

**The  
Collared  
Slave**



# The Collared Slave

Georga McCrae

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Georga McCrae Publishing

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For Robert  
Jennifer and Georgina  
quite simply  
I love you

# Greg

---

I had walked those fields for years, met good acquaintances (I'm not the type to make friends!). Most of us walking our dogs, exchanging 'good-day' and roaming the fields of Hadleigh, engrossed in our thoughts and dreams.

My dreams? Well, they had been, come and gone! Marriage broken, family torn apart, an ugly mess not unlike most divorces. She got everything – our two daughters, the house, my money, my life! I'd invested 12 years in that marriage. Worked overtime, all the time, just to give her everything she wanted ... but it was never enough! So eventually I strayed. Oh, I know it was wrong, but I was miserable, miserable as sin, and Beth seemed to fill a void. When Liz tumbled she threw me out. I was shaken, I admit, shaken by the brutal finality of it all.

So my life with Liz and the girls was over and life with Beth began. It was good at first, but there was always a nagging doubt at the back of my mind. Something was missing, and the kids hated her! Still, we managed to jog along until one day I saw a petite blonde in the emergency call centre near where I work. Oh, have I said, I'm a copper? Well, not quite, I'm in the armed division of the Metropolitan Police. I love it, it's exciting and every day is different. Previously I'd been part of the motorcycle division but an opportunity arose, 15 years ago, to apply, so I did. I passed all the requisite testing and have never looked back.

That petite blonde was destined to become wife number two. I guess I'm a bit of a lothario, but I just can't help it! Honest, I'm a sucker for a pretty lady! So I asked Emma out and, well, one thing led to another. But more than that, I found that she was into – how should I put it? Edgy sex! You know; well, maybe you don't ... let me explain:

Bondage does get some bad press, but that and the D, S and M (Domination, Sadism and Masochism) are really just different forms of foreplay. Not for everyone, granted, but we revelled in it; loved it! The two of us started to go to bondage clubs like 'Hanging' in London and some of the smaller ones out of town. These clubs are places of fun. You walk downstairs (they are often in a basement) and it's dark, very dark. At the end of a walkway, with booths on either side, you might see a big wooden cross with some woman handcuffed to it! She'll be dressed, just, and maybe a man will be flogging her lightly. Her legs forced apart with just a teasing glimpse of her pussy. Nice! Well, you can't blame a bloke, can you? Then you might turn a corner and come across a bench. A large raised block, the top covered in deep red leather with studs round the edges. Four legs underneath, so that it appears to be a sturdy, raised table. From the two front legs there are two smaller blocks that stick out, like small steps, also in leather. The woman is tied down with her stomach on the 'table top'. Each of her legs resting on and tied to the 'steps'. So essentially she is tied facing down as if kneeling, with her arse sticking out and her legs forced apart. A man or a woman will be 'taking' her from behind. A deep penetration is made this way. Take it from me, very, very deep penetration!

Ah, I loved these places! You may think me a bit of a perv, but I adore women! I adore their bodies. I love entering them, pushing in slowly and pulling out. Pushing, pulling, pushing, pulling, until she screams and begs me to stay in and go deeper and deeper!

This was the kind of place we went to. At home I started to build 'furniture' of my own. You see I'm very good with my hands. We'd go swinging but Emma didn't like me to go with single women. The truth is that she simply didn't trust me. She knew I'd been unfaithful in my marriage to Liz and in my relationship with Beth, so I guess she'd good reason.



# Emma

---

I guess I always knew Greg couldn't be trusted, but I thought he would change. I first met him when he came into the emergency call centre where I work. Someone had phoned to say they'd seen a man with a gun coming into our office block. It was a false alarm but armed officers were deployed ... no one was found. As soon as I saw him I was attracted. He's a large man and looked even bigger in his combat gear. He held his gun, muzzle down, and scanned the office. Then he saw me. I couldn't help but smile and so did he.

The next day he was waiting outside the office. We said hi and he explained the call centre was on the armed police surveillance list. I quipped that he could survey me anytime! He laughed and suggested we go for a drink on Friday night. Well, one thing led to another and, yes, we did fall for each other.

I'd been into BDSM for years; I'm a domme and when I told Greg he was absolutely fascinated. So we started to go to munches (BDSM meets). These are informal gatherings that usually take place in pubs. You wear 'vanilla' clothes, no 'play' takes place and you would never guess what kind of 'meet' it was! The leader hands out name tags; that way we know who is there for the munch and who isn't. We look so ordinary that locals would assume we were a perfectly legitimate group like a photography club ... you should see the piccies taken! So we made a few friends and arranged to meet at the local dungeon which throws monthly parties.

