giant's belt from their pants that dropped onto the floor with their boxers revealed and walked over to the jungle girl. She grabbed her roughly by the collar of the jacket and pulled her close so that there was inches between their eyes.

The nurse towered over the petite prisoner. "I guess I need to motivate you harder than before."

The nurse held a black box in front of her patient's eyes. She thumbed a switch on the side off it. Two metal prongs extended. The nurse was showing Miraya a crackling taser, and her eyes went wide and round, shuddering against the so-called "medical instrument." She tried to pull back away from the sparking electrodes, but the nurse held her still tightly

"Don't kill me with that thing!" Miraya screamed in horror. "Lemme go already!!"

Chapter 10

The nurse held the button down and the prongs extended further, and more sparks erupted from them crackling menacingly. She let go of her patients collar, then the jungle girl assaulted the gym apertures with new vigor and unbridled stamina- She started moving much faster.

In the past, the curious jungle girl had poked a discarded bit of broken electrical equipment left on the jungle floor. That device had still had a battery in it, which she remembered the shock, and once was enough, knowing she didn't want to find out what the taser would feel like.

Miraya leaped up the apparatus going as fast as her legs could go; she got just so far and her jaw bit onto the edge of the platform above her. She was held in place for a moment with the scurrying of her feet, but she slowly lost her grip and slid down the ramp. The nurse was waiting for her at the bottom with a disappointed look on her face. The jungle girl screwed her face up, expecting some kind of punishment.

The nurse shrugged, she turned to the orderlies, "Let her out of the jackets."

They moved forward while the nurse looked at her coldly "This is a privilege. Don't abuse it or you will never be let out of that jacket again, and there are far less comfortable jackets in this institution halls."

The jungle girl looked around thinking, if she made some sort of mad dash for the door or decide to try and fight the nurse. Then the orderlies would taser her into twitching submission, then back into her jackets she would go. She didn't resist as the jackets was undone and peeled away from her body, revealing her slender, near-perfect form with only a bikini style loincloth on. It felt good to have the air on her skin and the collar away from her neck. With the fetters already off of her ankles, she was feeling good because her body and the circulation was not restricted. She was not bound or gagged for a change; she simply just wondered how long it would last.

The nurse put the crop under her chin, "Your limbs have been constrained for so long, you need to limber up."

The answer to the jungle girl's question was that she would remain un-restrained as long as she played along. The nurse made her stretch her nubile, young body her arms above her head, and her arms behind her back. She was told to bend over and touch her toes, forcing to spread her legs and hold that position.

The jungle girl was humiliated and embarrassed turning crimson to be paraded around this way, but she didn't want to be punished or put back in her restraints, so she continued to comply. Then the nurse told her to hold a pose with her head down arms behind her body, as she felt her all over on the pretense of making sure that her limbs were all right that the circulation was adequate.

After prancing around and stretching for the nurses assessment, as well as enduring the session of groping, the jungle girl was let loose on the apparatus. She moved very fast, her toes gliding over the equipment, she had her arms to balance and help mantle. She had her

full stride, making it through the assault course in record time. She was exuberant, and the last obstacle that had soundly defeated her before was overcome in moments.

She sat on the finishing line feeling a lot better. The nurse looked at her and grinned. She held up a remote and pressed it. Hydraulic pistons moved under all of the pieces of gym apparatus, and it all raised up further off the floor. The distance between them increased making the course harder.

The nurse smiled. "Now, little monkey. Do as you are told to and do it ten more times!"

Miraya looked dismissively at the nurse; it was not actually that difficult to move without the restraints, considering she was a fit young lady. Her body was toned and lithe, and she was used to swinging from vines, climbing trees, swimming, and moving around in the jungle that made this obstacle course seem like a walk in the park to her. She would thought of something worse than ten circuits of this course just to move a few miles through the jungle. She darted off around the course adjusting her movements for the greater gaps and the higher climbs.

The nurse looked infuriated that ten laps had not dented the smile on the jungle girl's face. Twenty more didn't do it and the nurse looked tired from just watching her bounce over the apparatus.

She looked sower, "Okay, enough exercise. Now it's time to wrap you up nice and tight and shove you back in your cell."

