



The Secret
of
Harmony Reed

Volume I: Old Habits

by Isaac Byrne

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Chapter One

My name is Harmony Reed, and I'm going to tell you a secret.

I was a sex slave.

Not merely ("merely") in the human trafficking sense, but the honest-to-god brainwashed living fuck toy variety. Whenever my trigger words were spoken, my mind transformed me into another woman, whatever the trigger indicated. Not because I wanted to, or because of a gun to my head, but because that became the thing I wanted to be. When I was told to strip, I stripped. When I was told to struggle a little, I did that. When I was told to giggle and jiggle and dance and pose and suck and fuck... you get the idea. A real and true sex slave. That was me, the real McCoy.

How it happened, I can't really say. See, that's the thing about people who have the power to reach inside your head and treat it like a playground. They don't tend to leave you with a good idea of how you got there. I remember my childhood, just a pretty girl with a hyperactive imagination growing up in a small town outside Denver. Middle child of three, playing house, fighting acne, graduating high school. Not long after, the trail of memories just... stops. One day I was saving money as a babysitter and a part-time fro-yo chef, the next, a few spoken words could transform me into whatever the speaker wanted, serving alongside a not unimpressive harem of girls like me. We were puppets of anyone Master wished to loan me out to.

Which, it turned out, was a lot of people.

As for Master, Master died young and unexpectedly in a rock climbing accident. Master wasn't content merely to exert dominance over women. No, Master had an ego that no amount of fawning and flattery from us slaves could satiate, and so Master partook in a wide array of such "extreme" activities.

I was there when it happened, and that made me one of the lucky ones, having witnessed Master's demise firsthand. Not that I savor the grisly memory, nor could I ever wish Master ill, even post mortem. However, while I don't know anything of how we were programmed, seeing it seemed to break something in my conditioning and I was free. Just like that, from helpless thrall to free-willed woman.

The others, back at Master's ranch... there was nothing I could do to convince them. They simply sat there, grooming and primping and awaiting the return of a dead man. It made sense, I guess; if someone could just say the words "Master is dead" and give me my freedom, it wouldn't have been very effective brainwashing. Still, sympathetic to my sister slaves' plight, I made an anonymous phone call to the police, hoping they could be found and helped somehow. I didn't stick around to find out what happened. I'd seen too many cops in the ranch not to fear that one of them would find

me out and discover a way to suck me back in. For all I know, Master kept a list of my trigger phrases in a notepad in the office. All I wanted was to get out and start over.

Master was a stranger before I was taken, I'm pretty sure; at least, my memories of my prior life seem pretty much intact and I don't recall ever seeing Master before I woke up as a slave. I still couldn't go back home after regaining my freedom, though. I have a sinking suspicion it was someone close to me who betrayed me into Master's hands. I had not a jot of evidence, and I acknowledge it could be an idea Master implanted in me to help keep me from going for help if I ever managed to escape. Still, it wasn't a risk I was willing to take.

So I started out on my own. It's been almost a year now, and I've managed to land a couple jobs – nothing impressive, but they let me live in a modest studio apartment on my own. I've got a handful of friends (even a couple opposite-gendered, which was hard for me at first), was learning to crochet, and I was even thinking of getting a cat. Nobody in my life now would ever think that just a year ago, all it would take is knowing the right address and having something of value to Master, and they could have had me in any and every way they dreamed of.

I don't mean to make it sound like I just jumped right back into the world and picked up where I left off. That's not the case at all. The things that were done to me didn't go away overnight. Or over a month, or so far over a year. As far as I could tell, they weren't even diminishing. As of last week, though, I had health insurance, and as of right this minute, I was seeing a therapist.

"Come in, Ms. Reed," said Dr. Kovacs. "Welcome. Do you prefer Harmony, or Ms. Reed?"

"Harmony's fine," I said, settling into his incredibly plush patient chair. It practically engulfed me, it was so cushy. I felt at ease in a moment – and then immediately suspicious at a man who had made me feel at ease so quickly.

Down girl, I scolded myself. *He might be able to help you*. I'd done a little digging, and Dr. Kovacs came about as highly recommended as a hypnotherapist could. (It's not the most reputable of specializations, unsurprisingly.) Still, I'd figured that with what had been done with my fractured mind, I'd need someone who knew a thing or two about digging deep and maybe even reprogramming someone. I just had to see if I could trust him first.

"Harmony, good. You can call me Dr. Kovacs, or if you feel comfortable, David. Either is all right with me. Now, since I see my receptionist noted that you were stressed over the financials, I'll just invite you to get straight to it. I don't ever want you to feel

like you're being taken advantage of." He twisted the knob on a timer around until it stopped at the one hour mark.

