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PRAXTON:
SLAVES OF THE ROGUE WORLD



Nick Howard

Midnight Showcase Fiction Presents

**PRAXTON:
- Book 1 –
Slaves Of The Rogue World**

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Terri Baxter is sent as a spy by the Charter of Conduct Office to report on the deviate behaviour on Praxton. The government of Alliance Worlds is appalled that Praxton women are required to wear collars to identify who their male guardian is. In addition females wear decorative cuffs and revealing clothes, making them known as the sexist women in the galaxy. Terri's investigation leads her past the decadent tourist zone, and she infiltrates the real Praxton. Slowly she falls for the Praxton lifestyle, where she has to choose between love and submission or her mission.

www.nshoward.com

Dedication

I have been fortunate as a writer to have my books published, doubly so by a fine publisher such as Midnight Showcase. When I started writing I produced a few short stories that I sent in to a couple free sites, just to get some feedback from readers. I received a positive response and decided to push forward with slightly longer stories. However, I needed an editor and I asked for a volunteer editor. “D” responded to my request and promptly gave me several lessons on how to be a better writer. He used wit at times but the message was clear; if I want to be writer then I have to work on it. I remember one mistake I made (I used an abbreviation) and he scolded me. “Don’t be so lazy. This is literature you are writing.”

So thank you “D”. You have, likely unknown to yourself, been the single greatest influence to Nick Howard getting his writing published. Your editing of my earlier works has made it possible for this series to be published.

“D” has requested I keep his name confidential, however I will say he is also a successful writer as well as being a first class editor.

Author’s note:

This is the first book in the Praxton series, however it is a spin off from an earlier book called Haven (also published by Midnight Showcase). In Haven, I introduced the Alliance Worlds and the Charter of Conduct. The discovery of a lost planet called Haven led to conflict of two different societies.

PRAXTON: Book 1

Slaves Of The Rogue World

By N. S. Howard

Prologue

With the spread of humanity through the galaxy came a series of more or less independent planetary societies. This had been made possible by the discovery of a method of space warping which allowed instant travel, but at a great cost. The need for trade led to the formation of the Sol Alliance, at first only within the solar system, but later, under the title of the Alliance, throughout the known Galaxy.

The Charter of Conduct

The Charter of Conduct, heavily promoted by Earth and widely accepted among the planets adhering to the Alliance, spelled out what constituted acceptable society in terms of laws and social behaviour. Besides the Charter of Conduct, each Associated World was allowed to send in a number of members to the Alliance's elected legislature, determined by their population and gross trade with Sol. There was also a cost to join the Alliance, and some worlds felt that it was unreasonably high. However to agree to the Charter of Conduct and not to also join the Alliance was risky; everyone wanted a say in the Charter. And not to sign the Charter was akin to saying the world was hiding a dark secret.

Eventually the overwhelming number of inhabited planets signed up to join the Alliance. The alternative was to be possibly taken over by force.

The Charter of Conduct Office became a large organization that forced even the Alliance government to change its laws to suit the huge bureaucracy. Very few people could claim to understand every aspect of the complex Charter and many of its clauses had to be argued out in court for exact interpretation of what was and wasn't allowed. The Charter of Conduct Office employed more people than the total population of some of the smaller worlds and its influence was felt everywhere.

Praxton

Praxton is slightly larger than Earth and resides in an orbit around a star that is larger than the sun and slightly reddish in colour. To compensate for this it is slightly further away from its star than the Earth is from the Sun.

The planet is almost half land mass versus water and much of the world consists of large desert areas. The soil is reddish in colour but has enough nutrients to support crops and agriculture. Overall the temperature on the

planet is warm with only small cool Polar Regions. From a distance Praxton looks like an oversized Mars with oceans.

Praxton was one of the worlds rebuffing the overtures to join the Alliance worlds and to comply with the Charter of Conduct laws. The world was near the outskirts of human worlds but did a profitable business in trade with Alliance worlds. Larger than most habitable worlds, Praxton was ruled by a military style government that was secretive about its military, population and wealth. What was known to the Charter of Conduct Offices was that they needed more information about Praxton and its decadent culture.

A second reason for the Charter of Conduct Office to investigate Praxton was the embarrassing loss in the high court when the government of Haven successfully challenged the charge of allowing its population to consume meat, having open fires and ignoring other basic environment laws. Suddenly the absolute authority of the Charter of Conduct Office was under scrutiny and they wanted set an example with Praxton quickly.

