

# Rumble in the Jungle – Part 3

by Bob 2300 and WillyBoy10

## Chapter 12

The next morning, the jungle girl was snoring away, sleeping. Bundled up in a straitjacket, and was later woken up as a junior nurse arrived with her breakfast.

The junior nurse looked her up and down, “I guess the orderlies removed most of your restraints and loosened the rest a bit.”

She held up a tray with a bowl of fruit salad and a spoon, “I am here to feed you breakfast; it’s something you might actually like, then I am going to take you to your new therapy. Do you know what a wet pack is?”

Miraya peacefully slept the night away, laying flat out on her back in the padded prison. The only movement that came was the occasional twitch and her own cute snoring. Without any windows or clocks, she would have had no way of knowing when the sun had finally risen, even if she was awake.

Her ears twitched as faint sounds entered. She moaned softly as her head shifted a little with her eyes fluttering opened. Her eyes bolted open at the familiar sensations and she shot up. She was still restrained by her straitjacket that was so thick, heavy and tight. She lifted her cocooned upper body up, squirming like a prisoner she was, sitting up after some movements, and crossed her bare legs.

The wild girl looked straightly at the person who woke her up, pale blue eyes gazing at the new girl that had entered the room. She looked more slender and less big and muscular than anyone else the jungle girl had seen in the asylum, but was young and cute as her. The difference was the nurse was a few years older. When Miraya was asked about her next treatment, she shook her head lightly against her thick, high-neck collar of the jacket.

“No, I have no idea what it is.”

When Miraya thought of the word “wet,” she mostly thought of swimming and bathing.

When she instantly saw her meal, tray placed onto the padded floor, she noticed how unfamiliar it was to her like her last meal. What she was about to have was a bowl of a nice meal, which looked so delicious and fresh to her. Immediately, her head dunked down into it, and she wildly ate it in an animalistic way like any creature in the jungle, ending up with some juice covered on her beautifully youthful face. There was no need for a spoon when wild kids have their own different standards to eat.

“That was good!” She exclaimed to the nurse, lifting her cocooned upper body up to sit, licking the remaining juices on her cheeks with her tongue and crossed her bare legs again while squirming in her jacket.

The nurse smiled at her patient, and then pulled a little plastic packet out of her pocket. She popped it open and pulled out a little cloth. She let the jungle girl smell it that had an acidic tang of cleaning agents scented with lemon. The jungle girl looked at it quizzically, but didn't make any move to pull away.

Then slowly encouraged by her patient's reaction, the nurse started to wipe Miraya's face, clearing up all the little bits of fruit that the sweet little mischievous patient had missed.

The nurse folded up the cloth and stuffed it back into her pocket. She smiled at her sweetly and asked. "Would you like a nice relaxing dip in some nice cool water?"

The junior staff member was trying to gain her trust and co-operation. The jungle girl nodded. The nurse helped pull her to her feet taking a gentle grip on the side of the jacket. "Good girl. Now, just follow me. Don't give me any trouble and everything will be ok."

The jungle girl nodded, it would feel quite relaxing to have a dip in some cool water.

But she realized they would probably have to take her out of the jacket to allow her to have a bath, so she would have some degree of freedom, smiling to herself. The jacket was getting rather ripe from the amount of time she had been imprisoned in it. Having to run around the gym while wrapped in it had not helped. Miraya hoped while she was getting washed that her jacket would too. Hopefully, they would wash the muzzle as well it tasted like she had been gagged with an old pair of muddy rubber boots.

The nurse slowly led her patient out of the cell and slammed the door shut behind them. Miraya had to blink for a second to get used to the lights in the corridor - they were a lot brighter.

It felt a bit odd being led rather than dragged, but she was more relaxed and she had calmed down, or at least that was what she wanted them to think. The orderlies had been nice to her and she felt better having some time free of her restraints. She squirmed in the jacket for a second pausing, trying to get her arms comfortable.

The nurse patted her on the shoulder. "Now, come along nicely; you don't want me to have to call a couple of orderlies to drag you, do ya? You don't want to be wrapped in more restraints, and then dragged down the corridor anyway? I promise that you won't be wearing the jacket for some time."