Miraya looked at her, "Please don't wrap me up in those cocoons."

The nurse smiled, "Okay, I can give you another option."

She walked over to a soft toy and spun it around there was a zip at the back she pulled it open to show that there was a space inside that was hollow. If you folded someone's arms and legs over and squeezed them in really tight, they could just about fit- but they would be completely helpless.

The jungle girl looked at the odd padded restraint the nurse held and back at the pile of canvas that they were going to bundle her up in tightly.

The nurse tried to make the other option more enticing but failed, "Once I put you in this little toy, I can cuddle you like a baby, so I can take you to my room and we can have some fun."

She showed her patient the inside of the soft toy, "This little rubber gag will keep you nice and quiet no matter how much you scream, the inside lining inflates and gets so tight, you will be so snug and tight and also cute and helpless to resist me."

The jungle girl felt a bead of sweat run down her forehead; she had a very bad feeling about the nurse and that alternative option. Feeling that if she volunteered to be put inside it, she would not be getting out for a very long time, and the nurse would keep her as little more than a pet. She took one look at the nurse with a lascivious look in her cruel eyes and moved closer to the regulation restraints. She didn't want to get out of the frying pan and fall in the

proverbial fire.

Before the senior nurse could do anything, the door to the room opened and someone else strode in a tall commanding red head. The nurse panicked and threw the stuffed toy restraint suit behind a piece of equipment. Miraya reasoned that this nurse must be more senior than the other. Some sort of head nurse, as soon she had arrived with the other people showed her deference, respect and a bit of fear. She wore the standard nurses uniform but there were two blue stripes on it.

The nurse and orderlies quickly tackled the jungle girl down in case of possible attempts to escape, putting her back in the restraints both roughly and tightly. The head nurse looked over and tutted, grabbing the muzzle and twisted something behind it. Suddenly, the jungle girl felt like she was being force fed an entire grape fruit. The intrusion continued, her jacket was tightened up until it felt like she was wearing a boa constrictor rather than a straitjacket. The straps around her ankles started to cut in and the hobble was reduced to a very short shuffle.

The transport jacket was pulled over her, and the head nurse tightened up the restraints yet again. The nurse spoke to the orderlies. They returned with more accessories to make their patient's life a little bit more futile. Again, the pile of chains and bands of steel were fastened back on to her body. All of this were for her after she had limbered up, and it was still probably better than the inside of the soft toy.

The head nurse dismissed the orderlies, "Take the patient back to her cell."

Miraya was practically dragged away; she heard a snatch of conversation from the room.

The head nurse glowered at the other nurse. "I am not blind! I saw your little toy; you don't get to play with the patients! Now, I am going to put you inside your own little pet project for a day or so and see how you like it!"

As head of the nurse department opened the door, the giant orderlies lifted and carried the poor helpless jungle girl, knowing how impossible it would be for her to walk with her jackets and the heavy restraints on back to the cell, even if she went out there by herself. Miraya cried in sadness again, tears pouring out of her eyes while sucking on her muzzle like a pacifier.

She felt her time without the restraints was way too limited and also felt too weak to struggle - she so wanting to escape the hellish asylum badly.

After passing through a few halls, the giants and the trapped wild girl were finally at the cell hallways. She was told they weren't tossing Miraya back to her padded cell just yet. The beauty was feeling more frightened about them than before with more tears coming out of her icy blue eyes, hoping they won't abuse her horribly. The orderlies led her into a closet with a plain gray door opened, placing her down gently onto the floor with her bare feet, and closed it behind to undo her restraints with the exceptions of the thick jackets.

Chapter 11

While carrying her through the hallways, one of the orderlies could hear her cry, realizing that she wasn't treated well with enough time to play in the massive gym, and it was badly unfair for the free spirited girl.

"Do ya think we went too far on this kid?" The orderly asked the another while still walking and carrying her safely in their partial grip.

"I dunno." The other orderly replied, wanting to shrug while carrying the patient with them. "I'm just doing my job."

Once the muzzle was finally off, Miraya was about to scream at her profanely with anger other than sadness, telling them to send her back home. But one of the giants covered her mouth quickly, as she told the jungle girl to be quiet.