The Charter of Conduct Offices comprises almost thirty floors alone of the Sol Alliance Government Building on Earth. The building is enormous, the size of four football fields in area and rising two hundred and seventy five stories above sea level and forty five below. There are several of these buildings clustered together out past where the dikes used to guard Amsterdam. It was within these affluent offices that Terri Baxter was offered her newest assignment.

At least it was presented as an offer. Usually the assignments were given to her by her immediate supervisor but on this occasion she was told to report to a Tilly Crawford and she rode the elevators with some apprehension to meet her.

The Charter of Conduct Offices was part of the justice system under the Sol Alliance government, the governing body of the Solar System and most of the human worlds throughout the galaxy. The Charter of Conduct was to ensure that all people were afforded the right to live and be protected within the social laws set out by the Charter. The Charter of Conduct was indeed the cornerstone of all legislation of the worlds under the Alliance. The document detailed what was permitted in society and covered social and environmental laws; conditions the Alliance wanted to extend to all worlds. That philosophy in practice meant that the Charter of Conduct pressured all governments to live under what it considered normal behaviour.

The pressure on Alliance worlds to conform was enormous. The Charter of Conduct Offices could force the government to change laws, fine them and even charge the heads of governments themselves with crimes. Non-Alliance worlds were wary of the Charter of Conduct Offices as well. Failure to have similar laws and culture to Earth could bring armed forces from the Alliance to ensure compliance.

One of the worlds rebuffing the overtures to join the Alliance worlds and

to comply with the Charter of Conduct laws was Praxton. The world was near the outskirts of human worlds but did a profitable business in trade with Alliance worlds. Larger than most habitable worlds, Praxton was ruled by a military style government that was secretive about its military, population and wealth. What was known to the Charter of Conduct Offices was that they needed more information about Praxton, and its decadent culture.

Chapter One

Tilly Crawford eased her bulk forward on her chair. “This assignment is difficult for us to ask you to do. Because of the nature of this assignment, it is both dangerous and degrading to women; we are going to allow you to refuse it without having a negative impact on your personnel file.”

Terri Baxter pushed back her long blonde hair with her left hand as she studied her notepad. The preamble about her assignment she now knew well enough; to gather information about Praxton and infiltrate areas of government and military.

“I understand I’m to arrive as a tourist and then make application to stay?”

“Yes. The second part, staying on Praxton is what worries us. It will require that you seek out a guardian to enable you to live outside the tourist zone. A guardian is a man who controls one or more women. You will have to wear a collar that identifies him as your guardian. In essence you will be his slave and virtually without any Alliance protection.”

Terri looked up; her heart began to beat faster. “Wear a collar?”

“Yes. We are also aware that you may also have to wear cuffs. It is an awful thing to subject the women to, but so far we cannot act against the Praxton government. Several years ago, we convinced Praxton to exchange diplomatic offices. We expected to receive numerous women seeking immigration to Alliance worlds and protection from their guardians. We could then follow up on those complaints as a way to show the true nature of the Praxton government.”

“What happened?”

Crawford pursed her lips. “There were almost no complaints at all and none seeking to leave Praxton. In fact, there continue to be many people, especially women, seeking to immigrate to Praxton. I have absolutely no idea why.”

“When do I need to let you know about the assignment?”

“As soon as possible; I recommend that you go to the tourist zone first and if you believe you won’t be able to handle the rest of the assignment, to contact us then.”

* * * *

Terri sat in her hotel room, located in the same group of buildings that included the Charter of Conduct Offices and read the information in front of her. Her notepad was the size of a magazine and worked on verbal commands or by a holographic keyboard. It included a wireless link to the world around her, enabling her to download any magazine, movie or live video. She also used it to pay for purchases in stores or restaurants.

She flipped to a new screen to read the information, ignoring the icon that indicated she had four messages waiting.

Praxton is a world dominated by its military. The government is an extension of the military and while it is the face presented to the population and other worlds, it is in fact merely there for cosmetic appearances.

All visitors must arrive in the city of Racon, the fourth largest city on the planet. Racon is divided into two sections; an inner core that caters to tourists and an outer core that serves as a buffer between the rest of the planet and the outsiders.

The inner core that most people think of as Praxton is used primarily for propaganda purposes and to gather Sol Alliance credits. The core offers a number of attractions, some of them notably illegal in other worlds that include gambling, high alcohol content drinks, drugs, temporary and permanent gene therapy, pornography and various sexual entertainments. Visitors are treated well and experience none of the dangers associated with the rest of the world.