The jungle girl shook her head and the nurse patted her on the top of it. "Good girl. You behave and they won't have to keep you wrapped up in all these straitjackets; just keep behaving and we won't call you a naughty monkey."

The jungle girl smiled, but she was still distrustful of anyone working in this place. She had undergone a lot of humiliations and punishments recently - but she had time to think.

She could try and play along with them at their own game. If she could convince them that she

was harmless and they were changing her mind. Then they would show her a bit of leniency with her restraints and overall supervision.

She thought to herself planning her next move if they left her unrestrained or even lightly restrained when they thought that they had broken her and didn't need restraints to contain her anymore. If she played along, then maybe she would be allowed out of her cell and she would be really happy not bundled up like a sack of provisions left in a shed. The jungle girl would have a greater chance of finding her way out, and perhaps working away on that grill or utilizing some other opportunity that presented itself. If she wasn't restrained all the time, her options were infinitely more than fighting back and being wrapped in so much chain. So that she was about to topple over from the weight.

Miraya smiled and played along, keeping a neutral face and a steady pace as she was led down some corridors. She seemed to be led further inside the institution, moving deeper into the belly of the beast. If her sense of direction had her orientation correct, then she was heading towards the middle, and she was sure that she was correct on her hypothesis. As they traveled down a flight of stairs to some lower level area of the institution.

She noticed that it was quieter; there was less noise, fewer patients, fewer people, and fewer machines. Not that she remembered seeing that many patients at any time in the corridors, as there had been a few and several members of the asylum staff.

She was led to a place that had wisps of steam in the corridor with scents of soap, linen and water. She looked around to ensure that this was the place where they washed. The clothing, the sheets, and the restraints must be down behind the doors that gave Miraya a hint of wet canvas and leather. A little further on down the basement corridor was there destination where they were going to start her new therapy. There were a series of rooms with blue doors going down one side of the corridor. The nurse stopped at one with a sign wet pack room 3, and tapped on it. Someone inside the room opened it up.

Nervously, Miraya walked forward on the cold tiles with a shiver ran up her right leg. There were two nurses and two orderlies standing around in the big tiled room waiting for her. The straitjacketed jungle girl looked at the shelves with soap, powder and brushes, lots of brushes on them - and even a feather duster for some reason.

There was a table piled high with towels, sheets, some racks and lifting equipment, a complex hoist of some sort, and a big stainless steel bathtub, big enough for a hippo to sit in. The floors and walls were all covered by big solid white tiles that looked plain as her padded cell. The jungle girl felt a little self-conscious, realizing she would have five people watching her have a bath. She was sure that they were going to dunk and scrub her. She got the 'wet' part of the therapy but she didn't fully understand the 'pack' element.

The door was shut behind her and she tried to keep calm, as the young nurse slowly moved behind Miraya and stated to work on the jacket, moving over her body and undoing the restraints. The jacket became very loose and Miraya's hands fell to her sides, and she would be free of the stifling thing soon. The nurse emptied her out of the restraints that revealed her

slender, near-naked body that was well-toned and almost perfect with only a bikini cut loincloth on that looked cute to the young nurse. No sooner had she been released than the other four people lifted her up and put her on the table.

“What are you doing? Lemme go!”

Before she realized quite what was going on, they had tucked her hands to her sides and legs together, and wrapped her body in a cotton sheet - It was very tight and went from her ankles to her shoulders.

The straitjacket was thrown in a bag labeled washing. The jungle girl grasped what was happening and she tried to wiggle out of the sheet, before they could wrap her in more of them. They were ready for her and she couldn't put up a fight against five people. They helped to keep her arms pinned to her side with a roll of bandages around the middle of the sheet, making it much more secure. The young nurse has a mischievous look on her face as she got the next sheet ready to wrap the little jungle girl up in a fabric cocoon.