"Everything is alright." The orderly whispered quietly to the wild girl. "You don't want us to get in trouble."

The cocooned jungle girl breathed and sobbed, squirming in the jackets helplessly. The other giant placed Their hand atop Miraya's head and rubbed it for comfort. "We'll let ya out of them to play in the gym."

They removed their hand to let the wild beauty speak to them.

"You mean it?" She asked more seriously while being quiet, looking up to them into their faces and squirming in her jackets.

The giants nodded, lifting and carrying her out of the closet, walking through the halls of the cells. "Just calm yourself down and give yourself a nap. You'll wake up in the gym later today."

The jungle girl wanted to nod, but the high-neck collar locked her neck tightly from it. She instead shut half of beautiful eyes with an adorable, child-like smile and said two simple words as a response.

"Thank you."

The giants kept walking while carrying, leading her to an opened cell. As they went in, the orderlies placed her gently on the bed for her to sleep.

"Sweet dreams, princess." The orderly smiled in front of her, leaving the padded prison. "You'll be back in here after your playtime's over."

The door slammed shut quickly and the double-straitjacketed jungle girl shut her eyes completely for a nap, squirming in her self-hugging cocoon in an erotic way, breathing and snoring cutely like a cub while dreaming about her everyday life at home. She wasn't sure how long, but Miraya slept like a rock for hours after all the extreme treatment that made her insane like they wanted her to be, until her eyes were opened slowly again.

Miraya began to focus her eyesight on her surroundings. The nineteen-year-old jungle girl was expecting the gym to be dark, but the lights were still on. She remembered incorporating some stretching exercises for her bodies condition, running around in what seemed to be the “best” part of the asylum from her point of view. Though she was glad to be out her jackets, they were still sitting on the floor next to her where she laid.

Her body was free again with only her bikini-like loincloth on. It was time for some fun in the enormous play area of the gym, running both normally and like a primate. It had everything; ropes and soft platforms hanging on ceilings, toyish but padded play-sets that looked like trees and some tree-houses built in. A pit full of colorful plastic balls, larger-than-life sized stuff animals, soft poles, and padded walls and floors.

Having regained her stamina and then some, Miraya threaded her way through and out of the ball pit away from the rest of the crowded stuff animal area. Apart from her time with the staff, she was a good explorer, so she used this free time to check the surrounding area. She climbed the rope and hopped on each soft platform to observe the area for any possible escape routes. Though Miraya would never admit this out loud, the jungle girl was having some fun in this strange space. At the very least, there was more room there and she wasn't wearing those heavy jackets.

The girl didn't stop moving around until she discovered the large wolf look-alike plush doll. The jungle girl petted its muzzle and thought about her pack. Not wanting anyone to see her like this, Miraya took the wolf thing with her, and climbed up into a tree-house to hide inside. She ignored the other toys inside and only paid attention to the stuffed toy wolf.

The beauty felt empty around this stuffed animal, so she went ahead and exited the tree-house by swinging across the platforms. Her black hair was flowing after her, as she swung. The near-naked jungle girl swung from one pedestal to another. When she felt something thin and soft against her topless back, she turned around and saw a large toy snake doll that looked long and big enough to wrap her up tightly with its coils.

She reached forward and ran her hand along the side of the snake. From a certain angle, it looked like it was based on the shape of an anaconda yet it had some aspects of a python. She looked at it from side to side trying to determine what snake was actually meant to be. She gripped it tightly. Feeling around it there were two different sorts of plush fur that had been colored to look like scales, and a softer material for the belly of the snake with a harder, rougher cloth, making up its back. She squeezed it tightly, and there was a very large amount of padding rolled up to make the body of the snake - But deep inside was some sort of solid core at the very center.

The jungle girl twisted the snake around, and it stayed in place as it was poseable. She grinned and moved the snake about from side to side, then wrapped it around on itself. The snake was some sort of very high end toy. She grinned while noting that the back third of the reptile had been wrapped around a pillar, so that it stayed in place. Miraya slowly unwrapped it having a little idea run through her head. The jungle girl let the snake fall to the floor into one of the ball pits, as she dived in after it. There was a rumbling and a thrashing with the brightly colored plastic balls when it was everywhere and the jungle girl was twisting around, breaking the surface.

