

Chicken Empathy

By Denkira7

GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

“...And with the current pace we expect an increase in margins from between 5% to 7%. With the market stronghold we possess only rising, the future is looking as bright as a golden egg. Thank you.” Faye Colson concluded her presentation amongst the boardroom of most esteemed share-holders.

The CEO of ‘Good Bird Inc.’ the largest chicken farming company across the continent, looked pretty damn pleased with herself. And it wasn’t because of how hot she looked in that dark-blue skirt suit, which hugged her shapely, feminine figure just right, or how sexy her black stilettos looked, matching the color of her dark hair, normally draping down her fair shoulders, but now caught in a formal, professional bun.

No, it was because of money. And money was flowing in like a storm; a storm of chickens, which were selling like crazy and raking in the profits. Faye had run a tight ship of 500+ farms, cutting corners wherever possible and dodging the FDA’s inspections like a slippery snake. Lowering the costs of production to the bare minimum might not make for happy chickens, but it sure up the profits for the monolithic food company.

The shareholders were beaming with satisfaction, giving the pretty, 37-year-old CEO a warm ovation. She was doing her job in ballooning their (and of course, hers) already inflated bank accounts.

The white, brunette businesswoman made her way down the many steps of the company’s headquarters, located down town. Her gorgeous, big, green eyes sparked with a mischievous smile. She knew how to play the capitalist game and was ruthless when it came to stomping down the opposition. And those were humans, so you knew at just how low of an esteem animals were.

As her heels clicked on each step of her descent, she felt victorious, proud, like the whole world was her oyster; or a plate of chicken nuggets.

She looked like a million bucks (though she had much more). Her small, but cute, B-cup titties were contained and presented by her smooth, buttoned jacket’s modest cleavage. The woman was on the smaller size, around 5’3”, but her hips had meat on them to sway with her clicking steps and her ass

could take a good spanking over that knee-length skirt. Despite the first wave of age marking her body, her waist was kept nice and slim through a privileged, healthy lifestyle and working out. Any creeping-in wrinkle lines on her beautiful face were 'dealt with' with some touches up of appropriate make-up.

There were the few animal-loving protesters standing outside the building, picket-holding and protesting. Their voices got louder as soon as they spotted the powerful woman, who gave a winner's smirk, not even dignifying a glance at them. There weren't that many today, sometimes they gathered in the hundreds with their adorable shitty bull horns, those bird-loving freaks. If they loved chickens so much, why didn't they fucking marry them? Or at the very least take them home as pets or something. These dumb birds didn't belong in nature. They belonged in a nice, sizzling fryer.

"Fucking weirdos" the arrogant brunette mumbled under her breath, unable to not vocalize her disdain for these losers.

Ignoring the angry, but laughably harmless mob, Faye finally made her way to the open back-door of a waiting limousine, getting in elegantly like the royalty she felt like. She had another appointment, this time with some 'Big Chicken' lobbyists. She needed some new regulatory laws passed.

The black limo took off, its mirror-like shine faintly reflecting the protesters only for a little bit, before it disappeared in the busy streets.

The ride was quiet as most times, with Faye's face over her phone, her expensive handbag next to her on the leather seats. The driver did not speak either, simply driving. "Hey, that's not the right turn" Faye lifted her eyes and said. The driver did not react at all, simply kept steering. "Are you listening to me? That's not the way!" Faye repeated, this time angrier. The black-suited, male driver did not respond, but before the woman could finish her whining, he turned over to reveal that his face was covered with a heavy duty gas mask, before spraying the woman's face with a noxious, green gas out of a canister.

"What the?!..." was all the woman got to utter before she started violently coughing and trying to get away from the knock-out gas that quickly filled all the back-seat's space. Her manicured fingers tried the door handle but it was locked. The tinted windows of the limo kept everything that was going inside private. The gas-masked driver kept spraying the coughing and choking and half-blindly flailing businesswoman until she slumped down on the back seat, unconscious.



