**Miranda the Stray Cat**

by Erdf330588

**Miranda the Stray Cat (Chapter 1)**

The Stray

Crash from under the back porch. Probably some tomcat got in and knocked the sheets of plywood off the sawhorses. Probably going to spray. Jack lifted himself off the chair and went out to see.

Flashlight beam ahead of him, Jack ducked under and had a look. Yes, a sheet of plywood had fallen, but there were subdued noises coming from under it. Expecting to see a cat, he pulled up. He saw a whimpering woman’s head. Pulling up further showed a young woman, naked but for a collar, cut, bleeding and covered in grime.

She continued whimpering as he took her into the house and marched her into the bathroom. He asked her about what happened, but she couldn’t speak. The collar was of some composite material, cutting into her neck. He found bolt-cutters and made short work of the collar, and then got her into the shower.

The collar had a bunch of wires in it, and what looked like a radio transponder. It looked like a collar used to control barking for dogs.

“Know English?” Nod of head.

“Speak?” Attempts produced a growling sound, but nothing else.

“Shock collar? When you tried to speak?” Vigorous nodding.

“I’m going to disinfect and bandage your cuts.” Nodding.

The girl was white, tall, athletic, somewhat hairy. Her brown hair was cut short. She had the Greek letter Sigma branded on her left buttock. Her cuts were not serious, and none appeared infected.

More shockingly, however, was the extensive bruising and what appeared to be whip marks all over her back, buttocks, breasts, and thighs.

“Police?” Agitation.

“Hospital?” More agitation.

“I really need to take a picture of this to show what whoever it was did to you.” Some thought, and then a slow nod. Jack took shots with his phone and finished bandaging her.

“Bathrobe?” More agitation, pushing the offered robe away.

“Food?” Strong nod of head. So, he gave her tea and bread, which she had no problem with, and put her in the guest bedroom.

Over the next few days, she ate steadily. When Jack wasn’t in front of her, she tried vocalizing. By the fifth day, she was able to talk in a low rasp.

“Who are you?”

“I’m Miranda Thompson. I’m 20 years old and have been owned by the Sigma cult for the past two years. They used that shock collar whenever I tried to speak. The Sigma cult believes that its slaves should never speak, but only meow. The cult leader is the singer Andrew Bolton.”

“The guy that used to be a regular in Vegas? Until the rape conviction?”

“The same. He used his money to set up this compound a few hills over from here, at the old Jones Farm, and set up what they called self-empowerment for women.”

“How did you get involved with them?”

“Well, I was really into theatre throughout high school, and kind of dramatic. I like to express my emotions. Dad took off when I was little, and Mom was killed in a car crash when I was sixteen. From sixteen to eighteen, I was a Ward of the State. They paid for me to live in a motel, but that’s about it. When I was in my early teens, I used to idolize the actress Xandra Yellowstone, from the show Glee-er than Glee. Just after I finished high school, when I wasn’t waitressing, I tried out for a local theatre production, and Xandra was there. After talking a bit about things, she said she thought I had raw talent, but needed to work on it. She invited me to a workshop at the Jones Farm, which she said they were converting to a studio. Since I’ve had two years to think about it, I think she was trolling for cute young star-struck things with minimal family ties.

All the way out to the Jones Farm, she started talking about how the Sigma organization works to bring out the best in female empowerment, and how when women worked together something magical happened. She said they used a technique called rational enquiry, which they licensed from another organization. She said we would work long and hard together.

After a week of these sessions, Xandra and Andrew seduced me. I would have done anything for them at that point. I agreed to join what they called the “Inner Organization”, and agreed to be branded, which was done by Dr. Kelland from over in Smithtown. This was why I didn’t want to go to the hospital there.

After this, they took my clothes, and put on that collar. I had to have sex with whoever they told me to. Eventually, other girls joined, but I think I was the only local. We were regularly whipped for real and imagined infractions. Eventually, they came up with the meowing thing, along with wearing cat ears and tails for special events.

We had visitors like Dr. Kelland, Sheriff Connor of Smith County and other local bigwigs. Eventually, some guys who looked like they had real money stopped by.”

“Yes, I’m familiar with Doc Kelland and Sheriff Bull Connor.” Sheriff Connor picked up the nickname of “Bull” after the notorious Birmingham, Alabama police commissioner of the early 1960’s.

