

PRAXTON-

Book 2: The Battle for Freedom



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Chapter Two

Lucinda Taylor felt the shake on her shoulder from her bunkmate. She groaned, wondering why her weekend morning was being disturbed. Unlike weekdays, when she had to get up at five forty-five, on weekends she was allowed to sleep in until eight. She glanced at the large clock near the entrance, the readout indicating only ten past seven.

“What’s going on?” she croaked out, inwardly cursing the wine she drank last night. She sat up in bed and felt the room swim around her for a moment. “I don’t think I can get up.”

“Attention privates! Captain Conley approaching barracks!” Sergeant Colleen MacDonald barked.

That made Taylor jump from the second level bunk she shared with Henley, reaching for her green collar and snapping it into place. Some of the faster privates had managed to pull on a shirt or skirt as they tumbled out of bed. Two came running from the shower, wrapping a towel around them.

Taylor didn’t feel she had the precious seconds to pull on something and lined up at the foot of her bed with Henley, who had managed to pull on a pair of panties.

There were four bunk beds of double beds set along a single row. All sixteen females lined up, four of them nude, including Taylor.

Taylor had joined the armed forces as a way of seeing a bit of the world and avoided the need to have a male guardian for a while. The armed forces became her guardian, and she wore the metal green collar to signify that to others. She was a bit taller than the average recruit was and did well on the physical training. In fact, the sergeant had indicated only her extracurricular activities might prevent her from getting an early promotion.

That was yesterday, and she celebrated the good review by drinking too much with Marcia Henley and a Corporal Winston. She had seen him around a few times and had notice his stares. He joined them at their long table, chatting and buying rounds as they laughed at his jokes. He was a big man, and she enjoyed his company, but wasn’t prepared to let him get any further that night. Winston, like all males, respected that she wore a collar of another guardian. In this case, it was of the military, but it still meant he was careful not to press his advantage. If they got off military property, or if they were both on leave it might be a different

situation, but Lucinda felt secure he would respect her wishes. At most, he could give her a spanking as it was acknowledged males could spank any female if there was a need for it. She didn't give him her first name and didn't ask for his, referring to him as Corporal Winston at the beginning, and then as Mutton Head, because he confessed his hair was naturally curly and he had to keep it short.

Taylor used her fingers to comb her dark hair and gave Henley's hand a quick squeeze just as Sergeant MacDonald stepped forward.

"Captain Conley, Sir!" Sergeant MacDonald called out as she stood at attention. Her uniform was the standard female uniform. A short black and green camouflage skirt, a pair of knee high back boots with a heel, and a form-fitting jacket with a deep V-neck. Her collar was slightly thicker than that of the privates. A minor difference from civilian wear for military women is the use of bras. The military finding going braless in combat might be a disadvantage. Most of the military women went without a bra except during training or combat simulations. MacDonald had large breasts and usually wore a bra to accent them under her jacket. Her breasts, this morning, seem to be straining to get out of the V-neck as she arched her back during her salute.

Captain Conley returned her salute. His uniform was of heavy black and green camouflage pants, dark green shirt, black jacket and heavy boots. He was wearing his combat uniform for a reason and his thick belt held a knife, handgun and rolled up metal chain leash. The leash was a holdover from when the military used to help capture wayward females. Today, it is still a popular military exercise for training purposes.

"I have wonderful news for you Company G," he growled at them as he walked past them during the inspection. "As you have heard, we will be having our semi-annual chase and capture competition. This year will be different from last year in two respects. One, we will defeat the Green team under Captain Jacob. This is not an option." He looked around the room for emphasis. "The second change will be that we will have female combat soldiers on the chase and capture for the first time." He turned to Sergeant MacDonald.

"Wilkins, O'Neil and Taylor step forward!" She called out their names unnecessarily loud.

Taylor gasped and looked at Henley who gave her a quick grin. She stepped forward and looked at MacDonald who looked back at her standing naked, her hair scattered over her head and looking very much like she was out late last night. She pursed her lips and gave a small shake of her head.

Taylor stood with her hands clasped behind her back as Conley

studied her, concentrating on pulling in her stomach and keeping her shoulders back. Of the three females, she was the only one completely nude and felt a bit out of place.

“Soldier you look like a disgrace. I have been up since before five this morning. Even if this is a day to sleep in, you should be able to respond better than this.”

“Yes sir.”

“Are you serious about the military?”

“Yes sir.”

He shook his head. “If this wasn’t a weekend, I would attach this leash to your collar...” he held up the rolled up chain... “and lead you to the stockade.”

“Yes sir. Sorry sir.”

“Sergeant MacDonald said you would be a good choice for this exercise. Are you trying to make her look foolish?”

“No sir.”