The Hadleigh Bastille is tucked away on an industrial estate, an ordinary industrial unit. Metal bars comprise the first door. Once through you come to a heavy wooden door. Security is tight; it has to be. No prying eyes. The neighbours

are dodgy garage repair shops and scrap metal merchants ... no one asks questions.

Ralph is the dungeon owner; he's a carpenter and makes bespoke BDSM furniture in his workshop next door. Various clubs are run there, Club Wicked, Club Chain and Lash, and the Saturday Shackles Club, to name but a few.

One day I decided to take Greg to the Shackles Club. He was concerned about how to dress, so I suggested he wear a pair of his leather biker trousers and the black mesh top I'd recently bought for him at Camden Lock (you can buy any fetish gear you want there). I wore a red PVC catsuit with a ribbon-laced PVC underbust corset, a red military cap ... and I had my crop.

As we entered we first went to the 'schoolroom' filled with people changing into their BDSM attire. We followed suit. The schoolroom is so sweet; it has little desks in a row, a blackboard, a map of the world hanging on the wall, together with a mortarboard, gown and all manner of whips!

Greg grinned like a little schoolboy. Men and women were undressing in front of everyone. No one bothers with modesty at these clubs. Greg was like a child in the sweetshop. He didn't know where to start.

We got chatting to a few people; there was a newbie, wannabe BDSMer. I didn't like him from the moment I set eyes on him. He was small with weasel-like eyes; I decided, straight away, that I would teach him all about BDSM!

'Sub or dom?' I asked sweetly, already knowing the answer. You could tell he was too weak to be a dom.

'Eh, eh, sub ... I think.' He gave a half laugh.

'So you've come here to learn how to be a sub?'

'I guess so.'

'Maybe you'd like me to give you a lesson?'

'I'd rather watch first ... if you don't mind?'

'Not at all. Why don't you come into the dungeon and I can demonstrate on Greg here?' Greg grinned; he was up for anything!

The weasel followed us into the dungeon. The walls were

painted with what looked like large stone cladding. A huge raised four poster stood in the right-hand corner near a suspended cage, with chains attached to each of the posts so a sub could be easily tied face up or down. An old paraffin heater blew warm air but it was still cold and obnoxious fumes filled the dungeon. Health and safety really don't count for much in such places!

The lighting was muted and techno music blasted through the sound system. Walking up to the whipping post in the middle of the room, I instructed Greg to stand facing it; he crossed his wrists and I handcuffed them to the whipping ring above his head. Then I gagged him, but not too tightly so he could call out if he wanted me to stop. I pulled up the top, revealing his bare back, and lowered his trousers just a bit, leaving them high enough to cover most of his backside.

As I raised the crop I turned to see the little weasel watching, his mouth wide open. Other people were crowded round. I brought the crop down on to Greg's back. He jerked under the blow but didn't cry out. As he turned his head, I pulled down the gag.

'Well, what have you got to say to me?' I asked tersely.

'Thank you, Mistress.'

I dragged the tip of the crop across his face and then put the gag back in his mouth.

I brought the crop down five more times on to his back. Greg is strong and though the beating must have been painful he still remained on his feet. It would have been difficult for anyone watching to guess how hard the blows were as Greg never cried out or lost his footing. He's strong as an ox and though it must have hurt (red stripes crisscrossed his back), he would never betray that to the people watching ... he was too proud for that!

I asked the weasel to unchain him. He was delighted to oblige, caught up in the excitement of seeing his first beating. Then I turned and asked if he'd like me to chain him to the

bed and give him a 'beginner's' beating. Other people started to shout encouragement.

'Go for it, hun,' said a pretty little sub, who was standing naked save for a collar with lead attached, held by her Mistress.

'Yeah, give it a try, subbie,' called out a huge male sub dressed in a Roman centurion's leather skirt. I think the weasel just got caught up in the excitement as he agreed to let me chain him to the bed.

I set about it quickly and efficiently, getting Greg to help me. I got him to tie another rope around the weasel's waist and under the bed so that he was tightly bound. Then I stuffed a large piece of wadding in his mouth. This would be far more effective than the gag I had used on Greg ... I didn't want people to hear as he tried to scream out, and boy would he scream! Then I tied rope to secure his head so he couldn't get anyone's attention. He was spread-eagled on the bed, immobile and unable to signal when he wanted the beating to stop.

