**Tracey's Collar**

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**Part 1**

Tracey picked the collar up off the ground excitedly after having a quick look around to make sure nobody was watching her.

She knew what the collar was of course, it was a slave collar and as Tracey held it in her hands she could see and feel that it was a good slave collar. It was a shiny silver colour, fairly narrow, made of steel with a sense of strength in it, she knew whoever wore this collar wouldn't be taking it off in a hurry!

As she turned it round her heart leapt, the key was in it. Tracey had seen slave collars before of course, even touched and held them, but she'd never seen one with a key attached, the keys were always out of sight, in the control of a man. She knew that no slave owner would want his slave to see the key to her collar, after all the collar was supposed to symbolize permanency, how could that be achieved if the slave knew a key was readily available.

Tracey knew that some collars were indeed permanent, once around a girls neck they were never coming off, but the one she now held had it's key intact. The collar was still a fine one, a strong one, one no girl could get off without the key, and Tracey had that.

Quickly dropping the collar into her bag and covering it with her gloves Tracey hurried home anxious not to get caught with her new treasure, that could lead to all sorts of trouble!

Slave collars had been introduced very soon after female slavery was legalised a few years earlier. Originally collars prime purpose was to show that a girl was a slave, they were mostly leather collars locked into place with a simple padlock and key. They had progressed a lot since the early days of slavery though.

Now days nearly all slaves were kept naked, at all times of the day and night, whether inside or outside, in private or in public. A slave collar therefore was hardly needed to prove that a girl was a slave, her nakedness did that. So the collars took on a new purpose, one of punishment and obedience.

Nearly all collars were now made of polished steel and set inside each collar were electrical wires which could carry an electric current, they were in affect shock collars. If you slave did not do as she was told you shocked her. It was the same principal of training a dog with a shock collar and it worked just as well on girls.

The simple padlocks and keys were superseded by neat locks that were set into the steel itself so you could just push the two ends of the collar into place and once they snapped shut you couldn't even see the lock, just a smooth ring of solid steel. The lock was there of course, under the rim and keys were available to unlock the collar but very rarely used.

The expensive collars were around £100.00 now days, often more expensive than the girl who's neck they were going round and the permanent collars were even more expensive, indeed Tracey knew that if anything happened to a slave and she was killed or destroyed her owner was more concerned in recovering the collar than he ever would be in the fate of the slave.

Some of the collars also had chips in them now which gave information about the slave who was wearing it, like her owners name and address, the slaves barcode etc. some even had a tracking device in them so the slaves owner could see where she was at all times. Looking at the one Tracey had just found she wouldn't be surprised if it included all the extras which made it even more exciting that she'd found it!

The bus ride home seemed to take an eternity although it only took the usual twenty minutes. Once home Tracey sat on her bed and making herself do it slowly she took the collar from her bag and laid it on her bed. It certainly was heavy she thought to herself and she knew without the key she would never be able to get it off, but she had the key didn't she.

Picking it up she looked at where the key was fitted inside the lock and holding her breath she turned it slightly and almost jumped at the loud click as the collar sprang open a few inches. It worked, she had found a fully working slave collar!

She knew of course what this was leading up to, her pussy knew it too as it was soaking wet and so quickly she stripped naked and stood in front of the full length mirror in her bedroom. She knew she was a good looking girl, a natural beauty people had always told her, she was short but perfectly proportioned with hardly an ounce of fat on her. She worked hard to keep her body in good shape and she knew she had done a good job. Her breasts were large and heavy looking on her slender frame, a DD cup but with no sign of sag at all, another fact she was proud of. She kept her pussy free of any hair, as did nearly all girls nowadays, and she couldn't resist touching it slightly to feel the wetness as she admired herself in the mirror.

She knew she had many admirers, more than one of whom had wanted to enslave her but she had managed to escape that fate so far, more by luck than judgement. The government changed the laws regarding slavery almost every month, mostly to make it easier and easier to enslave girls and the Sun newspaper had printed a big story only last week saying that the percentage of girls between the ages of eighteen and thirty now officially registered as a slave had passed the fifty percent mark for the first time. Fifty one percent to be precise and the newspaper urged its readers to increase that figure even more.