The dark, small, window-less room of concrete walls was sharply illuminated, as bright, cold headlights turned on with a loud clank.

Though very bright, these lights were not what jostled Faye back into consciousness. The very next moment, the floored woman felt her body being pulled up by her neck, as a tough chain, clipped to her collar slowly lifted by an electric pulley humming lively.

“MNGH!Kh.....” Faye was suddenly thrust into consciousness by a slow ascending pull. Her gagged moan was very soon cut short by her now strangling collar, as her bound body was being slowly hoisted from a flat state to an upright one.

Thrust in this horrible predicament, the breathless woman immediately stumbled to get her harshly frog-tied legs under her and stop her own weight from hanging her. Finally, the pulley seized its function, when the woman’s involuntarily squatting body could stretch no more. Faye would have certainly fallen over, if not for the leather collar around her neck, which was leashed to the ceiling by the firm and now taut chain.

“Easy now” a masked figure right beside her commented in a female voice, as the bound woman was forced to keep her balance with not time to adjust to anything, or choke on the collar/noose that had been placed on her.

Awoken essentially in the middle of a life-threatening predicament gave the 37-year-old hottie enough adrenaline for her pretty eyes to shoot up wide and for Faye to reflexively take stock of her current, horrible situation:

Devoid of all her formal, business attire and underwear, Faye was bound in strict electrical cord in a rather uncomfortable and painful position. Her arms had been (rather fittingly) chicken-winged together behind her back. The elaborate knot was comprised of two parts:

First, a cord harness that bit into the woman’s flesh above her squeezable breasts and around her waist. Then, on the waist-portion of that harness were attached the woman’s delicate wrists, bound together with many coils of cord. Her arms were strenuously pinned behind her back with more tightly wrapped cord, both above and below her elbows, forcing them to touch. With the waist-cord unable to slide down due to being part of her chest-harness, Faye’s arms were contorted to resemble a cute chicken’s wings, with her elbows pointing up and behind her back, uselessly ‘flapping’ as one.

Below the waist, the businesswoman was forced into a deep, deep squat, thanks to her firm legs’ frog-tie. More cord tightly secured her upper thighs on her dainty ankles, folding each leg in half. Another

round of cord was passed around the woman's thighs and calves, at the middle point of these two 'chicken thighs', denting the soft flesh as it dug into it.

But unfortunately for the wealthy executive, this was only the restraining portion of her new 'attire'. Her abductors had gone the extra mile in making the 'Big Chicken' exec appear like just that; a big, clucking chicken.

Well, in this case, a moaning one, since Faye was gagged with a thick, penis-gag that filled her mouth as it was tightly buckled behind her head. The gag was hidden in the interior of a yellow beak mask that covered Faye's face from the nose down, leaving only her fearful eyes and forehead visible. The mask/gag was made of hard plastic, and featured two black dots on top for the beak's nostrils.

Miss Colson's dark, wavy hair had been turned red with some cheap colored hairspray and fashioned into three little loops of folded hair-tufts with more strict cord. Lined in a row at the middle of her head and loosely sticking out like a little Mohawk, they resembled a chicken's red crest.

Finally, using some more hastily used color spray, the woman's body was sprayed white, from her face down her whole body, with the exception of her nude feet and the bottom halves of her folded legs (from knee to ankle) which were sprayed a carrot-orange to simulate a chicken's legs.

In the center of the room, the featherless human chicken writhed against its degrading bonds, struggling to keep its body upright and not hang itself. Faye's terrified green eyes met the figure that towered next to her, full of questions. The female was dressed in a dark-blue janitor's jumpsuit with latex gloves on her hands and combat boots on her feet. But the most distinct accessory was the rabbit mask that concealed her identity. The plastic rabbit mask was cartoony and cheerful, taken right out of a kid's Halloween party. Its big smile felt eerie in that setting.