The rest of Praxton is considerably different, more so after leaving the outer core of Racon. Though the population of Praxton is almost sixty per cent female, it is a male dominated society. Female employment is subservient to men and of lower pay. In addition almost all females are required to have a male guardian to be allowed to move freely about on Praxton. A female without a male guardian is in danger of being captured by a male and forced to obey him. The male guardian does not have to be present at all times to ensure the female's safety as a female normally wears a restraint such as a collar or wrist bands that identify the name of her guardian. Note: a transmitter can be located in the restraint that allows the guardian to track her whereabouts and also gives the authorities the ability to verify her guardian.

Praxton is averse to accepting the Charter of Conduct and tries to limit contact of its population with the Sol Alliance except in the tourist area of Racon. Men from other worlds are rarely given permission to live and work outside of Racon, though females are not considered a threat and as a consequence are allowed to work on Praxton after applying for work status once in Racon. This explains why the female population is much higher than the male, though it fails to provide a reason why females are so willing to migrate to Praxton.

Terri closed her notebook. The financial incentive for going to Praxton was excellent but she began to wonder what she may be getting herself into. She was to pose as a tourist that liked Praxton so much that she wanted to stay on the planet for a year to work. From that point on she was to make weekly reports and send them to the Charter of Conduct offices. The reports were coded and changed on her notebook to look like ordinary messages to various acquaintances but there was always some danger she could be caught by the Praxton authorities. She began to wonder what it would be like to wear a collar, what kind of sensation it would be.

She took a deep breath and sent a message to Tilly Crawford accepting

the assignment.

* * * *

The inner core of Racon looked liked other types of tourist places across the known space, except it was busier and had more temptations for the visitors. Terri didn't have any problems entering the tourist zone of Racon. The customs officers were friendly and directed her to where her hotel was located. She did see a separate line for non-tourists that went through opaque doors with warning signs above that indicated a much more serious customs officers were in charge.

Terri mingled with other tourists as much as possible so she didn't look too conspicuous as she looked around on the small patio lounge inside the mall. She noticed that drinks had a higher amount of alcohol than was permitted on the Charter of Conduct; the wine she was drinking had twelve percent versus the five percent maximum allowed under the Charter. Drugs and stimulants were readily available that would be restricted on other worlds. The sale of gene therapy was abundant with several shops offering various services. The price compared to Sol Alliance worlds was considerably lower, enough so that it was within the range of what most of the visitors could afford. Luxury tax on Alliance worlds raised the price of gene therapy to very high levels and some tourists arrived on Praxton solely to take advantage of the money saved. The gene therapy wasn't just for medical reasons. It allowed men to re-grow hair and add muscle. Women used it to give themselves a better figure, change their hair or eye colour and to stop hair growth on their bodies.

A number of the stores sold sex aids as well offering a dating service. Terri was shocked to see some patrons in the lounge smoking tubes of either tobacco, drugs, or a combination of both. Except in very select areas on Earth, one never saw anyone smoke. The environmental laws prohibited any pollution of the air.

Praxton was known for its belief that females should have a male guardian. While most women on Alliance worlds spoke of how horrible it was that they were treated as being inferior with newscasts deploring the 'slave trade on Praxton,' it didn't stop the tourists from coming. In fact, after a documentary funded by the Charter of Conduct was broadcast on several worlds simultaneously, the tourists going to Racon almost doubled.

Terri also noticed how most of the tourists decided to go 'native.' The men wore sleeveless shirts, sometimes open on the front, and pants that had the fly decorated to draw attention. The women wore short skirts, went with either high heels or barefoot, and tops that were often see-through. Bras seemed to be in short supply or if used, were merely half cups. 'Going native,' Terri mused, 'also means the women wear collars or cuffs.' The odd couple even had the man hold the end of a leash to the collar or had the lady's cuffs joined together. She noticed the sex shops did a good business in selling various restraints.

She watched two women giggle and laugh as they compared their collars to each other. Carefully she took their picture and then continued to watch them, and tried to catch their conversation. They thought it was a bit strange and funny that women wore collars, and they complained how now their husbands would think they were in charge. Terri heard them convince each other they only bought the collar as a souvenir and it was just for fun. The fact they bought two collars and cuffs each made the argument slightly suspicious. She saw how they acted with collar on, a shy but almost triumphant look.