Tracey was a clever girl, she knew that life as a slave girl would not at all be like her many fantasies about the subject, and she had had lots of fantasies! Once a slave your owner could literally do whatever he liked to you, slaves had no human rights whatsoever and were considered either as work horses or sex toys. What's more the price of buying a slave was so low now that if you failed as either your owner would “dispose” of you and buy a new slave without a seconds thought.

Tracey knew that if she was ever enslaved she would be bought as a sex toy and this had led to a lot of nights with her fingers buried between her legs as she worked herself into a frenzy thinking of that possibility, but she knew in the cold light of day life as a sex toy might not all be pleasurable!

The fantasies never left her though and now she had the opportunity to take her fantasies one step further, into the real world, with her collar. Tracey saw naked slaves every day out in public, usually following their Masters but also out by themselves, shopping and running errands. It wasn't unusual to see slaves in a lot of places by themselves and as long as they had a reason to be there nobody really seemed to care.

Of course they were all collared and so their Master could see where they were at any time using the tracking device and if the slave wandered off course or was taking to long to run the errand he could always use the shock function in her collar. There was never any real danger of the slave running off, the Zap App, as they now called them had a long range, a few miles, as did the tracking device so no slave was truly away from her Master, even if the allusion was there.

Tracey's idea was simple, the urge to try being a slave was unbearable and so she was going to put the collar on and walk around in a public place as if she was a real slave, everybody would just see a naked collared girl, a slave. The idea had made Tracey cumm hard many times and now she had the chance to act on it.

Resisting the urge to move her hands between her legs she picked up the heavy collar and after checking once more that the lock worked she pulled the key out and dropped it on the bed behind her and brought the collar up to her neck, biting her lip she placed it around her neck. Unbearably excited and unbearably wet she moved her hands to the back of the collar and pushed it shut, locking it with an audible click.

She couldn't hold it any longer as she fell onto her bed, her hands diving their way down to her pussy as she frantically rubbed herself, orgasm after orgasm racking her body. She had no idea how many she had but it was enough to exhaust her and she laid on her bed for what seemed like an eternity trying to get her thoughts back. She had done it, she was now a collared girl and that meant only one thing, she was a slave!

Getting unsteadily to her feet she looked at herself in the mirror once again, the sight that she saw was incredibly horny, naked but this time with the gleaming steel collar around her neck Tracey thought she looked even more beautiful. The tight was close, it didn't restrict her breathing but only just, as she tried she realised she couldn't move the collar around her neck at all it was that snuggly fitted. Just for the hell of it she tried to pull it open but that of course was completely futile, the collar gave not the tiniest indication that it was going to move, it was an immovable object locked around her slender neck, there for good, apart from the fact that she had the key.

Looking behind her she panicked for a second as she couldn't see the small key on the bed but then she spied it and relaxed, she may of looked like a slave but all the time she had that key she was a free girl.

She debated how long to keep the collar on, the room she was in was her home but it wasn't much of a home. It was basically one room with a bed and a few items of furniture. The house was a large old Victorian house split into a lot of rooms like Tracey's, a girl in each one. Tracey knew there were twelve girls living there and eight of them were slaves, owned by Mr Chambers the landlord who lived at the top of the house.

She had no idea why he wanted 8 slaves but she could guess as he was an odious fat little creep! She also guessed that he needed at least some free girls to live there as they could pay rent which kept him afloat. There weren’t too many jobs nowadays that paid a wage to a girl, it was much cheaper for employers to buy a slave and get her to work for nothing and of course most employers did exactly that. The jobs that did pay a girl a wage paid a pittance and Tracey could afford the rent and some basic food and clothes and nothing else, every penny had to be counted and that's why she could only afford to live in such a grotty place with an even grottier landlord!

She tried to keep her distance from Mr Chambers but he insisted that each of the free girls paid his rent in cash at his door and so once a week she had to climb the six staircases to his door and then put up with his crude and lewd remarks while she paid him. Quite often she would see through the open door one or two of his slaves taking part in some sexual activity while waiting for him to come back to them and Tracey shuddered each time. He often joked that once one of his existing slaves was disposed of he would enslave Tracey and she knew he could but she hoped the fact that she was paying him every month would stop him doing that but she had her doubts!

