



The Secret
of
Harmony Reed

Volume II: New Tricks

by Isaac Byrne

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Chapter One

My name is Harmony Reed, and I've got one hell of a secret.

I'm a sex slave.

You don't believe me? Well sure, who would. Sometimes when I think back on what I've been through, it all feels like a dream. The first eighteen and a half years of normalcy, followed by those wild years at Master's ranch with my sister slaves, then back into the real world. In that year, I've been a high school secretary, a car wash attendant, and a normal woman with a normal social life. I have friends, I pay bills, I gripe about traffic.

Everything about my new life was normal again... until my past caught up with me.

It always felt like it had to. I was there the day Master died, you see, and I know full well just how anticlimactic it all was. One day Master was the god of my universe, a man whose mere whisper could drown out the voice of resistance screaming inside me. Master sure enjoyed proving it to me, too, over and over and over again. Sometimes I think Master's greatest regret – other than splattering on the ground while his dutiful slave watched, helpless to call 911 thanks to the limits of his own brainwashing – was that us slaves didn't have more fight in us.

We could fake it, sure, and often did. You'd be surprised how many guys there are out there who get off on a girl who begs for mercy without actually trying to escape. (Or maybe you wouldn't.) That was all it took, back then. Some rich fop or well-connected sleazeball makes his way to the ranch, bangs out a deal with Master for time with one of the slave girls, explains what fantasy he'd like to live out. Master comes in and speaks the magic words – not literally, of course, though there's that old adage about how advanced science is indistinguishable from magic – and presto: we became whatever we'd been programmed to be.

I've done it all. Sometimes I try to think how many men I've been with in my short life and I just marvel at it. I'd been a good girl growing up; I'd sucked a couple boyfriends' cocks and let them feel me up on occasion, but by the time Master abducted me, my pussy was still in mint condition. But add to that between four and seven men a week for more than half a decade (and sometimes more in the busy seasons), and even I had to look back at Young Harmony and roll my eyes at her naïveté.

Ever since Master's death, I've done my best to live a normal life. The way we're supposed to, you know? It hasn't helped that some of the stuff he did to my brain has stuck all too well. A raging libido, excited at just the thought of being made to submit to someone. A body that I still work to maintain in as sexy a condition as possible. A

willpower that I sometimes had to vocally command, because my body would rather obey orders than decide for itself. A lack of fear.

(Master hadn't wanted slaves who'd cry and plead unless they'd been instructed to cry and plead. Somewhere along the way we'd all been rendered immune to the sort of dread a girl ought to feel at knowing she was trapped in a stranger's remote harem about to be fucked by a random stranger, and since my liberation, that mettle had bled over into everyday life.)

Still, I managed. I'd steered clear of dating, not trusting myself to abstain from turning into a total nymphomaniac. I filled my time with work, hanging with my friends, and plenty of exercise. It was surviving, even if it wasn't really living. After making it an entire year without any relapses or harmful episodes, I decided it was time to try to get my head right and went to see a highly recommended hypnotherapist, Dr. David Kovacs. I figured if he could help some people quit smoking, he could stop me from being a submissive whackjob nymphomaniac, right?

That's where things went to shit. Dr. Kovacs insists, and I think I believe him, that it wasn't him. Nonetheless, ever since he first put me under and tried to pierce through that big ball of crazy I call a brain, I've been losing it. And when I say losing it, you better believe I mean losing it.

I have no idea how many trigger phrases are locked away in my head, words I don't consciously know but instinctively recognize when spoken. These past couple weeks after that meeting with Dr. Kovacs, I kept encountering people who somehow know them, who are triggering me to become their fantasy girl. A delivery guy, a Peeping Tom, even a couple cops. I've done things to them. Whorish things. Depraved things. I'd cast aside every friend I had because some fat redneck in a bar had triggered me, and when they tried to stop me from leaving with him, I burned those bridges white hot just to expedite getting back to some grungy hotel room to fuck my man-of-the-hour.

There had been no clue, not a solitary hint, as to how these men were learning my triggers. I didn't even have a working theory – it made absolutely no sense. Just last night I'd set out to get help. I'd gone to Dr. Kovacs and satisfied myself that he wasn't in on it, and from there we'd made a plan to get me the help I so obviously needed. The first step was to tell someone I trusted so that I wasn't on my own against my mystery triggerman. I'd gone to tell Miguel and his brother Justin, two of my best friends, only thanks to the way I'd shit all over them, they wouldn't see me. So instead, I'd had a threeway in a public park thanks to another seemingly random triggering.

That had been the last straw. Lying there naked on a picnic table feeling well and thoroughly used, I'd finally had to cut the bullshit and accept the truth – this is who I am. Losing Master had been like losing an appendage, some phantom limb I could still *feel* but not *touch*. These experiences, as messed up as they'd all been, they were like waking up to find the limb had grown back, if only for a while.

Right and wrong don't enter into it any more than safe and unsafe, smart and stupid, desire and disgust... these were just words that pertained to the situation, not guides to live by. I was done trying to resurrect that sweet, innocent Harmony Reed who'd disappeared the summer after graduating high school.

She'd been a sweet kid, but she'd died the day Master remade her into a walking talking, living breathing, sucking fucking sex slave.

There are times where I step outside of myself and make myself appreciate the whole no-fear thing Master did to me. I'm perfectly comfortable with public speaking. Prolonged eye contact never intimidates me. I don't get shy at the beach or pool in a swimsuit. I can walk through the bad part of town at night without getting paranoid. Those who know me have told me that my zen is pretty impressive, and I have to tell you, it comes in handy.

This was one of those times. I'd just made the decision to let go and stop fighting whatever was happening to me. I *should* be terrified. Any day now, I could wind up triggered into doing something that would make me lose either or both of my jobs. Get evicted from my apartment. Go to jail. Disappear off the face of the earth. But instead of looking over my shoulder for the next guy who'd take control of me, I was striding along like a woman without a care in the world. Striding a bit bow-legged, but carefree nonetheless.

Back at home, I showered off the dirt and the spit and the cum and flopped down on my couch. It was already after 2AM, but I wasn't tired. In fact, I was kind of restless. This was home, but suddenly it felt like someone else's. I found myself pacing around, tidying up this and that in an effort to make it feel right, but this all felt like some other woman's living space. As I was putzing around I stumbled across the note I'd written the other day and magneted to the fridge.

To whom it may concern,

If you find this note and I have gone missing, then I, Harmony Reed, have been kidnapped. I have been subjected to brainwashing techniques the likes of which I do not fully understand, and due to their nature cannot fully divulge the details of. They have made me susceptible to control, and as of this time someone has taken my freedom from me.

I have purchased a GPS tracking device that I will keep on my person. If you are able to find me, please know that anything I say to convince you that I am acting of my own free will is not true. Wherever I am, take me away from there, by force if necessary, and get me to somewhere safe. NOT. HERE.

*Sincerely,
Harmony*

I re-read it again, then crumpled it up in a ball and tossed it haphazardly over my shoulder. As if a piece of paper was proof against what was done to me. I'd never even gotten the GPS thing. Why bother? I could have written my family a book about everything that was happening to me at Master's ranch, including a map to its whereabouts, and it wouldn't have done a thing to break me free from Master's control. I would have fought to stop them if they'd tried. For all of Master's quirks (I can't bring myself to call them flaws), an enjoyment of violence was not among them. Still, I didn't doubt that I'd have hurt or even killed people to get back to the ranch if someone had forced me away.

It was to that comforting thought that I finally drifted off to sleep. The next day was a work day. I was exhausted but I went through the motions. Checking attendance reports, calling parents, filing documents to prep for graduation in a couple weeks. Nothing unusual. Somehow, nobody triggered me as I was bent over stuffing the U-Z paperwork in the bottom file drawer. I knew my ass looked amazing in these pants. It was why I'd worn them, why I'd bent at the waist rather than the knees. A few words, and someone could be finding out just how spectacularly I maintained that ass, in any and every way they could desire.

A small part of me was surprised at being let off the hook. A smaller part of me was disappointed.

After work, I checked my messages in my car – Principal Headley was death on having his staff use their phones during office hours. I saw I had a text from Dr. Kovacs.

How did it go last night? Please call.

I sighed. Here I was, ready to accept defeat – yet there was still one person who was rooting for me. Even after I'd stormed into his office and tied him to his chair, gagged him even, threatened him – all because I'd assumed he was the one who'd discovered my trigger words when he'd hypnotized me. He'd exonerated himself then, both with alibi and with the tape of our session. Then, impressively, he'd still offered to help me.

I'd put him through a lot, and for nothing. The world wasn't so full of people lining up to help Harmony Reed that I was ready to toss one away. At the very least, I owed him a phone call.

"Harmony! I was worried about you," he said once his secretary transferred me through to him.

"I'm all right, David." He'd invited me to call him David. I hadn't yet internalized it, but I appreciated the invitation. It made him feel more like a friend, less like a head doctor.

“Good, good. Can you come in? My afternoon is clear, and I’d like to talk over what happened. I’ve had some more thoughts on your situation.”

“You were thinking about me?” I said, allowing a little flirtation to come through. I couldn’t help it. I liked the guy.

“Yes, well, ahem.” He sounded as flustered as I’d hoped he would. Considering our second meeting had culminated in sucking his cock, he was easy pickings when it came to teasing. “Can you come in?”

I thought it over. Was there a point? The first time he’d tried to get inside my head, it had triggered me without either of us even knowing it until I was already swallowing his load. What had changed since then?

“Harmony?” he pressed. That hope in his voice. I was his project, and he wanted to work on me. That was what pushed me over the edge – not reluctance to shatter his noble idealism, but the idea of having a man in my life who had a purpose for me.

Besides, he might figure out how he’d triggered me. And with that knowledge...

“I’ll be right over.”

I didn’t tell Dr. Kovacs about what had happened last night – being spurned by my Justin and Miguel, being tag-teamed by those cops. Maybe I should have, but in my head it was just two more men who’d decided I had no value to them, and two more men who’d seen the opportunity to fuck me and seized it. Two more names apiece on two lists that were already lengthy.

“Well I’m sorry you couldn’t get ahold of your friends,” he said in response to the story I’d told. “Keep at it. You need people who can keep an eye on you.”

“David, I’ve pretty much always got people’s eyes on me. That’s just diet, exercise, and DNA.” I smiled.

He didn’t. “You know what I mean. Whatever’s happening to you, you’ll be safer if someone knows what’s going on with you and can protect you.”

I nodded. “Sure. I’ll tell them ASAP.” I’m not sure he believed me. As a hypnotherapist, he was probably used to sifting through people’s lies to get to the kernel of truth. “How about you? Are you all right? Wrists bruised or anything?”

“They’re fine – don’t you worry,” he said, though the way his eyes flicked down to the cuffs of his long-sleeve shirt, I knew otherwise. I’d been tied up lots of times; any struggling at all was apt to cause bruising.

“Good. If there’s anything I can do for it, you just let me know. I still feel terrible.” Truth, this time.

“Trauma will make people act in some pretty outlandish ways. You weren’t yourself when you did it, and I want you to forget it. All right?”

I smiled. “Forgotten.”

“In fact... well, that was rather what I wanted to call you in for today. I’ve been thinking over your case, trying to see if we can’t puzzle out exactly what’s going wrong.”

“David...”

“No no, let me finish,” he said, holding up a hand. “I think we can agree that the evidence we have, while scant, leads to a single logical conclusion. Namely, that someone learned what your triggers are, and is selectively giving them out to the people around you.”

“Sure. That’s kind of been what I’ve been assuming. I just don’t know how you stop that.”

“Nor do I. But... before we decide that, I was wondering if I could ask you a little more about the, erm, programming that this master of yours conducted.”

I sighed. “Like I said before, I don’t remember any of it. All I know is that it took months, and even that’s just guesswork.”

“Why guesswork?”

“I was abducted July after my senior year of high school. The next time I remembered anything it was late fall, early winter, I think. That’s just my guess from looking out the windows at the ranch; I wasn’t allowed outside, and I didn’t exactly have the chance to interrogate our guests. I wasn’t even sure I hadn’t lost those months plus a year until someone happened to bring in a fresh newspaper.”

I remembered that day; the man had had no idea why his “doggy” had been so fired up to play fetch. Even triggered for puppy play, I’d still been able to read.

“So call it... four months. Four months lost to you, yes?”

I shrugged. “I feel like I’m probably happier not remembering.”

“I’m inclined to agree, Harmony. But do you see my point?”

“... that I should be grateful for what I *do* remember?”

“Something tells me that hasn’t made you any better off either. No – my point is that this man was somehow able to blank out your memory.”

I didn’t follow. “So what? Master did all kinds of crazy things to our heads. Forgetting stuff is probably the closest to kindness Master ever came.”

“I doubt that – but the question remains, how much control over that power did he have? Could he, say, have given you orders, then made you forget they’d been given? It would seem from the results of your training that he’d have had to. What do you think, Harmony? Could he have done so?”

“Harmony? What are you doing in here? I didn’t tell you to come in,” Master said irritably, peevish as always when his property awakened him unexpectedly.

“Deepest apologies, Master,” I said, curtsying low and holding the position. I’d been trained for this; I could stay down here for as long as it took. “I was speaking to my sister slaves, and was told that you had not been pleased by any of us all day long. It pains me to think that Master has not been given pleasure all day.”

Master snorted. Even though Master was the one who had programmed such obsequiousness into us, our servility was regarded with contempt. “If I’d wanted to fuck one of you slaves, I would’ve. Did you think I forgot where you lived or something?”

I laughed, a little too hard. It was important to always find Master funny when Master was being funny. “Of course not, Master. Your humble slave was only worried that Master was being overworked and under-pleasured. She would be delighted to help you relax, if you desire her.” (We weren’t always to speak of ourselves in the third person, but I did sometimes when I wanted to remind Master – and myself – of the gulf between our standings.)

I had made myself as desirable as possible, according to Master’s preferences. Those tastes could be mercurial, but one gimmick that seldom failed was when I wore the outfit I’d been abducted in. Pink denim short shorts, a simple white tank top that didn’t quite cover my midriff. If Master removed had me strip for him, it would reveal a mismatched pink bra and blue-and-white-striped panties. For most girls, it would look cute, maybe just a touch revealing. For one of Master’s slaves, it was like wearing a parka and snow pants. It was abnormal to wear so much clothing when I had such a fine body to show off underneath.

It reminded Master, I think, of a time before I was a slave, when I was still a person. Someone to be conquered. It transformed me from property into prey. Exactly what I wanted to be in Master’s eyes just then.

Master didn’t dismiss me right off, which was a solid bet that I might be permitted to be used. I’d planned this well. A little pleading, a little flattering, a little submission... I’d be in bed with Master in no time. It nearly always worked, and I was one of the best when it came to fulfilling Master’s unspoken desires.

“I suppose I could give you a little ride, Harmony,” Master said at last, tossing the sheets aside. Master usually slept nude, and tonight was no exception. My body automatically reacted with a knee-weakening wave of arousal at just the sight of that perfect cock.

“Oh thank you, Master! I promise you, I’ll make it memorable.” I folded my arms behind my back, breasts thrust forward, and sauntered towards the bed.

Only then Master raised a hand to stop me. Dammit – so close! “However, before you join me, I’ll have to ask that you dispose of the knife.”

My heart was suddenly going a thousand beats a minute. Master knew? How could Master know?! But this was Master – Master knew everything about me,

always. “Master, I have no idea what you’re talking about. Are you feeling well? Here, let me check your forehead...” I took a few more steps, one hand grasping the hilt as my free hand reached to check his temperature.

“Stop, Harmony.” I halted instantaneously. I was just outside striking range. Master didn’t need to say that it was an order; every word Master spoke was an order to me. “So you’ve finally come to secure your liberation, eh? Free all your little brainless sister-sluts? Just a quick bit of squick, and then away with you. Is that the plan? After all I’ve given you?”

“You’re a monster!” I shouted, suddenly brandishing the knife. “I will not live out my life as your whore!” My feet refused to budge, affixed to the floor by Master’s word alone, yet from this close I could fall forward, plunge it right into Master’s chest. I could. I had to.

“Is that so?” Master said snidely. “Well then, I won’t command you not to. I’ll only posit this one thought to you, then let you go on with your grisly little chore. Sound fair, Harm?”

“When have you ever cared about being fair?” I sneered.

Master laughed, as if the slave standing over the bed with a knife the length of her forearm was no threat at all. “Too right, I suppose. Well then, kill me if you must, but just remember, sugar. You’ll never get the chance to fuck me ever again if you do.” Master shrugged, the portrait of indifference.

My mind raced. So what? That was what all this was about after all – not being some sexual plaything. Admittedly yes, being used by the Master was the greatest pleasure we slaves were permitted. Honestly, the greatest pleasure I had ever known. Given all the work Master had done to drill this into my brain, I doubted I would ever find its equal elsewhere.

I licked my lips. I could do this. No one was stopping me. In the plush bed, I doubted any man could dodge faster than I could strike. A quick stab to the heart, and boom – no more Master. No more being dressed up like a slut. No more being told whom to fuck, or how, or when. No more crawling around, pleading on hands and knees for just a few minutes of Master’s favor.

(Oh god, but such favor...)

My eyes strayed to Master’s cock. It wasn’t even hard – it always took some effort with Master, yet the effort was always rewarded in the end. I’d never get to fuck that thing again. No, never have to. Have to? It was all right to be honest with myself. I wanted to. Almost needed to. It couldn’t be need though – I couldn’t admit that, even to myself. If I needed it, then that meant I could never be free. It meant I would always endure whatever Master put me through because it would let me retain a chance of getting fucked.

This wasn't right. This was just what Master wanted me to think. Master wanted me to doubt myself, but I wouldn't. I was strong. I remembered once when Ana Maria had displeased Master – we were never told how – and Master refused to so much as let her look at that cock for more than a month. By three weeks in, her depression and anxiety had rendered her catatonic. She'd become bedridden, and the rest of us had taken shifts seeing to her. She'd only snapped out of it when Master finally fucked her slackened, unconscious mouth; somewhere in the midst of it she revived and began sucking that cock like a woman possessed.

Now, she was Master's most devoted slave, practically worshipping Master as a god. If she were here to see this, she'd throw herself in front of the knife to protect her enslaver. Could that happen to me? No. No, I was stronger than her.

But... what about my sister slaves? What would become of them? Did I have the right to make this choice for them? I could just put the knife down. Obey, like a good slave. Obeying always felt good. Maybe Master would even still fuck me, to reward me for making the right choice. Or maybe Master would take me to the ranch's bondage chamber and punish me...

That could be good too.

All I had to do was surrender. Submit. Obey.

I couldn't though. I might never get this chance again. Be strong this once, and my life could be mine again.

Only... what life would that be? I was afraid to go home – someone there had betrayed me into Master's hands, I was sure of it – and on my own, I had no education, no job, no money... I'd be homeless. I'd probably wind up a prostitute, selling myself for far less comfort than I enjoyed in Master's care.

And none of the cocks I sucked and fucked would be Master's. I'd never get that perfect, rapturous thrill ever again.

I licked my lips again.

But freedom...

I looked to Master's cock. It was hardening, slowly, as I pondered its fate.

Freedom...

Master's cock.

The knife fell from my trembling hands. Disarmed, I was suddenly powerless again. (Had I ever truly been otherwise?) No, I was a helpless slave in the presence of her Master, and slaves obeyed. I kicked the knife across the room, where it could no longer even cause nervousness. If it ever had. Master knew everything about me. Master knew what I needed.

And what I needed was cock. Not freedom.

In a flurry, I was tearing my clothes off, anything to make myself naked before Master, to be more pleasing, to show Master I hid nothing more from Master, to be the

weak and helpless slut Master had made me. Once naked, I fell to my knees, hands stretched out in front of me, forehead resting on the floor. The position of utter obeisance. Where I belonged.

“Your slave humbly begs Master’s forgiveness, though she knows she is unworthy of it. She begs you to punish her. To use her, so she remembers her place of servitude.”

Master just laughed and rose to stand over me. Not once during the entire confrontation had Master looked concerned that this might end any other way. “Stand up, Harmony.”

I rose. Master even offered me a hand, lifting me to my feet. Tall as I was, we were eye to eye then. I wished I were shorter, so Master would be looking down on me. “I want to thank you for that, Harmony. I wasn’t sure I could trust you, but now I know I can.”