"That's good. Thank you. So... I guess I'll start off with why I'm here?" It wasn't really a question, but Dr. Kovacs (he wasn't David to me, at least not yet) gestured for me to continue, listening at rapt attention. "And... you have strict, complete confidentiality, right? Because the things I have to say... no one can ever, ever *ever* know. Never."

He looked a tad wary at my insistence. "That I can promise – nothing you say to me can I ever repeat to anyone. Not your family, not another doctor, not the police or a judge. The only exception would be if you told me you were intending to kill someone. Even then, I could only tell that person. Not even the police."

"No worries there – I'm a lover, not a killer." I forced a little smile. Dr. Kovacs forced one in return. "All right, so here's the short version. Someone brainwashed me into becoming their sex slave, then died, and I became free again. But it's been almost a year now, and... things aren't getting better."

He blinked a few times. I kind of expected that. Mine isn't the kind of story one hears at the water cooler, after all. "You say... you were brainwashed? Can you explain what you mean by that?"

"I wish I could, Doctor. One of the things Master was an expert at was dampening my memories, suppressing things I wasn't meant to know. I don't remember anything about how it was done. I was kept indoors and away from windows for a long time and I didn't exactly have a calendar. For all I know it took months. I'm pretty sure it did, actually. It was late fall when I was taken. When I first got a glimpse of the outside world, it was late spring, maybe summer, and I'd only been at it... months, maybe? Hard to say."

I could see he was struggling to keep up, so I gave him a moment, looking around at the knick-knacks around his office. It was all meant to be very neutral, soothing in its lack of theme. Its lack of intrinsic personality reminded me of Master's ranch, tailored both to offend and please no one. For that matter, not unlike me, when I'd been a slave. No personality but the one my trigger phrase had activated.

"All right, I see. So... you say that things aren't going better. Can you tell me a little bit about that?" Dr. Kovacs asked.

I nodded. "Well, most of what Master had done to us—"

"Us? There was more than one of you?"

"Yes. Twelve others that I knew of, so thirteen total. Master's dozen, Master sometime called us."

"I see. Apologies – do go on."

"Right. So I was saying, most of what had been done to us was conditioning. I think that's the term – I took psychology in high school."

“Conditioning would be where the body is trained to respond to a stimulus, yes. Your class probably taught about Pavlov and his dogs, I would think?” he suggested.

“Yeah, that’s the one. So that was us, Master’s bitches. He would say a phrase, and depending on which he said, our outer personalities would completely transform.”

“Fascinating,” he said, stroking his goateed chin. “Do you remember any of the phrases?”

The answer was no, but given the question, I just arched an eyebrow and he belatedly realized what he’d been asking me. At least Dr. Kovacs had the decency to blush and apologize; I took it to mean that the question had been posed out of innocent curiosity, and counted it as a mark in his favor.

“So sorry, Harmony. But please, you said something else that caught my attention – that your ‘outer personalities’ transformed. What do you mean by that, ‘outer personalities’?”

I squirmed in my seat. This was getting personal in a hurry. I’d told myself it would, though, and tried to steel myself. Still, talking about this wasn’t easy. My best friends didn’t even know anything about this. “I mean that it changed the way I would act, but usually not the way that I felt in my head. If that makes sense.”

“I think so... could you provide an example?”

Cognizant that I was an attractive twenty-something woman in a room with a paunchy middle-aged man with no ring on his finger, I fidgeted a little more and tried to think of a less revealing example than the ones that had immediately come to mind. “So... all right. Master used us girls to enrich himself. I don’t know all the details of it, but everyone who came in was either wealthy or connected. I was a favorite of one of the regulars.

“Master always did the triggering himself, that way customers couldn’t get any bright ideas about kidnapping us for their own use. So for this guy, he’d always use the same trigger, and suddenly I’d start acting like this bratty little step-daughter. Only I didn’t *think* I was. I strategized, plotted how to step as completely as possible into the role. So the guy would come in, and I’d be focused on my cell phone – just a prop, since I obviously wasn’t allowed outside contact. And then...”

“Punkin, your mother tells me you were ditching class in school today,” he began sternly. He was already loosening his tie, slipping into his own role as the weary father home from a hard day at the office.

At first, I didn’t look up, still busily typing out texts I could never send. This was good. I didn’t want to look at him anyway.

“Put the phone down, Harmony,” Daddy said, a little edge to his voice. “I need to talk to you about your behavior.”