She shook herself out of her daydreams as she realised that Mr Chambers would have a field day with her if he walked in right now and she was standing there naked and collared! So reluctantly she tried to unlock the collar. It was no easy feat! The lock was at the back of the collar and the key was tiny and Tracey had much trouble reaching behind herself and trying to insert the key into the lock. She knew of course that slaves were not supposed to unlock their own collars and it would have been easy for someone standing behind her to do it but for Tracey doing it herself it was extremely difficult. She dropped the key three times and was starting to panic wondering if she could ever unlock it when finally she felt the key slide into the lock and she turned it a quarter of an inch and the collar sprang open.

It had taken her twenty minutes to unlock it and she hoped she would get quicker with practise as that was too long!

There was one more problem to overcome with her plan of masquerading as a slave, having the collar was a major boost but she still needed a barcode!

All slaves were barcoded on their right hip. It was a slightly outdated method of identification now as it was originally meant to make it easy to scan a girls details and to mark her as a slave. Nowadays the collars did all that anyway but the law stating that a slave had to be barcoded still applied.

Luckily for Tracey it was not an insurmountable problem, she could buy a temporary barcode tattoo. Lots of shops sold them and you basically wet them onto your hip peeled off the transfer and hey presto you were barcoded. They only lasted three days or so and of course if anyone tried to scan it it wouldn't work but as most people scanned a slaves collar rather than the barcode it was a fun accessory for girls to wear to parties etc.

Knowing that she was still dripping her wetness down her thighs Tracey hurriedly got dressed and left her house bound for the shop on the corner of the street. It was only a small shop and Tracey did not like the owner, an older Asian man called Ali who almost looked like a copy of Mr Chambers! He had Mr Chambers manners as well and had more than once joked to Tracey about enslaving her. Her luck was in today as the shop was being manned by one of his slaves, who of course was standing behind the counter completely naked apart from her collar which Tracey quickly saw was not as nice as her own!

Not seeing what she wanted she asked the slave if they had any of the transfers and the girl had said they didn't do them any more as they had a permanent laser gun to do the bar codes now!

“So the barcode will be permanent then?” she asked.

“Well yes, you'd be registered and everything, it only takes a minute, just give me your details and I can get you barcoded and on the registry in a few seconds.” the girl had smiled.

Although Tracey was so turned on still it sounded like a tempting offer she managed to resist and as she turned to leave the slave called after her,

“Wait a second, I might have a packet of transfers under here somewhere.” and Tracey saw her duck under the counter before she emerged a few seconds later triumphantly holding up a packet of the barcode transfers.

“You realise these are just dummy ones though, you won't be properly coded or registered don't you?”

“Yes that's fine thanks”. Tracey said excitedly almost snatching the packet out of the girls hand.

“Well come back any time, I'll do it properly for you any time.” the girl smiled as Tracey almost ran out of the shop.

Back home she again stripped naked and read the instructions on the packet avidly before following it's easy instructions and a minute or so later she had a realistic looking barcode on her right hip. She knew it was a fake of course but nobody else would, it looked as real as a real one, she just had to make sure nobody tried to scan it!

Unable to resist you picked up the collar again and locked it around her neck. This time when she looked at herself in the mirror she almost feinted with excitement, there she was, a naked slave staring back at her, collared and barcoded, everybody would see her as just another slave, a sex toy with no human rights whatsoever, a toy to be used and thrown away when no longer wanted. Nothing more than a piece of meat.

Once again Tracey found herself laying on her bed bringing herself to multiple orgasm until she fell asleep, completely exhausted.

She was woken with a start by heavy knocking at her door. As she woke she realised she still had the collar on, if anyone came in now they would see her collared and coded, and naked! Rushing to the door she managed to push the bolt across just as the handle was turned and someone tried to open the door.

“Tracey,” she heard Mr Chambers shouting, “get your arse upstairs now, I have a job for you.”

She really was panicking now, she had no doubt Mr Chambers would take full advantage if he saw her in this state!

