**Volunteer Tracey**

by Bette

This is a story I wrote which is about Katie Smith's Tracey character set in that Tracey world. It borrows heavily from many other stories I liked. I said this when I posted it to the Traceystories group too, but nobody picked up on it. Maybe it's just in my head, lol. I just thought I'd share it here too since this is one of the first enf story places I ever found.

**Part 1**
Sitting in the bus, Tracey fidgeted with her uncomfortable school uniform. She hated wearing it, but the school required students to wear them even for summer programs. After turning eighteen a couple of months earlier, Tracey had experienced a growth spurt. And although she was still the same petite height she’d been for years, she had filled out rather dramatically in the chest and hips. Her new curves had made her very popular at school, but had also left her with a lot of tight fitting clothes. Her lips had also become full and naturally red: very inviting. On top of that her pale cheeks blushed bright red at the drop of a hat.

Blushing, she gave up on fastening the top buttons of her blouse and allowed her firm breasts to get some fresh air. “Is that the slave centre?” Tracey wondered, looking at the large building they were approaching.

“Next stop, Eastfield Slave Processing Centre,” the bus driver announced as if in reply.
She didn’t really have much interest in the centre at first, but her school adviser insisted that working at the huge corporation would look good on her university application forms. As her grades were nothing special, she needed all the help she could get to get into a good university.

The driver smirked at her as she got up to leave the bus and said, "Good girl, a girl like you should go get herself registered."

“Oh hum,” Tracey mumbled politely, “I'm not going to register myself. I'm a volunteer.”

“That's a shame. Now, get off the bus you're holding me up,” he said sternly, emphasizing his command by slapping her rear. Hard.

Tracey squealed and hopped off the bus. She walked away blushing deeply and rubbing her bottom. Tracey blushed harder when she walked up to the reception desk and realized she was still rubbing her bottom. Embarrassed, she quickly moved her hands to her sides and started talking.

“Hello there,” she said, smiling shyly at the young woman behind the desk. “My name is Tracey. I'm here for work experience program.”

“Of course,” the receptionist said, trying to hide her smirk at the girl who came in rubbing her bottom. “All new volunteers must receive a medical exam before they start work. Tracey, please follow me to the doctor’s office.”

Tracey followed the receptionist out of the lobby and into a network of corridors. As the door closed behind them, Tracey realized she had her hands on her bottom again (it had been a really hard smack!), so she crossed her arms, hugging herself nervously, and accentuated the prominence of her firm breasts by lifting them up and squeezing them together without realizing it.

The receptionist led the way to a large doctor’s office where a man in a white coat was working at a computer and stacks of paperwork were piled up on his desk and on all the chairs.

“I have the volunteer girl here for you, doc,” the receptionist said, giving Tracey a gentle shove into the middle of the room.

“I don’t have time for this,” the man in the white coat sighed waving to his desk and paperwork. “Can’t you see how much real work I have to deal with this morning?”

“She just needs a temporary fitness check,” the receptionist shrugged, turning to walk out of the room. “It shouldn’t take long.”

“Alright, strip off and I'll perform your examination,” the man said, getting up from his computer and advancing on the timid Tracey.

“You want me to get naked right now?” Tracey stammered, backing away from the man in the white coat.

“I already told you I don’t have time for this silliness!” the doctor snapped. “If you want to become an adult employee you will have to broaden your mind, I’m sure you don’t have anything I haven’t seen before. Now strip off!”

Tracey swallowed hard, but found her hands reaching up to unbutton her tight blouse. The thought of being naked in front of people was terrifying, but she had stripped for her own doctor before and she’d been raised to be a good girl and do as she was told. From the corner of her eye, she thought she could see the man in the white coat leaning closer, his eyes wide as she peeled off her top to reveal her generous breasts supported by her bra but she fixed her eyes on the floor.