“Master...? Your slave does not understand.”

“Harmony... remember.”

I came back to the present. There I was in Dr. Kovacs’ office, only now I was in that same prostrate position before him. I was clothed, at least. As I collected myself and returned to the couch, I spared a glance to my therapist’s crotch. His legs were crossed, but I knew too well the sight of a man concealing an erection.

“Are you all right?” he said. His voice was shaky.

“Sorry. It’s just... it’s hard to remember those days, being with Master, without... losing myself. Sorry.” I’d be blushing, but I had no more instinct for shame than I did for fear.

“It’s fine – if it had gone farther, I would have snapped you out of it.”

I wondered if that was true, or if I’d have come to with another mouthful of David’s spunk. I stopped myself from wondering if that would be so bad. “Anyway, he told me to remember... and suddenly I did. Just like that.”

“Voice-activated... impressive.” Was David jealous of Master’s superior control over the mind? It was kind of cute – reminded me a bit of this kid at school, Kevin Harris, who was 5’6” and maybe 150 lbs. soaking wet, but always insisted he wanted to play in the NFL someday.

“So... what did you remember?” he prompted me.

“Well, a lot. It was kind of a shock, like having a bucket of ice water dumped on me. Some of my more extreme triggers are like that when they wear off. Or maybe a better metaphor would be slamming into a brick wall going sixty.”

“I can only imagine. I’ve read that patients suffering from MPD – multiple personality disorder – report something like that when they’re extinguishing personalities, transitioning from child to adult, man to woman, and so on.”

I shuddered. Even Master had never turned me into a child. Not out of some sort of moral objection to pedophilia, but rather because I suspect that a 5’11” woman with tits to make a porn star envious would make an unconvincing adolescent. Small mercy, I suppose.

“So anyway, once he told me to, I remembered how it had all really started. In hindsight it should have been obvious I wasn’t acting of my own will. I couldn’t even stand the thought of displeasing Master.”

“How do you mean?”

“It was deeply ingrained in me – in all of us – that we had to please Master. It was more important than breathing. If he’d told me to stand on one foot and left the room, he could’ve come back ten hours later and there I would’ve been, holding the position. I can still feel how pissed I’d get at myself every time I disappointed him. If I did my hair wrong (whatever Master decided ‘wrong’ meant that day), if I didn’t sufficiently pleasure a client, if I showed too much teeth when I smiled, or too little. And so on. Nothing was more important to me.”

“I see – so you’re saying he triggered you to attempt this attack on him? That doesn’t make much sense.”

“It makes perfect sense if you try to think like someone whose highest pleasure is establishing dominance over his inferiors – which for Master included pretty much everyone. Master told me exactly what had been done to me, and why.”

“He did?” David frowned. He obviously didn’t enjoy that thought experiment. Part of me was beginning to suspect that if he somehow wound up with a harem of nubile slave girls under his thrall, he’d send us out to clean up litter on the highway without even touching us. Sweet man, if misguided.

“Master loved to explain Master’s thought processes to us; Master found Master to be endlessly fascinating.” I wanted to wince at repeating myself so, but there was no other word I could use for Master but Master. Master had made sure of that. “I remembered, once Master permitted me, that he’d been the one who ordered me to disregard my servile instincts, and told me that if I wanted my freedom, all I had to do was kill Master. I didn’t have to succeed, I was told, only to try.

“I’d spent the day plotting how to do it. Bringing Master poisoned tea would be suspicious, since we never did so without being ordered. But bringing Master pussy... we all tried to throw ourselves at Master whenever we could. It was just so fucking good – nothing’s ever reached those same peaks of pleasure, the way I’d orgasm sometimes just from the slightest touch–”

“Focus, Harmony.” David tugged at the neck of his shirt, uncrossed his legs and re-crossed them the other way.

“Right. Sorry. So anyway, I went in there, and I fully intended to do it. I could have – Master told me so, right after the instruction to never resist my enslavement was reinstated. But Master wanted to know that my desire to please and my need for Master’s touch overwhelmed any other consideration. Even my desire for my own freedom.”

The middle-aged hypnotherapist sighed. “So he allowed you to pine for your release even as he made you fight to remain in captivity? How... cruel.”

“I don’t know... I think everybody in a crappy situation looks out the window sometimes and wishes they could be somewhere else. It wasn’t so bad, in some ways.” My arousal – which never fully went away – spiked at a flurry of memories. “So anyway, does any of that help? I’m still not sure what we’re about here.”

“Ah, yes,” he said, and I could tell my protruding nipples were distracting him. Poor man. “So here’s what I’m thinking. This man was able to wipe your memory clean when it served his purposes, give you orders you didn’t even know you were obeying.”

“It wasn’t his usual way, but I do remember that time. It made me feel shitty about myself, even if I hadn’t chosen to do it myself.”

“Right. So my question is... what if there were other orders you were given that you don’t remember? What if, after all this time that you’ve thought you were free, your master is still controlling you?”

David rose to his feet in alarm as I cried out. I came right then and there.

Chapter Two

The last couple days of the week passed, somehow, without incident. At least, without trigger. I was having a harder and harder time controlling my sex drive. It hadn't been easy before, and David's suggestion that I might be obeying implanted commands from Master made it markedly worse.

You see, when I'd thought I was just victim of circumstance, preyed on by an unknown entity, it had been mildly confusing and passively arousing. After all, I'd spent years operating under the solitary notion that my role in life was to give men pleasure on command. I'd been trained well to rely on that fact, to live and breathe submission and fulfillment of my controllers' desires for me.

So then recently when I started receiving commands to do just that, it had felt like going home again. Natural. It made me nostalgic for life on the ranch, lounging around with my sister slaves. We had always found ways to pass the idle hours between clients – playing cards, knitting, and yes, sometimes just finding an available surface and making out for an hour or two. Then a man would request us, Master would trigger us for them, we'd do what we were put on earth to do, then back to filling time.

This new idea, however... this was something different. On the ranch, there had been not quite two dozen of us. In a given day, Master seldom partook of the company of more than two or three of us, and oftentimes just one. Which meant that it was fairly common to go a week or more without being called to service Master directly. Some were asked for more than others, and while I don't think it's fair to say I was the favorite – there was no solitary favorite – I can admit I saw more action than most.

Like all of us, I yearned for that attention, and did everything I could to get more of it. Even obeying non-sexualized commands from Master – fetching, cooking, cleaning – brought us more pleasure than did a full-on orgasm from another man. It wasn't sudden like that, or so pronounced; it was just a wave of euphoria. Walking on air. Even if Master hadn't explicitly commanded it, all of us would have bent over backwards for more opportunities to serve. We primped, we dolled ourselves up, playing endless guessing games about just what look might catch Master's eye. Anything to even slightly increase the odds of being picked for a task.

Master liked me – told me so, often – and even explained why, something Master seldom deigned to do. *Most girls, Master had said, I have to spend months, years sometimes, breaking down, making them into who they're supposed to be. Not you, Harmony. You came to me soft like putty, looking to be made into something by someone of real will. You were made for this life.*

Those words had stuck with me (more so than most of Master's words). Master had often liked to mock us, remind us how weak and stupid and obedient we all were,

things I realized even then were just a pretty basic power trip. It was rare, however, for such taunts to be individualized.

So now, to think that an entire year after I'd thought that part of my life was over, that I would never know such pleasure again... that I could still obey Master...

Well, I think Principal Headley summed it up best when he called me into his office Wednesday afternoon. "I must say, Harmony, you've certainly had a bit of a spring in your step lately." He gestured for me to have a seat.

"Thanks," I said simply, sitting down and crossing my legs. In this miniskirt, I had to be careful not to flash him my panties. Then again, in this blouse, a half-acre of cleavage on full display, he might not even notice.

Mr. Headley, a man so steeped in the patriarchy that he didn't even permit staff to call him Douglas, perched on the edge of his desk, perfect for looming over me. It made me appreciate why students found him so intimidating – he had a way of seeming to see all of me and through me at once. Here and now, those all-seeing eyes included everything I had on display.

(I'd always suspected his ability to simultaneously ogle me and make eye contact had much to do with my being hired here, to tell you the truth.)

"I just wanted to touch base, see how things are going for you," he said. As if calling me alone into a closed-door meeting in his office for a how-ya-doin' was standard operating procedure.

"They're going fine. Excited for graduation next week."

"Yeah, aren't we all." He sounded as sincere as I had.

It grew quiet for a moment. Was he trying to make me uncomfortable? Or was he just lousy at small talk? I waited calmly. I actually had kind of a thing for Principal Headley. There was my obvious reason for attraction to authority figures, but even for a guy old enough to be my dad, he wore his age well and kept in good shape. Suffice to say, if I was about to be randomly triggered again, this would have been a fine time for it as far as I was concerned.

"So you've been with us for... what, just over a year now, right?"

"That's right. Since last April."

"And, correct me if I'm wrong, but we haven't evaluated you in all that time, have we?"

"No, we sure haven't. Why, is something wrong?"

He waved a hand. "Oh, no, it's just that we like to take the opportunity to give all of our staff some feedback from time to time. The faculty gets the lion's share of my attention, but I want to make sure the office staff gets some feedback as well."

I swept my hair back over one shoulder. "Oh. Well I'm happy to be receiving your attention, if you have any feedback you'd like to give me." Perfect – just enough smoke without crossing any lines.

Principal Headley paused a moment, and this time his eyes lost their omniscience and focused right on my thighs. He tugged at his collar a moment, and then he was back. All business. “Well, I’ll make sure to pencil in time for a full eval, maybe in a couple weeks, after graduation. More time to do a proper job of it then.”

“I’d like that, Principal Headley.” I was remembering her voice. Harmony the slave. Every word spoken with deference. With promise.

“In the meantime, I just wanted to raise some concerns that have been passed on to me...” He gave his jawline a stroke; I knew right where this was going, and I was glad to see it made him uncomfortable.

“Did I do something wrong, Mr. Headley?” Doe eyes and anxiousness. I’d almost gone with “something bad,” but I didn’t want to push it yet.

“Oh no, Harmony, nothing ‘wrong,’ per se. It’s only... well, you see, we have certain expectations of our staff here, and...” I uncrossed my legs and crossed them the other way. “And well... one of them is the, erm, dress code.”

“Dress code, sir?” I’d never called him sir before, but this was a fine time to begin.

“Um, yes. You see, there have been concerns recently that some of your attire has, ah, flirted with the line. Somewhat.”

I looked myself over. “You mean, like this outfit? Is this against the rules?” Before he could answer, I stood up, chest thrust subtly forward, arms at my sides. “My skirt goes down past my fingertips. Doesn’t it?”

He was inspecting, but not my fingertips. “Well yes, I suppose it does, but...”

“Is it my blouse then? Can you see my bra through it?” I frowned.

It took him a moment before checking out this new concern. I knew full well my bra was partially visible through my top; it was a black bra and a thin white blouse, after all. That had been the point. “Well, yes, although—”

“I’m so sorry about that, Mr. Headley. It’s laundry day, you see, so I only had this black bra to wear. See?” I pulled my neckline aside, just enough to show my bra strap, and just maybe the fringe of lace at the top of one of the cups. I let it slip right back into place after a second. Hardly scandalous – just enough to raise the awareness that I was capable of showing more of myself to him. “I’ll make sure to wear a white one next time. Would that be OK?”

My mojo seemed to be working well enough that, just for fun, I even batted my eyelashes. I know, I’m a show-off.

He cleared his throat, barely trying not to ogle me. “Erm, yes, that would probably be best.”

“Is there any other feedback you wanted to give me?”

The principal took a moment to compose himself, snapping back out of whatever fantasy he’d been concocting. Probably nothing compared to mine. Just as he was trying

to slog through the sexual tension I'd created, I undercut him with the briefest of glances at the erection subtly tenting out his suit pants. A ghost of a smile came to my lips.

"No, that... that was it, I think. We just want to make sure we're displaying ourselves... professionally."

I wanted so badly to go for the throat with a line about how important displaying myself was to me, but, as our meeting concluded, it was obvious he wasn't going to do it. I could, though. His eyes were gripping me like a second set of hands, and I knew – I could have fucked him then and there if I wanted to.

But if he wasn't going to trigger me, I didn't really see the point.

"Thank you, Mr. Headley. Will that be all?"

He nodded. "Have a good weekend, Harmony."

I made for the door. "Thanks – you too." I glanced over my shoulder as I opened his office door, catching him red-handed in staring at my ass. I just smiled at him, then made my exit one foot in front of the other, sauntering along with no rush at all.

When I rounded the corner and left his eyeline I suddenly broke into a near-run, making a bee-line for the women's room, where I found the nearest stall, hiked up my skirt, pulled down my panties, and friggged myself silly. I heard the final school bell ring, the chaos of dismissal, the calm after the daily storm. To keep quiet at the end I bit down on my wrist so hard I nearly broke the skin, but when I was done, I felt a good deal better.

Clearer, anyway. Not better.

What was wrong with me? I'd just flirted my ass off with my boss! I had to get myself under control. Dressing sexy and acting slutty weren't going to get me triggered; all the other incidents had been completely random, totally divorced from my behavior. If it was going to happen, it would happen; I couldn't treat the whole world like it was Master and try to seduce it into having its way with me. What if Principal Headley had caught on to my innuendo? What if he'd hit on me in return? Could I have said no? And what if I had – would it have cost me my job? (Would saying *yes* have cost me my job?) I'd not just been flirting with my boss – I'd been flirting with disaster. I splashed some cold water on my face for good measure.

It was one thing to accept that Master's programming might wreck my life; it was another to do it to myself for no good reason. I had to get smarter about all this. I had to have some goddamn self control.

Then, before I knew what had happened... I was triggered.

"Miss Reed, please don't tell my mom! She'll totally freak! Please, it was just this once, I didn't even like it, but please, PLEASE don't call home!"

I wasn't listening. I couldn't. It was impossible. "Shut up, Jordan." To the point. Harsh. With my height advantage and the power imbalance, a touch intimidating. Better yet, as the student's pleas ended, it was effective. Making a fuss, calling more attention to us would make this harder. This was only supposed to be hard on the one who'd triggered me.

There had been four of them when I'd entered the bathroom, so thick with cigarette smoke that I'd had to wave a hand in front of my face to see clearly. Three of them had bolted – I'd gotten a decent look at two, and could write them up later if I felt like it. (I usually didn't.) Only one of them had been so caught off-guard that they made no effort to escape, trapped alone in the bathroom with big bad Miss Reed.

Of course, most students weren't afraid of me. Even if I was in my mid-twenties and thus old enough to be Stranger Danger material, I was younger than most of the staff, and attractive enough to lower their teenage defenses. I was one of the "cool adults," even if I didn't really go out of my way to make friends with them. There were unquestionably those on staff who thought I was too close to them kids in age and mentality, so I tried to play it cool. Still, I wasn't a bitch and, well, with this body... I was generally met with smiles and waves.

Not today though. Jordan Shu's eyes were wide with fright, face as red as the smoldering end of the damning cigarette. I opened my mouth to give the standard spiel about smoking in the bathrooms (Mr. Headley was on the rampage about it, more so than most rule infractions), when Jordan spoke first.

She triggered me.

After a moment of letting my brain adjust, I took her by her slender wrist and all but dragged her from the bathroom, down the empty hallways. I wasn't trying to make sense of things. Not yet. For now, I was simply trying to create the necessary conditions to make good on my intentions.

I found an empty classroom – Mr. Richardson's, the health teacher. As secretary, I had a key that opened almost every door in the building. They'd given it to me so I could distribute student handouts, ready materials for substitutes, that kind of thing. Today, I was going to use it to teach Jordan Shu a lesson she'd never forget.

"Um, why are we going in here?" she asked in a nervous tone. I just calmly shut the door behind me, still sorting through an approach to the fantasy I'd been triggered to fulfill. I gave her a once over, my raptor gaze making her shrink back nervously. Jordan was the sort of girl who was undeniably pretty, but whom nerdy boys would be convinced was hot. She was Asian (or perhaps half-Asian, as I seemed to recall meeting her folks on parent night). A pretty enough face, narrow with prominent cheekbones. Long straight hair in an intricate braid. Narrow shoulders, narrow waist, narrow chest – with nice wide hips. Today she was wearing a brown shirt with a picture of Shakespeare

on it, *Prose before hoes* written across the bottom, along with a pair of jeans with last-year's-fashion's holes ripped throughout.

To comply with dress code, she looked to be wearing black leggings under the jeans. I suppose unlike me, she lacked either the tits or the confidence to talk down Mr. Headley on that policy.

“You know that you’re not supposed to be smoking in school. Don’t you, Jordan.” Not a question – an indictment.

“Y-yes. My friends were all doing it, and I said they should just do it on their way home but Tiff... but one of them said they’d get seen by somebody and our parents would find out, and they just went and did it anyway, and this was like, my second time and I don’t even like it, I just wanted to fit in, and... and...”

I raised a hand casually, and her babbling trailed off. “I’ll say it again. You know that you’re not supposed to be smoking in school. Don’t you.”

She licked dry lips. “Yes.”

My eyes narrowed. “Yes...?”

“Yes... ma’am?” she said.

“My mother’s not here. You will call me Miss Reed.”

She hesitated just a moment. “Yes, Miss Reed.”

“Good girl. Now tell me, Jordan, do you have any more cigarettes?”

She shook her head. “No, I swear.”

“No...?”

“No, um, Miss Reed.”

“Dump out your purse.” Jordan froze; her guilt was writ large on her face. “Do it. If you make me repeat myself a third time...”

The girl’s hands shook as she imagined what consequence I could visit on her. She was the sort of girl who had so little experience with punishment that the retribution she imagined was far worse than anything the system actually had in store. Jordan emptied the contents of her purse on a nearby desktop. Sure enough, there amongst the debris was a solitary pack of cigarettes.

“You lied to me, Jordan,” I said, picking up the pack. It was mostly full, only missing the cigarettes the girls had been smoking in the bathroom when I’d interrupted them.

“I’m so sorry – I didn’t mean to, I just–”

The coolness of my voice silenced her by refusing to otherwise be heard over her. “By my count, that makes you a smoker, a liar, and judging from how quickly your so-called friends abandoned you, woefully unpopular. Is that true?”

“They... they just got scared,” she mumbled at the carpet.

“That must make you the brave one,” I retorted mockingly. “You stayed behind, and that means you’re the one who has to learn her lesson today. Which means I’m the one who has to teach it you. Are you ready, Jordan?”

“Ready...? Ready for what?”

My eyes narrowed. “Do I need to add ‘dim’ to the list? This is the final civil reminder you’ll receive.”

“Ready for what, Miss Reed?” Though her voice was still small, I recognized the signs of a teenager resenting a power trip. Rebellion was not far behind.

Time to crush those ugly, insubordinate thoughts.

“I’m going to allow you to make a choice. Option one, as your superior, I could – and probably should – follow school procedure. Which means you’ll be written up, your parents notified. A nice fresh stain on your record as you go filing all those scholarship applications.” A button too easy to push on a goody-two-shoes like Jordan Shu.

“Not that!”

“Option two,” I continued over her, “I can sit here with you and watch you finish off that pack. Let you smoke until you see that only dirty little bitches indulge themselves in such disgusting habits.” Her eyes widened at my language, but I gave her a moment to recover and look over just how many cigarettes that would entail.

“Is there an option three? Miss Reed?” she added quickly.

“There is,” I replied, seating on the edge of Mr Richardson’s desk in much the same fashion Principal Headley had just done to me. As she watched, I kicked off first one sandal then the other, wiggling cramped toes in the free air. “Option three... I can let you suck on something else. Until you’ve learned your lesson.”

If she’d been shocked before, she was apoplectic now. “Miss Reed! You... I can’t...!”

The trigger she had used on me wasn’t school mistress – though I had that one, too – but to Jordan, this was what a disciplinarian looked like. At the ranch, I’d have had leather and latex and instruments of pain; Master had made sure, evidently, that I was capable of adapting to circumstance and audience. With no way of knowing how she’d gotten my trigger, I wondered if she’d even known what to expect when she used it. No matter. Now she was going to get it, like it or not.

“Decide, Jordan.” As she stood there gaping, I slowly put my hair up in a bun behind my head, holding it in place with a pair of pencils from Mr. Richardson’s desk.