“Won't be a minute.” she managed to squeak just loud enough for him to hear.

“It better not girl, get up to mine fast.” he shouted back and Tracey was relieved to hear him moving back along the corridor and up the stairs.

How could she be so stupid! She had been seconds away from being a slave for real! She knew her landlord would have had no hesitation in enslaving her for real once he saw she'd been collared!

Knowing she was against time she struggled once again with the key trying to unlock the collar and eventually she managed it after fifteen minutes! She knew he would be fuming by now at having to wait that long but she quickly threw on some clothes and literally ran up the stairs to his flat.

On knocking on his door she was greeted by the usual waft of stale smoke and dirty clothes as he looked her up and down before saying,

“What took you so long girl? I want you to go down to the shops and buy me a whip or a riding crop, one of my bitches needs punishing, okay?”

Tracey was just relieved to be able to get out of there for a while so she quickly nodded and left the house with his words ringing in her ears,

“Make sure you get a good sturdy one, I intend to whip the shit out of her so if it's no good I will use it on you to.”

Tracey wondered sometimes if Mr Chambers even realised she was actually a free girl at all!

A week later Tracey sat on her bed, today was the day, she was finally going to realise her fantasy and go out in public and be seen as a slave, albeit for only a short time. She had planned this meticulously and she was sure nothing could go wrong, well as sure as she could be. Three days ago she had caught the bus to Eastfield, she had realised early on that there was no way she could wander around her home town naked collared and barcoded, the risks of someone seeing her would be too high. Eastfield was ten miles away, not a huge distance but hopefully far enough away not to risk bumping into someone she knew on every corner.

The bus ride had taken thirty minutes and there had been two naked slaves standing in the isles for the whole trip. Their owners were sitting in seats while the girls stood, Tracey knew slaves were not allowed to sit down on public transport, she wasn't sure though if they were allowed to take public transport if they were unaccompanied. She did wonder if she might of read up on exactly what slaves were allowed to do in public but it was too late now, if she had any doubts she simply wouldn't do it!

Once she had got off at the bus station in Eastfield she already knew roughly where she was going, leading away from the town centre was a path that led to a large park, at the far end of the park was a small toilet block, men and women’s and that was where she was going. Her plan was simple, once inside a toilet cubicle she was would undress and once naked she would put all her clothes into a plastic bag and tape the bag behind the water cistern. Before doing that she would take her collar out of the same bag and lock it around her neck. She would then tape the small key to the main pipe in the toilet and that would be it, she would then brazen it out and go for a walk as naked as the day she was born in public for as long as she could dare.

Once she was ready she would go back to the toilet, retrieve her clothes and the key, unlock herself and get dressed and walk back outside as a free woman. What could go wrong?

She had found the toilet block easily enough but she didn't like the look of it, the mens half appeared to be gleaming and clean from what she could see but the womens half was dirty and run down. Not too mention that two tramps appeared to have set up temporary home in the entrance! They were even dirtier than the toilets and Tracey had to quickly skirt past them as she entered. Picking the far cubicle she went inside it and looked around, it was disgustingly dirty but she could see it had what she wanted, an old style cistern set high up which it would be easy to hide her bag of clothes behind.

As she had left she passed the sitting tramps in the doorway and to her horror one of them grabbed her ankle and cackled at her,

“Hey girl are you a slave?”

For a second she didn't know what to say to him, had he been reading her mind, did he know what she was planning? That was silly of course and as she tried to skae her ankle free of his grip she squealed at him that she was not a slave with as much indingation as she could muster.

“We should take her down that place on West Street then, they pay money for anyone bringing new girls in.” the other tramp wheezed.

“I know, I took one down there last week, I got ten quid for her.” the first tramp laughed tightening his grip on Tracey's ankle.

“Well let's go then, buy some wine with that.” the second tramp said starting to get up on unsteady feet.

As the first tramp started to get up himself he had to loosen his grip on Tracey and she knew it was now or never so she swiftly kicked her foot free from his grasp and ran as fast as she could away from there. She heard a few angry shouts behind her but the tramps were in no shape to run after a fit young girl and Tracey knew she was safe after only a few seconds. It had been dangerous for a while though, she knew she didn't want to be enslaved by two old tramps by accident almost but on the other hand the thought of being enslaved for a couple of bottles of wine was submissively exciting!