I pulled down his trousers, revealing his little, milk white buttocks. I began to rub my hand over them and brought it between his legs, cupping his pathetic little balls. He seemed to relax ... probably thought I was going to jerk him off! Then I squeezed his balls, crushing them. He tried to move, but couldn't. He wasn't even able to turn and look at me, his head was so firmly secured. I raised my crop and brought it down full force. The people watching cheered as I raised the crop once more and brought it down again and again. Each blow split his skin and blood started to drip from the wounds. Every muscle in his body tensed. I varied the blows so he couldn't work out where the next one was coming from and prepare his body for the pain raining down on him. Greg, on my orders, filmed the whole thing, making sure to record that the weasel had wanted to be beaten. He had been well and truly set up by an expert!

After a few minutes the large sub in the centurion's skirt

put his hand over mine and said, 'Enough.' I told Greg to release the pathetic little runt; he just lay there, in complete and utter shock. Then Greg hauled him off the bed and helped him back into the schoolroom. People cheered and clapped as we walked by. No one seemed concerned about his obvious pain ... this is BDSM, after all!

Once in the schoolroom Greg got him a glass of water. He was in a state of disbelief, unable to talk. His body was shaking.

'Well, we got some nice photos of you,' I said. 'Well done. How did you like your first beating?' I held the crop over his cock, stroking it with the tip. He watched it, mesmerised, as if he were watching a snake dancing before his eyes. 'Well, you better tell everyone here how you liked it, sweetie, otherwise they might think I hurt you!' I laughed, pressing the crop down on his cock.

'Yeah, ye, yes,' he stuttered. 'It was gggreat.' He looked at me, eyes wide with fear ... he understood.

I got up and laughed.

The female subbie who had egged him on was standing by the blackboard, having been ordered to write lines: 'I must obey my Mistress'.

Well, her Mistress wasn't too pleased with her, so she ordered her to lean over one of the desks and proceeded to whip her. She yelped in pain, but after each blow her Mistress caressed her bottom, slipping a finger into her, and each time the subbie moaned and writhed in pleasure.

Greg approached the Mistress and asked if he could 'pleasure' her slave. She told him that he mustn't come, but that he could bugger her as hard as he wished. She held her sub firmly over the desk whilst Greg fucked her from behind. I was more than happy to let him ... I knew that when we went back to his that night he would be absolutely gagging for it.

Yes, all in all it was a very good evening!

# Greg

---

I had just retired from the force. I'd served 25 years and five days. I drew my pension but still continued to work at the Met as a civilian in charge of the armoury. Well paid but boring as hell! Oh, I was going out of my mind and, I admit, probably getting a little depressed. So I walked my dog, Gerry. Well, I walked him and walked him. He was a boxer and a little overweight, so I decided he needed more exercise. Walking went some way to relieving the boredom. I love dogs and I truly loved my Gerry.

Well, one day I was loping over the fields in Hadleigh when I saw Jane with her dog Winston, an elderly white lab. I bounded up to her, pleased to see a familiar face. She's a lovely woman, about 70, very old-fashioned and kind. But though I tried to stay focused on Jane, I did my best not to look too much at the woman next to her. I didn't want them to see what I was thinking. But I didn't miss a beat. I remember every detail about her – copper's training! She walked with a long stride and was wearing a tight-fitting black Lycra tracksuit; on her head she had a grey woolly hat pulled right down to her eyebrows, so that all you could see was a wisp of auburn hair and her eyes. Oh, but what eyes! They transfixed you with their cold stare and yet they were almost liquid in the depth of their green-grey colour. Her skin, what I could see of it, was tanned and her athletic figure shown to its best in that tight Lycra. I mumbled 'hi' and she just nodded. Snotty bitch! And then they were gone. I walked on in the opposite direction and put her to the back of my mind. No use thinking about a woman like that – out of my league.

I'm working class; my dad was a lorry driver. I left school

when I was 16 and joined the police six weeks later. Women like that never looked at guys like me. But I thought that she had looked. Nah – wishful thinking. She came from money; you could smell it on her. Educated, superior bitch! Still ... very fuckable!

I forgot about her until, a few weeks later, while walking in the rugby fields, I saw her. She was walking the pesky little cocker spaniel I'd seen with her when we had last met. So I thought,

*Don't let that bitch make you feel small; show her you aren't afraid of her – say something, man!*

'Good morning,' I managed to splutter.