Blushing hard, Tracey unzipped her skirt before pulling it down and standing before him in just her underwear. The doctor tapped his watch impatiently and Tracey nodded, taking hold of her bra clasp, she unhooked the underwear and let it fall to the ground. Her chest jiggled free, her full tits bouncing when she bent down to remove her panties.

“I can see you’re no stranger to heavy lifting,” the doctor joked, looking at her heaving chest. He laughed as he reached up to feel the young woman’s large breasts with his hands. “These do look tasty. Put your hands on your head.”

Tracey couldn’t believe what she was hearing. But she obeyed and just stood mutely with a man’s hands massaging her breasts while she waited for the next instruction. He pinched and flicked her nipples and instantly they were diamond hard and drawing a gasp of excitement from Tracey's red lips.

“Alright, that’s enough fun,” the doctor said, releasing Tracey’s chest and watching her breasts jiggle and sway.

"First of all, did you bring your last medical report from school?"

"Oh, hum no, I wasn't told to bring it," Tracey meekly replied.

Suddenly, the man slapped Tracey across the cheek and said sternly," You shouldn't tell lies, bad girl!" and then continued more calmly, "I am sure they did tell you and you just forgot. Good girls don't tell lies to cover up their mistakes. In the adult world you will could get yourself in trouble for libel. The correct answer is, 'I forgot. I'm sorry, sir.'"

Tracey couldn't believe what was happening. She hadn't even been here five minutes and she'd already been stripped naked by a strange doctor, had her breasts groped, and slapped in the face. It was a hard slap too and her eyes were wet, but what she really couldn't believe was that her pussy was wet too.

Not wanting another slap Tracey quickly replied, "I'm sorry, sir."

"Alright, never mind then. I'll just have to start from scratch."

He started asking her a lot of questions. Some of them were basic but some of them were very embarrassing like did she masturbate (frequently), was she sexually active (no), and was she lactating (no)? Tracey wasn't sure why she needed to be naked and have her hands on her head to answer these questions but she knew better than to say anything unless she wanted another smack.
When he finished filling out the questionnaire he pulled out a tape measure and wrapped it around her neck tightly. Tracey was sure he was going to pull until he choked her, but then he read out, "Collar: 13.5 inches" and dropped the tape down to her breasts.

Tracey waited, hands still on her head, cheeks still bright red as much from the slap as from embarrassment, while the man in the white coat moved down her body.

"Breasts: 34 inches, C cup"
"Waist: 24 inches."
"Hips: 35 inches."

The man wrote a few notes, put the tape measure away; then placed his hand on Tracey's bottom and led her to the weight scale and stadiometer.

"Height: 163 cm and weight: 47 kg.

Now get up on the examination table, on your hands and knees."

Nodding, the red-faced Tracey climbed onto the table and waited, with her ass in the air and her large tits hanging down in front of her.

"I'm going to perform a fitness check on your heart," he said. Tracey hated these but she knew it was coming. No doctor ever seemed to forget this one. Not even the dentist forgot about this one.
The man placed one hand on Tracey's chest to feel her heartbeat and then with his other hand he stimulated her bottom. To Tracey it felt like he was just groping and massaging her tits with one hand and spanking her ass with the other, which of course was not inaccurate. Tracey couldn't help but squeal every time his smacks made contact with her cheeks but that didn't seem to discourage him at all.

The man spanked her two dozen or so times, alternating between cheeks, before he stopped. He continued to massage her hanging tits with one hand and left the other resting on, sometimes squeezing, her ass while he spoke, "Yes, very red. Your heart appears fit and responsive. Very good. Now stay still while I examine you for any abnormalities."

He removed his hands but only to use them to probe every part of Tracey's body from head to toe. Tracey couldn't believe it but her pussy was dripping wet and she felt an electric surge when the man ran his fingers over her most private of areas. She almost wished he would relieve her, but then he was finished, pulled out a red marker, and started writing on her left butt cheek.

**"Tracey Smith Volunteer Fit 11/01/2016"**
With that the man started entering the details of the medical exam into his computer and told her to get dressed.

