

The Secret of Harmony Reed vol. III
Chapter One

“That’s... wow. That’s one hell of a secret, Miss Reed,” Jordan said, eyes wide.

“I didn’t tell you I was a sex slave to impress you,” I snapped. It was more difficult being so feisty in the nude, but Jordan was intimidated by not only my age and position of authority in school, but by the situation in which she found herself. As for her cohort...

“Good, because it sounds to me like you’re nothing but a slut with an alibi,” said Matt with a bemused grin. He wasn’t intimidated by me at all. With good reason. He’d triggered me, after all.

“You should know I’m not some mere garden variety skank like your friend here,” I said, indicating my target by tugging her firmly by the neckline of her t-shirt, something for the school volleyball team, and pulling her face right down into my tits. It was a dominance marker, which was what this trigger was largely about.

The part of me that was an idle passenger in my automaton body rebelled at the way she immediately began sucking on my tits. After all, this cabin was absolutely sweltering, and the hot, wet mouth of this girl only exacerbated the discomfort. I had only the faintest notion where we were, as I’d been triggered on the drive over and much more focused on splitting my attention between driving and sassing my teenage master and mistress. (Splitting attention was important, since I couldn’t bring them pleasure if I got us in a collision and killed them.) We were a good thirty-some miles east of town, deep in the woods and a good way up in the hills.

In short, we were somewhere nobody would ever find us.

That would matter to me later, when I was a person. Right now, however, I was a slave, and my only concern was how to make the walls of this crappy old cabin quake with the orgasms of my owners-of-the-day.

Maybe I should explain. My name is Harmony Reed, and I was a sex slave. It looks like I am one again, at least for the evening. Right out of high school, while my classmates were landing their first jobs, getting knocked up, preparing for college, I spent my summer in the custody of Master, who abducted me right off the street. I was brainwashed. I don’t remember how, so whether it was science or sorcery, I wouldn’t be surprised either way. When I was done, Master used me whenever Master liked, however Master liked, and rented me out for money and favors.

In a sense, Master – whose name my brain can’t even try to think or say, nor reduce to mere pronouns like some ordinary man – didn’t rent *me* out. Master rented a fantasy version of me out. With his brainwashing techniques, he had installed dozens of different personalities inside me, to suit the tastes of any man or woman who could afford me. Slutty secretary, bratty stepdaughter, arrogant superheroine, girl who pretends she doesn’t want to be raped, girl who *actually* doesn’t want to be raped... You want it, you got it. The only consistencies between them were my body, and my desire to fulfill the fantasy.

Then one day, Master died. I alone was there to see it happen. Nothing dramatic, really; Master had simply taken me rock-climbing, and fell. I was programmed never to attempt to contact the outside world, and so even though I knew full well Master's phone was in Master's pocket, I didn't even try to see if it had fared better than Master from the fall. I stood there and watched Master die.

Watching, because I had to be sure Master didn't have any final commands.

So I left. I didn't try to go back home; I'd always been paranoid that it had been someone close to me that had sold me out to Master in the first place. Perhaps Master had instilled that paranoia as one more guard against escape, but I didn't dare risk it. So I tried to make a life for myself. I got a couple jobs, made some friends, tried not to think about my constant low-grade arousal.

Then one day, I decided to visit a hypnotherapist to try to fix my poor, sex-starved brain once and for all. I reached out to Dr. David Kovacs, and his first attempt at hypnosis unlocked something inside me that in the years since my escape from Master's ranch, I had nearly forgotten the potency. From that day on, I began to be triggered, just as Master had done to me, at random. A delivery man. A customer at the car wash I worked at. My friend Vivian. And, of course, young Jordan Shu, the young woman presently sucking hungrily at my boobs.

"God you look hot like that, Jordan," Matt said, one hand in his front pocket rubbing at his cock. The reminder that we had an observer snapped her out of her haze, and she drew back.

"Oh my gosh, Jordan, don't *look!* That's so... ew, you're touching yourself!"

"Come on, you're not full lezzie. Why don't the three of us head to the bedroom, see exactly where on the spectrum you fall?"

She frowned. "No thank you."