"GnnmfnmNNGFFH!" Faye attempted to curse the woman out, making herself appear even less dignified than her nudity and chicken-costume already did, as she tried to yell with a mouthful of rubber dildo. The woman did not reply, just looked straight ahead, towards the room's darkness.

Faye turned to look at that direction. At first glance there was nothing, but immediately after, four more masked figures appeared approaching, clad in the same jumpsuits as the 'rabbit-girl'. Each one

had a different animal party mask on. Two more women wore the masks of a cow and a fox, and two men the masks of a pig and a hippo.

“Mmng!” Faye a scared, flinching attempt at backing away from them, but her ceiling-hitched chain and folded legs kept her from moving any considerable amount.

“For someone that treats animals like objects, you sure seem to be afraid of them” the ‘hippo-guy’ spoke in a deep, confident voice as the leader of this group, as the group was now circling the kidnapped woman from one side. Faye tested her bonds, adorably wiggling her chicken-winged arms and causing her hair-crest to wiggle above her head. Her arms and shoulders ached soooo much from the cruel bondage, but she could only wiggle her fingers which were stuck on her lower back. Used to having the upper hand on people, she quickly found she had no leverage here.

“We are ‘Pegasus’. An underground organization devoted to fighting for animal rights across the globe” the masked man spoke as his peers around him just stared down at the squirming damsel. “Though your kind would probably call us terrorists, vandals, criminals. You don’t care about the creatures of this earth” the hippo-masked man continued his short speech. “MNGffhffffnng!” Faye tried cursing the soft-spoken prick, only further tasting the rubber of her dildo-gag.

It was funny how her angry eyes contrasted the silly beak-mask that covered the lower half of her face.

“I think your issue is...perspective” the man paused dramatically before that vital word. “Seeing things from their side will surely enlighten you” he said and without pausing to hear the gagged bitch’s thoughts, nodded to his comrades.

Quickly, the team spread to all corners of the room, whose walls were too dark-drenched for Faye to make out anything. Nervous, the bound, chickenified woman scanned around the room to garner insight on her immediate future.

It all became clearer when she saw four wire-fence walls approaching her from all sides! Each member of this terrorist/activist group was pushing the tall, wide fences, which together formed a rectangle of adjustable dimensions, since each chain-link fence had a Π - shaped gap on its surface, making it possible for the perpendicular fences to go through it.

“MMnng! NNGNG!” Faye protested with a claustrophobic terror, as very soon the fence-walls surrounded her naked body. The diamond shapes of the chain link pressed roughly against her soft flesh, the steel digging into her wing-folded arms, her tight ass cheeks and pretty titties. Her legs were stuck in a graphically splayed position, splitting wider and wider the more the two walls crushed her squatting form. From her spread thighs and calves to her belly and waist, there wasn’t a part of her that wasn’t in strict contact with the wire-fence. The chain link even met her (neatly trimmed) pussy, the coarse steel-wire roughing up her delicate cunt-lips.

Faye was crushed by the chain-link fences from all four sides, packed in like one of her many factories' chickens. It was so terrifying, the claustrophobic feeling of being so trapped that even taking in a breathe felt difficult.

The helpless little chicken-girl wiggled pathetically in its cage, her new predicament bringing her more questions than answers.

"The chickens at your farms spent the entire lives trapped in cages no bigger than their own bodies. Let's see how you like it, when you spend the rest of your days caged like that" the hippo-masked leader addressed Miss Colson, who eyed him with an absolutely horrified, speechless expression, unable but to wiggle in place, confined to her encasement.

At the same time, the cow-masked activist girl approached Faye holding a syringe needle, full of a clear liquid. "Mnnnff! NNNGGH! PLLLLHHHHEE!" Faye squirmed as she saw her, unable to avoid the needle piercing her perky breasts through the cage's gaps, about thrice in each breast. "Since your animals get constantly drugged with growth hormones, it is only fair you experience it too" the leader explained as soon as Faye's gagged screams of pain had stopped, the needle pricks visible on her exposed, wire-pressed tits.