Partially relieved, but secretly disappointed to have her urges unsatisfied, Tracey picked up her clothes and started dressing again. She had only put on her panties when the man said, "Oh wait, I've forgotten a couple of things. Come over here." He didn't rise from his desk chair and there was nowhere else to sit because of the stacks of papers on all the other chairs so she just went over and stood by him. "Yes, just kneel on the floor." he said, as if it was perfectly normal and natural that inanimate papers should have priority seating over a girl.

Tracey obeyed him, kneeling down and placing her hands on her lap. Somehow, this made Tracey feel even more nervous than before. She was technically wearing more with her panties, but being naked on an examination table for an exam was one thing and being on your knees half naked behind a man's desk was another thing. Tracey couldn’t help but imagine herself as she was on her knees, wearing only panties, her firm plump breasts uncovered, and sucking his cock. She tried not to picture it, but her subconscious mind refused to yield.

"They only added these things this year, so I nearly forgot. Here, swallow this, and don't chew it," he had taken out a pill and placed it on his finger. Before Tracey could respond he had already parted her lips with his finger and pushed into her mouth so she sucked it off his finger which he left in her mouth a few moments longer than he needed to. The pill tasted awful, but at least his finger felt clean. When he pulled out his finger he called her a good girl and Tracey couldn't control her blush or her smile.

"That was an all-around female health booster. Should prevent you from getting sick, help you stay healthy, and a lot of other technical medical benefits that I don't have time to explain. The only side effect is that with your perky breasts it is likely to cause you to lactate, but that's simple enough to solve naturally just ask someone to suck it."

"The other thing is your bra. French scientific studies have proven that bras cause breast sagging and the new laws are going to make bras illegal. You haven't done anything wrong yet, but I am prescribing you go to braless from now on so you can simply leave your bra here."

Tracey was still reeling from the information that she was probably going to start lactating and have people suck her tits dry when he said that he was taking her bra. Tracey was in shock from the further pile up on her already acute series of degradations. The man didn't have any patience for any more explanations, however, and hurried Tracey out of his office.

Tracey found herself shoved into the hallway wearing only her panties and holding the rest of her clothes in her arms, minus her bra of course. She quickly put on her skirt and thanked god that he hadn't taken her panties too. Without her bra her blouse struggled even more than before to contain her breasts. Now not only was she unable to tie the top buttons, but the clear shape of her nipples were visible through the thin material and the remaining buttons felt like they would burst at any moment.

Tracey took a deep breath and paused for a moment. Surely the worst of the day was over. Feeling calmer she went to find the receptionist from the front desk.

**Part 2 the end.**
"Basically, you are a general assistant," Lacy the receptionist explained, "It's your job to help anyone whose overworked."

"Like the doctor?", asked Tracey.

"No, you can only help with basic things. You can't do the doctor's paper work. Maybe later we will get you to do his filing. Nobody ever wants to do that it's so boring. But today you will be helping Emily with processing around back. We have three distinct zones to this complex called Area A, B, and C. The front area where we are now being Area A. It is open to the public and mostly is for people coming in to register girls."

Lacy was leading Tracey down the corridors of the building to where she would be working. Tracey was sure that without Lacy to guide her she would be lost in this maze. Tracey's breasts were starting to feel kind of sore, but Lacy was still talking and it was probably just because she was getting used to not wearing a bra.

"Area B and C are where we conduct the various stages of pre-processing and final processing of the girls," Lacy said as they arrived at and went through big doors labeled "Section B".

Tracey found herself in another big waiting room with what looked like another receptionist but this room was filled with a few dozen girls sitting and standing around actually waiting. Tracey didn't really know anything, but she had half expected rows of naked girls in cages or something. These girls were all dressed normally and just looked like waiting patients in a doctor's office.

"That girl sitting at the desk is Emily. She's our Handler on duty today in Section B today. Go and report to her," and with that Lacy left Tracey alone in the big room with all these strange women. Tracey just stood mutely where she had entered for a few moments. The girls waiting all looked like European beauties and had been looking at her since she came in as the only new or interesting thing in the room.

