

(In)Voluntary Admissions:

A Petplay Story By Trinket

Book Two: The Presentation (Teaser)



Art ComPet Concepts by: [Nimbletail](#)

CONTENT WARNINGS: Non consensual, Themes of suicide and self harm, Forced petplay, Coercion and Blackmail, Entrapment, Human Trafficking, Non-Consensual Drug Use, Psycalogical Torture, And Depictions of Strong Verbal Degradation.

Reminder that everything I write is fiction, none of it reflects the image or actions of real people, and all characters are consenting adults over the age of 18. If you enjoy my content, please consider supporting me on [Subscribestar](#).

Foreword and Introduction to common terms:

I am not the only person who writes content for this universe and a few others have already laid some groundwork for our story, therefore there are a few common terms and concepts I want to introduce now to reduce confusion as well as mention that I will not be explaining them within the plot itself and will be simply treating as common knowledge from now on. Consider checking out other content in this universe and supporting Nimble.

Compulsory Pettification: AKA **ComPet** is a government run program that was initially highly scrutinized by the public but grew to be wildly popular after its slow successful integration with society over the last several decades, it sees a percent of the world's 20 year old female population (**10%**) **drafted** into "Pet Service" **for a term of two years** to serve as state owned "pet girls" or "**ComPets**". They therein forfeit all human rights and after a rigorous term of obedience training these pets are then leased to a variety of owners for the remainder of their service and used in various applications before returning to everyday life.

The FBP or "**Federal Bureau of Pettification**" is the government agency tasked with all human pet processing and training as well as housing several smaller departments like the **HPPS** or "**Human Pet Protection Service**", an agency that works with the police department and is devoted to performing welfare checks, providing **HuVet** veterinary care, and ensuring proper pet handling procedures for service animals. The FBP has deep connections with government officials and involvement in its programs can be anything but pleasant if they are crossed, trainers are taught to treat pets like animals and some of the country's greatest criminals are tortured by its brutality.

The **PetSitter** is a highly advanced piece of technology that every ComPet is equipped with when they are processed at an FBP facility, the prescribed gear varies per pet but the general collection of gear is intended to control a pet remotely and normally include a collar capable of delivering **behavioral shocks**, restrictive paw mittens that force a pet to crawl on all fours and unable to stand or use their extremities, a set of ears and a matching bionic plug tail, and advanced breast and c-string crotch coverings that all link to a **control remote** available to any handler. To accompany this every **PetSitter** is equipped with an onboard AI that naturally trains every pet into a state of constant submission by administering appropriate shocks and vibrations as well as audio and visual reinforcements.

F.E.R.A.L or "**Freedom, Equality, Revolution, and Liberty**" Is a known terrorist organization operating within the country that aims to free as many pets from FBP custody as

possible and thwart its future efforts by exposing the injustices it brings upon its pets, they have a deep network of spies and often recruit young impressionable college age revolutionary types. Their leader **Sapphire** is a known fugitive and has launched several attacks on state-run facilities in the past with lethal force, the FBP has had several known members of the group tried publicly and incarcerated as garbage eating **Pig Girls** in its extreme **experimental division** and have been known to subject them to excruciating horrors.

Prologue: The Maid Of Milk

This prologue story takes place a few decades before the events of our main (In)Voluntary Admissions story and is set during the early days of the existence of the Federal Bureau Of Pettification, when its reach and sinister nature were not as widely known to the public and Hupet based services were relatively new and basic.

“What the fuck theo?! So you're just going to make decisions without even asking me now?” Maddison Halver stamped her foot down on the linoleum floor of the apartment she shared with her boyfriend Theo, knocking some of the notes she had been taking off of one of her college textbooks and onto the ground in the process. “Two weeks to plan a whole operation and mobilize that many people? If you think I'm going to spend two weeks of my summer vacation running around begging for supporters so that you can get us both arrested or shot, or worse, you're out of your mind!”

She shot her boyfriend a look of disgust, insulted that he would have even considered giving an order to the other members of their group without even consulting her first. The two of them had always made decisions together about how they would operate the protest coalition turned human rights organization they had founded together. But this time, he had made a decision without her, risking both of their necks if his plan were to fall through.

They had been for a while, working on a raid and takedown piece on the Federal Bureau Of Pettification, a government office solely devoted to passing off the slavery of women as “Voluntary Hu-Pet Services”. Something she and her organization despised to the utmost degree. The look on his face told her he was serious, and his charming smile was trying to be as persuasive as ever. She couldn't be more appalled.

Her boyfriend Theo had always been passionate about human and animal rights, just like she was. It was actually one of the things she had found most attractive about him when they met. Having formally first spoken to each other while at a protest and having realized they attended the same university, the two spent countless hours attending and organizing political and social movements for various causes in the four years they had been together.