Looking at herself in the mirror Tracey checked everything one last time, she was wearing a simple knee length summer dress, quite flimsy but she knew she had to scrunch it up into a plastic bag. She had decided not to wear any underwear, it would just be a hindrance really and anyway it felt sexy to be without underwear in such a skimpy dress. She could see that it was obvious that she was braless, her heavy breasts swaying under the dress with every movement she made, but that was sexy to.

Lifting the dress she looked at the fake barcode on her hip, she had put a new one on yesterday and it looked as real as ever. Finally she picked up the collar and key and dropped it into the bag along with some tape. She knew of course it would be hard to explain if she got caught carrying a slave collar around with her but she would have to risk that.

With a final smile to herself in the mirror she opened her door and stepped out into a brave new world!

Sitting on the bus she had to keep squeezing her legs together to try and ease her excitement. On her last trip to Eastfield she had counted the slaves she saw in town, it was easy as they were all naked! She had stopped counting the accompanied ones after one hundred but she had counted thirty five unaccompanied ones in an hour. That was good news for Tracey as it meant she wouldn't stand out too much. She knew she wouldn't be able to just walk around aimlessly, that might attract attention, she had to look as if she was on an errand for her Master and nothing else.

A stop or two from the town centre she saw a naked slave get onto the bus and present her hip to a scanner near the driver so that it could read her barcode. Slaves always got free public transport because they obviously didn't have any money but they had to have their barcode scanned as they got on. Tracey knew this wouldn't work for her as the scanner wouldn't be able to read her barcode but she had no plans to catch a bus as a slave anyway.

Finally the bus reached its destination and Tracey got off at the Eastfield bus station still dripping with excitement. The town was pretty busy as it was market day and as she started walking towards the park she could hardly contain herself knowing that she would soon be walking naked amongst these people.

As she reached the park the amount of people thinned out then the toilet block was in sight. She hoped that the two tramps had gone, she had only just got away from them last time and she didn't want to risk any trouble with them again. To her relief there was no sign of them as she approached the ladies toilet entrance and she almost ran inside.

If anything the place seemed dirtier than last time which was some feat! She entered the last cubicle again and shut the door behind her. Taking a deep breath she reached down and pulled her dress up over her head and completely off in one quick motion. Just the fact that she was now standing naked in the dirty toilet cubicle was almost enough to make her cum but she pulled herself together and putting the toilet seat down she placed her dress on it and took the collar out of the bag.

She knew this was the point of no return and lifting the collar up to her neck she placed it in position and pushed it shy until she heard the lock click. She was now naked and collared! It was one thing to do it in the privacy of her own bedroom but to do it in a semi public place was unbelievably horny. She knew she couldn't yet be seen by anyone but she also knew anyone could come in and interrupt her, maybe even see her and that was unbelievably exciting and this time she couldn't stop herself frantically rubbing herself until she had cum at least four times.

Quickly she pushed her dress and shoes into the bag and using the tape she hid it behind the toilet cistern as high up as she could. As she looked at it she was satisfied that unless anyone was looking for it nobody would see the bag with a casual visit to the cubicle. Then reaching up behind herself to the collar she pulled the small key out and quickly taped it to the back of the pipe leading to the cistern. She had thought about putting the key in the bag with her dress but it was so small it may well get lost and also if anyone did find her dress they would then have the key as well!

This was it now, she was naked, collared and barcoded, it was time to go out in public as a slave. She was scared and excited at the same time as she unlocked the cubicle door and stepped outside. Luckily again there was no sign of the tramps at the toilet entrance and so taking a deep breath she walked out into the bright sunshine as naked as the day she was born.

She quickly walked away from the toilet block and started walking up the park towards the town centre. She almost bottled it when she saw the first person walking towards her, an oldish man who apart from an appreciative look said nothing as he passed Tracey. All of a sudden she was at the centre and surrounded by fully clothed people going about their business while she walked naked amongst them.