"Are you going to waste my time all day, girl? Get over here!" Emily called out sternly and Tracey snapped out of it and hurried over to Emily's desk.

"Listen up, I've got 22 girls here waiting to be prepped for processing and each prep room only handles 15 girls max so I am going to show you what to do and you are going to handle your own group."

"Oh, um, okay. So these girls are all slaves?" asked Tracey.

"Not yet. Actually, they are European girls come from France and Germany and stuff. None of them speak a word of English. They came here for university and they think this is the customs medical centre. And it's not our job to correct them. Most of them got off the plane today."

Tracey felt a little bad for them. She looked around at the girls waiting and the room itself. It did kind of looking like a clinic's waiting room if you didn't couldn't read the signs. She imagined going to school one day and instead finding herself registered into slavery. It sounded awful! But then why did Tracey feel her nipples become hard and her pussy become wet? Tracey blushed and hoped that Emily didn't notice.

If Emily did notice, she didn't seem to care as she continued, "Serves these foreign tarts right. Trying to take university spots from our men. And if they are dumb enough to end up here then they deserve it."

Tracey hadn't known that. She had always been raised to be a good girl and so of course she knew that a girl taking anything from a man was terrible. Tracey didn't feel so bad for them anymore. And like Emily said, if they are dumb enough to end up here then they deserve it.

"Communicating with them is going to be annoying until we get them into their collars," said Emily as she got up from her desk and stood in front of all the girls. Stood took out a ticket and started talking like she was talking to a dumb person.

"Ticket. Come." She said while pointing at the ticket. Some of the girls who had been given tickets started getting up. "Yes. Ticket. Come." Many of the girls seemed confused and uncertain of themselves. One girl without a ticket got up and Emily pushed her back into her seat by her shoulders. "No ticket. No come."

Talking down to them like that and physically manhandling the girls when she had to Emily rounded up all the girls with the tickets and led them and Tracey into the corridors and then into a room labeled "Prep Room 2".

The room had a large enough open space in the centre for all the girls to stand in which they did as directed by Emily. The walls had lots of medical posters and there was a big one at the front of the room depicting instructions by pictures. In the pictures there were a group of girls and a girl dressed like Emily with a clipboard. Then the girls took off their clothes and the Emily girl wrote some notes on her clipboard. Then they were led to another room with a busy looking doctor. The Emily girl gave her clipboard to the doctor who looked at it. Then finally the girls were admitted into the doctor's exam room and the picture story was over.

Emily handed Tracey a clipboard and said, "Alright, follow these instructions, fill in these checklists, and get these girls prepped. You'll have to do like what I did since these stupid tarts don't speak English. Just mime what you want them to do and manhandle them when you have to."

And then like that Emily left her in a room with 7 European girls all starring at her and waiting for her to act. The first instruction was to strip the girls so Tracey tried pointing at the picture of the girls stripping in the picture story and saying, "I need you to remove your clothes for processing."

The girls looked at each other in confusion, not understanding her.

"Take off your clothes. I need you to strip."

Tracey realized she needed to be simpler.

"Strip."

"Strip!"

Tracey was starting to get frustrated and realized she would have to manhandle these girls like Emily had said. So she approached the girl in the front intending to start unbuttoning her shirt but felt her confidence dissipate with every step. These girls were much bigger than her.

So instead Tracey mimed taking off imaginary clothes, but they didn't work either. The girls just gave her the same vacant look that meant they had no idea what she was trying to communicate. So Tracey reached up to her top tied button for real and as she undid it she wished her nipples hadn't immediately become rock hard.

A light switch went on in the girls' heads as they started taking off their own tops and finally seemed to understand. "Oh, je vois," one girl said. That girl who spoke French and the two next to her were revealed to have not been wearing bras. Apparently, France really had already gone braless.