Miraya could still wiggle, but the sheet was not coming loose and the five people easily held her down. It was not much longer when the second sheet was drawn tight around her and she was rolled back and forth as if they were rolling a cigar. After the application of only two sheets, she found that she didn't have very much room left to squirm, and there was quite a large pile of sheets below her. She grumbled as she was passed back and forth again. The sheets were quite long and three of them ended up creating quite a thick layer.

The jungle girl found that her movement was shrinking; she could wiggle her toes, scrunch her face and shift a little - but she had less movement than being trapped in the jacket.

The nurses and orderlies kept adding layer after layer, making sure that each one was tight. After seven layers, it was hard to flex her body with the cocoon so tight, but it was far from over. One of the nurses produced a sack like the sort you would use to bundle up a tent in to pack it away. However, this one was about the size of a sleeping bag. The jungle girl noted that the sack would fit over her body, and knew it. They lifted up her legs and tugged it on like a sleeping bag. It was pulled up her waist, and then to her shoulders. It was tight but not too bad, then she was rolled on her front and the nurses set to work on lacing up the sack over the lot. They made it rather tight, leaving only her toes and head uncovered that made the cocooned the jungle girl groaned. Even if she behaved, they were still going to keep her tightly restrained.

The young nurse forced a breathing tube into her mouth that had a mass of rubber at the end. A few pumps of a rubber bulb and the bladder gag inflated in the jungle girl's mouth to keep the tube in place. It was half way between a diving snorkel and a bung that prevented anything getting in. The gag expanded and it was air tight around her stretched jaw. Miraya shook her head as there were ear plugs pushed into place and the world became almost completely silent. The nurse grinned as she added a heavy clip over her patients nose.

Miraya didn't like the nose clip but she could still breath through the hose on the gag, it tasted of rubber but it was a lot better than no air. In less than a few minutes, she was as helpless, as she

had ever been, and she was desperately trying to keep calm. Then nurse grinned, looking down at her patient and moved quickly while holding something white. It was the last thing that the jungle girl would be seeing for several hours. Her entire head was quickly and tightly wrapped in cotton bandages. She was left as feature less white object lengths of fabric wrapped into a bundle with a tube at one end and her feet sticking out the other.

As Miraya listened, there was the tinkle crash and splash, as lots of ice was thrown into the tub. The bundled up girl was lifted off the table and lowered placed on a tray. Her feet were secured by a strap as was her waist and shoulders with the tube lifted up. The tray was wheeled over to the bathtub and the jungle girl was immersed in cold water. She struggled as if she was drowning and cried out in fright, but she was tightly held in layer after layer of cloth. She couldn't move and struggle at all. She could feel it getting wet and she felt the water soaking into the bandages and sheets through so many layers - She was packed solid.

She felt herself calming down in relaxation, acclimatizing to this strange practice. She feel herself getting cold it was not too bad at first, but soon she was shivering, and she was still trapped in the water with no way to get out. She imagined what it would be like if a python grabbed you and pulled you into the depths. She panicked but the tight restraints held her, feeling her resistance slipping away. She couldn't hear or smell, and she couldn't see. There was almost no touch it was as if she was floating in the water.

Miraya realized that she had dozed off. She was not sure how long she was in there, but she had stopped shaking and shivering. The water had warmed up or they had been generous - She couldn't be sure which.

She felt drained as they pulled her out of the water, as she was deposited on the table, expecting to be unwrapped but to her horror it went in the opposite direction. Instead of freedom, they wrapped a few more sheets around her body and more bandages around her head at least two more rolls. The nurse inflated the gag on the breather tube even more, running a finger over the outline of the patient's chin to be sure to put some sort of leather harness over it to make the air supply tube really tight held in place. Before she could register what was going on, they dunked her back in the water, but this time the water was quite warm - and getting warmer still.

It felt like she was simmering in a cooking pot when they hauled her out of the water for the second time. She was rolled over, as they pulled another canvas sheath over the cocoon, and tighten the laces on the sack at the back of a thick rubber hood was pulled over her head, making the wet bandages uncomfortably tight. Then lots of heavy rubber straps were layered over the cocoon, making it striped like a zebra. A pair of sturdy leather cuffs were added to her ankles. They even tied her big toes together with a band, and there was not one bit of slack in all the restraints.