Terri walked about slowly among the crowded indoor malls and noticed a few males quietly standing in various areas. To her trained eye, they jumped out as security personnel though to most of the tourists they would be unobtrusive. She, like most of the visitors, took many pictures though she concentrated on capturing additional images such as the security.

At the end of the day, she decided she needed to turn in and went to the hotel where her luggage had been sent. The woman working the front counter had short black hair. She also wore a collar that was so high that it prevented full head movement. The slim woman also wore matching cuffs and clearly visible under her light blouse could be seen a set of nipple jewellery with an intricate design.

“You have reservations?” She looked up as she typed in Terri’s name.

Terri confirmed the information.

“We normally give all our guests what we call the Praxton Standard room. If you should find it unsuitable to your needs, we can move you to the Galaxy Standard room for an additional fee.”

“What is the difference?”

The Galaxy rooms are what you would expect in most hotels outside of Praxton. The Praxton rooms are designed to reflect what most tourists expect to find here.” She gave a look that indicated it might be intriguing to see.

“I’m sure the Praxton Standard room will be fine.”

* * * *

Terri used her thumbprint to open the door and stepped inside. The room looked similar in size to most hotel rooms she had been in before. There were some oddities like a bath mat rolled up that was left at the edge of the bed and a several wall hooks placed about the room. Like most hotel rooms, one wall had a large view screen that gave the illusion of a window. A control allowed the choice of several different standard views, such as an ocean, forest, mountain or street. The scenes changed with time of day and included weather patterns. A selection could also be made to give the window an open appearance that allowed for incoming sounds and smells. What was different in the Praxton Standard was the inclusion of a voyeur view of a nearby virtual hotel that had uncovered windows.

The room had a small washroom that had a door for privacy, but next to it was a clear glass door that led to a shower. Terri looked over at the far wall and noticed one of the two wall cameras could see into the shower. Such

security cameras were common on other worlds but not normally found inside hotel rooms. She walked over to small desk that contained the console for controlling the room's environment and options. She located the camera option and selected the 'Turn Off' radio button. Immediately a warning came up.

The cameras are for the protection of the guests of the Serpent Hotel. The cameras can be turned off only by your male guardian.

Terri frowned, half-angry and half amused. She touched the button for the front desk.

"... Won't turn off; some warning about a male guardian comes up."

"Of course, you should ask your guardian to turn it off for you." The female on the other screen gave her a questioning stare.

"I don't have a guardian."

"Oh. Would you like us to obtain one for you?"

"No, I don't. I just want to control the room by myself, without the need of a guardian."

"I see." The woman touched a series of buttons. "I have given you the override capability."

"Thank you. Where do the cameras send the images?"

"To the security system; there is also an option to send the pictures to a viewing gallery. The gallery can be viewed on your hotel entertainment screen."

Terri turned on the entertainment screen and browsed through the various menus offering an array of games, movies, shows and music. She selected the additional features and found the gallery images. Some rooms were blacked out on the square grid but others were on. She selected her own room and saw herself sitting in front of the screen. The image wasn't the highest grade, not completely solid in its three dimensional mode. She watched herself for a minute, and then hung her finger over the button to turn off the cameras and touched it. Immediately the image disappeared. She stared at the empty space and then decided to try to play one of the games. After a few minutes, she got bored and turned off the game, finding the game required more skill and energy than she felt she possessed.

Terri went back to the gallery and tried to select one of the viewable rooms but a message came up that you could only view the gallery if your own cameras were on. Terri frowned and thought about turning on the cameras again but then considered the controls for her window. She selected the view of the virtual nearby hotel. She peered at the lit windows of a hotel that appeared to be only a dozen feet away and soon saw a couple kissing and disrobing each other before falling on a conveniently nearby bed. They rolled around naked, giving Terri alternating views of the couple. The man then stood on his knees straddling her at the waist as she lay on her back giving another view of both of them from the side. Terri focused on his erection as it extended away from his body. The woman reached out and held it in her

hand, playing her fingers over the shaft. She was urging him to bring his cock to her mouth and he complied. She licked and kissed his cock for a minute before he bent down and licked at her pussy.

At the same time in another window, a naked woman wearing a collar with her hands cuffed behind her back was on her knees. A man in front of her slowly took off his shirt before undoing his pants. He stood with a rising erection as she looked up at him, waiting for permission to take him in her mouth. Terri found her own hand on her breast as she watched, her eyes transfixed on his cock and then on the woman wearing the collar and cuffs. She didn't know why but the sight of her so obviously submissive to him was making her aroused.