She wasn't the only naked girl there of course, there were other slaves around but Tracey was finding it hard to stop cumming as she saw all these people around her, some looked lustfully at her, some hardly looked at her at all, but everybody looked at her as if she was just another slave.

Realising she was dawdling she started walking faster and with a purpose although of course her main purpose had already been achieved. The feeling of the cool air on her naked body felt so strange out in public like this, she had never even been topless on the beach and now she was walking down a busy high street naked.

She didn't go into any of the shops, she had no money and she thought if she just went in and browsed someone might get suspicious and so she literally walked up and down the high street three times and then headed back to the toilet block where she spent a few minutes relieving the unbearable tension between her legs.

To her relief everything was where she'd left it and she retried the key first and after six minutes managed to unlock the collar. In some ways she was glad to get it off, it designated her as a slave of course but it was also heavy, she had no idea how real slaves wore them 24 hours a day!

Once dressed and collarless she left the toilet, this time back as a free girl and walked back to the bus station wondering if any of the people she passed had quite probably seen her naked a few minutes earlier.

The whole thing had been incredibly exhilarating and she knew she had to do it again! She had actually been a slave for less than an hour but she knew she had to do it again!

A week later she found herself on the bus clutching her plastic bag with her collar inside. This time she had some money on her, a twenty pound note, a lot of money to Tracey but it was worth it because this time she was going to go into a shop as a slave.

As before the tramps were not at the toilet and she was beginning to think they may have been moved on, or the ladies toilets were even to much of a dump for them! She stripped naked and taped up the bag containing her clothes and shoes followed by the key and snapping the collar around her neck she once again stepped out in public as naked as the day she was born.

This time she was more confident and as she walked through the park towards the town she almost beamed as she passed admiring people, people who probably would love to have her as their personal slave, to do with as they pleased, however extreme and perverted! Her breasts bounced as she walked and her hair flowed and she knew she was attracting a lot of lustful looks, perhaps too many as a young man and girl suddenly stopped her.

Tracey almost panicked, she wasn't supposed to be stopped and have to talk to people as a slave, and naked!

The man must have been around eighteen and the girl with him maybe a year younger, the girl was fully dressed and therefore not a slave and both were looking at Tracey, greedily drinking in her nakedness. All of a sudden Tracey felt hideously embarrassed and unsure, it was one thing to be strolling through a park with a purpose and to wear your nudity as a uniform, but now stopped in front of these two free people she felt like what she was, a very embarrassed naked girl!

“Stand still slave, I'm going to scan your collar.” the young man said and Tracey did as she was told as she watched him raise his right hand and point a small device at her collar, hearing it ping.

Tracey was scared now, she had no idea what that ping meant, was she about to be exposed as a fraud, a fake slave, what happened to fake slaves anyway, were they automatically enslaved?

To her relief though the man seemed satisfied with the reading his scanner was giving him,

“Says it's some guy over by Westfield.” he said to his girlfriend who giggled,

“Has it got his number, we can ring him see if he wants to sell her.”

“No just an address.” the man said before looking at Tracey, “What are you doing here slave?”

For a second Tracey was unsure on what to do, she wasn't one hundred percent sure slaves were even supposed to talk in public, on the other hand he had asked her a direct question so keeping her eyes lowered she explained that her Master had sent her into town to get some shopping.

“All the way to Eastfield for some shopping? There's something fishy going on here.” the girl sneered.

“Well slave, why has he sent you here?” the man asked.

“I never question my Masters orders.” Tracey said quickly and to her relief the man seemed to accept that as an answer, she was a slave, she would never question an order.

“Let's just take her anyway, she's the cutest one we've seen, “ the girl giggled before stepping up close to Tracey and suddenly reaching forward and cupping both her breasts squeezing them roughly as she offered them up to her boyfriend,” think of the fun you could have with these.” she laughed.

To Tracey's immense relief the man laughed and then slapped the girls hands away from Tracey's reddening breasts,

“Yeah she's a cutie but she belongs to someone else, let's just find another one.”

and with a pout the girl followed him away leaving Tracey shaking as she stood there. She decided that was enough excitement for the day and walked park through the park, this time nowhere near as confidently as she had a few minutes earlier.