Neither of them consulted me. Naturally. You don't ask the family dog what room it wants to hang out in; you go, and it follows. In the hour it had taken to drive here, they had tested at length to make sure I was truly under their control. My dominance trigger was less obvious than most in that regard, but ultimately, I still wanted to please them. Maybe I had some attitude about my compliance, but as they pinched, poked, prodded and probed at me, I made sure they understood they were entirely welcome to do just that. At their behest, I told them all about my secret life with Master, as a whore and a slave.

There was an irony to all this. I'd spent the past few weeks in a state of perpetual paranoia, certain that someone somewhere was doling out my trigger words to strangers, letting them use my body at their leisure. Even I didn't know the triggers on a conscious level; the only way I knew "sparkle hydrangea vestibule" wasn't a trigger is the fact that I just thought it and nothing happened. They could be numbers, or nonsense words, or mere grunts, for all I knew.

Finally, Dr. Kovacs had realized the truth of it, and called me the moment he realized what was going on. Nobody was giving out my triggers. *I* was triggering *myself*. Like bubbles seeping to the surface of a tar pit, they were in there, slowly making their way to the surface

before popping and making a mess out of everything around it. All this time I'd spent looking over my shoulder, I actually should have been looking in a mirror.

The realization, however, was short-lived, and this is where the irony kicks in. I was still on the phone with Dr. Kovacs when Matt and Jordan triggered me, the first people to do so (other than myself) since Master's passing. Jordan, impressively, had both heard and retained whatever it was I'd said to trigger myself that day I'd caught her smoking with her friends in the girl's room. Good girl that she was, she'd initially gone with Dominant Harmony simply out of terror that her parents would find out. Soon, she realized something more was at play, and I treated her to one hell of a spectacle in an empty classroom. Matt had overheard some of it, and I'd had to explain myself to keep him quiet. Only then he'd apparently gone to Jordan, and together, the two of them had hopped in the back of my car and said the magic words.

So here I was. Alone with these two horny, conniving high school seniors, and completely at their mercy.

"Are you two going to stand around bickering all day?" I interjected as they were doing precisely that. "You triggered me. Now does either of you have the sack to even try to use me?"

Matt looked to Jordan, still hoping for a threesome, or at least to be allowed to watch. Jordan looked to me. "Can... can we do, err, be, alone?"

I shook my head in disgust. "I don't know. C-c-can we?" I actually didn't know; dual triggers were always tricky, trying to please two people whose interests might conflict.

"Eh, go for it," Matt said at last. "I'm gonna head down to the dock, see if I can catch us some dinner. When I get back, she's mine."

"If you think you can handle me, killer," I retorted, making sure to imply via my inflection that I did not.

"Come on, Jordan. Let's see if you can't improve upon your performance from last time." She smiled nervously. "OK, Miss Reed."

I couldn't even count the number of times I've received a spanking in my life. As a kid, my dad was a believer in corporal punishment and I went through a rebellious phase that earned me a few swats on occasion. But once I was taken by Master, I learned all about it. You'd be surprised how many guys have a thing for it. I was, at least. In my head, I figured a hot naked woman would be an obvious target for fucking and blowjobs. While those were pretty much a daily occurrence, it was a surprise how often a man took his hand to my backside.

For some, it was a playful swat or two in the midst of other activities, and for others, it was the whole purpose of their visit. Master had always demanded a premium to be allowed to do anything that might bruise, leave welts, or otherwise damage the merchandise, and part of me is still proud that Master frequently declined to allow the guests to thoroughly work me over in that regard. Not of out concern for my well-being, obviously. No, Master always kept self-gratification at the top of all other priorities, and exercised foresight in preventing damage to a girl Master might want to use for Master's own pleasure.

Here and there, I got a good deal more experience in doling out spankings than I ever would have absent Master's intervention in my life. In time, I began to see some of the attraction. The simple sight of a rounded bottom quivering after a slap. The percussive noise, followed by the recipient's own unique response. Some panted, some whimpered, some cried out, some held their breath and made no sound at all. There was the power of it all, too. While I'd developed a pretty deep submissive streak in my years at the ranch, I could still see the attraction of being allowed to handle someone so roughly, with such impunity.