The jungle girl was put back into the water. There were a few changes; the water was a more reasonable temperature and her feet were displayed one end of the tray was sticking out, leaving the rest of her under water but her tightly restrained feet exposed.

The nurse grinned and removed a small brush, and they started tickle-tormenting her feet, taking

turns between the nurses and orderlies. This seemed to go on for an eternity for the poor jungle girl. The nurse spent another four hours with the patient almost blacking out the whole time, as she was giggling into the breathing tube. Other than the only sign of life, the only reaction was her twitching and struggling toes, trying to escape the relentless sensations imposed upon them so desperately.

Miraya hated the situation, feeling so frustrated in her mummified prison. Without a single movement in her claustrophobic restraints, it was making the jungle girl feel like if she was eaten alive by a python and trapped in its stomach. That made her feel like if she was blind and paralyzed. She couldn't think of anything to do while taking her treatment, leaving her no choice but to take a nap, eyes closed with deep breathing.

To her, she just needed to wait for it to be over. The jungle girl wanted to sleep deeply, wiggling her toes out of the cocoon. She dreamed about her love for being a jungle girl. Free as she usually was - whether it was swinging and jumping through the trees. Swimming in a lake or wrestling with animals - she loved everything about it.

Another dream she had was her at the village, trapped in her thick, heavy and tight straitjacket in front of a small crowd of villagers.

In her dream, she was doing her performance of escaping the jacket. She looked down at her trapped body to see if she could really escape the thick, heavy leather cocooned that hugged and squeezed her tightly. The jungle girl struggled in the cocoon madly, starting with her left arm to move it up while hoping she didn't end up dislocating the limb.

She then took a deep breath, and as she relaxed her upper body to make it as small as possible and let go of the slack she made in the first step, hoping she loosened the jacket. 'Don't go wild - just stay calm.'

Miraya pushed her left arm forcefully towards the opposite shoulder, moving the slack to where the jungle girl need for the next step and ripping the front loop that was already worn out with her best strength. After that, she brought it over her head, keeping her right arm down, until she was able to move both them around, and untied the buckle on one of the sleeves with her teeth and growled like an animal she was

Finally, Miraya ripped the diaper-like flap and unbuckled the crotch straps between the legs and behind the jacket with her free hands, including the thick collar and straps on the material of one of the sleeves while tugging her slender, near-naked body out of the thick jacket. She was once again free from her imprisonment, as the crowd cheered.

Another dream phased in, fading into a world that was plain white. Miraya looked down and noticed, her thin body was still free from the jacket, but was surrounded by tall and muscular male orderlies who looked like if were about to tackle her down. The jungle girl decided to show her sexiness to them; she winked and began to spin around on the toes of one foot, showing off her body. Her black-raven hair flew up in the air and her dark-tanned body was on display. She came to a stop and began to bend over, sliding her fingers up to her legs, hips and over her torso.

Suddenly, music started to play that sounded so hypnotic and sexy like it came from one of the villages she was at. The jungle girl's ears perked as the tune went through in them. She suddenly felt compelled, that she could perform as needed without the restraint, so long as she was good. As she heard more of the sounds, she nodded.

Miraya walked to the center of her surroundings, raising her arms. She then clapped them together as she began to shake her hips from side to side. She spun around, as her feet tapped against the floor, moving with nimbleness like she was gliding on air. She waved her arms, as she spun on one foot by her toes and then leaped from that very foot, soaring across the bland world, flipping in midair. She landed right before the giants and grinned.

The wild girl lifted a leg up and raised her hands above her head, clapping them as she spun. Her raised foot gently stroked each person under the chin, and she spun back around to do so again. She then planted her feet together and flipped backwards, landing on her hands. She moved erotically, as she walked on her hands with her legs stretching out as they twisted and turned.