Never in that time had she doubted his decision making skills, but now this proposal was pure madness. Raiding a government office with force was something she detested by itself, let alone a branch as new and unruly as the FBP. Using lethal force went against everything she believed in, and for that matter, it went against everything they had been building toward. For months they had assembled their underground network of political activist friends and journalist compatriots to try and bring to the public the horrors of their countries leadership to justice and now he wanted her to risk her reputation on a whim?

Worse yet, despite all her years of hard work on her degree and tireless hours spent organizing these events, another unseen circumstance threatened to inhibit her from the goals she had strived so hard to achieve. First had come the morning sickness she thought was a bad cold, then, a missing period, then two. Then with shaky hands and the dread of failure creeping into her mind, she had hidden the positive pregnancy test from her boyfriend for well over a month now, certain at this point that she must have been almost 6 or seven weeks pregnant and unable to hide the truth forever. Nervously, she dug her fingernails into the sides of her head as she tried to process everything she was dealing with at once.

Theo spoke again, ignoring his girlfriend's razor sharp gaze. "I'm serious Madds'. You, Marco and I will all show up in the database to get in the front door. That girl you recruited with the coder boyfriend managed to get some idiot Fed to plug a dummy USB into one of the computers at the facility outside the city and stick our names in their database as new night shift cattle hands. We can set up at a hotel nearby and scout the place while we gather evidence and plan a route. Then, when we have what we need we hit them hard with the raid we've been planning, PETA style, and have the rest of the group storm the place while we livestream the whole thing for everyone to see. That way even if the raid fails because we get caught we still have the evidence we gathered while solo. It's foolproof."

Maddison paused, holding the annoyed look on her face. Even if his plan did work out in the end like they planned, he had still made a major decision for their organization without her approval, and that was something that he had never done before. It came as much as a surprise as it did a betrayal. Clearly, he was fine with assuming command and risking everything they had built without her direct approval. That infuriated her, and made her think less of him as a potential father for her child.

Her voice was tense, holding back the snarled bitch attitude she wanted to rip him apart with. "I don't care who goes with us or what fake fucking name is in their system. I care

that you did this without asking me. How am I supposed to believe you can be a good Fath... leader if you don't even consult me on wrecking the foundation we built, TOGETHER. Freedom, EQUALITY, Revolution And Liberty. F.E.R.A.L, OUR name. Making decisions together, that was the deal, otherwise the whole fucking thing is pointless and there is no way we were going to be able to pull something like this off. Do you not even care about what we stand for anymore? Or do you just want to see your mugshot all over central city for trespassing a government facility willy-nilly like an IDIOT? You'll get off with a men's prison but me... You know as well as I do that these farms are filled with people they're trying to make disappear.”

She can't help but raise her voice, sinking to a seat in a kitchen chair and holding her head in her hands in a failed attempt to quell her growing headache. Though admittedly, the look on his face after she called him an idiot made her feel a little bad. For a while she and the rest of her organization had tread the line of good public faith, keeping their identities concealed and preferring to work in the shadows rather than organize on mainstream social media to avoid personal publicity. To that note, no one had ever come forward as a figurehead for the movement, instead framing themselves as an autonomous collective without a single centralized power.

Though she genuinely believed what she and her cause are doing is for the betterment of society and not for personal gain, young impressionable revolutionary types tended to see the rallies and protests they held as a canvas to spread other political beliefs, not all of them completely in line with the main message of the groups namesake. Communists, anarchists, and other radical movements all used the anonymous nature of the group to their advantage, and the public often saw any number of solo actors as being a part of the greater group even if they never claimed membership.

This takedown piece was set to fix that public perception, and to be one of if not the largest single leaking of government malpractice since Wikileaks in the time of her grandparents. But people needed to see what was going on right beneath their noses to believe it, public laws and regulations legalizing human slavery in the guise of “Pet Service” were becoming all too common lately, and due to the ever distracted public, were going relatively unnoticed outside of major cities like Central.

First it was legal to sign yourself into the care of another, voiding your rights as a human for a contracted time. Many of such participants were female prisoners, offered special contracts with promises of shortened sentences. Then legal loopholes that allowed one to be deemed unfit for such human rights. Now, whispers of a draft-like program were said to be gaining popularity among the high class bureaucrats, many of which paid

millions in bribes to get their deplorable self interests passed through the courts faster than she could organize any protest to deal with.

It made her sick, the monsters of the world she was born into saw her and the other young women of her generation as nothing more than pets to be played with for their amusement and financial gain. Was that the world she was expected to bring a child into? Until this point she hadn't even thought about wanting a family. What life could she give a child as a broke college student who funneled all her money into her activist work? She came from a wealthy family sure, and had a brother, a proud doctoral psychology major around the same age as her, who had no problem spending that family money. But she considered herself above all that and had always funded her endeavors herself by working odd jobs and Theo could barely hold down a 9-5.