As a true submissive though, I preferred receiving to distributing. That was the mark of the genuine article. Plenty of girls dabbled at submission, pretended to it, but for most of them, what they were after was the freedom not to make decisions on the minutiae of sex. They still wanted to come, to have their buttons pushed. We real deal submissives, though, get off from raw obedience, regardless of the external pleasure. From having their power and agency taken from them. From submitting.

Jordan Shu, I was learning, was one such.

So as I spanked the holy hell out of Jordan Shu's pale white ass, it was the best of both worlds. For her, it was another chance to have a stronger, sexier, more experienced woman take the reins and put her through her paces. For me, I was triggered. Whatever my behavior, I was in complete submission to the needs of the one who'd triggered me. Even if that meant submitting to their desire to be dominated.

Her ass was already bright red, and I knew from experience that if I kept going much longer, at that intensity, I was going to actually hurt her. Jordan was a sensitive girl; I doubted she'd enjoy that. At least, not come tomorrow when she couldn't sit down.

She was bending over the nightstand next to the room's shabby bed, her back arched and butt thrust out to offer herself up more abuse. The furniture was caked in dust, cobwebs hanging from the lamp and the look of those once-white sheets promised little better care. Jordan didn't care, and if she didn't, I didn't. I gave her a respite, teasing at her sopping wet pussy with a

finger, making sure to engage in some incidental contact with her asshole just to keep her wondering what was coming next.

“Jordan, Jordan, Jordan,” I said reprovably. “I thought we’d talked about being a good girl. You promised me I wouldn’t have to punish you like this again.”

A hiss issued from between her lips as I grazed her clit with one manicured fingernail. Not to hurt her, but to revoke the ongoing pleasure. “I did! I mean, I am. I’ve been good. No more smoking, I promise. I obeyed what you told me to do.”

“You did, did you? Then how exactly do you explain where we are now?”

She turned to look at me over her shoulder. “Um, what do you mean?”

“You snuck into my car. You abducted me. You took me to this disgusting little shack in the middle of nowhere. Does that sound like a good girl to you?”

There was a hesitation, but then she ventured a tiny but confident smile. “Well you can’t threaten to call my mom this time, can you?”

That was true. Mark had taken my phone from me while we were still in the car. Not that I had this girl’s parents on speed dial or anything. “You wipe that smug little grin off your face, Jordan. You take my phone, and think I nothing over you any more?”

The girl shrugged. “Well... kinda, yeah.”

“Oh? Well, I guess I’d better be a good hostess then, shouldn’t I.” With that, two fingers went right up inside her, and my pinky right into her ass. I was thoroughly practiced at this, easily able to target the clit without any significant disruption to my thrusts. Jordan shrieked at the double penetration, adjusting her hands to grip the sides of the nightstand for dear life.

She was a pretty little thing, in her own way. She was too skinny for my taste, petite little breasts and an ass so tight it did nothing to fill out her pants. Still, she had gorgeous almond eyes, a pair of pouty lips that seemed to be trying to make up for the lack of plumpness elsewhere on her body. Two little brown raspberry-sized nipples that were made to be sucked on. In the sultry atmosphere of the cabin, sweat was beading all over her naked body, convulsing and tensing in preparation to come.

Then I stopped. As suddenly as I started, I’d pulled out of her altogether, wiped my hand on the filthy bedsheets and flopped down on its surface. It was lumpy, and didn’t smell altogether great, but no matter. I knew exactly how good I must look lying on my side, head propped up on one hand. Once Jordan’s body realized it was no longer receiving the pleasure that it had, she turned to look at me accusingly.

“But... but...!” She stamped her foot pitifully. “I was so close! You can’t stop!”

“Can’t I? I thought I had nothing over you. Now you’re saying you need me to get your little slut cunt off?”

She nodded. “But we, you know, triggered you, or whatever. Doesn’t that mean you have to...?”

I snorted a laugh. “Obviously not.” It actually did, but this trigger was all about asserting supremacy over her. She wouldn’t feel that if I followed orders.

“Please, Miss Reed? Come on, I’ve been good – you know, other than... triggering you.”

“I tell you what. You’re a student, and I’m your teacher, at least when it comes to teaching you how to quit being such a stupid little slut. Do you remember the lessons I taught you last time?”