“More like Steer Connor. He tried to stick his police flashlight up my butt because he couldn’t get it up. Then I elbowed him in the nose hard enough to have blood shoot out. After that, he and Kelland and Bolton took turns whipping me all over. Then I decided that they would kill me soon if I didn’t get out.

I had had nearly two years to think about things and keep my eyes open. I noticed that there were four guards, and they all liked to get drunk on Fridays. That Friday, Andrew and Xandra were off recruiting and the guards, as expected, were drunk. So I ran off, crawled under the barbed wire, got cut a bit, and then ran into the woods. I kept to the hill trails and hid behind trees if anyone came along. I kept going for five days, and then found your property. It’s starting to get pretty cold at nights, so I decided to hide under your porch, and then your lumber pile fell on me. What about you?”

“Retired a few years ago. Wife left a few years before that. I try to keep busy around the house and do the odd contract.”

“I saw your memorabilia case in the living room. Army crypto warrant officer. NSA analyst.”

“Guilty. They pushed me out of NSA for always telling them what they didn’t want to hear. So, what makes you think I’m not going to sell you to Sigma?”

“Didn’t have much choice. Plus, your background and the look on your face when I mentioned the people involved in Sigma. In Sigma, when we weren’t being prostituted, we didn’t have a lot to do other than work out and serve as decoration. I had nearly two year to think about my situation. My anger evolved into pure hate. Will you help me destroy these scumbags?”

“Boy, you do express your emotions. Let me tell you a few things that might help your decision making. The Jones Farm straddles Smith County and Jones County, with almost all of it, including all the buildings, being in Jones County. My property is in Jones County. The sheriff of Jones County is a good friend of mine named Jim Cartwright. Sheriff Jim hates Bull Connor, and would happily shoot him, given an excuse. I think Sheriff Jim would be very interested in your story.”

“Okay.”

“In my experience, the best way to attack powerful people is to use their inevitable rivalries with other powerful people.”

“Okay.”

“One question, though. Why the no clothes thing?”

“It’s what I’m used to now. I was always somewhat nudity-friendly and proud of my body, especially regarding stage roles. Also, my cuts really don’t want any more fabric on them than needed.”

“Okay. When your cuts are better, we’ll get you some sweats, and take you to see Sheriff Jim. Right now, I think we need better pictures. I’ll make sure you get all my digital copies when this is over.”

“Yes, please do this. I need to document what they did to me.”

**Miranda the Stray Cat (Chapter 2)**

Sheriff Jim

A week later, Jack took Miranda (wearing Walmart sweats and sandals) to see Sheriff Jim. Jack spoke to Jim prior, and he was interested.

“Miss Thompson, I’ve had my eye on the Old Jones Farm for awhile, “he said. “I’ve always known that Bull Connor was up to no good. And I didn’t like the looks of this Bolton person. Now, you will give me a sworn deposition of exactly what happened to you, and what you have actually seen, giving emphasis to sex crimes, beatings, electric shocks, restraint, and any sign of drugs. With that, and the photos of your injuries, our county judge will probably issue a search warrant for the premises.”

“I would like to help bringing Sigma down,” she said. “Would you like me to wear a wire or something?”

“Miss Thompson, if you were going back in, and not wearing anything, how would you hide the transmitter?”

“My pussy?” Jim and Jack exploded in laughter.

“You’re wearing a collar,” Jack said. “I can make up something that looks like your old collar with a miniature Go-Pro type camera.”

“I will not allow Miss Thompson to be on the property for an extended period. What I would like to do is see the judge, and then conduct drone surveillance of the property. God, I love this new technology. When it looks like all the major parties are on property, Miss Thompson will present herself to the guards. She will explain she was holed up in a cabin for the last couple of weeks, with access to food and water. They probably won’t believe her. We will be no more than 20 minutes behind kicking the doors down. This is going to take a few weeks to set up, so hold tight. Jack, is it OK if she stays as your houseguest?”

“Fine”, Jack said.

The Houseguest

So Miranda became a regular occupant of Jack’s guest room. His conditions were that she be dressed when outside and wear proper footwear for wood chopping and other chores she insisted on helping with. The not often used home gym now had regular use.

One day when Jack came back from shopping, Miranda was on the living room couch watching his Blu-ray copy of The Story of O. She had a blanket pulled up over her legs, but the room smelled of her.