Once again everything was where it should be and she got dressed and took her collar off before walking back to the bus station. She was earlier than she'd expected and had a longish wait for the bus home and as she sat in the bus station she noticed three rails about waist high dotted around the area, almost like bike stands but at each rail, tethered by a leash was a slave. Naked of course, some slightly stooped depending on how low her Master had tethered her collar to the rail. Tracey counted eleven slaves tied to the rails and as she watched she saw a man come up and untie a slave and lead her away.

A old man had sat down beside Tracey and saw where she was looking and laughed,

“The rails are new in case your wondering,a lot of the men leave their girls here now if they don't want to drag them around the town, a lot of the shops are not allowing slaves in now.”

“Why not?” Tracey asked timidly.

“it's not right, slaves have no business being in a shop, they're not allowed to buy anything anyway so they get tied up at the rail now just like a dog.” he laughed.

Tracey clutched her £20 note hard thinking maybe she'd had a lucky escape by not trying to spend it as a slave!

“Your a pretty young girl, why aren’t you over there with them then?” the man laughed nodding at the slave girls.

Not knowing what to say Tracey just sat there blushing a deep red much to the man's amusement,

“Maybe I should take you down to the nearest processing centre, get you all registered properly and take you home for some fun, I bet you'd like that!” he cackled.

Tracey couldn't think of anything less she would like but she forced a weak smile at him hoping he would go away and leave her alone. In one way being naked and collared had protected her, that

young couple had left her alone once they'd realised she was a real slave owned by someone, or at

least that's what they thought. Now though sitting on the bench dressed and free she had no real protection, the old man was right, he could simply walk her down to the slave centre and make her his property.

“Oh yes I could have a lot of fun with a pretty one like you.” he laughed and casually reached out and squeezed her left breast. To her immense relief at that moment her bus came in and standing quickly so he had to release his grip on her she mumbled an apology and got on the bus hoping against hope that he wouldn't follow her.

Her luck was in as he remained on the bench looking at the bus probably wondering if it was worth making a fuss and getting on board to try and pull Tracey off but instead he just sat there and watched as Tracey's bus pulled away.

That outing had been as exciting as the first but also more dangerous! The young couple had tried to get hold of her and the old man at the bus station. She knew as a slave she had no rights whatsoever and if either the young couple or the old man and told her to go with them she really would have had no choice but to do as she was told.

She knew that naked and collared she could hardly of tried to explain her posotion without being laughed at. She also did not know what the penalty was for impersonating a slave but she guessed it was probably compulsory enslavement anyway!

Dangerous though her second trip had been she knew there had to be a third trip, she couldn't resist it. The danger of the last trip out had raised the excitement level an extra notch and Tracey, and her pussy, had no choice but to enter the world of slavery another time.

When she had got off the bus this time she counted another two slave rails and a total of twenty slaves tied to them, she also noticed that almost each slave was bent over double, it seemed tying their collar as close to the rail as possible was now the norm meaning each girl had to bent forard so that her neck was almost on the rail. This had the effect of raising the girls bottom in the air and also letting her breasts hang loose below her, a pleasing sight for all the men passing by!

Once again the toilet block was empty, she was beginning to think she was the only girl using it! Clothes and key taped away and naked and collared she had walked out of the block and right into trouble, the tramps were back! This time there was three of them and they saw the naked Tracey immediately and almost as immediately they took advantage of the situation.

She was quickly pushed back into the block and although she struggled she was no match for the three of them and roughly she was pushed onto the dirty floor and one man was between her legs while another was pushing his unwashed cock into her mouth.

The taste was awful and she tried not to imagine any of the horrible diseases he may have, probably had while he thrust his cock deep into her mouth, the same as the other was doing deep into her pussy.

The third man was standing above them laughing and cheering them on as the rape continued. She twisted and writhed under the man but too no good and as he started to slap her face to quieten her down she suddenly felt him shoot his horrible cum deep inside her. This was swiftly followed by the man at her head who shot his foul smelling cum down her throat as he held her head still.