No matter what she did, the cases kept piling up, and new claims that the world's hunger could be cured with the Hu-Pet cow milk that the government was building large scale dairy farms to harvest were frequent. These same vile claims seemed to imply that women were even volunteering to being kept as whorish dog and cat themed slave pets to the most unsavory of individuals, and that not only was this new form of treatment likely to be pushed as an acceptable part of society over the coming years but that it was being viewed as positive way to punish the vulnerable and disobedient; dissonant types like herself surely at the top of the list of targets for these programs should she ever be jailed.

If it were to happen that she got jailed, would her parents even think twice about letting their delinquent daughter rot in some cell so they could finally be rid of her? Would her brother even care? She hadn't spoken to any of them since they had practically disowned her for refusing to go to a church based rehabilitation center to get help for her mental health struggles after she had called her brother during a bad stint of depression and confessed some feelings of self harm she was feeling after a bad breakup. She didn't trust anyone in her family, or anyone for that matter save for Theo.

If they acted now without planning the whole thing out properly, the plan might backfire and get them arrested or worse. But if they acted now, who knows how many potential lives they could save by showing the horrid conditions of these government run human trafficking rings to the world stage with the livestream they were planning. If she couldn't interrupt national politics, they would at least make their country look like savages to warn others about the breach of human rights. If they wanted to take her rights, she promised herself that she would never go softly into chains. That she would never let herself give up on the war that so many before her had fought so that she could have a

better life. She thought Theo believed that too, the last thing she needed was to be doubting the judgment of her other half on top of everything she was dealing with.

Theo let out a long sigh, breaking the silence that hung in the air and moving behind her to rub her shoulders affectionately. He moves in close, wrapping his arms around her from behind and hugging her tightly. "I'm sorry... I know you wanted to wait until the end of summer so we had more time to plan. But it's not getting any easier to fight these assholes, and if the big bill that's getting voted on this weekend goes through like it looks like it will, the FBP budget will double and who knows how high tech the security of these facilities might become once the fed money starts to roll in. The time to act is now, we can do this Maddie".

There was yet another long pause, silence filling the air again as she took a deep breath before beginning to speak the words she had been wanting to say but couldn't for over a month now. "Theo... I'm... I love you. But if you ever try to undermine me like that again I'll make sure it's the last time we ever speak." She rises, brushing past her boyfriend and into the cool evening air outside for some peace and quiet.

There was a stifling silence hanging inside the old van as it pulled down the long, dark dirt road toward the large industrial complex. Nervously, Maddison Halver played with the zipper on the front of her FBP emblazoned jumpsuit, a feeling of utter shame for having agreed to infiltrate the milking facility dressed this way instead of just storming the place with a larger group like she had wanted to. But Theo had insisted they needed to go in personally before to get the lay of things, she had no idea after all what the inside of one of these places actually looked like and had not intended to find out until they exposed it to the world.

He was right though, it was always good to have a backup plan, but she didn't know why she had to be the one to go through with it beforehand. She supposed it was only right that if she were going to ask others to risk their reputations to invade and expose such a place as this then she might have at least been willing to be the one to do it first. But now that they approached the parking lot of the large, secure looking government facility she couldn't help but bite at her fingernails anxiously. They only had one shot at this, that's why making sure they got what they needed the first time was crucial.

The past few weeks of planning felt like a blur as she had desperately rushed to mobilize and inform as many of her compatriots as possible that the raid at the specific milking facility they had chosen, most of her waking hours spent conversing with and

organizing the rather large sum of people she could convince to show up to the main event. It was likely a bad idea to spend much time snooping around before the main event, which they had scheduled for exactly one hour after they were set to enter themselves. So the plan was instead for the three of them to go in initially in secret to ensure there was good quality footage for later, unsure of how many people would actually make it through the door and stream the footage online.

By her reckoning, once the word had gotten around that it was a real event, she had spoken to around 25 people herself and convinced them to assist her, but with how word of mouth spreads they were expecting something more like 50 people of various levels of trust to turn out on short notice. A group of people that large was sure to get national media attention, but still something a trained group of police could easily deal with and disperse should they fail to make it through the door and get footage inside the building. All they had to do was get in at night and take some video, then whenever they were ready they could let everyone through the breach before the morning shift of workers showed up. Hopefully that would give them enough time to stream them freeing and extracting some of the captives to get their perspective.

Despite how nice the building looked from the outside and the barbed wire fence that surrounded the place, she knew for a fact that the building hadn't been there 8 months earlier, and the security from the underfunded government branch meant it was as easy as spoofing some RFID security cards and the gate had opened without a hitch. The rather sizable parking lot was empty, save for two pedestrian cars and an FBP branded white van that looked like it might be used for transport. Theo pulled the van to a halt, and killed the headlights, waiting a moment as the three of them readied themselves.