“O is beautiful, but I think I took more punishment than she did” she said.

“Of course you did” he said. “That was movie make-up and yours was for real. Corinne Clery, in her day, was one of the most beautiful women in the world.”

“I like how she put up with a lot, but in the end, got what she wanted.”

“I think you need to meet a better class of guys. You saw Deputy Luke when we were at the Sheriffs, the very big young guy. I think you two would work together. He’s pretty intense as well.”

The Plan

On the big day of the raid, Miranda and Jack went to meet with Sheriff Jim at the Jones County Sheriff’s Office.

“Miss Thompson, Jack, glad to see you” said Sheriff Jim, “meet Deputy Luke, Deputy John, Deputy Matt, Deputy Mark. What they say is Gospel, heh, heh. I see I’ve confused Miss Thompson with my joke. Anyway, what do you know about the cameras inside and outside buildings on Jones Farm?”

“Cameras in all the bedrooms, in the wall lights,” said Miranda. “One of the goons showed video to me as “evidence of my wrongdoing” before he hit me. From the angle, could only come from there. Probably goes to the security room, which is right next to the main office, which is right next to Andrew and Xandra’s room. We weren’t outside too often, but I saw a couple mounted on the main house, pointed outward.”

“Where are the women who joined the cult kept?”

“You mean the sex slaves? Most of the second floor of the main house.”

“And the goons?”

“Carriage house beside the main house.”

“Is Bull Connor there a lot?”

“A lot. He usually uses the room across from the office.”

“Okay, so the situation is that I’ve contacted the State Police, and they have some evidence about the Smith County Sheriff’s Department and Bull Connor. They’ve got a State Superior Court warrant to search those places, and round up Doc Kelland, Counsellor Eastland, State Assemblyman Tillman, and Deputy Razak, who used to be one of the Jones Farm goons. They’ll do that at the same time as we go in. Now, Luke can take Miss Thompson in via the back road, and let her crawl through the gap in the fence. Then Luke can cover the back side of the property, and then enter the house by the back door. Matt, you have the carriage house. Mark, John, and I will go in the front door. Jack, I’m appointing you as an auxiliary deputy. Your job is to deal with the legal issues regarding the warrants, and to monitor cameras on this tablet. Miss Thompson, your status is that of police agent. Questions?”

Much discussion ensued.

“Now you guys are all top professionals,” said Sheriff Jim, “so I don’t need to remind you that we don’t want any unnecessary shooting or head-busting. These people are pretty soft and only good at beating up young women. We want them in the state penitentiary for a long time. Now, let’s hit the road.”

The Ride Over

Deputy Luke drove an unmarked Jeep along a back road leading to the back portion of the Jones Farm. Miranda was in the passenger seat. Deputy Luke was quite smitten with his passenger, and had trouble keeping his eyes on the road.

Miranda, too, was impressed by Deputy Luke’s ability to make a 12-gauge shotgun look like a child’s toy.

Eventually, they reached the rear of Jones Farm. Miranda said, “Time to get into uniform,” and kicked off her sandals and shimmied out of her sweats. Luke had difficulty keeping his mouth closed and his eyes in his head.

Miranda, delightfully naked except for her Go-Pro collar, left the Jeep and walked over to the fence. She looked for the broken section where she had escaped and was happy to see it hadn’t been repaired. She crawled through the gap, and made her way onto the property, and worked her way around the pool. As expected, the motion detectors caused all the lights to come on.

Showtime

Eddie was the first goon out of the carriage house. He was a steroidal failed MMA performer with a neck tattoo. He caught up to Miranda between the pool and the carriage house, pushing her to the ground, then pulling her up by her hands. He pushed her along the walkway to the main house.

Bull Connor stood in the doorway of the main house, responding to the commotion. Although once an athlete, he was now 360 pounds of mostly lard. He grabbed Miranda from Eddie and cackled “The cat came back and she’s gonna be a goner.” Pushing Miranda along the hall, he shouted “The little cunt and I have unfinished business.”

He pushed her into a bedroom, shut the door, and turned her to face him. He then said “First, I’m going to shove this flashlight all the way up your ass, and then I’m going to take you out by the pool and shoot you in the back of the head. I’ll get Doc Kelland to sign off on it being a suicide, heh, heh.” He then shoved her facedown on the bed. While he was fumbling with his equipment belt, Miranda, who had spent the last few weeks studying self defense, bounded up and elbowed Bull in the nose hard, and then kicked him in the side of the head when he was bent over. “You hurt me, I’m killing you now,” Bull bellowed.