The man then stepped back to reveal a camera that was facing Faye, standing on a tripod. The little red light was already flashing, filming the woman's humiliating mistreatment.

Without any further explanation, the group disappeared somewhere in the dark edges of the room, leaving the businesswoman to writhe in agony in front of the camera.



“Gmffffff” Faye let a droning whine from her beak-gag, vocalizing her distress once more as she tried to find a way to micro-shift her pinned body into a less uncomfortable position. There was absolutely no room given to her. The soreness on her immobilized muscles and body was compounded exponentially by the ruthless time of her captivity. Faye had been caged for almost 12 hours, with no end in sight and no way to tell that passage of time; presumably left there to rot. While the first couple of hours were passed in desperate crying and furious (albeit pointless) struggling, the ten following hours had pinned the beautiful, privileged woman to submission as much as her actual bonds and the smothering fences around her. Faye looked mentally beaten to a pulp. Her initial rage and indignation had long since given way to a hopeless self-pity.

With her chain-leash leaving her no room and her legs folded as they were, Faye was forced on the balls of her feet for the majority of her ‘stay’. Her feet were hurting her with a stabbing pain.

But her feet were not the only source of focused agony.

Thanks to the fast-acting growth hormone injected to them, her titties had swollen over the course of a couple of hours, from modest B-cups into mouthwatering DDs. Just like her company was banging out large, juicy breasts from each chicken, she now was the artificially fattened-up cattle for consumption. Her tits now literally bulged through the gaps of the chain link like wrapped ham, bringing added discomfort with no free room for them.

“MMMMMMMMMMMMMM!” the woman let a muffled long whine of desperation, which echoed against the ceilings of her strange prison. Her naked, hastily painted body was sweating profusely for a while now, due to the strain and immobility of her bondage and encasement. At one point, she had involuntarily pissed herself, after desperately holding her bladder in check for 4 or so hours. Now her piss was all over her enclosure, coating the cement flooring she stood on with naked, orange feet.

She had tried falling asleep at one point, but her joints ached terribly from her bondage and along with her forced squatting and inability to lay down (or else she would choke on the collar-chain) made getting any rest from this hell impossible.

Three more hours followed, until the masked group visited their unwilling guest. Her breasts were starting to gradually deflate back to their normal size, still an ample C-size at the moment. Faye was relieved by this, as her lungs could expand again to allow her to take proper breathes.

Her cage was pulled apart and squatting chicken was allowed some space to wiggle her crushed 'wings'. Her attitude towards her captors was nothing like the one she had when they first entered the room. From arrogantly demanding for her release, Faye was now as timid as an actual chicken in a pen.

Maybe more so.

"I presume you now have a better understanding of your...products' living conditions" the leader spoke, kneeling up close to the captive millionaire. "Mm...mm" Faye nodded her beak-featuring head, hoping this would show them she had 'learned her lesson' and she'd be let go. She wasn't that lucky.

"Mm....NG!" the anxious woman turned her beaked face behind her shoulder, watching the jump-suited folks grab a firm hold of her and roughly spread her asscheeks, as the pig-masked male approached her from behind with a basket of well-lubed, rubber eggs of various colors, resting in a basket.

"MMmnng! NNNNNG! NNN!" Faye started furiously struggling again, held even steadier by three pairs of hands as the man unceremoniously started working the first egg against her far-from-romanced sphincter.

"You don't just fatten up your chickens, do you Faye? You also overbreed them to get every last egg out of them" the 'hippo' narrated as his mates held the wailing woman down as the first rubber egg, the size of a regular one, but with a much more flexible, elastic nature, finally slipped inside her stretched asshole with the push of the pig-man's latex-gloved hands.