She took a deep breath, trying to calm her nerves a bit and failing miserably. Each of them was equipped with a discrete chest mounted camera, each of which would output the video recording to a secure cloud somewhere so that even if they tried to take the sim cards from the cameras they would still have the footage. It was foolproof, they had thought of everything, now she just needed to actually do it. She is reminded again of how intense it all felt in the moments right before action, this was the quiet before the biggest storm she had ever caused, pun intended, and her actions today could very well land her in prison as quickly as it got her photo into the history books for saving lives.

The morning sickness she had been dealing with for weeks now was ceaseless, and this morning she couldn't tell if that was what was making her nauseous or if her nerves had finally gotten the better of her. Either way, she didn't think her insides had ever been this twisted up before. Her hand felt the inside of her jumpsuit, fingers lingering on the

9mm handgun she had tucked in a holster under her arm, hopeful she wouldn't have to use it for anything.

"You okay Madds'? We go when you're ready. There's still time to call it all off. If..." Theo's voice broke the silence, snapping them all back to reality and reminding her that this mission was time sensitive, they only had around an hour to get in and look around before they would need to double back to a door to meet the other raiders before the morning guard shift came in. Hopefully, if all went well, the three of them could ditch their disguises and blend in with the rest of the crowd to hopefully just be kicked off the property, there was no way they could arrest all 50 of them at once right?

Maddison cuts him off rather sharply, her voice barely restraining her apprehension. "No, I'm not okay! You know as well as I do that we can't quit now. This is our one shot remember? If we call it off now we're going to lose our supporter base. They need to see that we are willing to sacrifice something as well if we are asking for it from them." She took another deep breath, closing her eyes as she felt both of the men's affirming gazes fall upon her in anticipation for an order. It felt like they both wanted her to give them some sort of pep talk, but she had no such words in mind. "Let's just get this over with."

Without another word, the three of them exited the truck and made their way to the front door, pulling their FBP branded hats down to obscure their faces and chest mounted cameras from the blinking red security camera mounted just outside. For a moment, the three of them just stood there, looking at each other and confirming their readiness. Without hesitation, she took the leap of faith, pressing the RFID key card to the scanner and cringing slightly as she waited for its response. Miraculously, three small beeps accompanied a flashing green light on the door panel and the magnetic lock released.

The moment they broke through the entryway, a flood of adrenaline coursed through her to keep her focused on her mission. Before she knew it, the three of them had already committed the big crime by entering the building, and at this point she needed to make damn sure that their plans didn't end up being for nothing. Silently, the three of them trudged through the empty, dimly lit corridors, the click of their boots echoing through the halls as they neared the wing of the building labeled 'Milking Cells'.

After another security door, and another grimey tiled hallway, they finally arrived at their destination and swiped the same card they had used on the front door. To her relief it continues to work, allowing them entrance to the main attraction they had come to capture evidence of. Appallingly, the first thing to greet her when she pushes open the

large metal door isn't the sight she was looking for, but the locker room like stench of sweat and feminine body odor.

The stench in the long room made her nose wrinkle with disgust, watering her eyes as she tried to make out the large space. What catches her attention next is horrifying to say the least, the condition of the facility just as horrendous as she had imagined. Along either side of the barn-like room, chained to the floor and ceiling to keep them in place are two rows of women restrained in movement restricting cow printed bodysuits and blindfolds to keep them from seeing their surroundings. The skin tight, black and white cow themed bitchesuits gave her the chills, each of the women having had their limbs bent at the elbow and knees sealed within the suit so they were useless and all their weight rested on the four hoof-like caps on the ends of each restrained limb.

There must have been at least 30 women lined up along each wall, and the fact that they had passed 2 other similar rooms before opening this one told her that she had vastly underestimate the amount of people they were keeping hostage here, and had vastly underestimated the time it would take them to free a decent number of them from both the restraints and the terrifying bitchesuits they were also trapped in. The monsters that ran this place had set up a backup plan by bitchsuiting their hostages, that way even if they managed to escape from their holding cell they were still blind, deafened, and unable to do more than hobble around on their hoofed appendages like an animal.

Each of the cow suited women had both of their visibly engorged breasts hooked up to suction cups that resembled those used on real livestock so much that she assumed they might have just been using the same devices. The long tubes that ran from the suction cups and connected the output of one woman to another were all full of a murky white liquid she could only assume was milk, all feeding together into one large pasteurization vat at the far end of the room. Despite the amount of people in the room, it was dead quiet save for the occasional moan from one of the women from behind the humiliating gags that were shoved in their mouths. To her, it is a scene straight out of a horror movie, and she instantly goes from horrified, to a visceral feeling of rage the likes she has never experienced.

She is speechless, and by the looks on their faces, so are Theo and Marcus. For a moment, the three of them just stood there in awe, arms raised to their faces to cover their noses from the stench. "Fucking Monsters. Who could do this to another human!? Fuck publicity, we need to get them out of here!" Maddison holds back a bit of bile that sneaks up her throat, genuinely almost about to vomit from the mixture of the smell and just how terrible the conditions are. No prison in the world was supposed to treat its victims this poorly, let alone citizens of the country she called home. Was this the fate of

every woman who stood up to the system she was born into? Is this what her unborn child had to look forward to? A world where they could be subject to such horrors purely for being a woman? Not if she had anything to do about it.