Boldly, I ignored him again. The whole point was to provoke him, annoy him. What could be more annoying than having absolute power over someone who wouldn't even acknowledge your existence?

"This is your last warning. Put down the phone, or there will be consequences."

I didn't put the phone down, but I finally gave him the courtesy of glancing up. Not with my head, just my eyes. He didn't merit my full attention yet, nor a verbal response.

"Now, would you care to explain why you were ditching class?"

"Nope." I rolled my eyes and resumed typing.

"Is it trouble with the other students? The teacher? Is the material too hard? Talk to me, Harmony." He sat down beside me, and I shifted to give him my back. Still, I could feel him looking me over in my school uniform and blouse. It wasn't actually too short, but I was tall and leggy so it looked like it was. At home, I had the top three buttons undone, just enough for someone standing – or looking over my shoulder, as Daddy was – to see the top of my white cotton bra.

"Look, I just didn't feel like going," I said, finally speaking under duress, saying something just to shut Daddy up.

"But you have to. You're becoming a young woman now" – I was almost twenty-two, but I still pulled off seventeen good enough for Hollywood standards – "and you have responsibilities."

"Kiss my ass," I mumbled under my breath. I don't even know if he could hear me, but my tone made the essence of my comment obvious.

"Look here young lady," he said, Daddy's patience fading. "I work hard to provide for you and your mother. Just because you're not my daughter by blood doesn't mean you can disrespect me!"

I finally set the phone down, more willing to engage his anger than his tenderness. "Really? Because it seems to me that my mother's limp-dicked husband isn't in a position to enforce jack shit." I stuck out my tongue.

Daddy broke character then, and told me to hold that pose while he took a picture. This was something almost all of my trigger phrases included, a willingness to indulge photography. Master's clients liked their trophies. I glared arrogantly right into the camera as it captured the moment.

Once he'd finished, he stroked my frozen cheek, then recomposed himself. "Oh? You know, it's about time you learned a little respect! I'm the one who pays the bills around here!"

"So? You want a medal? Standing ovation?" I stayed seated, but issued a scathing slow clap.

“Fine.” He reached out his phone and made a show of tapping at buttons. I watched, trying to show that he’d finally made me a bit afraid of him. “There,” he said, putting it back away. “I just canceled your phone service.”

“What!” I roared, leaping to my feet so fast that my skirt built rose up and showed him my white cotton panties. They were a match with my bra. Most of Master’s customers wanted something racier, but Daddy always preferred something closer to authentic. “You can’t do that! I need that phone! It’s mine! Turn it back on!”

“It’s whose? I’m sorry, I’m quite sure it’s my name I see on the bill every month. And if you want it back, I’ll consider it. Once you apologize.”

“No way – you’re totes being an asshole!” On impulse, I knocked over a lamp on the end table. It was porcelain, and probably cost several hundred dollars, but Master’s trigger phrase turned me into a brat, and a brat wouldn’t care about price tags of items that weren’t hers. In fact, she’d prefer to break something expensive. And I knew it would be a paltry fraction of what Daddy had paid for my company.

“You have to learn that you can’t get what you want by throwing a tantrum,” Daddy said, jaw clenching slightly. Not that the lamp was technically his either, but that wasn’t any part of my consciousness at that moment. “Now, I’m afraid I’m going to have to take away your car privileges also.”

“No way! That’s my car! You can’t do that!”

“Actually, all I have to do is call the dealership and they can turn off the key fob ignition by satellite. So yes, I can do that. In seconds.” He role-played the phone call while I thundered around the room, raving about his barbarism and threatening to call child services. I had to give it to him, most men already had their dick in me far earlier in their appointments. Daddy was committed to the fantasy.

Over the next ten minutes, he went down the list, canceling my credit card, my weekly salon appointment, my bi-weekly tanning bed session (I was actually rather fair-skinned, but he was obviously channeling his anger at a real step-daughter), took away my tablet, my dermatologist appointment, shut off the cable TV in my room... later, when my mind was more my own, I would wonder at just how much money his real step-daughter had at her disposal.

At the time, however, my mood shifted with each consequence. Indignance became outrage; outrage gave way to bossiness; that to a bubble of feigned apathy, which was soon burst to reveal a deep core of despair.

“You can’t! Oh please, Daddy, please! I need those things! I’ll be a laughing stock without them! Please, please don’t punish me like this! I’m sorry, OK? I’ll be good! I’ll go to my classes! Just give it back!”