The girl stammered nonsensically all the while, still making sense of her predicament. “Well let’s address option one then. I’m going to pick up the phone and have Mrs. DeWitt put me through to your mother. If you want me to stop, all you have to do is get on your knees and beg me not to.”

“Get on my...!” Her jaw dropped, but I didn’t see it. I was picking up the phone and doing exactly as I said I would. Jordan was babbling pleas for me to stop so

fervently I began to wonder what consequences would await her at home if she didn't stop me. Mrs. DeWitt, the school's senior secretary, gave me the number. Casually, heedless of Jordan's cries for me to stop, I began dialing.

"You can't! Oh please, you can't! My mom, she'll be so – you can't do this to me!"

"I can and I am, Jordan, unless you show me that you're capable of being instructed."

That was when she fell to her knees. "PLEASE MISS REED!" she cried. "Please, I... I beg you!"

I hung up the phone. "Good girl. Ah, ah, ah, nobody told you to stand up." When she settled back into place, I continued. "Now take a few deep breaths and compose yourself, for god's sake."

She did so, soon seeming less hysterical. In fact, as I undid another button on my blouse, baring my chest to just above my bra strap, she even began to look... curious. From her position, she was in an excellent position look up my skirt as well.

"Now, have you decided between your other two options? If not, I'll decide for you."

"I... I..."

I knelt down close beside her, brushing a lock of hair behind her ear. She trembled at my touch. "Tell you what. I'll get you started. All right?" I withdrew a cigarette and put it between my lips, then looked at her expectantly. She didn't move. "Well? Light me, bitch."

Jordan was thunderstruck a moment, then leapt to fetch her lighter from the detritus of her purse. She was back in a flash, and to my satisfaction, returned to her knees – this time, even closer than before. With trembling fingers, she managed to get a flame after only a few tries, then cautiously held it out to me until the end was good and glowing. I couldn't tell if her eyes were on the flickering flame in her hand, or my plunging neckline behind it. Perhaps both.

"Good girl." I took a long drag, then exhaled the smoke in a thin stream aimed right at Jordan's face. She wrinkled her nose, but didn't flinch away. Then a few more. She watched, and it wasn't long before I could see the buds of her nipples poking out her thin t-shirt, one on either side of Shakespeare's head. Her cheeks colored as she saw me noticing; I smirked at her embarrassment.

"Now your turn." I held the cigarette out to her. My lipstick had left a deep red ring around the filter, which Jordan didn't fail to notice. Her hand made to take it from me; I slapped it away and brought the offering closer to her mouth. She tentatively leaned forward and wrapped her lips around it, right where mine had been. As she inhaled, I could see her staring at my lips.

We remained like that, face to face, eyes locked on one another, as she finished her cigarette and ground it out on a nearby desk. I waited for the second to burn halfway

down before I spoke again. “Have you ever heard the saying, ‘if she smokes, she pokes,’ Jordan?”

Her eyes widened. “No, Miss Reed.”

“Do you know what it means?”

She nodded.

“Is it true?”

“Um, Miss Reed?”

“I’m asking, is it true. Are you a little slut.”

“No! I’ve never...!”

“Because someone could see you sucking on that and think you might like to suck on other things, too.”

“No. I’ve never even... you know... been with a boy. Not like that, Miss Reed.”

I leaned in closer. Our faces weren’t six inches apart, enough that I could feel the heat of her cigarette on the tip of my nose. “Boys aren’t the only ones with things you can suck on, Jordan.”

She coughed suddenly, so hard she nearly spat out the cigarette. “I’ve never done that with a girl either!” she said so quietly it was barely audible even at my range.

“But you want to. Don’t you, Jordan.”

“What? No, I... I wouldn’t... I don’t...”

“That’s why you started smoking with your little slut friends, isn’t it. You hoped they’d see your lips around that cigarette, and give you something else to put in there.”

“No!”

I poked a finger firmly into her chest, right between her petite breasts. “Don’t lie to me. I see right through you. Ever since we came in here, you haven’t been able to keep your eyes off me. You don’t think I saw you, looking up my skirt? Staring at my tits? Fantasizing about my lips? Because I did. You’re an open book to me.”

“I’m sorry Miss Reed – I didn’t mean to, honest. I just... you’re so...”

“So... what? Tell me what you think I am.” With another drag, the girl’s cigarette burned down to the filter. She ground it out like the last one, and was drawing yet another when I stopped her. “Answer me.”

“So... pretty.” She looked up at me shyly, then back down to the floor. “You’re, like, *really* pretty, Miss Reed.”

I ignored the compliment. “I don’t think that’s what you meant, Jordan. I think you wanted to say something else, but you were too afraid. Or too stupid. I don’t think you’re stupid though. Am I right?”

“I, um, I get good grades.”

“I’ll bet you do. So then tell me the word you wanted to use. Because ‘pretty’ is nothing. Sunsets are pretty. Birds are pretty.” I cupped her chin in my hand and tilted her face up to look at me. “So then tell me what I really am.”

She was quiet a long moment before finally working up the nerve to answer. “You’re... sexy. Miss Reed.”

I graced her with a thin smile, my hand still holding up her chin. “That’s right, Jordan. I am. Now, you had a choice before, and because you answered my question correctly, I’m going to give you a second opportunity to make a choice. Do you want another cigarette...” I took the one she’d drawn from her hand and held it up between us. “Or do you want me to give you something else to suck on?”

She licked her lips, eyes flitting here and there – at mine, at the door, at my chest, at the clock, at the cigarette. Finally, she gave me the answer I’d known she’d give me from the second she’d decided to trigger me. “S-something else, Miss Reed.”

My smile broadened, and I tossed the cigarette in the wastebasket, along with the rest of the pack. My right index finger, resting on her chin, started tracking the nail back and forth along her jawline, across her upper lip, until finally stopped right where she was unconsciously puckering for it.

She sucked it into her mouth. In a moment, she had both of her hands clasping mine, holding it there while she fellated my finger. I teased it around her tongue, which only made her begin licking at it as well. Her eyes closed, a tiny whimper forming in her throat.

I gave her a minute or so before I pulled back. “You liked that, didn’t you Jordan.” She nodded without hesitation. Her mouth was still part way open, entreating me to return.

“Only... you’re here to be punished, Jordan. Not rewarded. You disobeyed the rules.”

“I’m sorry, Miss Reed.”

“Save your apologies. Now, I think that deep down you might be a good girl, but that’s not what I’ve seen in you today. Are you a good girl, Jordan?”

“Yes, Miss Reed.”

“Then I need you to prove it to me.”

“OK.” She was beside herself, I think; I wondered if she’d ever been with another woman. If she’d ever even fantasized about it.

“Now here’s the thing about good girls – they do what they’re told. So if you want me to believe that you are what you say you are, then you need to show me you can follow orders. Can you do that?”

“Yes, Miss Reed.”

I stood up. “Take off your shirt, Jordan.”

Her jaw dropped. “But... but...!”

I sighed. “Nevermind then. I thought you said you were ready to do what you’re told.”

“But... why do I have to take my, um, shirt off?”

“Because you were told to. Good girls don’t question the rules – they follow them. Not that I would expect you to know that.” I took a few steps toward the door. Part of my brain was already formulating what I’d do if she called my bluff or was still too shy to obey, but it turned out to be unnecessary.

“Wait! Wait, don’t go. I’ll... I’ll do it. God, I can’t believe I’m doing this,” she mumbled to herself. She reached behind her and pulled up the back of her shirt first, lifting it over her head and shaking her hair back out as it rested in front of her, suspended by her arms. “Do I have to take it all the way off?”

“Did I say to take it halfway off, or did I say to take it off?”

“It’s just... I’m not, like, wearing a bra.”

I considered a moment, then reached inside my blouse and undid the front clasp on my own. With only a little effort (I was a master of every way of getting my clothes off), I removed it, tossing it to land in front of her. I could feel her drinking in the sight of me through the thin material.

“There, now I’m not either. Feel better?”

She sighed, and with a simple, defeated slump of her shoulders, her t-shirt slipped to the floor. I had to hand it to her, she had cute little tits. A cups, probably, a petite B at best, but they were perfectly suited to her slender frame.

I made sure not to show any signs of appreciation. She wasn’t to be rewarded yet. “Tell me how you feel.”

“Nervous. Vulnerable,” she said right away, then after a moment, “Inadequate.”

I laughed at that last one in spite of myself; evidently my trigger personality was passing it off as derision. “Well you shouldn’t. You’re a sexy young woman yourself, Jordan. And you did as I told you, which should always make you feel good.”

“Th-thank you, Miss Reed.”

“Now stand up.” I waited for her to do so, giving her a moment to stretch after kneeling for so long. “Take off your jeans.”

This time, Jordan obeyed without all the extra fuss, no doubt due to the presence of the leggings she wore beneath them, black spandex clinging to broad hips and slender legs.

I walked in slow circles around her, inspecting her closely. “You weren’t wearing a bra... I wonder if you’re wearing panties. I ran my fingers across her bottom, locating her panty line and tracing one side with each hand. “You are? Hmm, maybe you’re not quite as much of a little slut as I’d thought.”

“I’m... not a slut.” Her voice was so small I barely heard it.

“Not a slut?” I laughed. “Jordan, you’re standing here in just your leggings, tiny little titties hanging out, getting your ass felt up without even pretending you’re resisting.” She squirmed slightly just then, but a sharp crack on her butt stilled her.

“That wasn’t an invitation to start. And if I were to check to see if your pussy is getting wet, I think we both know what I’d find.”

Jordan held stock still as I gripped her ass with one hand, my middle finger lying right along the crack, sliding ever closer towards her pussy. I could feel the heat radiating from it. “Yes, Miss Reed.”

“Now tell me, is this slutty behavior?”

After a moment, she mumbled something. In an instant, I pulled her back against my breasts and took a grip on both of her swollen nipples. In the next instant I was pinching down on them hard and suddenly enough that her knees buckled. “Is. This. Slutty. Behavior?”

“Y-yes,” she cried out. I pinched again. “Yes, Miss Reed!”

“So then what does that make you.” I kept my hands in place, fingers gently rolling her nipples.

“A s-slut, Miss Reed!”

“Good girl, Jordan.” I treated her to some soft fondling; her little moans were still large enough to fill this tiny classroom. Once she’d had a few moments, I placed a hand firmly – but not too firmly – on her throat, and pulled her head back until it was resting on my shoulder, eyes cast at the ceiling.

“But you weren’t being a good girl before, were you,” I whispered in her ear.

The Asian girl’s voice was strained by the angle I’d bent her neck. “No, Miss Reed.”

“So what does that make you?”

“A slut, Miss Reed.” Now that she’d admitted it, I could tell she was enjoying repeating it.

I gave her neck a tiny lick. “And?”

“A bad girl.”

“That’s right.” Another lick. “And what do you think should happen to bad girls, Jordan?”

She shivered as I started sucking on her neck, a trail of little kisses. “Th-they should–”

Jordan cried out softly as a kiss became a nip. “Who should?”

“We. Um, we... we should be... punished. Miss Reed.”

“That’s right, Jordan. And as a good girl who sometimes behaved badly myself, you know what I’ve learned? The difference between a good girl who’s sometimes bad, and a bad girl who’s just pretending to be good, is... the good girl wants to be punished when she misbehaves.”

I left it at that, still kissing her slender neck, still holding her neck back with one hand while teasing at the front of her panties with the other. Once I’d located her clit, I

teased near it time and again, but refused to actually touch it. She was shaking like a leaf in my grip as I waited for her to say the magic words.

And she did.

“Punish me, Miss Reed.”

That earned her a few brief seconds of pressure right on her clit, and she moaned like I’d slid my tongue inside her. Then I released her altogether. “Very well, Jordan. Assume the position.”

She had a good sense for what was coming, and bent over Mr. Richardson’s desk, hands placed flat on the desktop. The girl didn’t move as I slid down her leggings, revealing a pair of white cotton panties. A little pink satin bow right above the crack of her ass was their only decoration. I left the leggings around her ankles, knowing from experience that there was a feeling of helplessness that came from it, when you can’t cover yourself and you can’t run. She needed that now in order to more completely feel like my bitch. While she waited, her scantily-covered ass awaiting me, I took a moment to remove my own blouse, folding it neatly on one of the nearby student desks.

I caught Jordan turning back to look, a hungry expression on her face. I moved like a coiled snake, coming up right behind her to sweep her hands off the desktop; without them to support us, our weight bore her face-first into the stacks of worksheets littering the desktop. An empty coffee mug bounced away noisily.

“I didn’t give you permission to look at my tits, Jordan.”

“Sorry, Miss Reed,” she murmured.

I stood up, but she remained bent low. Her waist was higher than the desktop, so that broad bottom of hers was thrust up in the air like a peace offering I didn’t mean to accept. “You’ve been a bad girl, Jordan. And now you’re going to be spanked like a bad girl. Every time I spank you, you’re going to apologize to me for a bad thing you’ve done today. Understand?”

“Miss Reed? How many times... will you...”

“That’s up to you. I’m going to give you a chance now and then to apologize for something bad you’ve done today. I won’t give you more until you tell me you need more. Are you ready to begin?”

“Wait!” she said quickly. “Um, Miss Reed, before we... before you, um, spank me, would you, um, please... take off my panties?”

“Why’s that, Jordan?”

“I... um... I don’t know...”

“Is it because you’re a little slut who wants to feel my hand on her bare ass?”

She whimpered. “Yes, Miss Reed.”

“I’m not going to help you be sluttier than you already are. If you want to bare your little slut butt, then you’ll have to do it yourself.”

Jordan wasted no time in tugging down the tight white panties. I kept a hand planted on her back to hold her still, and from her position, she couldn't get them even to her knees. It was enough. Her ass was actually pretty magnificent, big and well-rounded; her slender legs left a thigh gap that let me easily see her pussy.

"I'm ready, Miss Reed."

I started with five blows. Left, left, right, left, right, quick succession. Not full force – enough to sting. Enough to make the flesh jiggle. Then I paused.

"You may apologize, Jordan."

"I'm... I'm sorry for smoking in school."

"Is that all?"

"No, Miss Reed."

"Then ask me to continue."

She shivered. "P-please give me some more, Miss Reed."

I obliged, five more quick smacks, then waited for her once more.

"I'm sorry I lied about having more cigarettes."

"Good."

"More please, Miss Reed."

And so the confessions rolled, each time with another five little swats in between. I wasn't gentle, but then, this little slut had lots to make up for.

"I'm sorry I told you not to call my mom. More please, Miss Reed."

"I'm sorry for letting my friends run away. More please, Miss Reed."

"I'm sorry I made you make me smoke. More please, Miss Reed."

"I'm sorry for looking up your dress. Oh god, more please, Miss Reed."

"I'm sorry for looking at your boobs without permission. More please, Miss Reed."

"I'm sorry I was disobedient. More, Miss Reed. More please."

"I'm sorry I asked you to pull down my panties. More please, Miss Reed."

"I'm sorry I lied about not being a little slut. I need more please, Miss Reed. Fuck, don't stop."

"Oh! I'm sorry I used bad language just now. It won't happen again. Please give me more, Miss Reed."

"I'm sorry for smoking in the bathroom. More please, Miss Reed." She waited. "Please? Oh god, pretty pretty please... Miss Reed?"

"You already apologized for that, Jordan," I said. My hand was on fire by now; her ass cheeks were bright red, burning hot. In my triggered state, I cared less than nothing about either.

"I'm... I'm really sorry about it. Please keep punishing me, Miss Reed. I've been such a bad, bad little slut."

With my good hand, I reached down between her legs. Her pussy was soaking wet, practically dripping on the classroom's cheap, worn carpet. I spread her lips, then slipped my middle finger up inside her. Her pussy was incredibly tight; I doubted she'd ever filled it with more than a finger before. I rubbed softly at her clit, and almost instantly, she was quivering on the brink of orgasm. Faster than I'd intended – I stopped immediately.

“Your remorse tells me you just might be a good girl after all, Jordan.”

She shook her head. “Nuh, uh. I'm bad. So... so *fucking* bad. I need to be punished. Please don't stop. I'll never learn if you stop.”

I let her continue pleading, and soon, she was fingering herself right there in front of me. Her left dove right into her pussy, and her right picked up where I'd left off on her poor, tender ass.

“Oh yeah, that's it... fuck, I'm such a bad little slut... I'm sorry I'm masturbating right here on Mr. Richardson's desk... I'm sorry I can't stop being such a bad girl... fucking *fuck* that's... I'm... I'm sorry, I'm... I'm...!”

I watched for her orgasm to announce itself, and as that wave neared the shore, I abruptly seized both of her wrists and pinned them behind her back. For the first time since she'd triggered me, the skinny little Asian actually fought back, her black hair thrashing to and fro as she struggled to get a hand free, to give herself release. This was not, however, my first rodeo, and I rode my filly into submission.

“Please, Miss Reed... I'm so close...”

I leaned down, letting a small portion of the weight of my breasts rest on the pale skin of her bare back. “I know you are, Jordan. I told you, I can see right through you. And I can see you're not really a bad girl. You're just a horny girl who's thinking with her cunt – and that's OK. Because girls who only think with their cunts will do what they're told so they can be allowed to get off. And you want to get off, don't you?”

She nodded, her cheek smushed against a worksheet with, of all things, a worksheet featuring a picture of the female reproductive system. I wondered if she even knew. “Yes, Miss Reed. So bad.”

“So then let's make sure you've learned your lesson. Are you a good girl, or a bad girl?”

“Good girl, Miss Reed.”

“And what does a good girl do?”

“She follows the rules. She does what she's told.”

“So from now on, you'll...”

“I'll be good. I'll do whatever you say. Anything. Mm.”

“Why?”

“Because... because I'm a horny little slut.”

“Oh? And tell me, Jordan, how does a horny little slut think?”

“With her... with her cunt.”

“So you mean that *you* think with your cunt?”

“Yes, Miss Reed.”

I slapped her ass, much harder than before, a full-arm swing. She yelped in surprise and pain. “I think with my cunt!” I left my hand on her ass, fingertips pressed against her pussy lips.

“I can tell – a lot of thoughts dribbling out right now.”

“Oh please Miss Reed, please, just–”

“Shh. Now if you want to come, tell me what you’ll need to do.”

“Do what I’m told. Obey. Be good. Be a slut. Think with my cunt.”

“And are you going to?”

“Yes! I’m– I’m thinking with it right now!”

I laughed. “So you are. But what about tomorrow? Am I going to find you and your little slut friends smoking in the bathroom again?”

“No! Never again!”

“Why not?”

She paused, and it was like she was trying to think through the fog of lust. After a long moment, she gave me the right answer.

“Because you told me not to, Miss Reed.”

I thrust my fingers into her sopping wet sex. I barely got a hand over her mouth before her wail of release blasted out into the hallway. I didn’t let up. She was tight, as tight a pussy as I’d ever felt, and it took only the barest stimulation to keep her orgasm going. Every time I so much as grazed her clit, her whole body trembled.

And all the while, I spanked that slut’s ass unmerciful. I think if I could’ve trusted her without my hand muffling her, she would’ve been thanking me.

Soon, Jordan simply slumped down to her knees, her almond eyes glazed over and seeing nothing. As the final aftershocks subsided from what was one of the longest-lasting orgasms even I had ever seen (at least, those not involving Master), she fell down on her battered ass, panties still around her knees, leggings wadded up around her ankles, the rest of her clothes discarded around the room.

“Good girl.”

Chapter Three

When this whole thing started, I'd been beside myself with paranoia. I'd kept myself up at night playing what-if. What if I get triggered at work? What if I lose my job? What if the police get involved? What if I wind up the love-slave of some horny teenage dork? Eventually I just let go and decided to accept that it wasn't in my hands. Washed my hands of responsibility for my life. No sense being paranoid when it's not a what-if, but a when.

It turns out, however, I might have been served better by maintaining just a *little* bit of paranoia.

I told you before about my friend Hannah, the mama bear of our group. She kept a close eye on all of us, knew when we needed comfort, when we needed advice, and when we just needed some sense smacked into us. Her maternal instincts were hard-earned, having given birth to her firstborn when she was just sixteen. Nevertheless, she'd finished high school, gotten her nursing degree, and had raised a son who was almost as tough as Hannah herself. I'd seen his disciplinary file in the office, so I knew full well he could be a bit of a trouble-maker, but he'd never been anything but nice to me. As far as I was concerned, she'd done a hell of a job with her son.