“That's a lot more than we thought. How are we gonna get that many people out of here though? We just set them free and let them run into the forest outside?” Theo's voice cuts the room, the same anger she had in her voice mirrored in his but with the addition of some apprehension.

She thinks for a moment, pinching the bridge of her nose to relieve the headache the stench in the room was giving her while she formulated a new plan. Gone from her mind is the civil headed planner of protests she had once been, this wasn't something that merely bringing attention to the situation would fix. This was a genuine attack on human rights itself, and the people who orchestrated it would need to pay one way or another. Radical times called for radical measures, and she was now willing to take them. Fist clenched at her side, seething with rage, her voice turns from the once timid girl she was, to a commanding leader with a cause for action.

After a few more moments of silence, the commands fly from her mouth like a drill sergeant. “Marcus, run back to the truck right now, radio the others on your way, and get as many of them into the building as possible. I have a feeling once we pull the restraints off the whole building is gonna go loud so I want you there to let everyone in, that way it's less likely to get ugly. Once enough people are in, I need you to lead them to the other two holding rooms and get to work letting them go. Focus on freeing them from the stupid fucking costumes so they can help once they are free. And Marcus...” She pauses, waiting for him to look her in the eyes. “If the feds go hot, so do we.”

The look on Marcus's face told her everything she needed to know, he was just as ready as she was, and also knew the implications that came with committing a crime this large in scale. With the danger it posed to them, the firearms they had packed as a backup might now be crucial if they weren't able to get everyone out in time. She had never wanted to hurt anyone, nor had she ever fired one of the things outside of a range but the feds always showed up with pistols on their hips, and cover fire was always an effective means of diversion. “Yes Ma'am.” Marcus misses no beat, pulling the cell phone from his pocket and returning to the hallway they had come from with record speed.

She turns her attention toward Theo, the same charming, political revolutionary smile that had made her fall in love with him years earlier plastered on his face as he watched the love of his life blossom into the leader she was supposed to be. Her voice is just as

commanding to him now as it was with Marcus, fully taking the situation into her hands. “Are you ready my love? Its show time! Do you think you can find a way to drain those vats? Might as well flush their profits down the drain while we are at it. I'm going to try and free one of the victims and see if we can even get them to walk, god knows how long they've been cooped up in here.”

Theo nods, moving to the end of the long room to inspect the vat as she finally moves closer to one of the captive women, long blonde pigtails sprouting from her head. She whispers under her breath, unsure if the person behind the blindfold could hear her or if they were even awake. “God, dont these fucking heathens have any respect for decency. They could at least let you lie down.” It made her bones ache to think about being stuck in one of these prisons for an extended period of time. She didn't even know where to start with releasing the bound girl, pulling the razor blade she had from her pocket and quickly slashing the leather strap that was holding her to the ceiling.

With the distinctive clop of the girl's hooves on the floor, she watched the person behind the mask stabilize themselves as if it had been some time since any real weight had been placed on their joints. Though her eyes were covered, the girl stirred, shaking her head frantically and lowering it to the ground like she was confused and expecting to be punished for being free. The next thing Maddison turned her attention to was the chain that connected the girls collar to a thick D-ring on the floor below them, quickly unclipping it and letting it fall to the floor with a loud clang. She pulled the suction cups from the woman's nipples, watching as her breasts continued to leak slightly with nothing to catch the milk.

Along with the blindfold, she removed the ball gag that filled the woman's mouth, seeing her sputter and gasp for air as her frightened blue eyes darted around the room and the girl gasped for air. As if the first few steps had not restrained the girl enough, there was barely enough room for her to fit the seatbelt cutter on the back of her razor around the thick leather collar, taking her close to thirty seconds to make a cut deep enough that the collar could be snipped off. “W-Who are you?” The girl's meek voice was barely audible, shaky from waving and spent a decent time in disuse.

“They call me M. We are F.E.R.A.L, we're here to get you out of this nightmare. But I'm going to need your help if it's going to work.” Maddison forces a confident smile, trying and failing to find any sort of zipper or opening in the cow printed suit so she could free the girl's arms and legs. Frustrated at the lengths they had gone to to keep their subjects locked up, she once again uses the seatbelt cutter on the back of her knife to easily cut away at the leathery artificial skin clean down the spine to expose the girls back. With little more effort, the suit slipped to the ground and the girl was free. One

down, she didn't want to think about how many were left.

unexpectedly, once the blonde girl was free and stretching out her limbs for the first time in god knows how long, the odd stillness and quiet of the room remained for the moment, no flashing red alarms or sirens like she had predicted. The timid girl before her mumbles again, limply trying to use her arms and legs now that she is free and finding the task difficult. "Get me out? Is the contract done? What did you do to me? My head hurts." The blonde shakes her head back and forth confused, speech slurred and clearly in some sort of drug induced haze. Her hands immediately go to cover her exposed breasts and privates, finding them both still leaking uncontrollably.