Miraya then pushed herself with her hands onto the floor and flew through the air again. She landed on all fours and started to run on them, leaping forward into a roll and as she came against the invisible wall and bounced off of it and landed atop an orderly's head. She held herself straight atop it. She began to dance atop him, and her feet lightly tapping against his head, as she spun around, waved her arms, and clapped her hands.

The jungle beauty then leaped off of him and danced across the heads of the orderlies. She then landed back on the floor in the center of her surroundings. She stayed in place as she began to run her hands from her toes to her head, drawing attention to her curves, slenderness and features. Her icy blue eyes shone and as she spun, she adjusted herself so the light would flash brightly

Miraya clapped her hands in front of her and then slapped her own rear, continuing to draw attention to herself. She grinned seductively as she began to take steps forward, making each impact her bare feet had on the floor impact throughout the bland world in her dream. She made her way up to another orderly who was sitting on a chair and smiled, as she placed herself into his lap and scratched him under the chin. She then let out a loud howl and braced her feet on the wall that could not be seen on each side of him and pushed herself off, flipping back through the air.

Miraya landed perfectly on her feet and then dropped to her knees, as she spread her legs out and held her arms up high with her chest heaving as she sweated, grinning widely as the music slowly came to an end, and orderlies cheered loudly with wolf whistles.

“Damn, that wild ass kid is a real looker!”

In her reality, she moaned pleasantly, sucking the tube up and down, enjoying her dreams about life in the jungle, and her personal interests other than her desire for freedom.

Let us say after the many hours of relentless torment, the packaged jungle girl was not very happy and certainly didn't trust the institution very much if at all. The next therapy they were taking her to she would very closely question what exactly it entailed if that was she didn't have a muzzle shoved in her mouth at the time. Thought she was also very glad when they stopped tickling her feet and actually pulled her out of the water. She dreaded that they would wrap her in some even tighter form of bondage and shove her back into the water depths again, like it had happened before the last time she had broken the surface.

Miraya could feel that they were very close to breaking her, and couldn't take much more. Her body, her mind, and her will to resist were being worn away at a prodigious rate. The harsh bondage and therapies that were more like tortures than treatments. Why on earth were they doing this to her? Was it because she chose to live a different life to what she considered normal but not to everyone else outside of her home? They thought that they were helping her by doing this?

She was unstrapped from the tray and hoisted onto the table. They were fiddling around with her cocoon. She anticipated that they would add another layer of bondage, and then she would go back for another session in the water. But they were finished with her, as she felt her toes being released the ankle cuffs were undone. It took her a second to believe it when they were actually going to release her and not subject her to one more layer of tight bondage.

She breathed a sigh of relief when she was un-gagged, then she felt a calloused weathered hand reach along her leg into a place that it certainly wasn't invited. This intrusion stoked the last of her resolve to resist. Where someone was taking a liberty with her body, and she began to fight against it. Which for the moment was hardly noticeable under the layers of restraints holding her down.



## Chapter 13

The hand was withdrawn, as the layers were removed, but the fire had been lit - and the jungle girl kept struggling.

It was only when she was near the end of being unwrapped that her struggles were noticeable. She was only held by a few sheets and while they were wet and clinging, she soon struggled out of them. There were quite a few staff members there to hold her down, but most of them were not paying attention to the patient. Having expected the extended therapies to have almost completely pacified her.

Miraya seemed to calm down as they got close to removing the last of the restraints, but it was an act. She twisted her right hand out of a nurse's grip and kicked a sheet over an orderly holding her left leg. She twisted around on the table and the hands holding her right shoulder found that their grip was not strong enough. She had gotten loose for a moment, fighting as hard as she could before they could get her back into her straitjacket or something else. Of course, she was now in a room with a couple of doctors, several nurses and several orderlies. Not the best time to react, but the fight or flight response sometimes didn't make the best choices.

The old doctor who had been lecturing her in his office was there; It had been his calloused hands reaching for her young body, giving her a wide cruel grin. The jungle girl knew that she had to get out of here as quickly as possible. She jumped up on the side of the bathtub looking for a way out. An orderly tried to tackle her, but she twisted and danced around them, and they landed in the tub.