'Hi,' she replied, but this time that cold face broke into the most beautiful smile. I couldn't believe it, there was no one else around; she was definitely smiling at me! I crouched down to her dog and started stroking him, letting him gnaw at my hand. 'Shadow, don't bite!' she chided.

'Ah, Shadow, is it?' I replied, still looking at her dog.

'Yes, and what's your boxer called?'

'Gerry.'

'Well, hi, Gerry,' she said as she bent down to tickle him behind his ears. 'My name's Sam. Now what do I call your daddy?' She spoke with a glint in her eye as she took a sideways glance in my direction. I stood up and held out my hand.

'My name's Greg. Greg Nelson.'

'Nice to meet you,' she said, and she shook my hand. She had a firm grip and was supremely confident. Oh, so lucky to be that confident. That's what a middle class background gives you. We working class blokes know our place.

'I believe we met a few weeks ago when I was walking with Jane,' she continued. So she'd remembered me. Ha!

'Oh yes, I think I remember.'

Her smile faded and I could have kicked myself. I'd hurt her and I didn't want to hurt this woman. *Stop trying to be so cool, Greg*, I told myself.

‘We’re walking to the upper fields. Would you and Shadow like to join us?’ I backpedalled.

‘Sure,’ she replied, and the frown was replaced by the most exquisite smile.

So we walked and we talked. She was easy to talk to. Far easier than I could ever have imagined. She was relaxed, funny but a little distant. A little unsure about me. I liked that!

‘Well, this is me,’ she said as we came round to the bottom field which runs parallel to Grasmere Lane. ‘Thank you for the company.’ She held out a hand to shake mine.

*Very proper*, I thought to myself, *very posh*, *very nice*. I shook her hand and mumbled something about walking together again, and then she was gone. Christ, she was nice!

I had to push her to the back of my mind, but every now and again the memory of those liquid green eyes flashed up. She was difficult to get out of my thoughts.

Life continued as usual, work, Emma. Over the years she’d put on the pounds. She no longer worked out and her age was beginning to show. But she was still the Emma I’d fallen in love with. Sex was good, though not as often as I’d like and she was less willing to experiment. Still, life wasn’t that bad. And it would have been just fine if ...

Three weeks had passed and I hadn’t seen Sam on my walks. She’d become a faint memory that would pop up every now and then. I’d smile at the thought and then store her away in the deep recesses of my brain. It was a Tuesday and I was walking down the footpath by Hill Side Primary School, where my daughters had gone. I was peering into the playground where I used to wait to pick up the kids when I was working late turns, lost in my thoughts; I turned and saw her striding towards me. She smiled and waved. I couldn’t help but smile back as she walked right up to me. I shoved my hands deep into my trouser pockets. Christ, I couldn’t trust myself. I wanted to clasp her tight to me and push my cock into her groin!



No, hands in pockets was safest. I prayed that she couldn't read my mind.

'Are you walking to the fields?' she enquired.

'Yes, you want to join us?' My heart was pounding; I just hoped she couldn't hear it.

'Why not?' she replied nonchalantly. And with that she turned and walked along with me. The dogs were bickering over a ball Gerry had found. She laughed and said, 'Shadow, let Gerry have his toy, now play fair.'

Christ, did I want to play with her, and fair would definitely not come into it!

'So, what do you do?' I asked, half expecting her to tell me she was a housewife and mother. I had already noted the wedding ring.

'I'm a nurse, but I mainly work as a midwife now,' she replied.

*Impressive, I thought, beauty and brains!*

'And you?'

'Oh, a policeman; well, I was, but I've just retired.'

'What are you doing with yourself now?'

'I'm helping to run the armoury at work.' She looked confused. 'I was a firearms officer, so it's good to have someone who knows what they're doing, and it's good for me. I'd go mad if I didn't work,' I explained.

'Sounds as if you've had an exciting life and very public-spirited.'

'Well, being a nurse can't exactly be boring and it's a pretty public-spirited career.'

'That's true, you never know what your day's going to be like. Are the patients going to be in a good mood or are they going to be bouncing off the walls?' she laughed.

'So you've enjoyed it – nursing, that is?'

'Oh, yes and no. I sometimes wonder what if...'. With that her voice trailed off as she looked up at the horizon. The sun was setting and she shivered. 'I should be getting back; I've been out for hours.'

‘Doesn’t your husband mind you going off for so long?’

‘Oh, I shouldn’t think he even notices, bless him.’