I wonder what it is like to wear a collar and cuffs and to have to kneel in front of a man like tha?. She touched her throat with her fingers, imagining a collar placed there. Maybe I'll have my chance here.

On the floor below, she noticed a brief tussle between a man and a woman. The woman was giggling as he sat on the edge of the bed and wrestled with her. He pinned both her arms and said something to her that made her laugh and shake her head. He changed positions slightly pulling her towards his lap. She struggled and almost freed herself, but he gradually pulled her over his knee. He managed to pin one arm between his stomach and her body and used one of his hands to hold her other arm behind her back. He began pulling her skirt up to her hips as she tried to look over her shoulder to watch him. He snapped off her thong to her surprise and amusement, her mouth forming a silent "Oh". He raised his hand to her bare bottom as she squirmed helplessly on his lap.

Terri moved her eyes briefly back to the man with the erection as he pushed his oversize member at the woman's face kneeling before him. She opened wide and began to take him in, absorbing inch after inch.

Terri took in several deep breaths as she looked back at the window where the other woman was going to be spanked. She found herself murmuring. "Come on, come on. Spank her for crying out loud and get it over with."

Terri got her wish as he began to paddle the woman.. She continued to pivot her eyes around the different rooms and found herself becoming increasingly aroused.

In the first room, the man had finally mounted the woman while the woman wearing the collar and cuffs had taken in the whole cock with her head tilted back. The spanking was ongoing as well, with the woman now finding her top being removed. Again, she looked amused but her resistance was feeble at best and seemed resigned she was going to be stripped nude before the spanking continued.

Terri finally had her fill of the virtual hotel, leaving the virtual windows for another voyeur time. She knew she herself was wet and rather than masturbate, decided to try some less erotic activities. She looked at the hotel's

food menu and ordered a sandwich and a bottle of the house red wine.

The wine at the hotel wasn't bound by Charter of Conduct rules of alcohol content and the label indicated eleven per cent. Terri found the wine had a definite effect on her and after three glasses felt tired enough she went to bed, sprawling naked on the top covers. She woke up two hours later and got up to have a drink of water. The image of the woman wearing a collar and kneeling in front of a man returned to her and she found her hand massaging her pussy. *What the hell, I'm not going back to sleep easily now.* She went to her suitcase and retrieved a vibrator, using it to bring herself relief. That allowed her to fall asleep but dreams of being spanked were still with her when she woke up the following morning.

That waking up also included a small but definite headache. She remembered finishing the wine and crawling to bed. In the middle of the night, she woke up and got a drink of water before falling back asleep. Then she saw her vibrator sitting on the bed and remembered the rest of the night. The shower woke her up and after she dressed she remembered the cameras were now off and stared at the black dot that indicated where one of the cameras was placed, wondering if there was someone anyway that could see her. She decided not to worry about it and left her room in search of a coffee and something light to eat.

The hotel had a dining room where she ordered toast, juice and coffee. As she ate, she looked about the room and noticed the majority of the women were wearing what they considered Praxton fashions. Some of the women also had a leash to the collar with the end of the leash either held by a male or hooked to the back of a chair if she was sitting.

Terri tried to discreetly look at the men's flies, noticing that some of them did not fully hide what was underneath, though she assumed there would be underwear underneath. Still she was having fun speculating on what they were or were not wearing underneath their clothes.

Terri did feel dressed rather conservative compared to the others and after finishing her coffee decided to head to a nearby store to purchase some clothes. The clothes were over priced but she wasn't going to be dressed like an old woman compared to the others. Besides the Charter of Conduct Offices were paying for everything and she decided she was going to at least spy in style. She quickly chose a pair of tops and skirts before deciding on a pair of shoes that might hurt her feet later but looked good.

* * * *

Like most cities on other worlds, the buildings were almost self-contained environments by themselves. The building she was in contained several hotels, shops, parks, apartments and schools within its two hundred stories. It was joined at regular intervals to neighbouring building of equal size by pedways. Movement about the building was done by walking or by the moving walkways that had various speeds according to how close one was to the centre. Visitors to Racon were limited to three buildings in the core

section of the city but that was more than adequate to accommodate their needs.

Terri took her purchases to her hotel room and immediately changed. She decided to wear a yellow skirt with a black lace top, believing that would give her at least a slight degree of modesty without a bra. She considered going barefoot like many of the female tourists she saw but decided she could always remove her new shoes later.