More people in the room got in her way; A nurse stood on one of the brushes and tripped over, sending a doctor crashing into an orderly.

Miraya managed to keep her new freedom for less than thirty seconds before an orderly had her in their grip, but she kept struggling. Especially as the old doctor was getting closer with a grin on his face.

There was a hand reaching for her face; the doctor got too close and she sank her teeth into his hand before it could touch her cheek. The jungle girl felt the taste of blood in her mouth and the doctor was screaming in pain - he had been bitten by an animal that she truly was.

The jungle girl had been panicking from being under the water for so long, thrashing wildly in panic almost uncontrollably, as they had unwound the layers of restraints holding her. Instead of calming her down, the therapy seems to have had the opposite of the intended effect. Though, the doctor who was nursing his hand, as crimson drops escaping between his fingers. That hand might have also had a lot to do with it. The wild beauty would rather fight to the bitter end than let him ever touch her again.

The senior doctor's face contorted in pain and anger; he gave her a withering stare. Like she was a bug, something to be crushed under foot.

A nurse started to clean and dress his hand with bandages. He regained his composure, "Right, I guess ... I will have to use more extreme measures. Prepare this patient for surgery. We will lobotomize her today."

Miraya felt a gasp escape her lips. Two orderlies held her in their arms, as the doctor got closer but didn't touch her. "I am going to drill down into that thick skull of yours to dig deeper and deeper, until I erase all resistance. I will cut, twist, pry and burn until you're no longer troubled by any delusional thoughts of your so-called 'free will' or the like."

His hand was now wrapped in bandages, moving it he winced in pain. Despite the injury, he still had full movement. He could do this himself, it would be his own hand that held the scalpel. He pointed to the two orderlies and gestured for them to follow him. Miraya was kept in a bear hug as she was dragged behind the doctor by the goons. The doctor was very angry while still nursing his hand. They almost carried the jungle girl through a series of corridors and then into a lift. It moved up and the doors opened, entering into a clean white part of the building. They were moving towards the surgical wing of the asylum, as they were getting ready to lobotomize her. Soon, it would be the last time she gave the sinister doctor any trouble.

On the way to the surgical suite, a senior nurse arrived in the corridor. She was excited, and had a horrible compact steel frame that looks like it would crush someone into agonizing suffering with her, another orderly was carrying the heavy apparatus behind her.

The senior doctor held up his unbitten hand, stopping the nurse, "Don't bother with that."

She tried again "But the Skeffington's irons; I want to try them on this patient!"

The senior doctor waved dismissively with a single word to his reply "No."

The nurse looked really disappointed that she couldn't use her favorite toy to inflict more suffering on the patient. The Jungle girl was just strapped down to a soft table with a sheet that covered much of her body. She was left stretched out with four point restraints while the doctor prepared for the procedure.

She knew that it was now or never, and she would either be free or they would change her altering her mind by trying to remove the bits of it that they found objectionable. She was bound with leather cuffs at ankle and wrist. There was a huge red gag in her mouth to keep her quiet. She couldn't reason with them, complain or even let out a primal scream of frustration. She was in some sort of pre-surgery prep area they had not anesthetized her yet. She had to get free from the table before that happened.

She pulled, strained and struggled so hard that the table beneath her was rattling. She could feel some movement from the cuff on her right ankle, it was not as tight as the left one. She concentrated on that, all her efforts were to get one foot free. She wiggled slowly, trying to get her limb out of the padded cuff. It was her last chance, she must escape the ankle cuffs to get lose. She was becoming exhausted from all the fighting, a growing part of her was tired and just wanted to give up. But after a lot of desperate struggling, she managed to get one limb free as her

ankle miraculously slid free from the worn leather.