"So many eggs, Faye..." the hippo guy let the phrase linger, right as a second egg forcefully made its way past the woman's rectum. "Gnnnnngg!" the woman let a miserable groan, as a third egg was violently inserted up her ass, pushing the other ones deeper up her colon. The three masked woman were spreading her spray-painted ass cheeks nice and wide for the man to 'fill Faye up'. She could only flap her chicken-winged arms and folded legs useless, crying in her beak-gag as she was held down and violated.

In the end, Faye's normally flat lower abdomen looked visibly swollen with the internal pressure of 8 whole rubber eggs, nesting inside her. Her colon was utterly filled and hurt with the stretching pressure of its packed nature. The pig-faced man shoved a metal butt plug in her full ass, sealing all these eggs in there. Faye's tits were heaving deeply up and down, as she tried to control her breathing to deal with the pain. She felt like she would literally burst at any moment.

The cow-masked girl of the group grabbed the camera in her arms and brought it closer, so that no viewer could possibly miss the executive's expanded tummy, as well as her naked cunt, presented nicely by two crouching member pulling Faye's chicken-legs obscenely apart. "This is how an overbred chicken feels" the leader spoke, as Faye tried in vain to turn her beaked face away from the camera, in utter shame. Her red crest-buns flopped left and right with her pitiful attempts to shield her identity.

“Here, take a little walk” the activist group let go of the silently-sobbing, holding-back-tears woman. Though freer than before, the bound-squatting woman was still tethered to the ceiling by her chain-leash. Faye’s green eyes looked utterly sunken, as she saw the fox-masked girl approach her holding a red, cattle prod. Just like the ones farms like Faye’s used on vulnerable, defenseless animals.

“I’m sure being packed to the brim and enduring prolonged captivity you might not want to do much moving around. But the animals you abuse don’t get a say, so why should you?” the leader exposted and with his words over, the fox-girl zapped the woman’s hips and ass with the cattle prod.

“MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMG!!!” NNNNNNNNNNNN!” Faye wailed, the jump she made as the electric shock rattled her ass almost making her hop like a frog. It hurt SO MUCH! “Come on lil’ chick, move!” the fox said, shocking the low-standing woman again and again, until she got her orange feet moving towards the opposite direction of the cattle prod.

The collar-chain up above could slide along a large, square surface of the ceiling, giving Faye the freedom (the irony) to drag her frogtied feet along the cement floor. It was really difficult to move like this, but the repeated shocks of the cattle prod ‘motivated’ the helpless damsel to run around the room like a dumb chicken. “Faster!” the girl electrocuted the woman’s bare sideboob, eliciting another agonizing, gagged cry, as Faye strained her already sore legs to do random figure-eights around the room, all intimately recorded on film. Her packed and fused-together arms desperately strained to protect her from the incoming shocks, as useful as a hat in the rain.

When the leader deduced that Faye’s unborn babies had enough of a ride, jostling inside her rectum, he nodded to the others. In front of the bright lights, Faye was turned backwards so that her plump, firm ass was facing the camera. The sweat of her exertion had now mixed with the tears streaming down her pretty, but utterly defeated, green eyes.

“Time for our hen to lay her eggs” he spoke, as the beaked damsel struggled again, though much more weakly, as her abusers held her down once more and the plug was slowly pulled out of her of asshole. Faye had turned behind her shoulder, looking down at a surely undignified sight; as soon as the plug was removed, a couple of eggs followed behind it, popping right out of her loosened ass, lightly bouncing and rolling on the floor. Faye wanted to hold her ass tightly shut and not give her captors the satisfaction, but at the same time the flood gates felt opened and the painful pressure on her belly and ass had only one way to subside.

“MNNNGNGG!” the now red-haired beauty moaned as with another reflexively clench, a couple of more eggs shot out of her gaping asshole to meet the rest. She hated this, how it felt, how it looked. Everything about it.