The broad mall was located right outside the third level of the hotel and she immediately began to people watch. She certainly wasn't the only single person walking about although usually the tourists seem to be in groups of two or more. She ordered a tea, sat down on a bench and noted what others were doing, partly out of her own curiosity and also for her reports. The women were going into almost every shop and carrying bags of clothes while the men took in only a few shops then headed towards the lounges and gambling establishments.

Terri noticed several people going into one of the gene therapy clinics and heard others talking to others about the various procedures offered. She got up, wandered to the clinic and downloaded the information onto her notepad. The prices were excellent and while there was a disclaimer about risk and guarantees, she suspected it was at least as safe as the ones back home. The equipment was brand new and the operators had high credentials.

She decided lunch was now something her stomach could use and entered a small oriental style diner, choosing a window seat. Again, she was asked if she had a guardian and then she had to decline an offer to get her one after stating she didn't have one. Like the other women entering the diner she was requested to leave her shoes off, even though the seating was conventional around a table. Service was slow, men were served first and single women like her had to be patient. The food, however, was very good and despite the delay in service, she gave a reasonable tip.

By mid afternoon, she noticed a greater density of people. Whereas, in the morning, she thought perhaps a quarter of the people were dressed in Sol Alliance fashions now only fraction did so now. She also saw that two thirds of the women were wearing collars or other restraints and the ones that didn't were heading towards stores that sold such items. She saw more examples of women being led by a leash by their guardian and several had chains running between their wrist cuffs. There was no doubt that the longer tourists stayed in Praxton the more likely they were to try to imitate their customs. She found the collars intriguing, seeing a number of different styles and sizes. She also couldn't help herself but look at the men's crotches, the decoration on some was quite elaborate. Some men wore a dark mesh in the crotch area that revealed the outline of their member and she found herself checking to see if anyone was noticing where her eyes were riveted.

Terri finally entered a shop that sold collars and other accessories for women. A small sign stated only guardians could purchase goods inside. Terri

shrugged when she read it.

“It’s not as if I’m planning to buy one anyways,” she murmured to herself.

A balding, portly man with a moustache stepped out from the counter and gave her a broad grin.

“How may I assist you miss?”

She stammered a moment. “I, I’m interested in seeing some of, of those collars.” She pointed at the display case.

“Of course; do you have a style in mind?” He led her to the display case and opened the glass door. There were various collars and cuffs on display. Some of them were soft; while others were solid in appearance. Various colours were available, from black to red to multiple colours. All of them had keys with them and some had separate locks while others had their lock built in.

“No, not really; just curious...what they looked like.” She knew that sounded silly; it was obvious what they looked like.

He appraised her for a moment. “You have a slender build and fair skin. Allow me to show you something that may be a trifle more expensive but I think would be perfect for you.” He reached to the back of the display case and brought out a metal collar. The collar had a pearl finish to it with blue and gold bands at the top and bottom along its two inch wide band. He held it out to her. “Beautiful, isn’t it?”

Terri nodded and touched the collar with her fingertips. She suddenly realized it wasn’t just a collar but a piece of jewellery.

“Now some collars come with gems embedded or exotic metal but I like the simplicity of this one.”

“It does look nice.”

“Allow me please.” He lifted the collar to her neck as she lifted her hair out of the way. “This model, like some of the more expensive kinds, will secure itself by use of a magnet. Thus if your guardian doesn’t lock it, it will still stay in place but allows you the option to take it off if you need to do so.”

She stared in the mirror looking at herself with the collar around her neck.

“You look elegant my dear. Notice how the blue band picks up your eyes and the gold band your hair?”

It did and she took in a deep breath as she nodded. She felt erotic wearing the collar and stood transfixed by the full length mirror.

“This collar comes as part of a set.”

He took out two matching cuffs and she watched as he slowly placed around her wrists.

She almost gasped as he placed the cuffs on her and could feel her nipples hardening.

“Lovely. Yes?”

“Yes, very,” she replied in a quiet voice. She stared at the cuffs on her

wrists and then saw him bend down and place two more cuffs on her ankles.

“Each of the cuffs and the collar has multiple rings so that a chain can be attached.” He picked up two lengths of a white metal chain that glittered under the lamps of his shop. “Various combinations are possible but for instance...” He clipped two chains to the collar and one end each, to her wrist cuffs. “...We can do this. There is a complete set of chains included that can be used to secure wrists to ankles or to the collar or various combinations.”

Terri gasped as she saw her wrists chained to her collar, the loose chain following the contours of her breasts.