When all the breasts in the room were revealed the girls stood looking at Tracey expectantly and none of them had taken off their bottoms. Tracey realized they hadn't understood to take off all their clothes, just their tops and bras. Tracey bit back a swear as she unzipped her skirt. She watched the girls take off their pants and their skirts and sighed when they all kept their panties on, forcing Tracey to strip those off as an example too.

Now all the girls in the room where standing naked and holding their clothes in their hands, including Tracey. Tracey looked around and saw a cardboard box labeled clothes, "Okay, everyone put your clothes in that box... right, nobody understands me... hmmph." Tracey led the way by putting her own clothes in the cardboard box and then went around to all the girls collecting their clothes in the box.

The next thing the instructions said was to deposit all the clothes in the nearest incinerator chute which should be located in the hallway. Tracey gestured for the girls to wait and she went out into the hallway. Sure enough, there was a chute conveniently a few meters away. She opened the chute and was about to dump the clothes into it when she remembered her own clothes were still in the box. She quickly got out her uniform which was easy enough since her school uniform was very distinct from normal clothes, but after a minute she gave up on finding her panties.

After throwing the girls' clothes down the chute Tracey put her own clothes in a broom closet across the hall for safe keeping. She figured that if she came back dressed the other girls might think they needed to get dressed too and Tracey was having enough of a time communicating with them as it was. Then she went back into the prep room.

Tracey pretty much had given up on trying to communicate anything with words and was now mining and gesturing to communicate everything. It took her awhile but she managed to get all the girls standing in a line with their hands on their heads. As she got the hang of it she felt less submissive and more authoritarian over these girls. Sure, they were all naked, but Tracey had this clipboard because she was an official figure and besides these girls couldn't even speak English. And Tracey's clothes were a few meters away while the rest of theirs had probably burned up already.

Tracey looked at the next instruction which told her to fill out a questionnaire for each girl individually. The first thing to write was the girl's designation which was the number her number that day plus her prepper's initials and the date. So the first girl would read "01TS - 110116" which meant slave 01 prepped by Tracey Smith on 11/01/2016.

Tracey's confidence was growing and she could sense the submissiveness emanating from the girls which only made her feel more powerful. How silly that being shorter had made her feel nervous before. She felt like a giant now!

Acting on her confidence, Tracey fearlessly manhandled the first girl. Tracey span her around so that her back was facing Tracey and placing her own hand on the girl's back she pushed the girl forward until the girl was bent forward completely and touching her toes. Tracey then wrote the first designation on the girl's bottom and paused for a moment taking it all in.

There wasn't a peep out of any of the girls. Not a drop of rebellious energy. Tracey was supposed to straighten the girl up and take the girl's measurements, but decided she wanted to feel the girl's bottom while she had her there. Firm. It was nice. She felt herself become wet, and throwing caution to the wind decided to check if the girl was wet too. She was.

Tracey could have played with her right there, but she composed herself and straightened the girl up and span her back around to face her. Using a tape measure she measured the girl's collar, bust, waist, and hips as the instructions said. Then she recorded their height and weight with other equipment already in the room. Next she was meant to check if they were lactating which Tracey wasn't sure how to do at first without asking, but the instructions even noted that for non-English speakers she should squeeze, pinch, and suck the breasts to check for milk.

Tracey inexpertly put her hands on the girl's tits and squeezed. The girl's nipples became hard and she blushed, but not much else happened. Despite her own large breasts Tracey was not really sure how to handle boobs, but none the less she wanted to maintain her authority and professional air so she moved on to cupping her boobs and then pinching her nipples. Tracey was surprised to find droplets of milk coming out of the girl's nipples. As per the instructions she put her red lips to the girl's right nipple and sucked. It tasted sweet and creamy, with an almost vanilla-like flavor. It was quite nice. Tracey thought she better check the other breast too just to be safe. Confirming that both breasts were milky, Tracey made note of it and continued.