"I didn't do anything to you. You've been being held as human livestock for... I actually don't know how long. But that doesn't matter, we're going to get you somewhere safe comrade." The clang of metal meeting metal rings loud through the room, catching Maddison off guard and making her hand dart to the handgun in the holster under her jumpsuit instinctively before she realized what had happened. The loud noise was followed by a splashing sound, like someone had turned on a big faucet. As she turned to spot Theo and make sure he was okay, she watched him swing the sharp end of a fire ax against the giant milk vat a second time, creating a second large hole for the milk to spill out onto the floor from. Anxiously, she releases her white hot grip on the handle of her gun, instead turning back to the blonde girl in front of her, watching as the poor girl struggles to comprehend any complex thought. "Can you walk?" Maddison pulls the girls attention back to hers, realizing that she would need to move faster if she had any hope of freeing the rest of the women.

"W-Walk?" The blond meekly tries to rise as Maddison stabilizes her, the girl's knees as wobbly as an infant walking for the first time. One thing became immediately clear to Maddison, they would be struggling to get any of these girls to the truck and she could forget about employing their aid in freeing others. Clearly the FBP had planned for every contingency they could think of and would continue to undermine her at every turn.

"Theo! They're Drugged! I don't think we are going to be able to get them all free." She lowers the blonde girl back to a seated position, letting her rest for the moment and hoping the drugs would wear off eventually. Instinctively, she moves to the next girl, repeating the process she had used to free the first girl and trying to be quicker than before. By the time Theo had made it back to her, she was pulling the second girl from her suit and snapping her fingers in front of her eyes to wake her up, the second girl seemingly in a worse stupor than the first by how she was helplessly drooling from both ends and her breasts and barely cognisant.

Theo's voice met her ears again as he began working to free another one of the prisoners. "Fuck! It's gonna be a struggle, but I'll start helping girls into the hall so the others can get them to the vans. Just get them free. I'll move them if they can't walk. And hey, I love you. You're doing great babe, stay focused!" The couple shared a look of passionate adrenaline, each egged deeper and deeper into the dangerous situation by each other's drive for the freedom of the people unjustly trapped here. The ruckus they had made had unfortunately elicited a response from many of the now startled cow girls that were still bound and had woken from the loud noise, Theo's strategy seeming to be to get the more active prisoners free first.

Both Maddison and Theo spring into action again as the thing they had been waiting for finally happened. All at once, the flashing emergency lights and wailing sirens of the building sprang to life and intensified the situation, each of them riding an adrenaline high the likes they had never experienced as they diligently continued cutting prisoners from the hellish restraints and trying to bring them to consciousness.

By the time they had freed around 15 or so of the 30 girls on one side of the room, there is a commotion in the hall, and Maddison assists Theo in helping one of the girls who can walk to the door. Having convinced a few of the girls who hadn't been restrained as long to aid them in freeing as many others as possible, the scene in the hallway was a mix of the camouflage and black tactical gear wearing revolutionaries and cowering naked women. All of which looked as confused as any of the others as to how they planned to transport a group of people larger than they had anticipated and still have to leave some behind, leaving the whole scene in a state of panic as she emerged.

Tactfully, she takes the front of the hallway, getting everyone's attention by whistling to silence the chattering crowd and organize a plan. "OKAY LISTEN UP! If you can walk, grab someone who can't and help them back toward the door! If you've got a full van, head for extraction. I expect the moment we make it outside whatever security has shown up will radio for the big guns and they will be on us in droves. Do not appear armed! Until they press lethal force we remain neutral. I doubt even savages like these will fire at us if we are among a crowd of unarmed civilians. If you are free and willing, rendezvous with me and we will press back in. The rest of you keep letting people go, even if we can't get them out at least we can give them a good chance at making a run for it! LETS GO!"

She waves her hand in the air, and the crowd springs to life again, bodies moving everywhere in an almost dizzying amount of motion. Quickly, she and a group of her operatives helped carry the first 30 or so girls toward the door they had come in

through, now propped open with a folding chair that had been nearby so anyone could come and go as they pleased. The outside was considerably lighter than it had been earlier, and more time had passed than she had thought in the time they had spent inside. Luckily, her camera was still live, and that meant that she still had work to do.

As they pushed through the breach she couldn't help but notice the flashing light of two police cars that were barreling down the long dirt road toward the complex, finally pulling into the parking lot and springing from their cars to bark orders at her and the other protestors. They pushed on to the fleet of vans the demonstrator reinforcements had arrived in, trying to ignore the three officers until they approached the vehicles and aggressively tackled one of her operatives to the ground for trying to block them from getting closer to the van.