“Does this meet with your approval?”

“Yes it does,” she stammered out. She then remembered the sign on the door that required a guardian for purchase. Feeling disappointed she turned towards him. “I’m sorry but I guess I can’t buy these; I don’t have a guardian with me.”

He tilted his head to the side and smiled. “It’s just a sign. It is for the amusement of the tourists. Would you like me to charge it to your hotel?”

“I, I don’t know. How much is this?”

The smile didn’t waver. “Quality costs a bit more. You would not be satisfied with anything less; I cannot see you leaving without them. I will tell you what; the price is normally four hundred and twenty credits but for you, pretty lady, I will take off one hundred credits. These pieces are meant to be yours. Just do not tell anyone how cheaply you got them.”

She knew that was a line and the cost were high but the Charter of Conduct Office was paying the tab. They hadn’t given her a budget but said expenses towards her investigation were expected. This was part of her investigation she decided. “I’ll take them.”

“Excellent.”

She reached for the chains to remove them, thinking she might leave the collar on though.

“Oh no; you must leave the chains on. It adds so much to the collar and cuffs.” His voice had just a hint of a command to it.

Terri nodded and put her hands back down.

He held up a set of keys. “There are two of them included but put them in a safe place separate from each other. Would you like me to lock the collar and cuffs now?”

She shook her head. “It’s not necessary.”

“True. But it would make you feel much more secure.” He leaned forward with the key, inserted it into her collar and turned the key. She heard a soft click. “Now that you know the collar is locked you will think and act differently.”

She touched her collar, wondering if he was right.

“It is the knowledge that it is locked that will make it more erotic for you. Shall I lock the cuffs as well for you?”

She felt a wave of warmth spread from her breasts and down to her loins

as she considered the locked collar. She watched as he slowly and carefully took each wrist and locked the cuffs, and then knelt to lock her ankle cuffs. She looked down at her locked cuffs feeling more aroused as she heard each click of the locks. He handed her the keys. “Don’t lose these now.”

“I won’t.” She gave a nervous grin, like one that acknowledges a secret shared. She looked at the two sets of keys. One of the sets had the teeth covered with a red wax like material. “Why is this set coated?”

“Normally your guardian would have the plain set but you would keep the emergency set. The emergency set is in case you need to remove your collar or cuffs and he is not available. The key will open the locks but he will know that you used that key because the resin will be scrapped off.” He touched the lock with his finger. “It is odd that with all the electronic locks available almost all collar and cuffs use the outdated padlocks. Praxton is very conservative about change to its culture.”

After showing him her ID card the bill automatically went to her notepad for payment. She left the shop feeling a bit weak and walked down the mall wondering how many people were noticing her flushed appearance and the collar and cuffs.

She slowed down her walking and did some window-shopping. She clutched her bag of chains and wondered how they could be all attached in the various combinations.

She went to the other side of the mall and peered into a jewellery store when she noticed a woman with long black hair only a few feet away. She was wearing a short bright green skirt and a white sheer blouse. She was average height but well endowed, the light fabric of the blouse straining against her full breasts. She also had her wrists behind her back; a set of cuffs and chain held her wrists about a foot apart. A chain ran from her collar to a leash attached to it with the end on a hook by the doorway. The girl gave her a slightly amused expression.

“He said I was spending too much money and had to stay here for a few minutes while he went to have a drink.”

“I hope he won’t be too long.” Terri didn’t know what else to say. The woman didn’t seem too perturbed by being left there, but a bit embarrassed enough she felt she had to explain. The end of the chain was only lightly hooked and the chains to the cuffs were easily unlatched as well if she used her fingers on the clip. Terri assumed she was placed where everyone could see her being restricted as a bit of fun. The girl shifted her stance on her high heels. *Nice legs*, Terri mused, noting the shoes helped her gain height.

“I don’t think he will be. I suspect he’s watching me from time to time to make sure I’m still here. He saw another woman cuffed to a post down the way and thought it was a good idea.” She shrugged. “I suspect a few other females will be tethered to the store fronts as time goes on.”

“Copy cats...”

“Yeah; hey, I really like your collar and the matching cuffs.”

“Thanks.”

“I like the ankle cuffs, we didn’t buy those and now I wish we had; kinda completes the look.”

Terri thought the girl must be bored to be talking to a stranger this much but couldn’t blame her. “It came as a set. Anyway I think I’ll check what’s inside this store.”