The giant foam rubber snake was tightly wrapped around her torso, and the head and tail were knotted together, but somehow in her flailing. The jungle girl giggled then struggled and realized that the toy was actually quite heavy, and she needed quite a bit of force to actually bend it. Her knee came up and slammed into the knotted serpent. It popped loose and she twisted her way out of it. Experimentally, the jungle girl picked up the toy and felt the weight, looking over at the grate above her, and a thought ran through her head. She wrapped the snake around a platform and put her weight on it. She could swing from the artificial snake as she would with a vine, which gave her an idea for the future.

Her exhilaration at being free from the confines of her cell and her restraints made her think. Was she actually dreaming about some fantasy inside her head when she was sleeping in her cell? She pinched herself this was reality, not a dream. She looked around at the ropes and suspended platforms. She remembered the layout of the gym during the last time she had been there several hours ago.

Looking at the ropes, they had been lowered from the ceiling from a number of hatches. Previously, they had been raised up and held out of the way. She guessed that there were not that many patients that could really appreciate them. She was perhaps unique in this asylum as the only-one that could actually get full use and motion out of these swinging ropes due to her jungle upbringing. They had a solid texture with knots and bands on them to make them easier to climb her slender but strong arms and legs easily traversed them.

She started climbing up one rope when she got to the top, swinging it backwards and forwards while whooping in glee. She made a jump and caught another rope as if it was nothing to her. She used her body and momentum to curve around and swing onto a third rope. She pushed it a little too far, and on the fourth rope she slipped and tried to turn, then she fell into a graceful swan dive, landing in the center of a ball pool that sent the plastic spheres showering all over the room. She was left with her rump sticking out of the ball pool her legs waving in the air.

She flipped herself over and looked around. The place really came alive with these other options activated. She could see looking up how the tree-house had been folded compactly away. How it was now opened up and unpacked at the flip of a switch like it was almost a tent frame. It was stimulation that she sorely needed. She ran around the room and bounced off the walls that all gave her a sense of exhilaration.

She dived into the depths of the ball pit. They had large heavy lids that had been down. The fun little area had been covered over. Now the cover was leaning to the side and she could dive in and play again, as she surfaced and started to throw plastic balls.

Her aim was pretty good; she could hurl a stone or twig to knock down fruits and nuts that she could otherwise not reach. The plastic balls were fairly easy to get a handle on. They harmlessly bounced off the artificial birds, the plastic plants and the tiny speakers high up that were constantly playing the out of kilter bird songs. Even the grate to the roof was hit, not that Miraya thought that it would open if she threw a thousand balls at it.

She had not been disturbed or seen any of the staff in some time, that gave her a thought that perhaps they were not paying attention to her. Perhaps it was night, and the orderlies that had some pity on her to just locked her up in this room and left her to her own devices. Her movement had a lot more purpose, as she cautiously looked around the room. Slowly

purposefully, she walked over to the nearest rope and with a determined look in her eyes climbed up of it. She was moving in a very precise way, slowly swinging the rope over until she caught the next one and swung closer to her goal.

The jungle girl made her way across the room she tried to look harmlessly, as she swung over to the nearest of the grills. She gave it a sniff; the air was being sucked out of the room and she couldn't guarantee that it led to the outside, so she swung over to the other side of the room to the other grill. For a moment, she basked in the sensation of the incoming air flow; It was definitely coming in from outside. That implied a way to get out after all she was looking to escape, not to get comfortable. She did note that the rope vines were not near the grate and deliberately so to prevent patients getting the idea of playing with it.

Of course, none of the designers of this place had ever seen her in action on a vine swing. Her small, slender compact body combined with a large buildup of speed from swinging backwards and forwards, and the jungle girl could get into places that she wasn't meant to be quite easily. She launched herself through the air as the rope got as close as it was going to get. She felt a surge of adrenaline as she was flying through the air. For a moment, it looked like she wasn't going to make it, and that she would be rewarded with a painful impact on the mats below. At the last possible second, she twisted her body and caught hold of the edge of the grill with her fingers.