*Well, I’d sure as hell notice if she was mine!* I thought to myself.

‘I’m going this way.’ She pointed down the fields towards the road.

‘Oh, I’ll walk with you a while, Gerry needs to be out more.’ So we walked and we talked and I realised that this cold, snotty woman was in fact a warm, gorgeous, down to earth lady, and I wondered if I could ever have a woman like that.

‘This is me,’ she said as we came to the five-bar gate, and with a smile she held out her hand. I shook it and said we should meet up again. Then she was gone. *Damn, I should have got her number. Next time,* I promised myself.

I wandered along the fields every day in the direction that I knew she came from. But nothing. The thought of her was driving me crazy.

Then one day, about two weeks later, I saw her. It was raining and she was sheltering under a tree. I had my umbrella and held it out to her. She flinched, so I said, ‘Come on, Sam, you’re getting soaked!’ She ducked under it, keeping as far away from me as she could while still staying under the brolly. I didn’t want to scare her off. Walking with her was like coaxing a frightened bird to take crumbs off the palm of your hand. We chatted as usual and I felt high as a kite, ambling along with a woman like Sam next to me! I didn’t want it to end, but we came to the gate and she just stood there, saying nothing.

‘Next time, when I’ve got my phone on me, I’ll take your number and we’ll arrange a walk in Trent Park,’ I suggested.

‘That sounds nice, the dogs will like that,’ and once again with a wave she was off. Well, progress. She said she’d come with me!

‘Slowly, Greg,’ I told myself. ‘All in good time!’

\*

Time passed. I cursed myself for not having my mobile. I wouldn't make that mistake again! From then on I carried it at all times.

It was a whole month until I came across her again. 'This time I'll get you, woman, or at least your number!' I growled to myself. She looked very different, wearing a skirt, short but not sluttilly short, and little white socks with trainers. Soooo cute!

We did the fields, went past Hill Side Primary and eventually came to my road, Lancaster.

'This is me,' I said when we came to my cottage. 'Would you like to come in for a coffee?' I know it was cheeky but I couldn't resist! She looked confused, as if she didn't know what to do.

'I have to get back to shower and change for work, but thank you. Maybe next time?'

She turned and walked up the road without even a glance back.

*Shit, I still haven't got her number! But I will when I next see you, Sam, I thought. Maybe there is some hope!*

About four days had passed when I next came across her on the rugby fields. We chatted and walked, talking about nursing and policing. Eventually we turned into my road. 'Tea?' I asked with a cheeky grin.

'Well, I am thirsty; that would be nice.'

I was surprised, delighted. Once in my cottage, I left the front door open. I didn't want her to feel trapped; well, not yet! We had tea and then she said she had to go back to work. But not before I got her mobile number to arrange our walk in Trent Park. Oh yes, I was going to have this woman. Slowly but surely! She gave me her number and I politely showed her the door. As she went she smiled, and I caught a touch of flirtatiousness, just a touch, but it was definitely there!

\*

I texted her the next day and arranged to meet at Trent Park at the end of that week. It was a glorious morning. The weather was fine, the dogs bickered as normal and we were becoming more at ease in each other's company. I bought lunch and drove her back to the Three Brewers car park, where I'd picked her up. She obviously didn't want to give too much personal information, but I didn't mind. I'd already done a background check with the police computers. I knew all I needed to know!

We continued to text each other and arrange dog walks all that summer. I loved her company and if I couldn't have her in the physical sense, I was happy just being in her company.

She teased me about not being as fit as I should be. She was the fittest woman I knew, what with her running and working out in the gym; you could tell this when she wore a sleeveless top; her shoulders and arms had gentle muscular definition. Sometimes I would come across her running round the rugby fields. She looked like a gazelle and Christ was she fast! She must have been running eight to nine minute miles, and that was often over distances of 10 to 12 miles!

One day when we were walking I let it drop that I used to be a motorbike copper in the traffic division, and that I had a couple of bikes.

'Oh, I've never been on one,' she said.

'I can take you out on mine if you want, Sam?'

'Would you? Oh, I'd be so scared, I'd probably fall off! But then you do know what you're doing, don't you?' she asked with a laugh in her voice.

'Tell you what, next Tuesday I'm on lates. Why don't you let me pick you up from the back of the pub and we'll go for a spin?' Her eyes lit up; she looked like a kid! 'But we'll do a walk this Friday?'

'Deal!' she replied, with a mischievous sparkle in her eyes.

\*