That son, as it turned out, was waiting for me in the parking lot.

"Heya killer," I said, my custom greeting.

"Well hello to you, too, Harmony." Something in that grin should have given me pause, and it probably would have if I wasn't just coming down from my trigger. The initial change happened immediately, but sometimes switching back to myself took a while. Internally I was still trying to wrap my head around the possibility that I'd just messed up Jordan Shu in a serious way. Shit like that is how good girls turn into lesbian bondage fetish sluts by twenty-two. It had been part of how Master broke in his new girls, using us against each other like that. It established a hierarchy. I'd been in Jordan's position more than once myself, the helpless recipient of the discipline of my sister slaves.

As to how that girl had learned my trigger... well, I'd devote time to pondering that later.

"I told you Matt, when we're at school, you have to call me Miss Reed. You know I don't care, but Principal Headley is death on teachers being too familiar with students." Was that ever true. He'd once reprimanded Mrs. Conrad for letting her own kid call her by her first name – *at home*. Never a shortage of authoritarian pricks in the world.

"Oh c'mon, Harmony," Matt pressed. "What're you gonna do – spank me?"

“What...?” I started, only he cut me off by holding up his phone, turning the screen toward me. He missed the play button the first couple tries, which might have amused me if the video hadn’t been one of me using Jordan’s ass cheeks like a pair of bongos that had somehow wronged me. From the high angle, he must have taken it from the window over the door to Mr. Richardson’s room.

“Pretty hot stuff, I gotta say,” Matt said, leering at me. Seeing him check me out was nothing new – he’d first met me as a seventeen-year-old boy, and I was within a few months of being the midpoint in age between his mother and him. But the predatory way he was doing it now was... well, predatory.

“How the fuck did you get that?” I snapped.

“Well I was just gonna say hi, check in – I know you and Mom are having some kind of drama. Then I see you dragging Jordan away with a serious bitch-face, so I got nosy, then I hear you...” He paused, turning up the volume on the phone.

There was my voice playing back to me. *The difference between a good girl who’s sometimes bad, and a bad girl who’s just pretending to be good, is the good girl wants to be punished when she misbehaves.*

Great. Damn smart phones today had some impressive audio capture.

“You have to delete that.”

He laughed. “Hell if I do.”

I stepped closer. He didn’t seem intimidated by me in the least, so I did my best to go full puppy-dog on him. “Please, Matt. As a friend. I could get in a lot of trouble if anyone saw that. Please? For me?”

“If you’re trying to get close so you can snatch my phone and delete it, don’t bother – I already backed it up online.”

I had been considering that, but Matt had probably fifty pounds on me, and plenty of it muscle. Short of kneeing him in the groin (which, here in the parking lot, would get me in just as much trouble, if not more), a physical confrontation was a foregone conclusion.

“We’re friends – I’m not going to try anything. I’m just asking you, please. *Please*, delete that thing.”

His smirk faded to the point that he might actually be considering it. One of the teachers walked past us then in the parking lot, and we both had to awkwardly pause to say hello. “Sorry, no can do,” he said once they’d passed.

I sighed. “Tell you what. Let’s get out of here before someone comes by who’s as good at eavesdropping as you are. Then let me at least make my case, all right?”

He gave me a once-over that, on any other day, would have earned him a reprimand in the school building or slap in the face at his mother’s house. I endured it calmly. “Fair enough. You can drive.”

Since we couldn't exactly have a discussion of his tape featuring a high school secretary engaged in light bondage with a student where other people might overhear us, I took him home. His home, that is, not mine – I almost did the latter, but I thought my place might send the wrong message. Besides, he might feel more comfortable in his own home. His mother had raised him better than this, I was sure, and I thought being under her roof might help him remember.

Plus, he assured me she'd be at the hospital for another couple hours yet, so I could keep procrastinating my assignment from Dr. Kovacs.

"Beer?" he asked as he kicked off his shoes at his front door. "I'm having one."

"The hell you are – your mother would pitch a fit if she knew I was drinking with her eighteen-year-old son."

"Pssh. She'd pitch a fit if she knew I was here alone with you period."

"Oh?"

"Yeah, I hear stuff. You know how loud she talks when she's pissed about something."

He twisted the top off a bottle and, after double-checking that I still didn't want one, we settled into the living room on opposite ends of the couch. Over his shoulder I could see a picture collage of him, ranging from when he was a tiny baby in her arms to just a couple years ago, when he'd still had his braces. I reflected for a moment that when that picture had been taken, I had still been a sex slave at Master's ranch.

"So she told you about last week?" I pressed.

"Nah, she was talking to Vivian, then Miguel, then Justin. I couldn't help overhearing."

"Yeah, you seem to have a talent for it," I said dryly. "What did she say, exactly?"

"Well, just that she was, you know, disappointed. That you fucked that guy, or whatever. Did you really... you know, with some sketchy redneck?"

"Yep."

"Why? No offense Miss Reed, but you're, like, hot. Like, *really* hot." Sure, now he called me Miss Reed.

"I guess I just felt like I had to."

"Did he roofie you or something?"

"No. It's... it's complicated."

"I just don't get it. You could have any guy you wanted. Any girl too, I guess," he said with a little smirk. "My mom's always kinda said you were... you know."

"No, I don't know."

"Well... a prude. I always figured, too. Then this stuff." I suppressed my surprise. It had been a long time since I'd been anything of the sort.

“Well like I said, it’s complicated. And personal.”

Matt took a long pull from his bottle. “Don’t treat me like a stupid kid. I’m an adult. Just be straight with me.”

“I... Look. It’s not that I don’t think you’re mature enough. It’s just not something I talk about. Speaking of, we didn’t come here to talk about your mom’s problems. We came to talk about how you spied on me.”

“I wasn’t spying. It’s just... you guys were kinda loud. I figured you’d be right out, and I’d just say hi. Maybe give Jordan some shit for getting in trouble for probably the first time in her life. Then I hear... that.” His grin returned.

I nodded. “Well, did it occur to you that if anyone ever saw that, you could ruin her life?”

He hadn’t expected this tactic. “Wait, what?”

“Seriously, Matt. What do you think will happen to that girl’s future if word gets out that she was engaging in that kind of behavior with a staff member?” He just frowned, so I pressed. “No, really. That’s not rhetorical.”

“I mean, I guess she’d get teased pretty hard.”

“Teased? No, she’d be humiliated. Bullied every period of every day for the rest of school. To say nothing of what happens when the faculty finds out. It’ll become public knowledge, then there goes her scholarships. Her entire future, down the drain.”

“Look, I’m not—”

“—Plus I’ll be fired, maybe go to jail, so she’ll have that on her conscience. And you’ll have her AND me on yours. Or you can just delete the stupid thing and be done with it.”

He was quiet, and I let him stew in the silence as he finished his beer. “I wasn’t gonna show anybody.”

“Just keep it for the ol’ spank bank, eh?”

“I mean... yeah, kinda,” he conceded sheepishly.

“And when you’re hanging out with your friends one day, and one of them goes ‘oh hey, check out this hot-ass pic my girlfriend sent me,’ then someone else goes, ‘oh that’s nothing, check this out’ – you’ll just sit there, and not even think that you could one-up the hell out of them with the press of a button.”

“I... I... they wouldn’t tell anyone. They’re good guys.”

I sighed. “All right, so we’ve established that you would’ve caved, and I’ll let you work through how long it’d be before one of your friends blabbed to someone else.”

Matt didn’t bother making a rebuttal.

“So come on. Just do the right thing, be the guy I know you are, and delete that shit.”

I forced myself not to cry out in relief as he did just that – both the file he'd showed me and the backup he had indeed made. I gave him a tight hug, and even a little kiss on the cheek. "Thanks, killer."

"You're, um... welcome." He fidgeted in his seat.

"So now, I have your word you'll never tell another soul about what you saw today? I'm serious – even a rumor about that could be devastating, and I'm pretty sure Jordan would crack in a second if Mr. Headley so much as gave her a hard look."

"I... I tell you what." I tensed. That wasn't the *Yes, Harmony* I'd been hoping for. "You tell me what's going on with you, and I'll promise to never blab."

My eyes narrowed, but after a moment, I let it go. It wasn't blackmail, in spirit. He just wanted to know, and was using leverage. Still, if I said no... that leverage was no joke.

But what could I tell him? That Jordan and I had spontaneously decided to engage in some erotic spanking and fingering? That I got weak in the knees around chubby perverts who hit on me at bars? That I was just a total slut who'd somehow kept it hidden all these months? It all sounded so ludicrous.

Almost as ludicrous as the truth. The very truth I'd tried to tell my friends, including this boy's mother. Which I still needed to tell them. Which, if Hannah reacted as calmly as she had when I'd been triggered at that country bar, Matt would hear about soon enough anyway.

I took a breath. "Did your mom ever tell you what I did before I moved here?"

"Uh, I think so – she said you worked in like, a hotel or something, I think. Right?"

"That's what I told her – some vague bullshit about working in the tourism and hospitality industry. But that's not true. I was six weeks out of high school when I was captured and made to work as a sex slave at a ranch up in the mountains."

"You... what?!" he sputtered.

"I... you know what, I'm gonna need that beer after all."

So I told him about it. Not in graphic detail where I could avoid it, but the basic timeline of the past seven twisted years of my life. Being captured, trained, compelled, and eventually liberated by dumb luck. Matt listened with rapt fascination as I explained how, these past few weeks, someone had discovered my triggers and was somehow passing them on to the people around me.

I knew I was going well beyond what this poor kid was ready to handle, but I didn't care. Once those floodgates opened, they refused to shut. It made me feel vulnerable, but then, I *was* vulnerable. Was I confiding in the wrong person? Probably. I just needed to practice saying it out loud to ready myself for when I had to relate the story when it counted.

“So Mom doesn’t know any of this?” he asked when I finally stopped with this afternoon’s escapades.

“No. I tried to tell Miguel and Justin, but... they were still mad from how I treated them last week, I guess.” To put it mildly.

“So like, you don’t actually *know* any of your, um, triggers? Like if I said ‘abracadabra,’ you’d just...”

“Command me, master,” I said in a monotone. I gave him a moment to gape, then laughed and swatted him on the arm. “Easy there, killer. But yes, if that was one of the triggers, I wouldn’t remember you saying it. My brain just kind of... blocks it out. Or maybe it’s too busy rewiring itself to focus. I don’t know.”

“And they all do something different?”

I nodded. “Yep.”

“How many of them are there?”

“You know, I never really did a count. Probably a few dozen, I’d guess? That’s about as many as I can remember being used on me, though for all I know there’s all kinds of other stuff in there for the total weirdos. ‘Hocus pocus’ and I turn into a sexy parakeet-woman or something.”

“Man. That’s so... I never knew. I mean, you always seemed so... so...”

“Not a sex slave?”

He snorted. “Yeah, I guess. Man. So you’re saying there’s a chance that one day you’ll just be sitting out here watching a movie with my mom, and I’ll just get a text that tells me how to...”

“I don’t know about a text specifically, but yeah, something like that maybe. Though I’d take it as a favor if you could give me a head’s up first if that happens.”

“Why don’t you just ask Jordan?”

I shook my head. “You think she’d just give up that kind of power, rat out the person who gave it to her? You have more faith in people than I do. As it is, I’m not sure I can be safe at work any more. I haven’t had time to process.” His face had grown pensive. “What?”

“I have a couple classes with Jordan, you know. Maybe I could poke around, see if I could learn anything?”

“And just how do you think you could do that? I didn’t think you two were friends, and you can’t just walk up to her and go, ‘hey, I heard you and Miss Reed were getting freaky in the health room.’”

“We’re not friends, but we’re not enemies. I don’t have to be all in-her-face about it – I could just say I saw her getting dragged off after school, ask what happened, see if I can get her to talk. Do it somewhere discreet-like.”

“That’s sweet, but maybe it’s better if you don’t get involved, killer.”

He shook his head. “You like having your freedom taken away from you at random like that? Sounds to me like you’re hard-up for allies, Miss Reed.”

“I don’t know about this...”

“Have a little faith – I can do this. I’ll ask, she’ll get all flustered when the memories pop up, I’ll ask why she’s blushing so hard, push push, nudge nudge... before you know it, I’ll have it. Don’t you want to know who’s doing this to you?”

I did. I so very much did. I wasn’t sure yet whether because I wanted to put a stop to it, or to thank them for the most exciting two weeks in my new dull life. But I wanted to know. “All right,” I said finally. “You can ask her. Just don’t make a big deal of it, and whatever you do, don’t let anyone overhear. OK?”

He nodded. “OK.”

“Thanks, Matt. Seriously. This could be... you have no idea.”

I leaned across the couch and gave him a hug. Yet just as I was starting to mentally sing the praises of Hannah’s parenting skills, he had to go and be a teenage boy. “I wanna see your boobs.”

I drew back. “Excuse me?”

“I’m doing you a favor. Besides, you just made me delete what is probably going to be the hottest video I’ll ever see. I didn’t even have time to watch it all the way through while I was waiting for you in the parking lot. You owe me.”

I frowned. “This is really juvenile of you.”

“Hey, not like I’m asking you to go down on me or anything. I just wanna see ‘em. Come on – not like it costs you anything. And if all that stuff you said is true, it’s nothing compared to stuff you’ve already done.”

“That was different.”

“Not to me, I didn’t ever get to go to your little ranch.”

“So if I don’t show you my boobs, you’re not going to help me. That’s what you’re saying.”

“No, just... look, a little motivator can’t hurt.”

I sighed. “I swear, Matt, just when I was starting to think you were a pretty cool guy...”

“Take your top off and I’ll be whatever kind of guy you want me to be.”

I could have just told him no. Only... like he said, the cost really was pretty trivial, and the potential payoff was worth far more. Plus, if I shattered his little post-pubescent dreams, what did that do to my odds that he’d keep his mouth shut about what happened earlier today? Heaven hath no wrath and all that.

“Fine,” I said in a huff, rising to my feet. “But just looking – no touching. And then you’re going to find out who tipped off Jordan, no more games. Right?”

If he smiled any wider, it was going to displace his ears. “Scout’s honor.”

“Some boy scout,” I grumbled as I began undoing buttons. My friend’s son stared unblinking as I slipped my blouse off my shoulders, his eyes wider than my nipples as I removed my bra. I knew from a conversation with his mother about some skank she’d had to toss out of his bedroom that mine weren’t the first pair he’d laid eyes on, but I felt confident they were the finest. (Master was damn picky when it came Master’s slaves.)

“Holy... you’re... they’re...”

“Yeah, I know. Seen enough?”

His answer was directed to my tits, not me. “I literally do not think I could ever see enough of these.”

“Well I hope you’re enjoying it, because...”

“HARMONY?!” Hannah shrieked.

Well, fuck.

Chapter Four

Really, I suppose I was lucky to get out of there in one piece, as pissed off as Hannah was to walk in on me flashing my boobs at her son. Looking back, it had been a pretty stupid move on my part, and I couldn't even say why I'd done it. Maybe I'd just shown my boobs to so many people, been commanded and controlled by so many men in my life, that I was losing perspective on propriety. You wouldn't blame a dog, say, for begging at the table if you'd trained him to finish your scraps. Could I really be blamed for having a blasé attitude about showing my body to men when it was all I'd known for most of my adult life?

Try explaining that to Hannah, though. Real "don't strip for my teenage son" type, evidently.

To tell you the truth, though, I wasn't even disgusted with myself. I knew I should be, but by now, I'd fucked everything up so badly that it was easier to let things keep sliding towards oblivion than it would be to try to repair all the smoldering bridges in my wake.

Could I count on Matt to get anywhere in the mystery? Maybe. Despite his little stunt there, he had a decent plan, and what he'd done could largely be excused by teenage hormones. His mom's crazy hot friend told him she'd been a man's fuck-toy for a period of years, that she could be turned into one again with the right password, and... well, I could see getting carried away. It was a shitty moment for him, yes, but it was the exception, not the rule. I hoped. Still, even if he succeeded, he might not even be able to contact me with his mom freaking out on him over what had happened in her living room. A million ways it could go wrong, and only one it could go right.

It might even be that Dr. Kovacs' theory was right – that there was no mastermind behind all this. That Master had programmed me to go haywire like this if I ever escaped. I tried not to think about it, because every time I let my mind stray to the notion of still being under Master's control, I got so horny I literally couldn't function.

(The previous afternoon at the car wash I'd let my imagination wander, and I'd found myself masturbating with one hand down the front of my overalls in the middle of cleaning the interior of some lady's SUV. Getting pussy juice on her leather seats wasn't likely to up my tip.)

Deep down, I was kind of hoping Matt would fail. Training Jordan to be a little slut had been crazy hot, and I wasn't entirely sure I wanted to give it up. But if I could get to the bottom of this, figure out who was doing this and how... who knows, I might actually get possession of my own triggers. Then I could have all the fun I wanted, whenever *I* chose. I could meet a guy at random, decide to have some fun with him, and presto, I could become whoever I wanted to be that night.

Was it normal to get turned on at the thought of being my own sex slave? Probably not. But what the hell did I know about being normal?

Somehow I made it home without self-imploding. At least, no worse than I already had. I had my appointment with Dr. Kovacs that afternoon. This time I told him about everything that had happened since we'd last met. The incident with Principal Headley, and with Jordan, and with Matt, and with Hannah. The rest of the week at school waiting to be called down to the principal's office again when Jordan let our secret out.

"It never did happen, though – I guess she either kept it to herself, or the rumor mill is a lot less powerful than I thought it is," I said.

The middle-aged hypnotherapist nodded. "Well, I'm glad for that at least. Still, not much by way of good news, and a lot that could go wrong. Did you talk to Jordan at all?"

I shook my head. "I usually only see students if they get called down to the office for something. Jordan's a good kid, so she's not one I see often except when she's in to talk to her guidance counselor or something. Matt, too – and from the way he dodged me in the halls, I can only assume his mother put the fear of God into him if he so much as talked to me."

"I see. And you said you didn't know she was coming home? She surprised the two of you?"

"I didn't hear her, and if Matt did, I can't imagine he'd be trying to get me out of my top."

He stroked his goatee. "Harmony, I'm going to be honest with you. I'm... well, I'm frankly worried that you're sabotaging your support network on purpose."

I sat up. "Wait, what? What are you saying?"

"I'm just looking at the pattern, Harmony. Flashing Hannah's son. Stalling outside Justin's house until you were made to leave. The way you treated your friends at the country bar."

"I had no choice about that one! He told me to get rid of them, and I had to obey."

"Well... think back. Did he specifically tell you to hurt your friends' feelings, or did he tell you to get rid of them?"

"I... he... well, the second one, I guess, but when I'm like that, I was just being as efficient as possible in obeying. I don't have a choice."

"And you couldn't have made something else up?"

"You weren't there – it wasn't that easy to—"

David pressed his attack. “Or perhaps instead of scrutinizing what you’ve done, we could look at all those things you *haven’t* done. For instance, have you told anyone you trust or care about your abduction and enslavement?”

“There was Matt...”

“People you *trust*, Harmony.”

“I... no, I guess not.”

“Have you told anyone what’s been happening to you recently?”

“... no.”

“Have you contacted friends or family from your old life?”

“I told you, one of them might have helped Master take me!”

He arched a bushy eyebrow. “Surely you can think of someone you trust absolutely, someone you can be certain would never have betrayed you.”

“Maybe, but—”

“Have you left any kind of written record, so that if you disappear, people will even know to look for you?”

“Ha! Yes – I wrote a note!” Take that, Doc.

“And what did you do with the note?”

I paused. What *did* I do with the note? “I... I crumpled it up and threw it on the floor.”

David paused, letting his point sink in as he casually drummed his fingers on the armrest of his chair. Right next to his fingers, I could see the marks from where I’d duct-taped him to it not so long ago.

“So, what, you’re saying I don’t want to be helped?”

“I’m asking you to consider your own response to your situation. Why do *you* think you’ve been isolating yourself?”

“I... I don’t know.”

“Come on – no judgments here. Why, Harmony?”

I took a long while thinking it over, and all the while David sat calmly, waiting. “There’s two reasons,” I said at last. “The first is that I’m worried that if they knew what I was, what I’d done, that they wouldn’t want me in their lives any more. And I don’t have anyone else. I’d be totally alone.”