He walked around her and proceeded to the other two females but said nothing to them.

“Okay Sergeant. These will do, on your say so.” He glanced at Taylor. “But have Taylor report to me at oh nine hundred. Make that in rough garb.”

Taylor took in the congratulations from her barracks and then began to wash up. Rough garb was what military prisoners wore and sometimes soldiers, as well, as punishment. For men, it was only a pair of pants. For females, it was only a very short flared black skirt and a small fitting tank top. It was also the clothing one wore for corporal punishment, and every few weeks some recruit in rough garb was punished publicly in the central area.

Taylor walked barefoot with Henley, who decided to keep her company and defend her from some of the abuse directed towards her. They walked past the mess hall and other barracks along the hard concrete sidewalk. Several other soldiers, male and female, made comments directed at Taylor. She was certain, if Henley wasn’t with her, a few would have attempted to pull off her top or skirt. She knew the men just wanted to have another look at a naked female, but the female soldiers’ aim was to try to humiliate her even more than she already felt. They reached the administration building, and Henley waited outside the Captain’s office as Taylor walked inside.

The secretary continued to work on her computer for several seconds before she looked up and acknowledged Taylor. The secretary wore a style of military clothing, composed of a tight fitting jacket held

in place by a single brass button, and a tight skirt. The jacket had a wide V-neck, showing plenty of cleavage. The skirt was short, with the waist not reaching the bottom of the jacket. High black boots completed the outfit. Because the secretary, though part of the military, would not take part in military operations, her clothing was designed for show and not practicality. Thus, her boots had a higher heel than the military version, and a bra was not issued. Panties were permitted due to modesty issues for the short fitting skirt. Her collar was military issue, but was of a more elaborate design than most soldiers were.

When the secretary finally did look up, Taylor announced she had appointment with the captain.

The secretary looked her up and down. “We’re in a bit of trouble I see.”

“Yes ma’am.”

She stood. “I hope you don’t make a lot of noise during your punishment. It’s hard to concentrate on my work. You’re not wearing panties under that skirt are you? That will only get you in more trouble.”

“No ma’am.”

“Lift your skirt and let me see.”

Taylor lifted the bottom of her skirt to her waist. She knew the secretary was over extending her powers and was just trying to make her feel worse, but there was little she could do. She certainly wasn’t going to improve her situation with the captain by getting into an argument with his secretary. She held up her skirt for several seconds, exposing her pussy to smirking secretary.

“Okay, you can go in now.”

Red faced, Taylor was led into office by the secretary and stood at attention as he reviewed her file.

“I should have you spanked or whipped on the central yard you know.”

“Yes sir.”

“Or would you prefer I spanked you here, only this time on your bare ass?”

Taylor swallowed hard, wondering if he was serious. She decided he might well be. “Here sir...”

“Is that because you are embarrassed of what others may think of you and would rather hide your punishment here?”

Taylor nodded slowly, her voiced cracked. “Yes sir.”

He raised his voice, glaring at her as he spoke. “The next time you look like you have been on an all nighter I will have you spanked naked publicly. I don’t give a rat’s ass what you do during the night, but you

better look combat ready in the morning the next time I see you.”

“Yes sir.”

“Do you think the enemy are only going to attack on weekdays? Do you think that we have an agreement with all armed forces that attacks will only occur after breakfast and never on weekends?”

“No sir.”

“Perhaps I should check my day-timer for the next enemy attack so I can advise you not to go drinking the night before. Would that be satisfactory to you?”

“No sir. I mean I understand what I did wrong.”

“How long do you feel you should remain in rough garb private? An hour, half a day, the rest of the day to learn your lesson?”

“Sir, I have learned my lesson now, Sir.”

“Lift up your skirt and bend over the desk.”

“Yes sir.” She lifted her skirt at the back and bent over his desk, resting on her forearms.

Conley walked behind her, snapping a riding crop against his pant leg. “Do you think you have learned a lesson today private Taylor?”

“Yes sir, I have sir.”

He nodded, his voice returning to normal. “So you say. Actions speak louder than words. You will stay in rough garb until after lunch. I will keep you on the chase and capture exercise for the time being. Stand up and pull your skirt down. That is all.”

She stood up quickly, surprised he hadn’t struck her backside. “Yes sir.” She turned and faced him. “Thank you, sir.”

A shadow of a crossed his lips. “Try to behave yourself in the future.”

Taylor left, relieved that was all the punishment she would have to endure. For a moment she felt certain he was going to have her spanked with her leaning over his desk. Still she was going on the exercise and that made her steps a little lighter. Henley walked with her and listened to what happened in the office.

“You were lucky there. He must have taken pity on you.”

“I guess so. I just have to make it through lunch now.”