She frowned at being called stupid, but she was on her heels now. She may have kidnapped me, controlled my mind, but she hadn’t figured out how to make me do what she really wanted. “Yeah. Like I said before, good girls obey. I obeyed you.”

“That’s all you remember?” I shook my head and rolled to face away from her. My seeming lack of interest seemed to rattle her, and she dashed to the far side of the bed to be back in front of me.

“No! Um, what else. Good girls obey, they do what they’re told...” Her lips moved soundlessly as she tried to give voice to what she was missing. “Oh! Um, good girls are slutty, and, um, they think with their cunts! And I guess I definitely did that when I, um, took you here.” She looked down. Why did she have to be embarrassed about kidnapping me? She must not appreciate that this is what I exist for. To be used. To give pleasure.

“Maybe you’re not a lost cause after all,” I said, patting the empty space on the bed beside me. The girl practically leapt in next to me, pressing her lithe body against my own.

“Thank you, Miss Reed.” Her hands fidgeted at her hips; I could see she was nervous about touching me unasked.

“Do you like my body, Jordan?”

She nodded vigorously. “You’re *so* pretty. I’ve never met anyone as, like, hot as you.”

“Do you want to touch me?”

Her lower lip sucked in anxiously. “Uh huh.” She reached out to touch my breast. I permitted it for a few seconds of wide-eyed exploration – I had no doubt she’d never done anything of the sort with a woman before – before slapping her hand harshly.

“I didn’t give you permission, you greedy little slut. I thought your generation was the one constantly raving about consent.”

She pulled her hand back, eyeing me resentfully. “I didn’t think I needed to ask, since you’re... you know.”

“Well now you know, and I’ll try to speak slower in the future so you can keep up.” I sighed irritably. “Ever since we’ve come here, you’ve been presumptuous, Jordan. I think if you really want to try to be a good girl again—”

“I do!”

“—then you owe me an apology.”

I waited for her to predictably misunderstand. She didn’t disappoint. “I’m sorry, Miss Reed. Just, I’m kinda new at—”

“Apologies are meaningless if you qualify them,” I interrupted. “And verbal apologies barely have meaning to begin with.”

“Verbal... but... if I can’t touch you, then...?” She frowned, unable to keep her eyes off my tits, my thighs.

“Looks like you have something else to learn,” I grumbled. “Hands and knees, Jordan.”

Still close to coming from before, she scurried to obey, quickly assuming the specified pose. With the sun near to setting, a soft golden light shined in through the window on her body. She really was quite lovely. Nowhere near Master’s standards, but for a regular person. Her tight little ass had so little cushion to it, it was like it was made to frame that sweet little pussy of hers. Inwardly, I longed to satisfy it, but that wasn’t what I’d been triggered to do. She could come when she had earned it. That was why she’d made me this way.

I crawled around behind her, giving her pussy a little rub. She cooed, nuzzling backward into me. Then I bent down close, letting her feel my breath hot and warm on her backside before giving her a slow, teasing lick down the length of her slit, ending with a little swirl around the clit. She shuddered in delight. “Oh, Miss Reed...”

“Have you ever had anyone go down on you, Jordan?” I asked, directing the question to the cunt two inches from my face.

“Um, yeah. My ex-boyfriend did a few times.”

“Was he any good at it?” I asked, adding dryly, “Not that it seems to take much to make your cunt drool.”

“Y-yes, Miss Reed. At least, I liked it. It felt, um, good.”

“Good.” With a little firm direction and some agile maneuvering on my part, I lifted her leg and slipped myself underneath her, shimmying down into the proper alignment. “Then maybe you learned something, and your apology won’t be entirely disappointing.”

My breasts were blocking my view of her face, but from the feel of her silky black hair against my thighs, I could tell she was looking down at my well-groomed pussy with trepidation. “I... but, um, I don’t know if I... know how to— EEP!”

I took hold of that hair and pulled her pretty face right down between my thighs, which I quickly used to keep her in place. It didn’t take more than a few seconds for her to realize this wasn’t something she wanted to struggle out of. As she nuzzled her cheeks against smooth thighs, I spread hers wide, lowering her pussy down to right over my mouth.