In a flash, the situation turned from bad, to openly hostile, as she watched her operatives overpower the three officers and disarm them brutally before they could draw their guns. She knew that just like her, all three of the officers were equipped with a body cam that was transmitting video to their HQ, and that it would only be a matter of minutes before a second and much bigger wave of officers would show up in military gear to deal with the situation.

She came to a realization at that moment. The people they were loading up now, would likely be the only real people to escape before the imminent firefight broke out. She was, in theory, supposed to leave at this point in the operation to save herself from a lengthy prison sentence. Though if she did, she would likely have to spend the rest of her life on the run as a political dissident, and with the child inside her soon to be past the point of no return abortion wise, her child would in turn have to live the same life of danger she would be imposing on herself. If she were to get caught however, the government would surely put her baby in foster care, or at best put them in the care of her delusional parents or close family. It was now or never.

Maddison gritted her teeth, deliberating with the crew and urging them to leave as soon as possible. She lets out a long sigh. With a pain in her heart the likes she had never felt, she turns to her lover, the father of her child, and utters a mouthful of words she despised the moment they left her throat. "Theo... I know it's not the plan, but I need you to go with the extraction team and make sure that the rebellion continues even if I can't be the one to do it. I'm going to risk it and try to make it out on the next round."

Theo looks shocked, grabbing ahold of Maddison's arm and stopping her from turning away. "Hey! You can't be serious right? You just want me to leave you here. You've seen what they will..."

Maddison waves her hand in his face, turning her head to silence him, trying to hide the tears that were welling in her eyes. "Just do it. For me. Please. So there is someone who can speak for all the people who have been silenced here." She pushes Theo off of her making a mad dash back toward the open door of the building and signaling for the vans to leave without her. With no chance to react, she watches as the rest of the operatives pull an angry Theo into the back of the last van before it speeds away. Pit welling in her stomach, she passes back through the door and into the chaos once more.

The blaring alarm in the building seems somehow louder than when she left it, forcing her ears to quickly adapt to their surroundings again after the brief respite of cool outdoor air. Back down the long hallway she ran, toward the holding rooms, passing many of the now empty and vandalized rooms that lined the business section of the building. The place was dirty and dingy before sure, parts of it were a barn after all, but the amount of spray paint that covered the walls and broken furniture made the building look like a proper war zone.

With restraint no longer on her mind, she drew the 9mm pistol from the holster under her arm and switched off the safety, moving cautiously through the building as she followed the sounds of yelling and commotion until she finally reached the hallway where she had given her speech minutes earlier. There in the middle of the hall, helping another group of naked women toward the exit, is Marcus, SMG hanging from his shoulder on a one point sling as he combat carried an unconscious girl over the other.

She shouts their code phrase as she approaches, quickly assessing the situation and urging the party to continue toward the exit while she tried to continue to get as many girls free as possible, and the rest of her crew continues down the hall as she rounds the corner into one of the two rooms she hadn't gone in before. Surprisingly, many of the restraints were now empty, something that made her feel a little better, but on the other hand, the people who were freed were chosen at random and the ones that were left continued to thrash around in their cow shaped prisons unaware of what the commotion was even about.

There were a few of the formerly imprisoned women still there, either unwilling to do anything but sit on the floor in shock or helping to free their other compatriots by any means necessary. She got to work again, discharging three rounds from her pistol into the side of the milk vat in this room to empty it before returning to cutting the poor prisoners free from their captivity. It took her a moment, but once she had freed a

decent amount of people again she rallied them all together and motioned for everyone to make their way back to the exit with her again.

She had assumed that the feds would have infiltrated the building by this point, but the sound of muffled gunfire from outside the building told her that Marcus and the rest of her crew had successfully held the feds off for long enough that they had completely trashed the place and gotten most of the prisoners free, but now it was time for the final standoff. This would be it, she could very well lose her life over this, was that what she wanted? To be a martyr? The unfortunate truth was that she had made up her mind about that when she had pushed Theo into the van, and it wasn't getting any easier to cope with her possible demise.

She gripped the handle of her pistol with a white hot rage, taking a formation by the front breach next to Marcus for cover as she fearlessly hopped into the firefight that had erupted in the parking lot. Marcus laid down the cover fire as they pushed toward the last 2 black vans that remained in the parking tragically finding all four of the tires on each strategically blown by the feds to eliminate their escape, there was only one choice after all. She emptied all but one of the rounds in her magazine at the barricade of police cars that had positioned themselves to block the long dirt road that headed away from the complex.

She and Marcus shared a look of mutual respect as they held their ground, both understanding that the other could die at any moment, and that it would be for the cause they were willing to die for. She didn't know what it felt like to be shot, or to die for that matter, but it didn't scare her anymore. As the rotary blades of a helicopter quickly approached and encircled them, she pulled the still live camera from her chest and turned it around so that her face could be seen, no longer wishing to be anonymous and unaware of how many people were actually tuned in to watching the event live on all the platforms they had it sent to.