He nodded, waiting for me to continue. “And the second one is... they might find a way to make it stop, and I don’t think I can handle that either.”

“That’s what I was afraid of.” My shrink sighed, leaning forward in his seat.

“Look, Harmony. If you’re just here to amuse yourself with nostalgia, using hypnosis to trigger erotic memories just for the fun of it, then I think you need to stop coming.”

“No, I—”

“But,” he interjected, “if you think your situation over and you really do want to regain control over your life, then I want to see to it that you do. The ball’s in your court,

as they say. For now, I want you to go home, think on what we've talked about, and if you decide you want help, you call back Monday and make another appointment. All right?"

It was strange, realizing that he might be right – that maybe I didn't actually want help. But then why else was I making myself come here? Surely some part of me must still be sane enough to want to return to normalcy. Right...?

After I left Dr. Kovacs office, I headed off to the Suds & Go. I didn't usually work Friday nights, but someone had requested a shift swap earlier that week, and at this point I was more interested in having a quiet shift than one with good tips. Friday evenings were usually really dead after six or so, and even if some of the girls who worked there with me didn't like being alone with customers, I wasn't afraid of them. Plus there was a state-of-the-art security system, audio/video surveillance and everything. This was probably the safest place I could be right now.

Besides, this job was where I got my thinking done. At home there were too many distractions – phone and TV and internet and friends coming over (at least until recently). Here, it was just me and my sponge. Mindless, repetitive work that left my mind free to wander where it would.

Only by now, the conundrum was so familiar I was even boring myself with it. Hot, crazy, spontaneous sex, or stable, safe, responsible living. There it was, plain and simple. I could go around in circles all night with the particulars – whether it was Master, or some stranger, or something wrong in my head, or if I was just going insane; whether or not I could even fix the problem if I knew what was causing it. But the problem in front of me was simple: try to fix it, or don't.

I made mental pro and con lists. I tried to imagine my life a year from now down either path, then ten years, twenty years. I mentally rehearsed the conversations with my friends. I rehearsed calling Dr. Kovacs and telling him I was a lost cause. I even thought, for the first time since escaping from Master, of calling my mom. And all the while, I scrubbed cars.

Then a few words later, my thinking time was over. Literally.

Of all the triggers Master had implanted in me, this was probably the one I resented most. Harmoron, Master had called it. (Not a very catchy name, but I wasn't in a position to criticize.) Master had been quite impressed with the results on this one; it truly was a cut above. For most of my triggers, I was still essentially me on the inside, and the trigger induced me to use my intellect to fulfill a particular fantasy. Like when I told you about the bratty stepdaughter routine? I was still me inside, always brainstorming just how to be that character. Generally, the trigger defined the role, and

I slipped into the character and used all my cleverness and sex appeal to make it as satisfying as possible.

Harmoron was the exact opposite of that. Instead of being defined by the ways I could think to become a fantasy girl, she was the embodiment of what I *couldn't* do. Instead of having a persona drilled into my brain, this was like having parts of my brain totally removed.

Now I'm not a feminist, and even before I learned a few things about sex and gender relations, I wasn't one to get up on a soapbox and complain about glass ceilings and mansplaining. Certainly once Master laid hands on me, I learned to enjoy a whole lot of things many women might find degrading. I'd been slapped around with a cock, bent over and spanked, called every sexist name in the book a million times... but none of it compared to this.

Harmoron was shallow. She didn't read, she didn't talk about ideas, she didn't have opinions on the issues. She didn't even know what the issues were. She was vapid. She was insecure. She was giddy. She was sure her myriad failings were the fault of her gender. She was friendly, because she didn't have strong enough convictions on anything to have reasons to dislike people.

And, above all... she was stupid.

When I say "stupid," I don't mean "D student." I mean cricket-chirping, lights-are-on-but-no-one's-home, as-a-post DUMB. That was what I hated about it. I couldn't *think* any more. Everything was confusing, unfamiliar. I trusted blindly, because I was suddenly too stupid to figure it out for myself so I had to hope others would act charitably.

"Oh hi, mister," I said, turning to face the man who'd triggered me. I was so happy to see him I'd have used an exclamation point there, except suddenly my voice was too high-pitched, breathy and even a touch lispy that I wasn't quite capable of being so forceful.

(Why was I happy to see him? Because I couldn't think of anything to be unhappy about right now. Because I couldn't think, period. By the time I'd finished that three-word introduction, I was fully on auto-pilot.)

"Hey, baby," the man said. "Don't let me distract you – you were doing just fine."

"Oh, OK!" I said, and went right back to washing his car. It was a real shiny one. I liked it. The man kept watching me work, which kept making me giggle – men were funny, always staring at me. I hoped he thought I was doing a good job. 'Cause like, this was my *job*, so I wanted to do good at it.

He kept on following me as I worked, so I just smiled at him. I hoped he'd like that. He was a customer so that meant I had to make him happy. The more I smiled at him, the closer he got while he watched me scrubbing his car. I think he was mostly

looking at my butt though, so I tried to make sure he had a good view. I wanted a good tip, because, like, money. Right?

“Damn, I gotta say, I’m surprised a girl like you is old enough to be working here,” he said as I scrubbed at a real dirty spot.

“Really? How old am I?”

“You can’t be a day over nineteen,” he said. I meant how old does he think I am, but even though I think he was wrong, I figured it’s probably best to just agree because he’s a customer and a man and I want him to like me.

“Yuppers. How did you know?” I giggled, swatting playfully at his arm. I liked touching men, and men usually liked when I touched them. (Don’t they?)

“Just a lucky guess. So what’re your name, pretty girl?”

“I’m Harmoron.” I winced. “Sorry, Harmony! Sometimes people call me that.”

“Well that’s not very nice of them,” he said, stepping closer. “Especially with such a pretty name – Harmony. I like that.”

“Thanks,” I said, staring at him vacantly.

“I’m Hunter,” he said when I didn’t ask.

“Oh, cool – I could never do that. Girls are super bad at hunting – I bet my big boobs would get in the way of the gun thingy.” I felt stupid admitting it, but like always, it was out of my mouth before I could stop it.

He froze for a moment, then laughed – so I laughed along with him. “I get it – that’s a good one. I thought I’d heard ‘em all, and here you go, funny girl.”

I didn’t know what I’d said to be funny, so I just kept giggling.

“Tell you what, I’ve actually been hunting a few times, and you just might be right – those puppies sure might get in the way.”

“Puppies? Like, you hunted puppies?” I frowned. That sounded mean, which didn’t make any sense, because he’d been super nice to me, and someone couldn’t be mean AND nice. (Could they?)

He paused, studying me. “No, I… nevermind. I was just joking, Harmony, and doing a bad job of trying to pay a pretty girl a compliment.”

Suddenly I forgot why I’d ever been frowning. “You think I’m pretty?” I asked.

“Well sure. You must get that all the time.”

I shook my head. “Nuh uh. I’ve worked, like, a lot of hours today, and the only person who said I was pretty was Tommy Whitfield, except he didn’t say it, he texted it to the boy sitting next to him in the office, only he didn’t think I could read that far, but I could. Only he didn’t say pretty, he said I was crazy hot.”

The man listened to my word salad calmly. “So you’re still in school, huh? That’s good. Ready for graduation?”

“Almost? Like, *I’m* not graduating, obviously, but like, I like to watch everyone else. That’ll be fun.” They’d play that song and everyone would wear funny robes and hats. I giggled at that.

“Oh. Well yeah, I guess I can see... well still, it’s good that you’re still taking classes, doing your best.”

“Oh I don’t take classes any more, mister. I just sit in the office like the principal said to.”

Another step closer. He smelled nice – that made me smile. Or maybe I was already smiling. “Oh, so you’re a bad girl, then?”

I considered my behavior. “Super bad, I guess. The other day I totally made out with Jordan Shu in the health room, only Matt saw me doing it so he made me show him my boobies, then his mom got mad at me and made me go home.”

“Wow, that’s... that’s quite a week. You sound like a really adventurous kind of girl. Say, what time do you get off?”

I shrugged. “I dunno, whenever I’m getting fucked or playing with myself or sometimes even just from getting my nipples played with. They’re real sensitive.”

He laughed. “I love that sense of humor of yours. But seriously, I just wondered if maybe you and I could go somewhere. You know, talk.”

“Um, aren’t we talking here?” I knew I sounded stupid but I couldn’t help it. He was confusing me!

“Well sure, but I meant... you know, somewhere more private. Just you and me.”

“Oh, OK,” I said. “Sure, that sounds fun. Where do you wanna go?”

“Uh, don’t you need to finish your shift?”

I slapped my forehead. Duh! “Oh! Yeah, like, I guess so. Don’t I?”

He put a hand on my hip. That was nice – when men touched me it meant they liked me. “You don’t *have* to finish it – pretty girl like you I bet could land a new job wherever she wants.”

I clasped my hands together. “You really think so, mister?”

“Well sure. Why don’t you finish on up and then we’ll get outta here.”

I hesitated. “Um, like, I thought you *didn’t* want me to finish up.”

“What? No, I meant finish up *my* car.”

“Oh! Doy – like, sure.” And I got right back to scrubbing, and he got right back to watching me scrub. Only now he was touching me while I worked, stroking my back over my overalls, down near my butt. It was frustrating, because I totes wanted him to touch my butt, or my cunt, or my boobies, but he just kept his hand on my neck, or on my hip, or my back. I fought back tears. He must think I was a total uggo.

It was also distracting – like a bunch of times he had to tell me I’d already gotten a spot, or that I was just standing there not washing. I get that way when boys touch me

– pussy-thinking, I call it, where my brain goes down in my pussy and thinks for me. It makes me even more of a dumbo than usual.

I guess I did a bad job, because a few minutes later he pulled me to face him and just shook his head. “I think that’s about as good as it’s gonna get, Harmony. Maybe you’re lucky I came along – doesn’t seem like you’re cut out for this line of work.”

My lower lip trembled. “I’m soooooo super sorry, mister sir. I tried, but like, I have a hard time focusing around men, and like, I know I did a bad job but please don’t be mad, I’ll make it up to you, promise!”

He patted my shoulder. “It’s all right, baby. I’d be only too happy to let you make it up to me.” He jerked his head toward the car, and I followed him. Then he stopped and pointed to the passenger side. “You gotta get in over there.”

Oh right, duh. I couldn’t sit in his lap when he was driving. So I went around and got in the passenger seat. “Thanks for giving me a ride, mister.”

He pulled out of the lot and onto the street, resting a hand on my thigh. “My pleasure, baby.”

I probably forgot where I was in, like, seconds – I get lost so easily! I guess men are just better with directions and stuff. The man tried to ask me if I wanted to grab a bite first or just get to the main course, but I just said I didn’t get a dinner break on a four-hour shift and he just laughed, so I giggled and he made the decision for me, which was obviously way better anyway.

(Can you imagine if girls had to decide all that stuff for themselves? I’d be all like, “durr, guess I’ll eat breakfast then go to work THEN get dressed, derp!” or whatever. Though that’d be really hot. I wonder if Jordan would fuck me again. She was super cute. Matt could watch this time. Or join in. I bet he had a nice cock. Why had I been such a mean bitch and made him delete us? We could’ve watched it together while I played with myself. And he played with himself. Or while I played with himself. Or while he played with boobself. He liked my boobs. I love it when guys like my boobs. I–)

“We’re here,” he said as he turned the car off. I hadn’t even noticed him stopping the car, I’d been so focused on pussy-thinking.

I looked around the room as I got out of the car. It was big! And had lots of weird tools and stuff in it. “I really like your house, mister,” I said, nodding hard.

“Uh, this is just the garage, sweetie – wait’ll you see the inside.”

“Oh, we’re going inside? That’s awesome,” I said, as enthusiastically as my dumb breathy voice would let me. It made me sound sooooo stupid, but I figured that was just good warning for people who tried to talk to me.

The man showed me in, and I tried to pay attention as he showed me around. I didn’t really care, but it seemed important to him so I smiled and nodded like a girl.

“I can tell I’m boring you,” he said finally. “Why don’t you make yourself comfortable, and I’ll pour some wine?”

“Sure,” I chirped merrily, though deep down I was sad. He’d been groping my leg the whole car ride over, but I guess he thought it was a sucky leg because now he wasn’t making me take my pants off.

So I sat down on the couch. I felt bad because I was wearing dirty work clothes on his nice couch, but he’d said to get comfy and the floor wasn’t comfy. He came back with a couple glasses of wine and a bottle for refills, then sat down next to me.

“What’s wrong – you don’t like it?” the man asked as I took a sip. I guess I made a face.

“No, it’s not that. Just, you know us girls. I can’t hold my alcohol for anything, so like, I get totally ditzzy and stupid when I drink and there’s no telling what I’ll do, so I usually just figure if I’m gonna get drunk I’ll drink tasty girly drinks, but this is fine too, and thank you.” I smiled. I hoped that made more sense to him than it had to me.

“No telling what you’ll do, eh?” he said.

“Oh yeah, like a little while ago I went to this country bar, and like this guy bought me a drink, and then he said some words and suddenly I just wanted to agree with about everything, and then he took me back to a hotel and he fucked me, and took pictures of me naked, and took my panties as a trophy, and he thought I was going to charge him but I didn’t.” I giggled. Silly man, thinking I’d make him pay for sex. Why would you make someone pay you for something you like doing? That was an idea even stupider than me.

“Wait, you... wow. Did you know this guy? Boyfriend or something?”

“Nope, some total stranger.” I shrugged and took another sip.

“Natural submissive, eh. Wow.” His eyes sparkled.

“Nope, I’m a natural blonde, but kind of a light one, so like I just sort of dye it like this because people think blondes are like, dumb, or whatever.”

“Yeah, you wouldn’t want anyone thinking you’re dumb, huh.” He laughed. At me? Maybe. He’d said before that I was funny. So I laughed too.

“So you’re not a drinker, you say. But you like being told what to do? That’s your thing?”

“Um, yeah, I guess. I always do whatever my bosses tell me.”

“And whatever strangers you meet in bars tell you.”

“Sure. Though that was way more fun. He fucked me SO hard.” I sighed dreamily.

“How about strangers you meet at car washes?”

“Um, I guess so? Why, is there something you want me to do?” Maybe he wanted me to finish washing his car.

“How about you take off those overalls then, Harmony.”

I squealed in delight. I couldn’t help it – a man wanted me to take my pants off! Here I’d thought he thought I was all stupid and bad at my job and not nice legs, but I guess I was wrong! (Like usual, right?) I jumped up off the couch and tried to pull down

my overalls, but they wouldn't budge. Darnit! I pulled and pulled, grunting with effort to get them off, but they were like, stuck or something.

"I think you need to undo the clasps at the top, baby," he said, pointing.

Oh right! Duh. With those gone, the overalls came off super easy. Then it was just me in my panties and my navy blue work shirt. It said Suds Go on it, with some weird squiggle in the middle. I wished I was wearing sexier panties, but I usually wore boring ones to the car wash because they got wet. I giggled. My panties were getting wetter now for sure with a man admiring them.

"Do you like my butt?" I said, turning to show him. I really hoped so.

"Damn. Holy... yes. Wow, yes, I like your butt." I scooted closer, taking tiny little backward steps until I was right in front of him, pushing it towards him so he'd know I'd like it if he touched it. And he did. No more back and neck and hip and thigh – now my butt was in this man's hand. This right here was why girls were put on this earth.

I felt right.

Only then, he pulled down my panties, and that felt right, too. How could it be right to wear panties and to NOT wear panties? Life was confusing.

Then he was fingering my pussy, and I forgot to be confused any more.

"Wow, you are really wet, aren't you baby..."

"Oh yeah – I get super gushy when I get fingered. Or when I get kissed, or when I get my butt squeezed, or when someone squeezes my boobies, or when I squeeze my boobies, or—"

"I get it, I get it, you juice up easy. Good thing you got this body, girl, with a brain like that."

I giggled. "I know right? I'm like super dumb, but I try to keep myself good and fuckable."

"You're doing a damn fine job. Now how about those tits, baby?"

I nodded, still bent over. "Yeah, how about 'em, right? They're super big." I looked back at him. "Do you wanna see 'em?"

"That's what I... yes, Harmony. Why don't you show me."

I was super happy to. I always found that no matter how sad men were, my boobies always made them happier. I got rid of my boring work shirt, and there they were – big bordering on humongous, perky and sexy and nipples and titties and mmm...

I blinked when I realized the man was snapping his fingers in my face. "Still with me?"

"Totes, mister. Where would I have gone?"

"I couldn't even guess. Now can I see your tits, please?" He sounded annoyed, and I could hardly blame him. I guess when I got carried away, I'd started groping myself and now my stupid hands were covering my boobies! I dropped them to my sides immediately, then leaned in so the man could suck on them if he wanted. He gripped

one in each hand and guided them nipple-first into his mouth, smothering himself in titty.

“Fuck you’re hot,” he said when he finally came up for air. My pussy spasmed from being complimented by a man.

“Thanks – gotta be good at something, right?”

“I bet you’re good for all kinds of things. Why don’t you show me, baby – why don’t you give me a titty-fuck to warm me up.”

“Yay!” I clapped my hands and dropped to my knees. The man had to push me away so he could get his pants off. I guess I was too eager and was making it difficult. But there it was – a cock! A nice one, too, though I guess I kinda just love cocks. I gave this one a few licks to wet it, then a few more because it tasted so good, then I took the whole thing into my mouth because I wanted him to like me and because sucking cocks is so fun.

I’m a super good cock-sucker. Like, you don’t even know how good. I’m bad at lots of things, like math, and remembering stuff, and tests, and keeping my legs closed when I’m wearing a dress, and math, and all kinds of stuff. But when it comes to sucking men’s dicks, I’m like some kind of total genius.

Except... “Oopsie!” I said just as I felt his balls trembling some minutes later, right as he was on the verge of coming down my throat. “You said you wanted a titty fuck, not a blowjob. Dumb Harmony.”

So I wrapped my boobies around his dick, and I guess I must be like a mega-super-genius at titty-fucks, because then he came almost right away! Like a lot, too, all over my boobies and my tummy and some of it on my chin it shot up so hard.

I gave him a minute to calm down before I said anything. Men always like a moment of peace after I get them off, I find. “So like, does that mean that you, like, like me?”

He took a moment to focus on me, taking his eyes away from their vacant stare at the ceiling. “I’m sorry, did you just ask if I Like like you?”

“Uh huh.”

“Jesus, no wonder you’re not graduating, you’re still in fifth grade,” he grumbled. You see what I mean about how confusing men are? I woke up twenty-five, then I was nineteen, and now I’m a fifth-grader. Who can keep up?

“So you don’t like me? I’m sorry, mister. I’ll try to do better next time, if you let me try again.”

“No, I like you, Harmony. But you know what would *really* make me like you?”

I shook my head. I hoped I knew how to do whatever it was. And as he explained it, it turns out I did! I was super good at using my pussy and my boobies and my ass to get men off. So that’s what I did. He fucked me until my ears popped! He was going super hard, and my big old titties kept slapping me in the chin they were bouncing so

much. It was like, the funnest day I'd had in days. The man even took a little pill that kept his cock hard so he could fuck me way into the night. Best pill ever!

He even took a selfie with me to show off to his friends. That made me really proud of how good I was at showing off my big boobies. (I know it was the boobies because he had to take a second one because the first one only showed my face. You could hardly even tell it was me because he'd totally cummed all over it.)

He fell asleep during one of my blowjobs. (I don't know how many of them he'd had before because I was playing with myself and squeezing my boobs while I was doing it, so I didn't have any fingers free for adding and subtracting.) Still, whatever, I kept on going. He was still hard and I was still having fun. Only then he came in my mouth but he stayed asleep.

So then I went to the bathroom to wash the cum and sweat and spit off of me (there was LOTS of each), and I let myself cry for a while in the shower. I'd done such a bad job that he'd actually fallen asleep. I was such a stupid boring girl.

I waited a while for him to wake up but he didn't. I tried to ask him if he wanted me to stay over or just get out – I know how men don't like to have to deal with annoying girl stuff in the morning when they're done fucking us – but he just rolled away from me and started snoring. I guess that meant he didn't want me. That sucked too.