This was a lot like her own exam from earlier and Tracey wondered if she would be administering heart tests, but it appeared not. Apparently, only qualified professionals could perform those. Tracey admitted to herself that she was a little disappointed that was it. But she moved onto the next girl and found that it was more than exciting enough. She was also surprised to find that 5 of the 7 girls were lactating. Maybe that was why all these girls had such big tits like Tracey.

By the end of it, Tracey was exhilarated and dying for release. She stood in front of the assembled girls holding the clipboard with the completed papers and wondered what she was supposed to do next. Deciding that she would report back to Emily she left the girls in the room and went out into the hallway. She quickly grabbed her clothes from their hiding place in the broom closet and dressed herself. Tracey was a bit worried she wouldn't be able to find the way back but eventually she did. Emily was back at her desk, but otherwise the room was empty.

"I was about to come get you.," Emily said, "Are all the girls stripped and prepped?"

"Yes miss," Tracey smiled proudly, already doing well her first day on the program.

"Good girl, let's take them through to Section C."

Tracey turned to leave but Emily said, "What do you think you’re doing?"

"Going to take the girls to Section C like you said."

"Not like that you're not. We do not allow clothed females in Section C apart from company employees."

"But I'm not a slave, I'm a volunteer," Tracey whined.

"That's right, which makes you not an employee. So unless you do want to become a slave I suggest you strip off, missy." Emily said sternly.

Tracey still stood there flabbergasted, she had had no idea that she would have to be naked again, although not exactly a prude, and she knew she had a body to be proud of, constant nudity in public was a new level of embarrassing for Tracey. Like nearly all girls nowadays she had been naked in public a few times, girls needed to strip for all sorts of things. Job interviews, random shoplifter checks in malls, even the buses were installing boob scanners for a new system exclusively for women.

It had been exciting she admitted but the main emotion had always been embarrassment! Not to mention a sore bottom as half of those times for Tracey had been for spanking at school.

Sensing her hesitation Emily clapped her hands together and snapped,
“Come on girl, I haven’t got all day to waste, either get those clothes off right now or go home and explain to your school why you have got kicked out of your program.”

Tracey knew Emily was right of course, she could hardly explain to her adviser that she was kicked out because she'd refused to take her clothes off, he'd spank her on the spot!

So feeling totally embarrassed she started to strip yet again that day.

“Put your clothes on the chair over there then and let's get going.” Emily said a bit more officially than before and Tracey did as she was told, now totally naked and with nothing to hide her charms with. All she could do was stand there as Emily ran an appreciative eye up and down her exposed body.

“Yes, you are a little cutie aren’t you.” she giggled. “Some buyer would have a lot of fun with you no doubt.” to Tracey's surprise and embarrassment Emily reached forward and cupped both her naked breasts in her hands, gently squeezing them and them hefting them as if she was weighing them.

“Yes, some lucky man is going to have a lot of fun with these, we don't get too many in with such full heavy breasts, you're going to fetch a good price my girl.” she laughed.

Tracey was alarmed to say the least, from the way Emily was talking it was like Tracey was just another slave girl being given a quick appraisal before sale! Feeling she had to say something she cleared her throat before meekly saying,
“I'm not actually for sale.”

“Hum, not yet maybe but you will be amazed how easy that can change, very easily indeed.” Emily laughed before giving Tracey's naked bottom a hard slap and laughing again she said, “I'm only teasing you. Okay, let’s get this started shall we."

Tracey stepped out into the corridor rubbing her sore bottom again but this time stark naked and twice as apprehensive as when she'd entered the building. Emily and Tracey collected the girls from the prep room and then Emily led the way to an entrance to Section C.

"All the final processing happens in Section C. First, the girls are putting into the system and barcoded. Second, the girls are showered. Then they will be collared and coffled and sent straight to auction. Maybe then these stupid tarts will realize what is happening."

When they arrived in Section C Emily led them to a desk with a computer on it, but the seat was empty. "John must be on break. That's okay I wanted to enter you first anyway, Tracey."