Disgusted and beaten Tracey just laid there as the laughing men got up and the third man suddenly stood over her and pulled her arm and side until she was suddenly flipped over onto her front. She heard the sound of a zip being pulled down and the other two laughing but even then she didn't realise what he had in mind until the felt the end of his cock pressing against her little bum hole.

“No! Please.” she managed to scream but it was no good and she screamed again as he forced his penis deep inside her bum.

He seemed to last for ages inside her, each thrust shot blasts of pain down her body as she pressed her face hard against the grimy floor with her eyes closed just wishing it would all end. It did a few minutes later when he shot his load up inside her bottom making her shudder with disgust and humiliation.

As she lay there thinking the degradation couldn't get any worse the men laughed as they flipped her over again so she was laying on her back and all three proceeded to piss all over her making her gasp in horror which only mean she got more than one mouthful of rancid piss.

Finally sated she heard one of the men ask what they were going to do with her.

“Nothing, she's a slave already so just leave her be, she will go home to her Master and that’s that.”

One of the men laughed.

“Yeah shame she's not a free girl, I could have had a lot of fun fucking her up.” one of the men laughed and then to Tracey's horror she saw one of the men go into the cubicle she'd hidden her clothes in.

If he found them God knows what would happen but to her relief he came out a few seconds later snarling,

“No toilet paper, was going to wipe my cock clean, fuck knows what diseases this bitch has.”

Then they were gone, leaving Tracey a dirty mess on the floor. All she could do was cry for a few minutes. She hurt all over and she hated to think what vileness was now swimming around inside her. Finally raising to her feet she attempted to clean herself up as much as possible at the sink.

She'd had enough of trying out a slaves life that day and retrieved her dress and slipped it on. Getting the collar unlocked was a different affair, after twenty minutes she still hadn't managed to unlock it, her hands were still shaking so much, she'd even dropped the key on the floor twice. She had half debated trying to get home dressed but with the collar on but she knew that would draw unwanted attention immediately.

Finally after thirty five minutes she heard the collar click as it unlocked and almost crying with relief she pulled it off. Hoping against hope she exited the toilet block, once more a free woman but knowing that if the tramps were still there and saw her God knows what they would do to her. Luckily they seemed to have their fun and moved on and so she quickly walked through the park and caught the bus home.

This pretending to be a slave game was getting very hard to play!

Nevertheless she only last two weeks before she had to try it again. This time though she thoroughly checked the area around the toilet block, waiting at least twenty minutes before feeling that the area was safe and even then she breathed a sigh of relief when she stepped inside and saw that it was empty.

She quickly undressed and collared herself before taping up her clothes and key in the usual place and checking first she quickly exited the building naked and started walking towards the town.

To her relief, and maybe slight disappointment, she spent forty minutes walking the streets of the town naked and excited. She was drawing the usual appreciative looks but apart from two teenage boys who thought it was great fun to follow her for a hundred yards slapping her bare bottom every step of the way she survived the trip unscathed.

As she walked back and started to walk back to the toilets she noticed with some apprehension that there seemed to be a bit of a small crowd of people staring at the small building, along with a few men in high vis jackets.

As the worried Tracey approached the group she saw with alarm that a JCB was a few feet away and as she got there she heard an old woman snap,

“It's about time they pulled that eyesore down.”

And as she said it Tracey almost screamed as she saw the arm of the JCB smash down against the toilet blocks wall reducing it to rubble instantly. All she could do was stand there and watch as the whole building was demolished right in front of her, her clothes and more importantly the key to her collar buried below the rubble.

She was almost crying, what was she going to do now! Without the key she knew she was doomed to be a slave full time. Perhaps she could dig through the rubble later on if the site was empty and dark but she certainly couldn't do it while the twenty or so people were standing by. Her presence as a naked slave girl was already drawing attention and one woman haughtily said to her,

“Have you no work to do slave, if I were you I'd set to whatever errand your Master sent you on or I will inform him of your tardiness.”

With horror Tracey saw the woman start to take a scanner out of her bag and Tracey certainly did not want to be scanned and so with a slight nod of her head to the woman she quickly started walking away back towards the town.

As she walked she hoped that the woman was not scanning her, she had no idea on the range of the scanners, but more importantly she hoped against hope that the pile of rubble would still be there when it got dark!