“What a productive hen! We’re gonna make so much money off of her” the hippo-guy drove the knife on this humiliating metaphor. As her ass-cheek was pulled wider, another egg slid out of the woman’s

well-kept, hairless shitter. Faye wanted the earth to open up and swallow her. “I think you can do a couple more” the hippo guy knew how to count. With a little belly pressing and rubbing, Faye ‘laid’ the last two colored eggs, squatting above her rubber ‘litter’ completely mortified.

It was time for the grand finale of this ‘production’. Faye mumbled some tired obscenities, incomprehensible by her mouth-filling gag, but she stopped when she saw them unclip the chain from her collar. Was she being released at last?

Instead, she saw a large, thick horizontal bar being wheeled in, supported by steel poles on either side. The bar was at a height of about 6 feet and underneath it was a mesh metal floor, used for drain.

Faye was suddenly swept up in the group’s arms, her light-weight frame easily carried over and flipped upside down so that the rope of the woman’s ankles/thighs was hang from two metal hooks attached to the horizontal bar. Too spent to pose much of a threat, Faye dangled hopelessly upside down, like a rooster dangling from a butcher’s window display.

She wasn’t far off. The floor underneath her was a blood drain.

“And at the end, you simply murder them, without a shred of dignity or humanity. As if their lives are meaningless. Meer commodity” the leader prologued as a progressively more fidgety and anxious Faye’s struggles caused her suspended nude, cord-wrapped body to start swaying from her ‘perch’. Her heavy breathing turned into muffled cries and pleading screams as she saw the hippo-faced man produce a huge butcher’s knife. “MMMMMMMMHHHuuhuuuuuuuuu! NNNNNNNNNNhuuhuhuu!” the woman’s gagged cries filled the room as she twisted her bound body and shook her beak-masked face frantically, getting nowhere with her legs tethered onto the bar. The camera captured her horror, as the group took its sweet time, watching the disposable chicken’s agonizing last moments.

The man stepped up close to Faye slowly, too slowly, prolonging the woman’s terrified state. The bar’s level was such that the woman’s upside down face hanged at the level of his chest. Faye’s gagged screams got louder and more desperate. She didn’t want to die! Not like this!

The hippo man tilted his head slightly, all of them silent as they watched the CEO squirm mid-air in her bonds. With his latex-gloved hand, he grabbed Faye’s crest-made red hair and pulled them back to expose the helpless animal’s neck better. Faye kept wailing in her gag, flailing her winged arms and frog-tied legs for dear life. There was nothing else she could do. This was it. The camera captured everything from a lower angle, to keep the woman’s crying face in the shot. With her head secured in

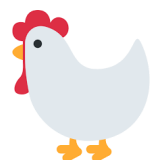
place by the man's strong hair-grip, Faye felt the blade approach her soft carotid, her whole torso heaving up and down in these final moments, along with her upside down titties.

Faye was an animal in its purest form. But she could neither fight nor flight in this perilous moment. She was prey to a higher intelligence, a higher form of life. The blade all but caressed her neck, ready to slice. In her deathly terror, Faye did not even feel her urethra loosen up as a stream of her piss run down her upside down torso and breasts.

"I think we got enough footage" Faye heard the hippo-dude say and the tension of her impending demise was left hanging, just like she was. The masked girl took the camera away and he tossed the knife aside on the floor. The dangling chicken-girl was left to tremble, showered in her own involuntary piss that now reached her race and hair, droplets dripping down through the drain.

"Here's what you're gonna do" in a less theatrical, dramatic tone, the masked man knelt so that he had eye contact with the confused, strung-up hottie who was still panting hard from her presumed murder. "You're gonna change your company's policies. Everything from the top down will reflect a more humane, ethical way to treat animals" he said to Faye, whose green, upside down eyes could not be more locked to him. She was hanging from every word, pun intended.

"If you don't comply, this video will be made public all over the internet. And you can be sure we'll pay you another visit" he said to her and got up, only for the rabbit-masked girl to kneel in front of Faye and inject her neck with a powerful sedative, that knocked the dumbfounded woman right out before she could even yelp.