She felt a wave of exhilaration, as she kicked off the sheet covering her legs. For a moment, she wondered how to get her other foot free, then she saw an opportunity. She reached by over stretching her leg to a table, pulling it closer with her toes and reached for the edge of an aluminum surgical tray. Her nimble toes dipped into the tray and close on something. She was careful not to cut herself. Picking up a scalpel with her toes, she struggled to see. She moved it about to get a good grip with it held in her toes and started to cut loose of the restraints on her other foot. The ankle cuffs had quite a solid core of strap that requires a lot of effort to get through. For a moment there she was thinking that she was doomed. But the strap gave up and she was free of the second ankle cuff - She had a lot more movement now.

Miraya managed to quickly release her wrist cuffs with her dexterous feet twisting around on the table until she had contorted herself into a pretzel and could unstrap herself. She was free and alone as she removed the gag she had been chewing on and drooling around, it came free with a wet plop. She gasped sucking air into her lungs and discarded the massive rubber ball onto the floor, glad that she was finally free of it. She needed a tool something pointed and sturdy to enact her plan, her eyes fell on the tray of surgical tools and she smiled.

Moments later, the self-congratulatory smile was wiped off the doctor's smug face; he arrived in the room in his scrubs to gloat with assistants behind him and more surgical tools. Only to find an empty bed and the apparatus strewn on the floor. His lab-coat was on the floor and after quickly checking, his access pass was missing from the pocket. He ran into the corridor, just in time to see his prey escape into an air vent high up in the wall.

The jungle girl climbed and crawled in the small tubes and tunnels of the air vent, they were just wide enough for her to fit in. Between the space below the ceiling and the upper floor with surgical instruments held in her teeth, it was as if she had her dagger while climbing on a mountain. She was looking down at each room to ensure she found which room made sense for her to escape from the most by seeing through the air grills. Miraya passed through all the cells, knowing if she went down into one of them, it would be over for her as a wild girl.

She kept crawling deviously, checking each room one by one, passing through the halls, cells, corridors. The hellish rooms that looked more like torture chambers than treatments to her. Her escape reminded her of the temples she had been to that were full of mazes and traps. Once Miraya stopped, she looked down through the grill. Noticing she was above the senior doctor's office. The jungle girl used the ice pick-like instrument, jabbing around the air intake grill.

Though she managed to get it loose, it wasn't enough to opened it entirely. She reached for another instrument that was a hammer. Despite its small size, the tool was thick enough to break open the grill, at least she hoped. She slammed on the edges of the extender with the best strength she could muster. She would hit it harder, but she never had a space to raise the hammer higher. Taking some more time slamming it home, until it finally opened with the air extender grill landed on the doctor's desk.

Miraya went out of the vent carefully with a perfect landing in a primal stance. Standing herself

back up to a normal position. She noticed no one was there but herself with the door closed, thinking it was already locked. She jumped off the desk, and began to cause destruction with her wildness, sliding off the desk shelves. Ripping off the doctor's office works and the patients' medical records, as she threw them up into the air.

She reached for a pen on the desk, writing messages with a lot of profanity and child-like drawings of the staff in an insulting way on the walls. Wanting to show them she wasn't stupid despite her antics. Though she was a wild jungle dweller, the villagers had taught her to read and write. Miraya made some holes in the walls by punching through them, then she approached the desk. Flipping it up front and titled the uncomfortable chair she sat on to the left.

The jungle girl reached for the framed pictures and paintings that were hung on the walls. Breaking them with her knees piece by piece, until they were no more. Miraya was going wild for all the right reasons like a rebellious rock-star trashing a hotel room, wanting to give the senior doctor a response for treating her horribly as a sign of karma. She jumped highly off the shattered desk back into the air vent. She climbed gingerly, reaching for the surgical instruments clasp them in her teeth again. She went on crawling in to find a way to climb down to another floor. After wondering around the floor for ten minutes, she found a way to progress.

She found another vertical tube, climbing and moving herself down both quietly and deviously while being careful. The descending continued, making her realized just how steep it was as if it was as tall as the mountains and the towers. The jungle girl continued her climbing, looking through the first air extractor that was the same cell hallways as the last one.

"Gotta keep going!" She thought to herself, as she continued to climb down hand by hand and foot by foot. Sweat was sliding down onto her slender, loincloth-cladded body. "I can do this!"