“Now I want you to show me you’re a good girl and not a selfish skank, like you’ve been acting.”

“Yes, Miss Reed,” she said. Or at least that’s what I think she said, since she was speaking into my pussy.

“And Jordan, make sure you do a good job. I’m known to get... generous... when someone is good to my pussy. You want me to be generous, don’t you?”

There was no answer. At least, not in words; her enthusiasm was immediately evident as her tongue reached out to find my clit, swirling around it with the firm gentleness of an eager tongue. I let the girl work. For a novice, she was pretty decent. Whoever her ex was, he seemed to have instructed her adequately. Still, as pleasant as her attention was, what really set my

nerves ablaze was knowing that I was creating this girl's fantasy. I was the living, breathing, fuck doll instructional aid she'd never known she craved.

At intervals, I used a hard slap or two to her bare ass to help her switch up her technique or give it more energy. Worked up as I was, it was easy to give myself permission to come. (Master hated fake orgasms, so all of us slaves were trained to pace and elicit our own climaxes. Not that I could come on command, without Master's explicit order. But close.) I let her thrill at seeing the fruits of her labor, thighs clenching around the Asian student's pretty young face as the pleasure flowed through my erotic centers.

Then I let her have it.

I'm a good deal more practiced at sucking cock than I am at eating pussy, and with good reason. I only entertained a female guest once or twice a week at the ranch, and the nature of Master's own sexual anatomy cemented my own preference. (Even had I preferred women before being abducted, which I hadn't.) Still, I was a good deal more practiced than most people, trained under Master's watchful eye and reinforced with punishments any time I failed to serve up to standards.

Of course, even for a woman as talented and motivated as me, and even for a girl as horny as I'd made Jordan, ninety seconds was a tall order.

"Damn, you two look hot like that," came Matt's voice from the doorway. "Oh hey, don't stop on my account."

I wouldn't have, but Jordan was already leaping off me and wrapping a sheet around herself. "Matt! Jesus, you didn't even knock!"

"Well with the cabin a'rockin', I figured you'd prefer I not come a'knockin'," he quipped.

"Get the heck out for a few more minutes!" she snapped. "We were almost done."

"Aw, our wind-up slut didn't take care of you yet?"

"I am *not* talking about this with you. Now would you please just go?!"

He shrugged. "Eh. I'd rather stay."

She gritted her teeth in frustration. "I was so freaking close!"

I sat up. "Jordan... ignore him. You want to come, let me make you come. You've been an obedient little slut, and I hate to let you think that being a good girl goes unrewarded."

"But... with him watching..."

"Jordan, lay down."

"Miss Reed, I..."

I suddenly jerked the sheets out of her hands, took one of her nipples in each hand and squeezed down just hard enough to daze her without quite hurting. "Lay. Down."

My hands remained in place as she obeyed, though it was clear she didn't like the audience. No matter. I had two people to please now; I made sure I was a literal profile in fuckability as I bent down between her legs, twin nipples twisting between my fingers as I went back to work on her cunt.

“You’ve been a good girl,” I murmured a short while later as the trembles in her body told me she was on the cusp.

“Th-thank you, Miss Reed,” she panted.

“And do you know what good girls do?”

“Obey. Act slutty. Think with their cunts,” she said automatically, desperate for me to finish. Matt chuckled.

“That’s right. And good girls... come.” Two fingers in the cunt, one in the ass, her little rosebud of a slit sucked between red lips and lashed with my tongue.

She came. And came, and came, and came.

“Fuck. You two should charge admission for that,” Matt commented as she still lay twitching in aftershocks of her pleasure.

“Screw you, Matt,” she said. This time, I let her get out of bed; she took the sheets with her, snatching up her clothes and storming out of the room. She slammed the door behind her, leaving me alone with my friend’s son. A boy who I’d noticed noticing me since the day we met. A boy about to realize a fantasy he’d probably been beating off to for years.

“So, you ready to beg for your turn, killer?” I asked, striking a casually sexy pose.

“Suppose I don’t feel much like begging,” he said, undoing his belt and lowering his pants as he made his way to the bed.

“Jordan didn’t either, at first. I know you’ve been squirting in your shorts over me for a while now, but don’t think familiarity means ease of access.”