At that point, the door flew open and Luke bounded in, having worked his way from the back of the property, his trusty shotgun in hand. “No! We promised Sheriff Jim we wouldn’t shoot him,” said Miranda.

“Jim Cartwright that mufoggincogsugger,” Connor half-mumbled as he realized he was bleeding and seeing stars.

“On your feet!” said Luke, shoving the shotgun barrel into Connor’s back. “Everyone else should be in by now.”

The Control Room

By the time that Luke and Miranda shoved the now zap-strapped Connor into the control room, everyone else on the property that was a threat had already been rounded up and zap-strapped, and was sitting on the floor. Bolton, Xandra, the goons.

“Well done, Deputy Luke, Deputy Miranda,” said Sheriff Jim.

“Deputy Miranda, that little cunt?” mumbled Connor.

“Shut up Connor!” said Sheriff Jim. “When I want shit out of you, I’ll squeeze your head. Yes, Deputy Miranda as of two minutes ago. Now, Connor, you see that collar Deputy Miranda is wearing? That’s a Go-Pro, and we have excellent video of you discussing exactly what you were going to do to her.” At that point, Connor started to throw up. “A bucket for Mr. Creosote here. Now, before we go any further and get into pissy arguments about jurisdiction, we have documentation from the state secretary confirming the county boundaries. This property is entirely in Jones County, not Smith County, and we have a warrant from the Jones County Judge to search the premises. Which we will now do. Deputy Jack, show the detainees the warrant and the state secretary documentation on your handy tablet. Deputy Luke, detainees don’t leave this room for any reason. Deputies Matt, Mark, and John, search the main floor. Deputy Miranda, take these bolt cutters, and see to the women. I’m sure you can find some clothes around here.”

“The job comes first,” said Miranda.

The Dormitory

Miranda, in her delightful hard bodied nakedness, bounded up the stairs, bolt-cutters in hand. She opened the door to the dormitory. Inside, there were five naked, collared, frightened young women, who all appeared to have been recently whipped. She said “Everything is going to be all right. The good cops are here, and the Sigma gang are all in cuffs downstairs. Suzanne, come here!” Suzanne, who was the most recent arrival and probably still had use of her voice, came over and Miranda cut off her collar. She then proceeded to cut the collars off the other four. “Why am I still wearing a collar? It’s a camera.”

Suzanne rasped “What about Bull Connor? And his deputies?”

“Bleeding and vomiting downstairs under guard. This isn’t his county, and the state police will be looking after his deputies. Look, I had to run away, or I’d be dead by now. I’m sorry if anyone got any extra punishment because I ran. But things will get better. We want you to testify against Bolton, Connor, Xandra, Kelland and the rest. We have billets arranged with some nice people until trial. Then you can go home if that’s where you want to go. There’s a lot of money in this operation, and I want to get compensated, and I want you to get compensated.” She then went and picked up pads of paper and pens and got the girls to write their stories. She then had the deputies bring up the women’s clothes from the storeroom.

“Miranda,” asked Suzanne, “why aren’t you dressed?”

“Job comes first,” said Miranda.

At that point, Sheriff Jim came into the room and said “Deputy Miranda, get dressed immediately. I’m sure Xandra has some nice stuff you could borrow.”

Afterwards

The series of searches and arrests turned up significant evidence of human trafficking, drug trafficking, racketeering and bribery of public officials. As well, certain notables, domestic and foreign, were found to have visited Jones Farm.

The five women rescued from Jones Farm testified against the Sigma gang, and then went home with an advance on their settlement.

Miranda testified in uniform as an Auxiliary Deputy Sheriff of Jones County.

The defendants sought to blame each other.

Bull Connor was convicted on all charges and received 55 years without chance of parole. Given his age, he would die in the Protective Custody unit of the State Penitentiary.

Andrew Bolton was convicted on all charges and received 50 years without chance of parole.

Xandra Yellowstone, in exchange for cooperation, was convicted of lesser charges and received 5 years.

Doc Kelland and the others were convicted and imprisoned, lost professional accreditation, forced to resign from office etc.

Deputy Miranda moved in with Deputy Luke.

[Apologies for any formatting issues]