Her tone is prideful, carrying an air of superiority and sarcasm to the utmost degree. "Hello world, Mom, Dad... every fucking rat fed bastards who ruined my chance at life. My name is Maddison Halver, I am the founder of FERAL. And I will die willingly by my own hand before I let myself fall into a system that does this fucking madness. But that doesn't mean the movement ends here. The truth is, FERAL has no leader because we are all the leaders if we choose to be. There is always something to fight for, even if you are the only one left to fight. Thank you all, and stay strong. FREEDOM, EQUALITY, REVOLUTION, LIBERTY!"

She smiles as she raises the loaded handgun to her head and closes her eyes, willing a

moment of peace and serenity upon herself as she pushes her final thoughts to be about how the world will remember her for all of the good she has done, that she had truly been acting selfless all along and would rather die than end up like one of the poor people imprisoned in a facility like this. Her hands shake, tears running down her face as she screams at the sky in a final act of rage, waiting for the endless nothing that would follow her next action.

There is a moment, when she expects there to be surrounded by the nothing that comes with death, but instead, the fast prick of a bee sting like impact meets her neck making her gasp back to reality for a moment as she perceives that she has been hit by a stray bullet or something. Adrenaline, shock, fear, all course through her as the gun is knocked from her hand in the confusion, her free hand jumping to the side of her neck to stem the perceived bleeding and finding nothing of the sort. Instead, dangling from neck by an attached needle, is a feathered dart that quickly falls to her lap as she brushes it off, confusing her more as her vision begins to blur. Her hand goes to reach for her gun again, lying next to her on the ground, but she quickly finds herself unable to even lift her arms. Another two impacts meet her chest, right above the left breast, but by the time she realizes the second shot has even hit her, the world fades to a hazy black.

Maddison Halver is shaken back to consciousness by the sensation of multiple sets of hands gripping her roughly and holding the bare skin of her face to the cold concrete floor of some unknown location. It took a moment for her to remember anything but the terrifying darkness that had been the state of unconsciousness she was just in, before even opening her eyes, she tried to move her hand to wipe the hair from her face, finding it withheld behind her by some unseen set of rough hands, easily able to pin both of her wrists to her back with one hand and giving her no ability to lift her head from the floor to look around.

She groaned painfully, all of her joints beginning to ache from being pinned down so long. Where was she? A police station? Was she still in the parking lot? She had obviously failed to take her own life the way she wanted, and that whatever fate had in store for her was much worse than death. The grunts of the men that were restraining her slowly turned back to audible words as her brain managed to focus on one of the voices, a man, gruff and assertive. "Fuck if I care what you do with her. Little bitch and her group of delinquents broke hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of equipment. We'll all be lucky if we get to keep our jobs. String her up like the rest for now."

The rough hands continued to assault her, ripping the clothes from her defenseless body and easily overpowering her feeble struggles. Realizing what was happening to her, she let out a blood curdling scream, trying once more to free herself and failing. The moment she opened her mouth the space inside it was quickly crammed full of silicon, a thick ballgag the likes of which she had been freeing prisoners from before she had passed out silencing her with ease.

Tears continued to streak her face, keeping her vision blurry and dim as she thrashed against the workers hands. "Fucking stupid Bitch. Hold still or ill fucking tranq you again so help me god." The vicious words assaulted her from somewhere above, taking the last of her dignity with them as the men worked to shove her into one of the horrifying, cow printed prisons she had tried to take her life to avoid. She had figured there would at least be some sort of trial she could make a public appearance at before anything like this happened. But for some reason, it seemed like no one intended her to be going anywhere anytime soon.

The thick rubber bands they laced around her wrists and ankles forced her hands tight against her body, restricting her movements as they pulled the thick leathery substance of the suit around her shaking body, spreading it tight over her skin and stretching it until it had no more give. They pushed her flat onto her stomach to seal the back with some unseen force, knocking the wind from her as she splayed out on the floor like an animal exposed genitals and breasts pressed against the cold concrete floor beneath her painfully.

Without so much as another word, two of the sets of hands pick her up off the ground entirely, carrying her exhausted body toward another unseen destination and plopping her onto the hooved legs of the suit where she struggled to stay upright. Moments later, the same set of floor and ceiling chains that had been used on all the people she freed pulled her back to the humiliating position, finally allowing her to see her surroundings for a moment as one of the gruff looking workers groped her D-cup breasts roughly, attaching two suction cups to her nipples and chucking at her dismay.

His voice cuts her like a knife through his toothy grin, the last thing she hears before he pulls her blindfold into place and blinds her entirely. "Sit tight darlin', you've got a lot of milk to make to pay back all the product you wasted. You know what they say about crying over spilled milk though." The worker's greedy laughter fills the long hallway as she hears his boots cross the hall again, followed by the slamming of a metal security door, and she is left with nothing but the jingle of the bell around her neck for company.