Daddy stopped, towering over me where I sat on my couch, knees pressed primly together in my little tartan skirt. “Look here, there’s a daughter capable of learning a lesson underneath all that bluster after all.” The power was immediately

intoxicating to him. No paternal admiration, just the leer of a man looking down at a young girl in his thrall. "Apologize again. And mean it."

"I'm sorry, Daddy! Really I am! I'm so, so sorry!"

"Sorry for what, Punkin?"

I paused to think what he'd want me to be sorry for, and figured he'd like that I wasn't sure yet, not sincere. He wanted a girl who'd just say what he wanted to hear.

"For not going to class?"

He nodded. "Good. What else?"

"For breaking your lamp."

"And?"

"For yelling at you."

"What about for calling me, what was it... 'my mother's limp-dicked husband?'"

I nodded hard. "Yes. Especially for that. I'm so sorry, Daddy. I won't ever say that again."

"Good. Now... in recognition of your apologies, I think maybe we can reinstate some of your privileges in a month or two."

"A month! But Daddy, please!" I whined.

He just smiled at the view down my blouse. "Only good girls get rewarded. Bad girls need to be punished. Right now, all I've seen is a bad girl stop being bad."

My character began to take note of the erection hovering a foot or so in front of her face, and started channeling some of that desperation into action. "But... I don't want to be bad, Daddy. Can't you..." I swallowed nervously. "Can't you teach me to be good?"

Not that I was nervous. I was never, ever nervous. Six hours earlier a man almost three times my weight had mounted my face and fucked my throat like it was a second cunt. The fat jerk came so hard he almost passed out, and I nearly suffocated before he roused himself to get off of me. Even then I hadn't been nervous. I'd been doing as I'd been programmed; what else could matter?

Daddy smiled at me, a smug smile of a gloating victor. "You know, you're a very pretty girl, Harmony. Like your mother, but... still so youthful. Lovely."

Seeing where this was going, but determined that this private shame would not compare to the public humiliation my loss of stature would cause me at school, I smiled back at him. I made sure he could tell it was a fake smile; he wouldn't want me to want it. He would want me to act like I wanted it.

So act I did. "Thank you, Daddy. Is that what being a good girl is? Showing you how pretty I am?"

"It's a good start. I tell you what – let's do some bargaining. You show me you're willing to do for me, and I'll do for you. How does that sound?"

My chink sunk to my chest for a moment before I caught myself, then looked back up to him. "Yes! Thank you Daddy!"

I began by undoing the buttons on my blouse, hands trembling theatrically. "Like this? This is good, right?"

He watched me shuck off my top, then shyly drop it on the floor. Only desperation to get my phone turned back on kept me from concealing my impressive breasts. Master was particular about what slaves were allowed in the ranch; I was precisely the sort of girl you'd think an anonymous brainwasher would take. Gorgeous face, large big teardrop breasts, slender waist over wide hips and a curvaceous rear end, long thick legs that nonetheless had a thigh gap. Long sandy brown hair and bright blue eyes.

I wasn't arrogant about my appearance; I simply knew what I was and used it to fulfill my programming.

"That's a good girl, Harmony. That's a girl who's this close to getting her TV privileges back," he said with a gesture.

I knew from prior meetings he liked seeing the matching bra and panties, so rather than undo my bra clasp, I reached for the one on my skirt, lifting my hips just enough to slide it down and kick it off.

"Look at you," he said, gesturing for me to stand, then twirl. I blushed – another programmed response, as I was no more capable of shame than of nervousness – and obeyed, letting him inspect the way I filled out my bra, the way my butt stretched panties just slightly too small for it.

I was wet, of course; Daddy had to know how he turned me on, even if I was programmed to act too shy to admit it.

"And there you have it. TV privileges restored."

I brightened. "Thank you, Daddy. Um, what about my car...?"

"Your cable box costs me thirty dollars a month. Do you know how much that little sports car of yours costs?"

"Could I... could I take off my bra and panties for you? Please?" I asked hopefully, betraying just a hint of shame at having to be hopeful to strip for my mother's husband.

"Why don't you do so, then we'll decide what that's worth." He folded his arms across his chest smugly.

I was programmed to strip in many different ways – with a dance that could drag on for twenty minutes, with an urgency to get naked for fucking, like nobody was watching, like I wished nobody was watching. Today, I stripped like I was showing off a commodity, a salesperson after a mark.

I was one of Master's younger slaves, and often serviced men who sought that attribute. They were always pleased to find I kept myself shaved completely bare.

Nevermind that even if I were seventeen I'd have had pubic hair for going on half my life; men still seemed to associate it with youth and innocence. Daddy was no exception, and he couldn't resist a wolf whistle at the sight of my nakedness. Beet red, I grinned. I think I even secretly loved that I had the power to turn on my mother's lover. It meant I was a woman.