"What? You said you were just teasing! I don't want to be a slave!" Tracey cried. She had meant for it to sound forceful, but all of her earlier strength was gone and she knew that instead she sounded like a naughty girl asking not to be punished.

"I meant as a volunteer, but slavery can be arranged if you want," giggled Emily.

"I don't want to be a slave." Tracey meekly managed to say.

"Alright, turn around and let me see that stamp the doctor left for you."

Tracey quickly complied and Emily typed some things into the computer. "All done. Now your medical report is linked to your volunteer profile on our systems."

Done with her for now, Emily shooed Tracey away and started entering in the details of the real slaves and barcoding the girls. Emily used what looked like a little laser gun and the girl didn't even react at all when the barcode was put on her bottom. Tracey didn't think the girl had even noticed. It must be painless, probably to help keep the girls ignorant for as long as possible.

Tracey just stood silently with the other naked girls and waited. She noticed her breasts were feeling sore again. She wished she would get used to not wearing a bra faster.

At the 2nd girl, a man approached who Emily greeted as John. John took over the computer and Emily chatted to him casually while he worked.

Tracey found her submissive side taking over as she lost all sense of bearing an official or professional capacity while she huddled together with 7 naked girls. Emily, in comparison, was dressed in smart business clothes and John's white coat made him look like a doctor.

When John was done with that the girls were led into the showers. A moment after they arrived, Emily received a call. After that she said that she would "be right back" and left. John ushered all the girls into the showers and Tracey found herself caught in the middle of the crowd. Before she had a chance to say anything the water switched on and she squealed in surprise at the cold water as did many of the other girls.

Probably wanting to be out of the water as soon as possible, the girls started scrubbing themselves and each other vigorously and efficiently. They even scrubbed each other's bottoms to remove the no longer necessary markings (since they had been entered onto the computer). One of the girls began scrubbing Tracey's bottom and she found herself scrubbing off the markings from the girl in front of her.

Tracey shivered as they were led still wet into the next room. She wanted to say something but she was at the back of the line and John was leading the way at the front. He did realize she was a volunteer, didn't he? She had showered with the slaves, but she wasn't barcoded so surely he would know not to collar her.

That was what Tracey told herself as she stood in the back of the line in the collaring room while John collared the girls and added them to a coffle one by one. When he reached Tracey there was one last collar in his hands and she managed to say, "I'm not a slave! I'm a volunteer. Look, I don't have a barcode." And at that she span around to show him her unbarcoded bottom.

John paused for a moment and Tracey was sure he was about to collar her.

"If you are a volunteer then you will be on our system. What's your name?"

"Tracey Smith, sir."

Tracey sighed in relief as John grabbed her wrist and pulled her over to the nearest computer to look up her file. John opened up the medical report and compared Tracey to the information. "This system needs an update. How can I tell without a picture? But, anyway, this does sound like you. Wait, hold on a second, what's this?"

Suddenly, John pinched her left nipple and to her surprise breastmilk squirted out.

"This says Tracey Smith is not lactating. You obviously are. You're not Tracey Smith. You were probably just in the lobby when the real Tracey Smith came in, noticed you look similar, and thought you'd impersonate her to get a thrill ride out of registration without going all the way. Not on my watch."

“What? No -” Tracey managed to get out before John suddenly produced a small spray can and squirted something cold into Tracey's mouth. “There, just a small squirt of devoicer. I don't want any more funny business from you. Now get back in position or so help me!” John said sternly.

Tracey couldn't believe what just happened. She had to explain, but she couldn't speak. Where was Emily? John marched Tracey to the back of the line and with the click of the collar locking closed Tracey felt her old life end. John attached her to the end of the coffle and gave her a randomized drop off girl barcode.

A few hours later Tracey was bought off the auction by none other than her school adviser. For a moment she dared to hope that she was saved, but 30 minutes later she was in his house on her knees sucking his cock and she knew she had been silly to think he was going to save her.