She was hanging there for a second, then she had her other hand on the grill spreading her weight out. She had gotten to it but needed to figure a way to get the grill off now. She looked up at it, there were some big solid bolts, and she didn't have any tools or anything big and heavy to break them with. She tried to find a weak spot hanging there, as she grabbed the corner of the grill, hoping to pry it free. She hung off of it, swinging backwards and forwards trying to tug it free, so that she could get into the air vent, and find a way from there to sweet freedom.

The cold metal won't budge. Bracing her feet against it and pushing, there was a small creak she was getting herself a bit tired from all this exertion. She gritted her teeth, howled, pulled, kicked and strained to get the grill off. She did anything she could to get rid of it. There were a few more creaks, but after so much effort, it's little reward maybe managed to pull a few bolts a little lose on the corner. She swung back onto a rope, then let herself down. She was pausing, regaining her breath, as she prepared herself for a second go at the grill.

However, she would not have any further thoughts of escape. She was not given the time to have a second crack at the grill. The door to the room opened up. The orderlies came back, it was the pair of them from before. They had come to put an end to her little holiday. But they obviously didn't see her attempts to force the grill open and escape, as they were not hostile or reproachful. The two orderlies moved close to her one of them held the heavy canvas jacket open ready to wrap her in it.

The second orderly held up their watch, "Okay, Kid. You have had your fun. We need to get you back into your jacket and into your cell pronto or we are all in trouble."

The jungle girl didn't want to stop playing; she wiggled her body and started to slink her way up one of the ropes "Catch me if you can!"

One orderly grabbed the bottom of the rope and shook it to force her to come down. She

hopped over to another rope, then bounced off a piece of apparatus and held onto the next rope. It was fairly good-natured to begin with the orderlies in white chased her around. They went after her to play along for a bit, but they had no real chance of catching her like this. It was a one sided game even if they did outnumber her two to one. With their patient being a lot nimbler and faster than they were; their size, strength, and numerical superiority were hard to use effectively, especially in a room filled with so many obstacles.

The orderlies huddled up close to each other making a plan. Miraya checked the door to the room and found it was locked behind them, realizing she was not getting out of this. One of the orderlies started to slowly approach her, and the second pulled away a bit of padding to reveal a control panel with a small key activated it. The orderly hit a switch to remove options from the jungle girl's reach. The rope she was holding onto slowly started to wind back into the ceiling. In seconds, she was forced to drop down from it back onto the padded floor where the orderly could reach her.

There were still some ropes hanging from the ceiling, as she made a mad dash for them while they were still there. The jungle girl jumped and found her options diminishing as the ropes retreated, as she hopped onto the next series of ropes.

She repeated this process; they were all disappearing until they were all gone, and she was left scrambling around, looking for a way to escape the pursuing orderly who did have impeccable stamina and was quite relentless. One by one, her refuges folded away or sank into the floor. The controls systematically hid all the gym accessories, folding back down the ball-pits were covered back over.

The orderly deactivated the panel and then joined her compatriot in running down the patient. It was time for her to sleep on the bed in her padded cell for real. Miraya didn't want to go back in the uncomfortable jacket and the smelly cell just yet. The run around the gym continued with the jungle girl getting a few laps in until she was cornered. Though, she had managed to evade them a few times, but now she had no escape. She held out her arms ready for the jacket like if she was about to surrender and submit, but she had a plan when the orderlies' guard was down, thinking that she was complying - she dived down between them.

Their reactions were a bit faster than she anticipated, and they were ready for her shenanigans. The giants grabbed her, as she was going past. She tried to wiggle out of their grasp, but they held her firm. The jungle girl knew she was going to get bundled up in her familiar straitjacket anyway at that point, continuing to make it more difficult for them would make her life worse, so she stopped.

The game was over, and she had lost. They pulled the jacket on her and secured it tightly. They didn't make it so punishingly nor fiendishly tight like the last time. So, she had a good amount of exercise and her bondage was relatively light, then they lead her to her padded cell. She was quite burnt out from all the fun and energy, curling upon her bed for the rest of that night and into the morning, as she would sleep well.

"Night, night....." She muttered like a child.