I didn't know what to do then. I didn't have my phone or my car because I just left work with him without thinking. (Except pussy-thinking, which like I said always gets me into trouble.) I didn't know where I was either. I tried using his phone, but he had it passworded. So without really knowing what else to do, I just decided I'd try hitch-hiking and hope I met someone nice doing that.

I had to turn back almost right away when I realized I'd forgotten to get dressed first. Ditzzy me, right?

I made it six blocks before the trigger faded. It took me a bit to get my bearings, but I recognized the neighborhood. Probably two miles from Suds & Go. I could've just gone back to the guy's house and woken him up and had him drive me back to my car, only I couldn't remember where he lived or what it looked like. Because Harmoron was too stupid to get the address, and hadn't paid any attention when she'd wandered away. I only knew what she'd known, which clearly wasn't much.

So I walked another mile to a gas station and called a cab. As I closed my apartment door behind me, it was going on 5 AM. Even if the sex had been incredible, and even my indefatigable libido was appeased, I looked back on my behavior with

disgust. God I hated that trigger. It had been surprisingly popular – I guess a lot of guys get off on fucking a girl who's just too damn dimwitted to figure out anything else to do.

I was exhausted physically and mentally and emotionally, and fell asleep seconds after my head hit my pillow. But in those seconds, I made up my mind.

I needed help.

Chapter Five

I admit it, I wasted Saturday drunk as a skunk alone in my apartment, trying to wash the after-taste of bimbofication out of my brain.

“You give better head than any bitch I’ve ever known, baby. If you get fired from the carwash, you could definitely make a living sucking cock.”

“Oh gosh, wow, do you really think so?”

Ugh. I wondered, on occasion, if Master had just forgotten to remove my humiliation at being turned into an idiot along with the removal of my ability to feel shame at being used as a sex toy. Maybe Master just thought it was funny to have his slaves still be able to blush at something. Either way, I spent the day swallowing my pride along with a fifth of vodka.

I woke up Sunday happy to be feeling miserable on account of my hangover instead of my mortification. I gave myself a few hours to rehydrate, during which I re-examined my predicament. When I’d first gone to see Dr. Kovacs, back before all these seemingly random triggers, all I’d wanted was to just stop being so damn horny all the time. It seemed like a nothing problem now.

My second round of trying to tackle this thing had been clouded by indecision. I’d said I wanted to beat this thing, sure, but deep down I was rooting against myself. The sex... I’d missed it so much. Far more than I’d ever admit to out loud. No wonder I’d been so turned on all the time, going from having a constant stream of mind-blowing sex to life as Harmony Reed, disregarded secretary and night-time car wash attendant.

The realization had come during the night, in the part where I was just sleeping instead of black-out drunk. I’d seen myself with a man – no one specific, one of those blurry-faced phantoms that seems like an old friend until you wake up and realize they were no one at all. We’d been intimate with one another, and I was waiting on him hand and foot, pleasing and obeying as though I’d been given my standard pleasure slave trigger. The man knew just what to do, how much to appreciate me and how much to just enjoy using me.

It was incredible. Even with my headache, I’d gotten myself off thinking about it before ever leaving bed.

And really, there was no good reason I couldn’t have that. I didn’t *have* to have someone trigger me to act out a fantasy. Would role play be as good as the genuine article? Probably not. Still, it had been a role play for all the guests at the ranch, and they certainly had enjoyed themselves. Besides, it also wouldn’t happen to me from strangers, or at work, or put me in danger. It was really a no-brainer.

Like I had been, Friday night. UGH.

So this time, I committed. I thought of everything I could safely do, people I could count on for help. My friends. I sat there and wrote an apology letter to each of them. I started with recent events, the way I'd treated them in that bar, and the way I hadn't brought myself to explain my actions since. More than that, even, I apologized for not telling them the truth about myself a long time ago. They'd taken me in, been kind to me, reminded me that life was worth living at a time when I hadn't been so sure.

And in each letter, I explained my secret. I cramped my hand like crazy and had to go to the store to get a fresh notebook, but by day's end, I had a full letter for each of them. Hannah's included an apology and explanation (such as it was) for flashing her son. I'd been tempted to double up on Justin and Miguel's to save time, but this wasn't the moment to be lazy. Just because they were brothers was no excuse to skimp on heart-pouring. This was about reaching out. I needed to do it right.

It was strange. I'd been naked in front of countless men. Debased myself, groveled and pleaded, been spanked and slapped and fucked in every hole a hundred times. Because of Master, none of it had ever embarrassed me, and I'd seldom lost any sleep worried about what people thought of me. If anything, I'd been proud to be such a useful and highly trained possession.

Tonight though, exposing my secrets to these friends of mine... They were normal people, people who somewhere inside dimly knew that human trafficking happened, but would never have guessed at the existence of something – someone – like Master. They were going to find out something ugly about the world, and I was at the center of it. Even if they supported me, they'd never see me the same way again.

No matter. No more dragging my feet. Do or die.

It was too late to knock on doors by the time I was done, but I knew if I waited until tomorrow, I might chicken out. I hopped in my car and made the rounds. Miguel and Justin were up first. Their house was already dark, but they had a mail slot. I don't know how long I stood on their doorstep, letter in my trembling hand, trying to force myself to go through with it. Then I heard a car coming down the street, and my mind flashed back to the squad car that had picked me up not far from this very spot – then found me triggered and fucked senseless in some random park.

It wasn't the police just then, but it was enough to get me moving. I slipped the letters through the door and practically ran back to my car. There. I'd done it. That wasn't so bad, I lied.

Next up was Hannah's house. She kept odd hours and I'd thought she might be home. Her car wasn't parked in the driveway, though, so I just stuck it between her storm door and the door to the house and turned to go. Just as I got back to my car, the front door opened.

"Harmony?" came Matt's voice.

I turned around. "Oh. Hi there, killer."

“Looking good tonight,” he said, and soon verified he was still all too comfortable openly ogling me. I didn’t even look cute. Teenage boys, I tell ya. “You not coming in?”

“I just came by to give something to your mom is all. No biggie.”

He bent down and picked up my letter. “This?”

“Yeah. That. Just... leave it somewhere she’ll find it, OK?”

He looked at the thick envelope. “Is this cash?”

I laughed. “On a secretary’s wages? No. It’s a letter, saying... well, nevermind. Just make sure she gets it. Please. It’s important.”

He nodded. “Sure you don’t want to come in? She’s working until four.”

“I don’t think she’d appreciate that.” I smiled softly. “Sorry.”

“You sure?”

I paused. Accepting Matt’s help was another one of the strategies I’d told myself I’d make myself accept. Even if it went wrong and I lost my job, it was better than not trying it and losing my freedom. “Any luck with Jordan?”

He grinned. “Maybe.”

I walked back up to the door. “What’s maybe?”

“Come on. You know the deal – I do for you, you do for me.” He looked at me hopefully.

“Matt...”

“What? You know you want to. You’re, like, programmed to want to, right?”

He was just enough shorter than me that I could glare down at him – or I could, if he wasn’t standing up a step from me. “Somehow, I’ll try to restrain myself.”

“Aw, don’t be like that, Harmony. Let’s just have a little fun, enjoy ourselves.”

“I wouldn’t enjoy that. Even if I would, your mother wouldn’t, which means I still wouldn’t. Now that that’s settled... did you get anywhere with Jordan?”

His brash leer became a sullen pout. “I’m getting close, I think.”

“Well good. I appreciate it.” I made myself smile, and patted him on the shoulder. “Make sure your mom gets that, OK? See you in the halls, killer.”

He didn’t respond. No matter. Not volunteering to be the plaything of every guy who propositioned me was what this was all about. Matt would snap out of it. I knew it. For now, I got right back in my car and drove away without so much as looking back.

Then finally, it was off to Vivian’s. She and I had always been the least close of our little circle. That wasn’t because we were so different, however; if anything, it was because I saw in her a version of who I might have been had Master never taken me. She was pretty hot, for one, almost enough to have been at home at the ranch. Vivian was the youngest of us, just a few months younger than me, but it was enough that she let herself be forever the baby. Impetuous, flirty (some said slutty), spoke from her heart in a way that was equal parts tactless and reassuring.

That is, if Vivian said you were good with her, you were. But she'd tell you to your face if you weren't, too.

So when I got to her apartment building and saw the lights on and heard music blasting loud enough that her neighbors were probably already complaining, I knew I'd get to find out whether or not my letters were worth shit.

My stomach was like a rock as I hit the buzzer for her apartment. I knew she wouldn't bother checking with the intercom. She never did. I wound up having to wait until her song was over before she could hear it, but soon enough I heard the lock click, and I was in the building. Thirty-four terrifying steps later and I was at her door. I didn't need to knock. If she was up, it was unlocked.

I allowed myself a single rueful laugh. I never used to think about my safety either.

I stepped inside. Her place was a sty like usual, presently smelling of the pizza she'd ordered I'd guess yesterday, comingled with the more recent smell of cheap wine and the apartment's usual odor. The room was cast in a dim, multi-hued light on account of the shawl she'd draped over the standing lamp. Vivian was standing in the nearby kitchen, but she noticed me immediately.

"Hi," I said loudly, trying to make myself heard over the din.

"Well, if it isn't the girl who put the cunt in country bars. The fuck you doing here?" she said back, face clouding instantly.

"Can we talk?" I glanced to her speakers. "Please?"

She just glared for a long moment until we were interrupted by the appearance of a man from down the apartment's only hallway. I didn't recognize him, but he looked like Vivian's type. Young, ripped, most of his tattoos on places other than his face, but not all. "Hey, party's just getting started," he said, smiling at me with obvious interest. Meanwhile, Vivian stopped the music.

"Yeah, belay that threesome, Jax. She's on her way out."

"C'mon, baby, she just got here. Sure she can stay for a little while."

I waved a hand apologetically. "Sorry, I didn't realize you had company. I mostly just came to drop this off." I held out the letter.

"What's that, you got my mail key or something?"

"No. No, it's just something... that I wrote. For you." I set it on the counter in front of her and retreated just as quickly to the door. "So, when you get a chance, just... you know. Read it. Please." Then I was gone, rushing down the stairs before she could say a word.

I'd driven three blocks before my phone rang.

"Come back."

Vivian's friend passed me on the stairs. From the look he gave me, I couldn't tell what, if anything, he'd gleaned before being kicked out. But he didn't trigger me, so at least I dodged that bullet.

The fact that I even had to think that confirmed that yes, this was definitely the right call.

It was quiet in the place when I re-entered, and this time, Vivian was seated Indian style on her couch, so engrossed in the letter that she didn't even look up. I didn't interrupt, just taking a seat across from her and waiting for her to finish. I was shaking, I was so nervous. I tried to read her face, but I got nothing.

"What the fuck is this?" she asked when she finally finished it. She handed it to me, but I just set it on the coffee table.

"You read the whole thing?"

"Yeah."

"Then... that's what it is."

She folded her arms across her chest. "This isn't bullshit?"

I shook my head. "I wish it was."

"I... I just..." She looked up at me. "I don't know what to say."

"You don't have to say anything. I just needed you to know. And to apologize for... for everything."

"Apologize?" She scrunched her face. "Harm, if this shit's true, you don't ever have to apologize to anyone for shit. I mean... you were... Jesus fuck, girl! I mean, I always thought it was kinda weird how you never really talked about your past, but I just figured it was some douche ex-boyfriend or suburban shame or something. But this..."

"Surprise," I said dryly. "Still, I wanted to say I'm sorry for—"

"Shut up. I'm serious, shut your mouth. You don't apologize for nothing, OK? Now c'mere, Hotness." With that, she launched herself at me, wrapping me in her arms like she was Justin's size. I hugged back, and soon we were crying in one another's arms. It was probably the most intimate moment Vivian and I had ever shared. I wondered if she'd ever been victimized herself, or if she just had more empathy than I'd have guessed at. We were both crying long before she let go, and neither of us dried up when we finally released.

"Sorry for freaking out, Harm, just... fuck, this is all so fuckin' unreal. So, like... really? All this shit is really for real?"

I sniffled, nodded. "Yep. Every word."

"Wow. So, like, six *years*. And you never even learned his name?"

"No, I did. I'm just not allowed to say it. Or think it, even. Like, I can still picture Master vividly, but try to say... say..." My throat tightened, and I could feel my heart starting to race a little as I tried to disobey. "See? Nothing."

“Wow. I mean, did you ever google him after you got free? Try to poke around into his life a little?”

I shook my head. “Can’t type it either. Besides, Master’s dead now. That part of my life is over.”

“The hell it is. Damn, Harm, he’s still... you know. I mean, Jesus, when you hooked up with that fat fuck at the country bar, I knew something was off. Like, I’ve always thought it was weird how you got all that vroom but never drive it anywhere – which I now get – but that night, I was like... this is next level. No way she’s got a fetish for guys like that. Even girls with hard core Daddy issues don’t want a guy like that.”

“Yeah. I was all set to tell him off when he triggered me. Then... I just lost all control.”

“So is that why you... holy shit, did Matt...?!”

I held up my hands in front of me to calm her down. “No – no, he didn’t. I guess Hannah told you, about... yeah. Look, he just...” I sighed. “He saw me, with a student. Some girl at school who actually *did* trigger me. And so I came clean, because I didn’t know what else to tell him, and he said he’d try to help me, and asked for something in exchange, and...”

Her fists clenched. “So the little fucker blackmailed you?”

“No, nothing like that. Look, he’s just a kid. He wanted to see my tits. If that’s a crime, then lock up every boy in that school. He got ballsy, and I used really, really bad judgment. It’s not his fault.” I didn’t like defending him after how he’d behaved earlier that night, but still. I’d been a teenager once. I had moments I wasn’t proud of in hindsight, too.

“I hope Hannah buys that, or that kid’s getting the ass-beating of a lifetime.” She shrugged, ready to move past it. “OK. So like, you’re just getting... ‘triggered’ or whatever at random? Like, could I accidentally trigger you just by saying the wrong thing?”

“You’re cool, Viv. It has to be on purpose.”

“You’re sure? Like, if you can’t remember the trigger, how do you know it was on purpose? How can you be for sure that people didn’t just go, ‘oh cool, this hottie’s throwing herself at me’ and just run with it?”

“I... Huh. That’s actually a good question. A guy like Curly would never actually think a girl like me would be into him.”

“Right?”

“But then, maybe he just didn’t look a gift horse in the mouth? Come to think of it, he’d expected he’d have to pay me. No, but maybe he just didn’t know how the trigger worked, figured it was some kind of... hooker’s club password? Like, saying the trigger gave him a shot with one of the girls, or something.”

“See?”

“My shrink – Dr. Kovacs, he’s this hypnotherapist I researched – he thinks Master might have put some kind of... conditioning in me that’s been dormant for a while and is just coming to the surface.”

She scrunched her face. “You’re seeing a hypnotherapist?”

I laughed. “Come on. I tell you I was a mind-controlled sex slave, but *that’s* what you’re skeptical of?”

“Does he have those huge super thick eyebrows?”

“Nope, pretty normal eyebrows.”

“Talk in a spooooky voice, does he?”

“Viv...” I rolled my eyes. “I just... needed help getting myself back to normal.”

“Oh, so this is like super recent, huh? You said you just started getting these episodes a couple weeks ago, right?”

“Yeah – but those started after I started seeing him, actually.”

She started. “Wait. What? Exsqueeze me?”

“I wanted help, and I thought maybe somebody who was good at getting down there in the subconscious could do something. It hasn’t amounted to much though.” The letter had tastefully skipped over my crazed assault on poor Dr. Kovacs.

“Wait. So you mean, you went to see a hypnotist–”

“–hypnotherapist–”

“And all of the sudden you start having these episodes, and you don’t think that maybe, just maybe, he’s got something to do with it?”

“I did consider that, but... look, just trust me. It’s not him, OK?”

“No, it’s not OK. How do we know this guy isn’t in on it? Has he ever...”

“Triggered me? No.” Then I remembered our first session. “I mean, not on purpose.”

“Hold it. What the *fuck* is ‘not on purpose’ supposed to mean?”

“Well... he put me under – and he did encourage me to have someone there, but I said no – and I had this kind of flashback, and when I snapped out of it, I was on my knees in his office sucking his dick.”

She stood up. “I’m gonna kill him.”

“Viv, wait – no, it’s not like that.” I was 95% sure, at least. “I came after him, hard, to see if he’d been involved, and he had an alibi. That night we were at Tucker’s Country Junction? He was at a trivia night at a bar. You know, and they don’t let you use your phones. I even confirmed it with his friend.”

“Sorry, his alibi for not handing out your passwords to creeps like he’s Julian fucking Assange was trivia night at a bar? That’s it? How do you know he didn’t have a second phone he used in the bathroom? Or that his ‘friend’ wasn’t actually just Curly, ready to double down on the bullshit? Or that he just gave it out earlier in the day?”

“Look, maybe I’m explaining this wrong. I trust him, OK? I really think he’s a good man, and he’s trying to help.”

“So if he’s trying to help you, then how’s come you’re not helped? Why hasn’t he just reached in there with the you’re-getting-sleepy routine and fixed you?”

“He can’t. Master wasn’t just some cheap trickster. The methodology of it was secret even to us, but I know Master didn’t just wave a stopwatch in front of me and have me wake up a dutiful sex slave. Master was thorough, methodical, ingenuitive... basically your classic mad scientist.” I winced, realizing that could be construed as criticism. “He was brilliant,” I amended. That felt better. “It took someone of Master’s calibre months to break me in, and even then there was plenty of fine-tuning and updates to my programming over the years.”

She made a face. “All right, fine. But you’re not going to see this guy alone any more, understand? One of us is going with you.”

I smiled. “OK, Viv.”

She scooted up next to me and put an arm around my shoulder. “Man, who ever thought it’d be you who turned out to be the big bag of crazy? Harmony Reed and her secret double life.”

“Yeah, I always thought it was gonna be Miguel.”

She grinned. “And to think, all this time I’ve been turning to Hannah for advice with guys when I got a walking sextionary right here. You holding out on anything else? Crap golden eggs, shoot lasers out of your eyes, anything like that?”

“Nope, my super power extends only to being a total nympho on command.”

“It’s a bird, it’s a plane, it’s – SUPER WHORE!” she said, then gave me a little squeeze. I started tearing up again, happy tears, without knowing why. We sat there like that for some time, side by side, her head leaning on my shoulder.

“We’re gonna get you fixed, Harm,” she said firmly.

“I hope so,” was all I said.

“And you better pray I never find out one of those triggers of yours, or we’re gonna see real quick the limits on my willpower.” She nuzzled my neck with her nose. It felt weirdly reassuring to be teased about it.

At least, I was pretty sure she was teasing.

Chapter Six

“Nice to meet you, Ms. Schultz,” said David, taking Vivian’s hand. “I’m so glad Harmony’s brought you.”

She gave me a micro-glance; the whole way over here she’d been speculating that David was using me to lure more young women into his sinister fold. Lines like that weren’t helping build her trust. She at least shook his hand, then sat back down next to me on the couch.

“Eyebrows are bushier than you said,” she whispered to me. I flicked her in the arm and turned my attention back to David.

“So you said you’re ready to get serious about your situation. That’s very good, Harmony. I see you’ve begun by reaching out to your support network. Have you told anyone other than Ms. Schultz?”

“A few other friends. Or at least, I wrote a letter to each of them. Vivian was the only one home when I went to deliver them yesterday.”

“Good. Very good. Hopefully they’ll show equal amounts of support.”

“Hopefully.”

“Have there been any more incidents?” he asked.

I nodded. “One. At work, after I left here Friday night.”

“Can you tell me about it?”

“If it’s all the same... I’d rather not. I survived it, and no harm done. I think.” I hadn’t gotten a call from my boss at least, so maybe I wasn’t fired after all.

“Fair enough – you don’t have to tell me everything, after all.”

I took Vivian’s hand; she gave me a supportive squeeze. “So what’s our next move?”

David took a long breath. “Right. So what I’d like to do is try to bring you under again. Today, I think we should see if we can’t bring about one of your triggers, then keep you under and see if we can start working on getting you to return to normal without letting your programming run its course.”

I cocked my head to the side. “Why in the hell didn’t we try this before?”

He cleared his throat, cheeks reddening a bit. “Well, to be honest, I was a bit apprehensive about putting you under again, especially to attempt to induce one of your triggers, without someone else present.”