“Harmony, you told me yourself how this works. Maybe right now, you think you’re supposed to play hard-to-get, but that doesn’t change what you are.” His shirt and underwear followed his pants, and he stood over the bed completely naked, surprisingly ample cock at full mast.

“Oh? And what am I, Matty-Cakes?” I asked, using his mother’s nickname from when he was a child. Hannah still used it sometimes when he was acting up. He was right about the way I was acting, but I was already seeing that I would need to adapt if I were going to satisfy his craving.

“You’re a sex slave. Now why don’t you crawl on over here and show me you know what that means.

He was a good deal more challenging than Jordan. She took direction so well, played the game, and was basically a portrait in using my trigger as it was meant to be used. This young man, however, was not of a mind to be lectured, condescended to, or withheld from. Every time, I tried, a fistful of my hair brought my mouth back to his cock; a hard shove rolled me onto my back, where he fucked my easily accessible pussy like he had a perfect right to.

All the while, I went through the slow battle of acting like I didn't like it, pretending my moans, my wetness, weren't his doing. Pretending I didn't care if he gave me just a few more thrusts – "I mean, I'm so close, it's the least you could do, you pig" – but ultimately being made to ask. To beg. Matt wanted to take what he saw as the haughty, inaccessible Harmony Reed, and break her.

Would that Jordan had made me come half so hard.

Still, my pleasure wasn't what it was about, and by the time he made it clear he was done with me for the time being, I could feel proud that I had served faithfully. Before he got dressed, he demanded I hold out my arm so he could handcuff me to the bed. I said something in character – snide, unimpressed, tolerating his display of dominance over a woman who was clearly his sexual superior – but nonetheless obliged him.

"Come on, Matt, it's getting late," called Jordan from the other room. "My mom is gonna freak out as it is."

"Keep your pants on," he called back. "Or don't – you look damn fine without 'em."

I heard an irritated noise followed by the slamming of the screen door; she had stormed off to wait outside. "Nothing compared to you, though, Harm," he reassured me.

"Gee thanks, killer. My self-esteem would wither away without you here."

He grinned, settling down next to where I was fastened to the bed. "Is that too tight? Too loose? Do you think you could escape if you had to?"

I gave the end fastened to the bed a little adjustment, tightening it, then experimented. "Nope. Looks like you got me." He certainly did. I wouldn't have said so if I thought I had a chance of wrecking his fantasy by getting free.

"Good. Now, Jordan and I are going to leave. Got school tomorrow and all. You know how it is. But we'll be back tomorrow."

Rationally, I should have panicked. Should have screamed, pleaded, begged him not to do this. Instead... "No rush on my account. You want to pass up on the best cunt you'll ever lay eyes on, your loss."

He laughed. "I'm gonna leave a water bottle for you, and a bucket and some TP in case you need to... you know. Won't be elegant, but we can't have you making this shithole stink worse than it does."

"Oh, and here I was going to thank you for always bringing me to the nicest places."

He bent down and kissed me; I did a lackluster job returning it, just so I could smirk at him when he pulled back. I was in charge, doing him a favor by meekly complying with my captivity. I was the dominant one here. That's what my kiss said.

He seemed to find it enjoyable, which was good enough for me. If he didn't want to use me, I could at least make myself amusing. Then he gathered the supplies like he'd said.

"Matt, come on!" whined Jordan from outside.

"Looks like I gotta go," he said. "You're gonna be OK like this, right?"

"I already pine for your return," I said, laying on the sarcasm good and thick, but rubbing my thighs together to remind him I was such a fucking slut that I couldn't hide the nugget of truth behind my words.

"Good girl," he said. I watched him leave, heard the car start, saw the headlights flood the room, heard the tires grinding the gravel beneath them as they drove off down the hill. I waited a few minutes in case this was some game, but heard nothing but the sounds of owls hooting, crickets chirping, leaves softly rustling in the night's scant breeze. They weren't coming back.

The trigger ended, and I was myself again.

I didn't know whether to be furious at their betrayal, horrified to be chained up alone in the middle of nowhere, or...

Immeasurably grateful to have found someone to own me, at last.