24 DAYS LATER

“Here at ‘Good Bird’, we value and respect the life of each animal, each creature that gives us sustenance. This is why we are introducing some big changes to the way we run our farms. Our chickens are now free range, free of cages. They are organically fed with no chemical additives of hormones in their diet and they are cautiously bred to ensure that our ethics are never affected by the bleak and cruel corporate landscape” Faye Colson speaks behind the podium.

The large press conference has gathered some serious media attention and for good reason. It is strange for such a huge corporation to pivot so strongly towards a less-profitable direction. The beautiful CEO keeps a wholesome, determined expression during her speech, with her dark, wavy hair perfectly draping down her red jacket, matching her skirt.

Her demeanor is completely artificial, a high-and-mighty, morally responsible façade, but she plays her part well, concealing any signs of stress or worry.

Indeed, blackmail is a very effective way of changing a person. Though she hasn’t heard from the ‘Pegasus’ people ever since that grim meet-up, Faye knows they are watching. Always watching.

As the press conference concludes and the finely dressed executive steps off the stage, the crowd of reporters and other corporate folk slowly dissipates. Rubbing her forehead to deal with the stress of what was a tough, but necessary move, Faye makes her way down the empty corridors of the building. Her phone rings.

-Hi, Natasha, just finished with the press thing, I’ll be there in about 20 minutes.

The woman she is speaking to is her close friend and fellow entrepreneur extraordinaire, Natasha Melinof. The 41-year-old blondie is a tall, thin ex-model and owner of a behemoth cosmetics company.

As she walks towards a flight of stairs, she does not pay attention to the janitor leisurely mopping the floors. He has a beige jumpsuit and his face is concealed by a plain medical mask, which is to be expected amidst the pandemic. He also wears a cap and some dark sunglasses though, which seem a bit odd.

“Careful, it’s slippery” he notes to the woman as she passed by him. “Yeah, yeah” she brushes him off, her mind busy with much more important matters.

“Going to see your buddy?” Faye hears the masculine voice behind her back, stopping her tracks in the middle of the straight staircase. She turns to look at him with an apprehensive, caught-off-guard look. “She’s not treating our friends well. Experimenting on rodents, mice, rabbits. It’s not very nice” the man says to Faye and his voice just then is recognized!

The same voice as the man in the hippo mask!

“S...Someone! Over here!” Faye darts her eyes left and right, looking and calling out blindly. Somebody has to get this man arrested!

No reply is heard. The two are alone here, the silence deafening; only filled by the far-away ambience of chatter, coming from the press conference crowd. Nowhere near her.

“Call your pretty friend and tell her that the rendezvous spot has changed. Tell her you’ve sent a car to pick her up” the janitor speaks calmly and clearly. “...or your little tape goes viral...” he reminds the stunned woman the stakes.

Faye’s eyes linger blankly towards the floor, her mind racing. She can’t have that video out there. Under any circumstances! Slowly, without really registering it, she puts her phone on her ear. “Hey ‘Tash! Sorry but there’s been a change of plans...yeah sit right there, I’ve got a car coming to take you to the new place... Ok bye” she says, concealing her trembling voice half-well. Her eyes now stuck to the manly figure, which appears like an inanimate shadow from her point of view, in the dimly lit corridor.

“Very well, Faye. You’re a good chick” the janitor says with an insulting double entendre and stands there, with his hands resting on the tip of his mop, as the brunette businesswoman, in a trance at having just sold her friend out to god knows what hellish fate, stumbles away down the stairs. ‘Better them than me’ was always her kill-or-be-kill business motto, anyways. Could someone have actually sold Faye out before all this? A chain of blackmail?

With all kinds of realizations crowding her shocked mind, the dazed woman’s heels click weakly on each marble step, without the confidence and power she usually possesses. Faye gives a lost, unfocused double take behind her shoulder towards the man’s direction.

He is not there anymore.