“What, don’t want to sneak in another free blowjob from your patient?” Vivian chimed in cattily.

David went goggle-eyed. “I swear to you Ms. Schultz – that was an accident! I couldn’t stop her, and... I assure you, that is *not* how I do business. I’ve apologized, and I’m apologizing again, and...”

“It’s OK, David. Vivian’s just playing catch-up here, and she hasn’t had time to get over it yet. Right, Viv?” I said, glaring at her.

She grumbled something expletive-laden under her breath. “Fine. Just... don’t get any funny ideas. All right, doctor?”

“Of course not. Now Harmony, if you’ll please lie down – Ms. Schultz, you can sit anywhere you like, make yourself comfortable.”

Vivian went from the couch beside me to the floor beside the couch. David frowned slightly at the proximity, but fresh off her rebuke, let it slide. “Do we need to, I dunno, restrain her or anything?”

“I’m turning into a slut, not a werewolf,” I said, giggling. Me – giggling, about this! Already heartening. Vivian just rolled her eyes and let David get to work. I closed my eyes, and like the last time, he began his routine. First the metronome, then the deep and even breathing. It was a little harder being calm this time around, having some idea what to expect. Before, he’d put me under and I’d had this nonsensical series of mini-flashbacks to my days of slavery, and then it felt like I woke up three seconds later with his cock in my mouth.

Accordingly, it took him a bit longer, but Vivian’s being there really did help calm me down. She’d keep an eye on me whatever happened, and part of me was even relieved to think she might see me at my weirdest. She’d been amazing in believing my story so readily, but having her read about it and having her see it with her own eyes were two different things.

“We’re doing very well,” David was saying, “ready to take off, ready to float away. We’re letting go of the last of that weight, one breath at a time... one breath... by one breath... as we’re reaching... level... one... and *trance*.”

My mind shattered like glass. Each sliver of it was me, all me and all the same time, all broken and distorted and scattered. I saw my reflection in every one of them.

I was on my knees, arms bound behind my back, a man’s hands grasping firmly at the pigtails of my hair and fucking my face like a fleshlight. Each violent thrust hurt, and I loved it more each time.

I was with two people – husband and wife. The woman was complaining that this wouldn’t work, that this was a waste of money. That I was a waste of money. With feather-light touches, I guided them both to suckle at a breast. She fell silent.

I was waist-deep in the water of a clean lake. Dawn was beside me. Vanessa dove in from a swinging piece of rope, drenching us, and we all fell to laughter as my retaliation became a splash fight. It wasn’t funny, but it was important to look like we were three girls consumed by childlike fun. Master was watching.

I was floating mid-air, my legs wrapped around the waist of the man fucking my pussy. The effort required to stay aloft was intense, and breathing was near

impossible with the other man's cock in my mouth. I cared more than he did about the resulting inadequacy of my blowjob. He just liked that he could make me try.

I was in a costume, a little green jerkin and two pink, shimmering wings of gossamer fluttering behind me. "I grant wishes," I was saying, clasping my hands together around a pink wand, smashing my tits together so they were barely even constrained. "If you could have anything you wanted right now, what would it be?"

I was in the dining room eating a burned grilled cheese. Master had taken my first effort, eating it as I sucked his perfect cock beneath the table. My second one had burned while I worked, but with the aftertaste of Master's spunk on my breath, it was the most delicious sandwich I'd ever had.

I was bound hands and wrists, and hands to wrists, a hood tied over my head. I was screaming for help. "You're terrified, eh?" said a man's voice nearby. "Enjoy it while you can, girlie."

I was standing in lineup position as a guest decided who he would take that night. I hadn't been fucked in over three entire days. I needed it bad. When he picked Sasha instead, I couldn't help but cry.

I was riding the cock of a gorgeous man, my nails digging into his chiseled abs as he met my every bounce with another thrust. He must have had a great deal of money, as he had been able to afford to come back to me many times now. As I collapsed atop him following our simultaneous orgasm, he stroked my hair and said he'd give anything to meet a real girl like me.

I was in a pile of writhing, sweating, naked women. I fingered any pussy that I touched, groped any tits that found their way into my hand, sucked on anything anyone put in front of me.

I was in bed next to Master for the first time. Earlier that day Master had told me my training was complete, and as a reward, I could be used any way I specified. "I would never dream of telling you what to do, Master." It was the final step in my post-enslavement inspection, and I had passed it.

I was holding out a defiant hand out-stretched, spandex encasing my entire body, a mask covering my face. The guest was role playing as Doctor Mindhead. I was Lady Freedom, destined to fall to his nanobots and be remade as The Cuntinator.

I was shivering outside the back door, looking with longing at the girls splashing around Master's indoor pool. I'd been sent outside after missing a hair in my last bikini wax. That had been eight hours ago, but it wouldn't be much longer. Master had told me to come back inside when it was time to open Christmas presents at midnight.

I was in the gym. My limbs were burning from sheer exhaustion, but the man had said he wanted to watch me do five hundred jumping jacks. "Three-thirty-one, three-thirty-two, three-thirty-three..."

I was in the shower room, talking over my night with Sasha, Nell and Ana Maria. Nell was telling us that her guest had offered Master \$20,000 to be allowed to draw blood, but had been told it wasn't close to enough. In unison, we sighed delightedly at being so valuable to our Master.

I was in my bedroom with a young man, patting my bed to invite him to sit beside me. "I don't bite," I promised. He sat down, stammering that he'd never been with a girl before, much less one as pretty as me. I rubbed his thigh softly in thanks, and he came. "Don't apologize – I think it's flattering."

I was crawling after the rubber bone as fast as I could, determined to get there before Vanessa could. Whoever brought it back to the guest first would get a treat!

I was waking up with my mouth on a heavysset woman's pussy, mind fuzzy and senses dulled. I'd passed out there, I remembered, because she'd squeezed my face too hard between her legs. Now Master was watching her angrily. "Don't smother her. This merchandise isn't cheap to replace, you know."

I was in the training room, being tutored to perfect my rape victim performance. I was asking Vanessa if the man left me in reach of an obvious weapon if I should try to use it. "Of course," she replied. "But make sure to miss. He's supposed to win, after all."

I was in the dark. The man who would become my Master was speaking words I couldn't understand. I wanted to. I needed to understand them so I could act on them. Those words held the power over my will, and the power was in the voice who spoke them. I could hear them, but not yet recognize them. He was still filling my mind with their meaning. I heard them.

When I came to, I knew two things. First, I had not really come to. I was triggered. This was my default obedience trigger, and I would obey any command I was given. From the outside, I might seem robotic, even dull, but on the inside, my mind was firing on all cylinders to make sure I complied in the most pleasing way possible.

The second thing I realized was that I had pinned Vivian to the couch and had her left nipple between my teeth.

I released it and sat up. Vivian immediately darted away from the couch, pulling her blouse closed. There were no buttons to it any more. David quickly offered her the sweater that had been draped over the back of his chair. She accepted it reluctantly, putting it on over her ruined blouse, then clutching it over her chest. It was hilariously over-sized on her, but it covered her at least.

Then they returned their attention to me. Not that I minded. I would sit here and wait until I had been given an order.

“Are you yourself again, Harmony?”

“I’m not sure what you mean, David,” I said.

“He means, are you gonna keep trying to fuck everything that moves, psycho,” Vivian said peevishly as she took a place leaning against the wall opposite me. She was glaring, but I could also see signs of arousal in her. I adjusted my thought processes so that I would obey her commands sensually, but while preserving her capacity to feel disgust.

“Only if you ask me to,” I said.

“So you’re triggered then, I take it?” he asked.

“Yes.”

“Do you feel all right?”

“Yes. Unless you wish me to be more specific, in which case, I feel excellent.”

He addressed his tape recorder. “Subject achieved hypnotic state with the same ease as previous attempt. Possible her history has made her more susceptible. After achieving hypnotic state, subject began to exhibit sexual mania, acting to initiate sexual contact with myself and with the observer. Restraint was not possible without endangering subject. Observer allowed subject to act out. Episode lasted between seven and eight minutes.”

“Subject owes observer a new fucking blouse, too,” Vivian said, speaking up for the recorder. David chuckled as he set it back down.

“Of course,” I immediately agreed, lifting my top off over my head. “Would you like this one?”

“Put that back on!” Vivian snapped just as David averted his eyes – with only a momentary delay, I was pleased to note – and echoed the command in a calmer voice.

“Now Harmony, can you tell me about your current mental state?”

“Yes.” I could have continued, but I thought he might like me in a more literal status. His perfect programmable post-hypnotic client.

“Do so, please.”

“I have been triggered. In this state, I will obey any commands you give me to the best of my ability.”

“What about the commands of Ms. Schultz?”

“Hers also. I have already made a mental note to purchase an identical blouse upon departure from this office.”

“Is this normal, for your trigger to extend to two people?”

I considered a moment. “Yes.”

“Elaborate, please – and please do so for all of your answers.”

“And be totally honest,” Vivian quickly added. “Don’t worry about sparing feelings.”

“Very well. It is normal for my trigger to extend to two people, because Master triggers me, then often leaves me in the presence of the person to whom the trigger is to apply. Since I am in your presence, it is clear I am to obey the two of you.”

“So you think this is what your master wants?”

“I am certain.”

“But he’s dead now, Harmony. So how can you be sure?”

“Because Master programmed me to function this way. Master did not say to stop functioning this way if Master dies. Therefore it was what Master wanted.”

Vivian rolled her eyes. “Some airtight fuckin’ logic there.”

“Do you know how you came to be triggered like this?”

“No.” Mindful of his command to elaborate, I immediately continued. “The hypnosis seemed to induce a sudden flood of random memories from my enslavement. When I was self-aware again, I was like this.”

David crossed his legs. It was a smart move – it would make it harder for Vivian to see the erection he was sprouting, now that she wasn’t distracted by me going crazy. “You told me before that each of your triggers contains distinct behavioral patterns. Could you tell us about this one?”

“This is a very simple one – unthinking obedience. I will do anything either of you ask. It is not quite the same as my robotic trigger, but it is an easy way to think of me right now. I will do anything you say. Please command me.”

“Tell me then – did you really ruin that lavender top I loaned you?”

“No. I decided it was ugly, so I threw it away and told you I got a stain on it that wouldn’t come out. I was trying to spare your feelings.”

“I knew it!”

David turned to her with that steady paternal gaze of his. “I’m not sure it’s ethical to take advantage of her in her condition. Err, now that we can avoid it.”

“Lying son of a…” She sighed. “All right, fine. But that one still counts – we’ll talk about this later.”

“Very well,” I said blithely, just to annoy her a bit. Hopefully if I kept prodding her, she’d become more aggressive about ordering me around. I wanted her to enjoy me, after all.

“Back to your condition, then,” David continued. “You said you’ll do anything we say. Are there limits, any things you won’t do?”

I shrugged. “I couldn’t say.”

Vivian frowned. “Meaning you know, but won’t tell us? Or that you yourself don’t know?”

“I couldn’t say.”

It was plain she was thinking, so David and I let her have a moment. “All right, I got one for you. Say your master’s name.”

“Master.” That ought to annoy her.

“No, I mean... what is his name on his birth certificate?”

“I don’t know. Master never showed it to me.”

She sighed, exasperated. “What’s his given name? What would people he hasn’t enslaved, who don’t know him as a mind control rapist call him?”

“I can’t tell you that. If Master wanted you to know, Master would have told you.”

She looked to David, then back to me as she spoke. “All right, so there are limits. So... if I told you to, would you kill someone?”

“I don’t know. Nobody ever used this trigger for that purpose before.”

“Kill Dr. Kovacs.”

I laughed. “I’m sure he wouldn’t enjoy that. Isn’t there anything else I can do for you, Vivian?”

David cleared his throat. “I think that’s enough of that, Ms. Schultz.”

“What? I was just seeing—”

“She never mentioned that she was used as a sleeper assassin or the like. If she was and if she managed to forget it, I don’t think we do her any favors by reminding her. She has enough worries as it is.”

“Yeah, I guess. Sorry, got a little excited there.”

“I know you meant well. Myself, I’m more worried that she’d do *herself* harm if commanded. But I’m certainly not interested in finding out.”

I didn’t like that he was hesitant to give me orders, so I tried to be encouraging. “I would be happy to hurt myself if you asked. Just tell me how, or how much.”

They both looked at me like I was some bizarre alien species. Which I suppose I was, nearly. Still, I wasn’t compelled to apologize and ingratiate – only to be perfectly obedient. I knew they wouldn’t want me to hurt myself, but I figured it might help them if they stopped seeing me as Harmony Reed, and started to see me as a thing that could do what it was told.

“OK, you’re freaking me out. Can you just... be Harmony again?”

I smiled, sitting back in my seat and relaxing my posture. “Sure I can. Sorry, Viv. I know that was kinda weird.”

Her own smile returned, and she came and sat next to me on the couch. “Oh thank god. You were really giving me the chills there.”

“I didn’t mean to. And, um, sorry about... whatever I did, earlier. I don’t really remember, or I’d do a bullet list.”

“Oh shut up, Harm, you’ve already apologized for enough shit that wasn’t your fault this week.” She looked over to David. “So there we go – we can wake her up, but we just gotta tell her to snap out of it.”

I nodded, but David plainly wasn’t convinced, and rightly so. “I’m not sure that we did end her triggered state, Ms. Schultz.”

“Sure we did. Harm, you’re *you* again, right?”

As a little Harmony-style joke, I peered down my neckline. “Those definitely look like me.”

“See? She’s cool again.” She put an arm around my shoulder.

He stroked his little goatee. “Hmm. Harmony, stand on one foot.”

Immediately, I did so, her arm slipping off even as it latched on. “Will there be anything else? Would you prefer it if I removed some of my clothing? Or all of it?”

He instead responded to Vivian. “See, you told her to be herself, so she began play-acting the part to please you.” I nodded to Vivian – no sense pretending otherwise. Plus, it might help her see how she could change my personality just by saying it.

“OK then. So Harm, how do we *actually* end your trigger?”

“Master could do so manually. Otherwise, it ends when my time with the guest has run its course.”

David stiffened somewhat. “And what does that mean, ‘run its course’?”

“When I’ve provided them sufficient pleasure. Not necessarily an orgasm, but when it’s plain that their interest in me has for the time being faded.”

Vivian lightly slapped my knee, and I planted the attached foot back on the ground. “Our interest has faded. Snap out of it.”

“I’m afraid I can’t do that. I can resume acting as if I have, if it would please you.”

It was quiet a moment as my controllers pondered their next move – hopefully how best to make use of me. I waited patiently, still standing where I’d been told to stand.

“All right, Harmony,” said David finally. “I want you to tell me why you came here today.”

“To get your help in escaping whatever’s causing me to be triggered.” I shrugged, trying hard to get Vivian over her frustrating loyalty. “I guess it’s not going so well. But that’s OK. This is better. I’m happier like this. Nothing satisfies me quite like having someone to obey.”

David just kept on, like a dog with a bone. “I want you to try resisting feeling this way. Be how you were when you came in earlier – eager to never feel like this again.”

“I’m sorry, David. But I can’t. I’m nothing but a slave.” I smiled. He had to see the beauty in this. So many others had – why was he being so obtuse?

“You’re more than that, Harm,” Vivian pressed. “You’re... you’re... fuck, this is so fucked up! It’s like trying to take a dog away from its asshole owner. Fuckin’ mutt doesn’t want to leave, even if it’s bad for it. It just wants its fucking master.”

I smiled at her realization – she was beginning to get it. “Exactly. And for now, the two of you are my masters. What can I do for you? I’d be happy to suck your cock again, David. I know how you enjoyed it last time.”

He began to stammer a denial, but I talked right over it. “It’s all right to admit it. Even a mediocre blowjob feels good, and I’m quite talented. You can use my mouth however you want.”

Before he could reply, I turned to Vivian, talking fast – if they got in a word, they might try to convince each other I wasn’t their obedient slave girl again. This would be so much easier if I could be alone with one of them. I slipped back into the Harmony role she’d told me to adopt.

“And Viv, hon, come on. I *know* I got you turned on earlier. Would you like me to continue? I’m more experienced with men, but I’m very capable – *very* fucking capable – of pleasing a woman. I’ve always been attracted to you, so you wouldn’t even be taking advantage. You’d just be removing those stupid, fake obstacles we put up to keep ourselves from having a good time. Just let me take care of you. I promise you won’t regret it. And when I wake up from this, we’ll still be friends, and I’ll be glad you let me do it.”

The two of them both sat in their respective seats, stunned. I could tell they were both imagining it. To David, I subtly gave my lips a little lick – not to be suggestive, just like they were dry or something – and to Vivian, I gave her a coy, friendly smile. *I’m not some freaky sex slave*, it said. *I’m your friend, and I’m hot, and I wanna play.*

“Harmony, go to the waiting room and stay there until you’re told otherwise.” David’s order was so sudden, it seemed to surprise even him. It wasn’t the order I’d hoped to provoke, but it was still an order. So I did what I was made to do. I obeyed.

David’s secretary asked me when I’d like to schedule another appointment; I told her politely but firmly that I wasn’t done yet, that I’d just been commanded to wait here until Dr. Kovacs needed me. She arched an eyebrow, but didn’t question it. I guess she knew a thing or two about blind obedience too.

Finally, the office door opened and Vivian came out. “That will be all for today, Harmony,” said David from his chair. “We’ll call later to follow up.”

“Let’s go, Harm – you’re with me, looks like,” Vivian said sourly.

Six hours later, I was still triggered. “God fucking damnit, stop giving me that submissive look!” she yelled.

“I’m sorry. How would you like me to look?” I replied. She’d long since told me to abandon the “Harmony act,” saying that I wasn’t her and it wasn’t right for me to pretend I was. I’d countered that if I wasn’t Harmony, then there was no reason for her not to use me. She’d stormed off to her bedroom and locked the door behind her. When she’d come out, she’d found me kneeling outside it. Naked.

I hadn't even been able to get a line in before she yelled to get dressed and stop kneeling and slammed the door again.

I still hadn't snapped out of it. How could I? She was obviously still immensely preoccupied by the temptation, and I was doing everything I could (within the bounds of her commands) to push her over the edge. I'd tried posing for her, recommending nonsexual roles I could occupy like cleaning, using suggestive phrasings, bluntly encouraging her to command me, listing the ways I could please her... None of it had broken her.

The real Harmony would probably be incredibly impressed at her refusal, touched even, but I obviously couldn't let her know that. Instead, I told her that I was still me beneath all this, and that I could honestly say I would be happy if she used me for sex. I don't think she bought it, though. It might be true – though to be honest, I didn't really care enough how she – I – would feel to waste thought on it. Those feelings didn't matter right now.

"I'll be right out here if you need anything whatsoever," I called out to her. In response, she cranked the speakers in her bedroom to drown me out. So I sat there, unmoving, waiting for my temporary mistress to command me. The trigger couldn't be over yet. She was obviously interested, but hadn't yet been willing to act on her desires.

I could wait.

Some time later, the apartment door opened. In walked the guy from last night, muscle guy with all his tattoos. He gave me a smile, and I returned it. "Viv home?"

"She's in her room." I pointed.

"Cool. You're that girl from last night, right? I'm Jax." He extended a hand.

I shook it. "Harmony. Good to meet you, Jack."

"Jax, with an x," he clarified.

"What an... interesting name."

"Nickname. Got it when I was fourteen – won six grand countin' cards at blackjack." He grinned like that was supposed to impress me, and I humored him with a little smile.

"Very cool."

"So like, you guys in the middle of somethin'? I don't wanna interrupt."

Moments like this were why I preferred nearly all of my triggers to the Harmonon one. I did the math here in heartbeats. If the goal was to make Vivian comfortably treating me as her servant rather than her friend, what better way to do that than to showcase my general lack of limitations? I might even be able to recruit Jax here to my side without much effort, and he could help me work on her.

"We're not doing anything. I'm just here to do whatever Harmony wants me to do. I'm her slave for the night."

That sure perked him up. "What, like, you lose a bet or something?"

“Or something,” I said coyly. “Only she’s been dragging her feet – I’m having a hard time getting her to take on her end of the deal.”

“Girl’s got issues, man. Tell you what, I won a night with a girl like you, I wouldn’t be draggin’ nothin’ ‘cept your fine ass down to my bedroom.”