“Cheap stuff, I looked. Go to the shop two doors down that way.” She pointed with her head. “Better stuff. I got these nipple and earring set there.”

Terri looked at her earrings and then at her nipple jewellery. Terri was surprised to see that they did indeed match that of a metal flower. “I didn’t know you could get stuff like that.”

“Oh yeah, lots of decorations for boobs; like there’s temporary tattoos designed just for them. Uses a hot ink to penetrate the skin and lasts for months. But there are all kinds of this nipple jewellery available, more if you want to pierce them.”

The jewellery store had a series of well-lighted display cases. Terri was greeted by a barefoot saleswoman wearing a loose transparent top. The woman had thin gold metal spirals that circled from her nipples to halfway up her breasts. She quickly got Terri to sit on a stool and brought out various pieces.

Terri examined the jewellery, picking out the ones that came with earrings.

“You must try this one on; it catches the light and gives off a rainbow of colour.” The sales woman noticed Terri’s hesitation. “Just undo your blouse and I’ll show you how to attach them.”

It was odd feeling watching another woman nonchalantly attaching the metal and plastic jewellery to nipples while describing the proper technique to do so. Terri tried on different styles, buying three matching earring, nipple sets. She decided to wear one of them, a yin-yang combination that had a small chain running between the nipples. She buttoned up her blouse again and looked in the mirror, the chain and the nipple decoration just visible under the dark lace. She now wished she had worn a lighter fabric to show off her new jewellery. Feeling more aroused she exited the store, glancing over at the girl still leashed to the wall hook. The girl gave her a sheepish grin. Terri hesitated a moment and then walked back to her.

“You’re still here? I thought he was supposed to be just a few minutes.”

“Uh, well he did come out. But I said, only jokingly, ‘About time’. He turned and walked back to the bar.” She shrugged. “My own fault I guess.” She looked at Terri’s new jewellery. “Hey, nice; they have nice stuff in there, by the way my name is Mila.”

“Terri.”

“Good to meet you, though I can’t shake your hand.” She pulled on her cuffed hand. “Look, around six we’re going to meet some friends at the Crystal Ceiling, it’s a lounge on the third level. Why don’t you join us?”

“Maybe I can. I don’t know yet where I’ll be.”

“Try to make it, it’ll be fun. It’s a topless bar, just so you know. Anyway the food is good so come for supper anyway.”

Terri continued her shopping, amazed at some risqué fashions she saw and some of the restraints sold as common accessories in the clothing stores. Cuffs that matched clothing and other accessories were not uncommon and she ended up purchasing a wide pearl coloured belt that matched her own collar and cuffs. The belt could be locked into place by a small padlock and sported several chrome rings to use with restraints. She was intrigued by the display of chastity belts but declined help from the salesgirl, quickly going to another store.

Her feet began to get sore in her new shoes and she decided to carry her shoes like several other women and go barefoot. At first, she felt it odd walking in a mall barefoot but after a few minutes became use to it. As Mila had indicated, it became more common to see women secured temporarily to the front of stores. Hooks were conveniently placed apparently for such purposely, as well as the odd pole. The men with them usually took some pictures of them secured to keep as memories of the time they went to Praxton and followed native customs. In those cases usually the women were only secured long enough to have photo taken before they were released giggling. She noticed though, in even those cases the woman waited for the man to release her; following the rule he was in control.

Terri kept watching people, noticing she wasn’t the only single person. Though there were many couples it appeared singles arrived on Racon for the purpose of meeting someone. She wondered about women who came here to meet men knowing that the culture on Praxton was for the women to be subservient and to wear collars. She looked down at her own set of cuffs and understood the attraction of wearing them and what they represented.

She continued her shopping and people watching. She noticed the odd woman had their wrist cuffs joined as they walked around that restricted what they could do, especially if their hands were behind their back. She suspected the increased activity of securing the females was the result of the tourists becoming more comfortable that it was the accepted behaviour and that a few of the potent drinks had been consumed. The stores were doing an excellent business as the afternoon progressed with bags of merchandise being clutched by almost everyone. The big sale items were clothing and restraints, though she saw the odd whip and riding crop being sold. Those items, she mused, would be difficult to take back to most of the Sol Alliance worlds. The Charter of Conduct had strict restrictions on any weapons and the whips may fall under that category.

Terri checked the time, surprised by how fast the afternoon had disappeared into the evening. She decided it was time to eat and recalled the invitation by Mila to join her and her friends at the Crystal Ceiling. It was her best offer she supposed and headed to join them.