The wrathful senior doctor opened the door to his office, and stood there in stunned silence for a moment. The orderlies and junior doctors behind him took one look into his office and called a cleaner, then found somewhere else to be. He had to blink a few times before he believed what his eyes were showing him.

The state he found his office; It was almost more than he could take, as his face went red with rage. It started with a tremor on the left hand side of his body. He gripped his wrist and looked ill. His case worsened there was shaking, soon followed by the onset of a deep chesty coughing. The doctor was clutching his chest.

He desperately reached into a pocket in his lab-coat. He pried off the lid with his teeth and threw a hand full of blue white tablets down his own throat. While he recovered, he stewed in his impotent rage. He tore off his toupee and begun, wringing it in furtively in his hands, while he slumped down and sat in a corner of his wrecked office and fumed.

He looked up at the vent. "Curse you, you little brat."

He went red again and seemed to have trouble breathing. He was panting from the outburst, he proclaimed his words full of venom. "I will do the world a favor and reduce you to a mindless

little doll, jungle girl!!”

The jungle girl was making steady progress along a duct, when all of a sudden what looked like a worm poked into the same space through a grill, then there was some shouting below her. She looked down through the grill, noticing an orderly and a security guard between them. They had a camera with a long fiber optic telescopic view on it. They had poked it into the duct. They could see her and they shouted for her to come out. Saying that it would be for the best if she gave herself up now. She shook her head, knowing they would never get her. She would not have her mind taken from her by blade and pick.

They emptied a halon fire extinguisher into the vent to try and force her out. That made her move quickly, trying to get away from the vapors. There was the sound of hectic running below her and the pursuit of orderlies on her tail. They were trying to guess where she would come out of the vents. Suddenly, there was a thin member of the staff trying to squeeze into the vent with her. They had a pole with a noose on it, and they were trying to catch her. But she just escaped from them, avoiding her ankle getting trapped in the snare. She kicked a vent open leaving them behind, as they struggled to follow.

With a great deal of luck, she was exactly where she wanted to be, in the gym. She pulled back the padding covering over the control panel and struck the override switch with the mallet. A second later and the panel turned on, she lowered a platform in the opposite way that she had seen the orderly raise it. She found what she was looking for a rather unique item. She used the toy snake, wrapping it around the supporting line of the platform, then swing out to the grill. She had tried to tackle the grill before, she was certain that she had loosened it. She easily pried it open with the lobotomy pick, though she did drop the compact little hammer in the process.

She relished the fresh air, then there was a rush of air, and a big tranquilizer dart buried itself into the ceiling next to her. She was gone in the blink of an eye, moving up and into the air vents.

She moved up the service ducts, pulling some thin mesh nets out of the way. It was designed to keep bugs out, not lithe little jungle girls. The shot that had almost hit her had come from some of the security guards. They were not in the best shape, and the ducts were far too small for the larger people to fit in to pursue her. Still they were getting a ladder and attempting to give it a try. It was a fool's errand for security, especially ones who spent all day sitting down, eating donuts and watching CCTV cameras the first one to try it got stuck.

Moving along to the last bit of the vent, she found the vent exit blocked by a fan motor that looked very potent with the rotating silver blades. She kicked open a side hatch used to service the fan and rolled out into a mundane corridor. She swiftly moved into another part of the institution having breached the high security section of the building. There was nothing but normal doors and windows. She moved through them quickly, realizing it was night and all the staff were gone for the day. She moved out of window from some sort of administration office and kept going down a wall via a drain pipe. Then she was off into the wild blue yonder that well was the grounds of the asylum. Freedom was very close but she was not quite there yet.

Her last obstacle was an electric fence crackling away, but it was fairly easy for her to overcome

it via scaling a nearby tree. She howled to the wind, and jumped off the branch, bounding over the wire, as she grabbed a vine and slid down to the ground safely on the other side. For a moment she held up the pick that she had taken. She shook her head and threw it back over the fence because she didn't want anything to remind her of this place. Then she started to cautiously trek back home.

“I'm finally coming back where I belong.”

The End ...