In another trigger, such poetry might well have made my pussy go wild. As it was, I simply played along. “You’re sweet – and pretty cute. Maybe we could see if Viv wants to have a little fun – you know, all three of us?”

There it was, that face guys made when they realized a lifelong fantasy. He’d learned my name thirty seconds ago, and he was already primed to fuck me. It was just too easy. “That... sounds good, baby.”

“I’ll ask. You just wait here.” I sauntered down the hallway to her door and knocked. “Viv?”

The music got louder. My second knock was more of a pound. “Vivian? Your friend Jax is here,” I half-yelled.

A moment later, the music stopped. “Send him in. And don’t fucking touch him.”

Jax was close enough to overhear. He slipped past me as I flattened myself against the wall to avoid contact, and then I was alone again. Not having been commanded to abstain from eavesdropping, I just stood right outside the door and listened. Their voices were hushed; I could have taken it as an implied order to stop what I was doing, but Vivian deserved the pleasure of giving me real commands, not just having me guess at what she might like.

“What did she say to you?”

“Not a whole lot – just that you girls got some secret agreement or something. I think we should bring her on in. Have ourselves a good time.”

“Jax, no. It’s not... it’s not that simple. She’s not herself right now.”

“What’s that mean? Not herself?”

“Like... I dunno. She’s, like, on something, and it’s making her kind of... stupid.” That might have been hurtful if I could register indignation right now.

“So what? She’s a big girl – she wouldn’t be askin’ for it if she didn’t want it on some level.”

“Hold on – she asked for it?” He must have replied nonverbally, because Vivian went right on. “Still. It’s... not right.”

“Come on, Viv! I know you got your appetites. You can just... have her take care of the stuff you don’t like so much.”

“You know, it’s not as hot as you think it is, hearing you try to get me to give you my blessing to have my friend suck your dick.”

“Did I say I was gonna fuck her? Did I say that?” Vivian began to reply, but he answered his own question over her. “I’m just saying, let her do the foreplay, get me

good and ready for you. And I know you don't like kissing after I've been smoking, so... you know, you got somebody there for that too."

Vivian hesitated. My heart leapt in my chest. Was he finally getting through to her? Would she finally take control of me?

"This... this isn't right."

"Right? Not right? Shit, weren't you the girl who just the other day was going on about how good it felt to do something wrong?"

"I only said that because it sounds hot." Even without seeing her, I was sure that was a lie.

Jax apparently saw through it too. "Come on, just bring her on in here, and if she's not up for it, let her say no."

"Harmony *can't* say no," Vivian argued. Why did those words make me even hornier?

Jax laughed. "Sounds like our kind of girl, Viv. Come on, you're baby-sitting your high-ass friend, trying to do right by her, I get that. But I think you owe this to yourself, and to her. She wouldn't have brought it up if she didn't want it too."

"But... Jax, baby..."

"Come on. Just say yes – get out of your own way."

Do it, Viv. Do it. Say yes.

"I... I'm..."

"Attagirl, c'mon, let's have some fun, dammit!"

It was quiet a moment. I stood tensed, at the ready to open the door and become the plaything, the sex object I was triggered to be. Finally.

Only instead, I heard a sudden thunk – which I realized a moment later had been Vivian's hand connecting with Jax's jaw. "Get the FUCK out of my apartment, and don't you EVER show your face around here or I will shred it off your fucking SKULL! You understand me, you sonuvabitch?!"

I had to jump back to avoid being nearly trampled by Jax, who had evidently been taken quite a bit off guard. He was rubbing his reddening face and stumbling toward the door. "Fine, you're a crazy fuckin' skank anyway!"

That prompted Vivian to dart past me and after him. Jax probably had forty pounds on her, but he knew a credible threat when he saw one. He ran out the door, but not before Vivian's foot hit him in the ass so hard he fell to his hands and knees. From there, he scrambled away, still taunting, but only as a salve for his wounded pride.

She slammed the door behind him and leaned her head against it. I could see she was crying. An angry, heaving sort of crying. Her fists clenched and unclenched as if preparing to run after him and clobber him all over again.

Finally, she turned back to me, wiping tears on her sleeves. "Fuckin' creep," she said. Her heart wasn't in it though.

“I’m sorry if I caused you pain. Tell me how I can make you feel better.”

Vivian just looked at me for a long moment, then shuffled past me to her bedroom and fell forcefully on her bed. She didn’t have a frame for it – just some boxsprings that sat on the floor. She squirmed to reach the lamp that sat on the floor beside it next to her phone charger, and plunged the room into darkness.

“Well, you coming?” she said after a moment. I practically skipped down the hall, diving into bed beside her. In an instant I was hungrily pressing my lips to hers, hands working with all their honed dexterity at slipping down her panties under her skirt.

She grabbed my wrist and stopped me, pulled away from my lips. “No, Harm. Just... just let’s go to sleep, OK? That’s what I want from you right now. Just hold me.”

Chapter Seven

I woke up to the smell of body wash floating on a thin cloud of steam coming from Vivian's bathroom. I didn't hear the shower running, and indeed Vivian appeared in the doorway a moment later as I was still sitting up, hair wet and wrapped in a towel.

"So. Are you, you?" she asked, eyes narrowing.

"Yeah, Viv. I'm me."

"Good. Then I can finally say this." She walked right up to me, looming over me. "Go fuck yourself."

Mercifully, her smile came after, and the worst she followed up with was shoving me back down to the bed. "I'm so sorry. I wish you'd never had to see me... like that."

"You and me both," she said, casually ditching her towel. I revised my earlier thoughts that she was *almost* fit for Master's ranch. With her small breasts and tight butt, she would have been one of his more petite slaves, but she'd have fit right in.

I quite nearly regretted she hadn't given in to me last night.

"You and that guy, Jax. Is it... Did I..."

"Don't sweat it," she answered, pulling on a pair of panties. She had one of those compact little asses that looked even better partially covered. "He and I were nothing serious. And hey – you helped me peg him as an asshole early on, so maybe I owe you one."

"Hey, any time," I said, easing myself to my feet and enjoying a nice long stretch. "And, um, just to make sure I officially say it: thanks. Thanks for keeping an eye on me, and for... you know. Not... you know."

She slipped on her bra, a utilitarian dark gray thing. "You sure didn't make it easy, Harm. Damn, that master guy sure tuned you for top gear performance."

At her gesture, I handed her a shirt hanging on the end of the footboard and watched her put it on. "And just think, I wasn't even the best he had."

"Well babe, as psycho sex slaves go, you're for sure the best I've ever seen." Vivian braved a glance back at me standing there in my underwear, having shed most of my clothes somewhere in the middle of the night. Sleep-stripping was pretty common for me even when I was comfortable, and Vivian's place wasn't air-conditioned.

"Oh come on, you hardly saw anything, ya spoilsport. Like a kid who gets a brand new toy and instead of playing with it, just plays with the box. 'Just hold me.' Nerd." I snorted.

"Weren't you just thanking me for not taking advantage of you?"

"Sure. Doesn't mean you're not a nerd though."

“You’re lucky I’m only, like, 20% bi, Harm.” Her eyes glanced down unbidden. “30% tops.”

I put my hands on her forearms as she was pulling her skirt into place. “What would it take to talk you up to, say...”

“If you’re going to make a sixty-nine joke...”

I smiled, guiding her hands to my hips. “I wasn’t, but now that you mention it...”

Her hands slipped around to the rear, copping a feel of my buttocks, mostly exposed in my bikini style panties. I readied myself for her to tear into me. Fuck I was horny. It was incredibly rare for me to be triggered and not have at least one orgasm, and I was hungry for it. As for Vivian, her sexual appetite was fairly legendary, second only to the one I’d taken such pains to hide from her.

Then she scooted me around behind her, pinched my butt, and walked out of the bedroom. “I gotta get to work, Harm – as do you, I believe.” She smirked over her shoulder as she headed for the door. “Make sure you lock up behind you, K?”

I made it to school less than five minutes late, just in time to clock in without anyone noticing. Students were already trickling in, teachers tiredly shuffling by, clinging to coffee cups like a shipwreck victim to a life preserver. It was the last week before finals, and I’d learned last year to just stay out of their way, make myself invisible wherever possible.

I wanted to be invisible more than usual today. In morning traffic, dashing home before coming in would have added an hour to my ETA when I factored in changing and a quick shower. (Vivian had kindly used all of her hot water.) Principal Headley was already on my case, and he hated truancy in his staff even more than in his students.

So here I was, wearing the same clothes I’d come to work in yesterday, sans the panties, which my arousal had soaked so thoroughly that I couldn’t stand to keep them on. The rest was wrinkled from being half slept in and half crumpled up on the floor. My hair looked no better, though I’d tried to groom a little on my drive in. It hadn’t done much. I was the poster child for the walk of shame – except I hadn’t even gotten any.

I’d never been so bitter to find out how much a friend cared about me.

So I settled in at my desk, grateful at least that my dress had a dark floral print and it wouldn’t be obvious if my pussy kept misbehaving. There was the usual flurry of activity first thing. Usually by nine o’clock or so, I could have at least sneaked off to the restroom and taken care of myself – except today, of course, there was a project. Principal Headley had me putting files for our graduating students from his office into boxes, then wheeling them down to storage in the basement.

It wasn't unprecedented, quite, to be triggered but left wanting. Ordinarily I climaxed easily – certainly far more so than I had pre-enslavement – and so even a guest who made no effort to stimulate me (which was common enough) often got me off unwittingly. It really was one of the nicer side effects of what Master had done to me – I could orgasm as easily from being fucked in my pussy, to my ass, my clit, even nipple play. I could even orgasm without my pleasure centers being touched if they played me just right.

Still, at the ranch, whenever I was left high and dry (not literally dry, of course), I could easily find someone to take care of it. Master was by no means impossible to seduce, and even when I couldn't get access, I spent my life literally surrounded by beautiful, nubile slave girls who were as constantly aroused as I was. Not to say we lived in a constant lesbian orgy, but most of us were pretty easy to talk into a quick romp.

It filled the time between servicing guests, at least.

Only now, there was nobody here to take care of me. Plenty of people who I knew would, gladly. Broad-shouldered jocks, midriff-baring pre-sluts, even a good number of faculty I'd happily drag into a mop closet. No such luck. There was just me, and the files, and Principal Headley.

All morning long I kept waiting for it. Surely it had to happen – I *deserved* this. I *needed* it. Whoever this sonofabitch was who was passing along my triggers, if they had even a shred of mercy, they'd hand me over to the principal and let the man go to town on me. It was exactly the sort of thing they'd do. I did everything in my power to signal my readiness. Flirtatious glances, will-there-be-*anything*-else-sir?'s, tossing my hair, fidgeting with my necklace, bending at the waist – from both sides, so he got a good long look down my top and right at my legs where they disappeared into my brief dress.

But nothing. If he'd been given my trigger, he was either too much of a pussy to use it, or he was waiting for the right moment.

The moment never came. I didn't even treat myself to a quick masturbatory jaunt to the lady's room, hoping instead to work out my issues the proper way. Instead, the minutes kept on ticking away. My anxiety was punctuated only by a few meetings on his part that left me stewing at my desk, and my lunch break, during which I didn't even trust myself to eat near other staff members. Lucy Eckhardt, lucky enough to be trapped alone with him in his office just because she got caught ditching sixth period. I could hear him reading her his tired old riot act through the door. I could be quiet, though, if he took me in there. I could be so fucking quiet, as quiet as he ordered me to be.

Just fucking order it already!

"What was that, Miss Reed?" asked Mrs. Fritz, one of the English teachers.

Shit, did I say that out loud? My mind raced, and I quickly held up a finger and put the other hand to my ear, as if I had a blue tooth headset in. She seemed to buy it,

her mind filling in whatever context she needed, and then I was alone again. Damn it, I was really losing it.

Stupid Vivian, respecting my autonomy. She should've left me with David. I *know* I could've broken his resolve. I'm much better with dicks than with chicks, in truth.

Then while I was actually on the phone with a parent, Principal Headley left for a meeting at the district office. I checked his calendar; he'd be gone for the rest of the day. He was gone. And he hadn't used me for even a moment. Not so much as an inappropriate slap on the ass for doing a good job. Worse, by the time he left, the office had picked up in activity again, so I couldn't even sneak off and resign myself to a lowly jilling in the faculty restroom.

Normally I was supposed to stay on for another half hour after the last bell, but with the principal gone, I lit out the door alongside the students. If anybody noticed, they could just dock my pay. I needed to get out of there and into the adult world, where I could find someone with the good sense to fuck me like the choice piece of meat I was.

Of course, even with that purpose set before me, for all my eagerness, I'm as much a creature of habit as the next girl. As I started my car, I fished my phone out of my purse to check for notifications. (Like I told you before, Principal Headley is death on staff using their phones during work, so I avoided the temptation by leaving it in my car.) A couple texts, voicemail from Dr. Kovacs' office – probably to schedule our next appointment.

I went through each notification as I joined the procession of cars leaving the school, all of us crawling at a snail's pace to freedom. First up was a text from Justin: *Can we talk? Call or come by after 5.* That made me smile. It wasn't the immediate outpouring of support I'd gotten from Vivian, but it still felt good to hear back, that he wanted to speak to me again. It had been weeks, and just seeing his icon on the screen was a breath of fresh air.

Speaking of Vivian, her text was next. It was a picture of her, lips puckered and middle finger extended, followed by a series of emojis: kissy face, angry face, ice cube, panties, another kissy face. Somehow, that made sense. Good old Viv.

The last text was from an unknown number, though it helpfully identified itself. *Miss Reed its Matt we need to talk – got through to Jordan!!!* Glancing at the time stamp, it looked like he'd sent it not five minutes ago. Probably just missed me leaving the office.

I'm just now leaving the lot – can you catch up? I replied.

While I waited for him to answer, I checked the voicemail. Indeed, it was David's secretary calling to schedule an appointment. I dialed to call back.

"Dr. Kovacs' office, how can I help you?"

"This is Harmony Reed, returning your call," I said.

From the way her voice soured upon learning who was on the other end, I wondered how much she knew about my history with her boss. “Hold on, please – Dr. Kovacs wanted to speak with you when you called.”

She didn’t wait for me to respond before hitting the transfer button. As the phone rang in my ear, I glanced out and saw Matt rushing out one of the side doors, eyes searching frantically. I rolled down my window to wave at him, but then David picked up. These dialogues better go fast. I needed cock. “David Kovacs,” he said.

“David? It’s Harmony – your secretary said you wanted to talk? And I’m so sorry about yesterday.”

“Harmony! No, yesterday was nothing,” he said, his voice rushed. “Listen–”

“No, it wasn’t nothing,” I pressed. I wanted to get this out before Matt found me. “You’ve gone so far above and beyond for me, and I know I’ve made your life difficult, and weird, and–”

“Really, Harmony, don’t mention–”

“I mean it!” I insisted. “Most people would have sent me running for the hills, or called the cops on me, or just gone ahead and... you know. I mean... you know.”

“No, I would never... but listen–”

“Though I tell you, after the day I’ve had, I almost wish you would. Just wait until you hear–”

“Harmony!” he shouted. Startled, I fell silent, and after a moment, he continued, once again rushing his words.

“Harmony, I’ve figured it out. You see, it came to me when I was listening to the tape of yesterday’s session. Just like that first time I put you under, you drifted off and I couldn’t get through to you. You were just lying there mumbling, shaking a little... then you woke up and were, as you say, triggered.

“So I got to thinking. Neither time did I say anything once you were under. Vivian didn’t either. So then, if no one said your trigger phrase, how did you become triggered? Then I remembered what you said, that when I put you under and tried to take you back to your programming, you had this flurry of memories. Remember?

“Well anyway, then I realized that it had worked – only better than I’d thought, and not at all *how* I thought, if that makes any sense. You see, at first I thought I’d just tapped into some sort of primal arousal state, perhaps something your kidnapper drilled into you to aid in his training – the carrot to his stick, as it were – only what you experienced yesterday... that was no primal arousal state. You said it yourself – that was one of your triggers, one you remembered. But if I didn’t trigger you, and Vivian didn’t trigger you, then the only person who could have done it...

“It’s *you*, Harmony.”

We were both quiet, but it was he who broke it first. “I didn’t believe it at first either, but then I listened closer to what you were saying. A lot of it was gibberish, or a

rapid stream-of-consciousness as you were apparently dealing with too many memories to keep straight. But then I listened more closely at the end, right before you woke up, and... I heard it. You said the words yourself, Harmony. Maybe they're buried deep, but they're *in there* – which means we've finally located the only person who knows the triggers and was a factor in every one of your encounters. It's you, Harmony. It's always been you."

"What are the words, David?" I asked softly.

"Harmony, you have to know, I... I can't *say* them. You'll... You know."

I considered briefly. "True. Why don't you text it to me. I can just read part of it at a time."

"I'm not sure that's wise to do over the phone..."

"David. Please. I need this."

The phone gave only the sound of him catching his breath as an answer. I let him. "All right," he relented at last. "I'll send it. But *be careful*. We need to better understand what you've been doing before—"

"Just send it. Thank you."

"All right. But I want to see you in my office again – soon. Bring Vivian again, if you like, or someone else."

"I will. Goodbye, David."

My car finally reached the exit to the parking lot and pulled out onto the street. I could finally step on the gas.

"Who was that, Miss Reed?" Jordan asked from the back seat.

"Someone with some very good news, slut," I answered, tucking the phone back into my purse, then dropping it on the floor of the passenger's seat, right atop Matt's feet.

"Don't answer your phone again," he said. "You're with me now. You listen to me. You do what I say."

I arched an eyebrow coolly. "And what makes you think you have the right to tell me what to do, young man?"

"Listen – Jordan here might be perfectly happy to have you smack her around and play rough, but I'm a man. Understand? She's your bitch, but you're my bitch."

I granted him a small grin. He was hardly the first man to ask for a trigger and not want to play according to its intent. Men who wanted to trigger sweet-girl-next-door, then engage in a rape games; men who triggered a cum-thirsty cock-sucker but only let her slurp their spunk off her fingers as it dripped out of her hard-fucked snatch; even men who wanted Harmon on the bimbo just so they could ask her questions and laugh at her mental shortcomings. Playing against type was a welcome challenge.

"Sure, killer. We'll break her in good. Got somewhere in mind?"

He told me what he had in mind, and I started in that direction.

“Um, Matt?” she asked from the back seat. “I don’t get what’s going on here.”

“You’re reaping the rewards of that sexy-ass brain of yours, Jordan. Who else could’ve actually caught and remembered that gibberish she said to you right before she rocked your world?”

“So, what, like... you’re saying those words... they, like, let us control her?”

“They let you *change* me, slut. You don’t control me.”

“But... that’s impossible. I just thought... I dunno. That, like, Miss Reed was...”

I looked back at her in the rear view mirror. I could see her nipples poking out her white t-shirt with ease. “Come on, Jordan. Say it. Tell us what you thought I was.”

“I dunno... like, a slut, or whatever.”

“Well you weren’t wrong,” said Matt. “She’s that and way, way more.” He reached over and squeezed my right tit like he owned it. I could have came right there just from finally being with a man who appreciated what my triggers meant for him.

Jordan watched in adorably innocent awe as Matt fondled me while I drove. “You can help yourself if you want, Jordan,” he offered after a few minutes. By then, my blouse was unbuttoned down to my navel, and his hands were moving in and out of the cups of my bra.

“If you ask nicely,” I amended. He might want to power trip at me, but she was still a shy one, and they’d *both* triggered me back there while Dr. Kovacs had been talking to me. I owed her the royal bitch treatment, training her how to be a submissive little slut puppet, every bit as much as I owed him the pleasure of ignoring my airs and just owning me.

Jordan just stared. “I feel like I have no idea who you are or what is happening,” she said in a small voice.

Matt withdrew his hands as we pulled into a space in the motel parking lot. “Why don’t you tell her, babe. Go on. Tell her everything. Who are you?”

I was about to get fucked, and about to be used and commanded and treated the way I had been made to be treated. In my heart I was grinning ear to ear, but as I turned to the back seat, I leant an arrogant tilt to my lips. This little slut needed to know who and what she was dealing with.

“My name is Harmony Reed,” I said. “And I’m going to tell you a secret.”