"I think that earns you the tanning appointments. You certainly seem to need them," Daddy joked, grinning at my fair complexion.

"Thank you, Daddy." I clasped my hands in front of my pussy, then realized I was obstructing the view he'd just paid for and instead clasped them behind my back, twisting back and forth anxiously on one leg.

"You don't mind if I play with them a little, do you Punkin?" he said, directing the question to my chest.

"You... you mean my boobies? I, um, I mean my breasts?"

He chuckled. "No, I think 'boobies' is a better term for ones this cute. Well?"

"Um... for my credit card?" I cupped them in my hands, lifting them up invitingly. Salesmanship was important if I was going to earn back my privileges.

He nodded. "For the credit card."

I did the math in my head while Daddy slobbered all over my 'boobies'. A customer had once bragged to me that he'd paid four thousand dollars for my attentions. (I don't know why he told me; maybe he thought some portion of that went to me, and I'd be grateful?) That man had stayed for just over three hours. That meant an hourly rate of \$1,333. By that metric, the ten minutes Daddy spent tweaking my nipples and squeezing my tits like they were playdough was worth over two hundred dollars.

It took me three whole nights of babysitting to earn that in my old life. Except then, I got to keep it. Now, I just whimpered and moaned with a trained professional's capacity to inflect a shift from feigning it for his amusement to trying to sound like I was merely feigning it to conceal my shame at enjoying it. All the while, I thanked Daddy while Master laughed all the way to the bank.

Still, even on a top quality rack like mine, a man only wanted to play so long. Inwardly, I was a bit surprised he hadn't so much as taken his pants off yet, but per my programming, I was just a bratty girl doing what she had to do to maintain her lifestyle.

"Now. Maybe you're learning to start behaving, but that doesn't mean you don't still need a little punishing," he said, settling down onto the couch.

"I... oh!" I exclaimed, comprehension dawning. "You... you want me to..."

He shrugged. "You don't have to. It's entirely up to you whether you ever want to drive that car again."

I debated with myself for a few minutes. Could this be worth it? That was one hell of a car – even my richest friends were jealous of it. It was a status symbol, even aside from being a bad-ass mode of transportation.

But then... to let him do that...

“I’m sorry Daddy. I’ll be a good girl.” Shoulders slumped in defeat – he’d like that, seeing me go from enjoying the power my tits had over him to dreading what he’d do to my ass – I knelt beside him on the couch, then dropped to all fours. His hand was on my butt before I even lowered myself down onto his lap.

I’d been spanked so many times by so many men that the sensation could never truly surprise me, but surprise was my programmed response, a yip of pain and a shiver of embarrassment as I got my broad rear end was smacked like the indolent brat I was.

“What’s wrong, Punkin? Did you skip so many math classes you forgot how to count?” Daddy teased.

“Sorry!” I stammered quickly. “One!”

“Good girl,” he said, and in spite of my programmed humiliation, his praise hit me right in the pussy. I hoped he couldn’t see how turned on I was by him. Yet I also hoped he could.

“Two!” Daddy smacked my other cheek this time.

“Three!” The left again.

“Four!” I stopped caring where he touched me. Just count, and try not to leak onto his pants.

“Ungh, five! Six! Seven – ow, Daddy, that one really stung! Eight! Nine! I’ll be good, Daddy, such a good girl for you! Ten! Oh pleeeeeease, Daddy!”

“Ms. Reed!” interjected Dr. Kovacs. “Harmony, snap out of it!”

My brain took a few seconds to realize where I was, what was happening. That I’d bent myself over the arm of his plush chair, one hand frantically rubbing at my pussy through my jeans while the other cracked down on my bottom with each number.

I couldn’t remember it getting that far out of hand before. I took a few deep breaths to steady my voice and settled back into the chair. “I’m sorry, Dr. Kovacs.”

“Are you... are you all right?”

I nodded. “Yeah, I’m OK. I just got carried away. That’s actually kind of what I was talking about, about why I’m here. You see... the triggers made me behave in certain ways, but on the inside, in my head, the programming never changed.”

“You mean you were still... you? Even as that awful man abused you as such?”

I wondered how Dr. Kovacs would feel if he knew “Daddy” had been a state senator, that his real stepdaughter was only now turning nineteen, that he campaigned on a family values platform. Amazing what you could learn on the internet.

(I’d voted for the other guy.)

“No, that’s not what I mean at all. You see... most of my personality, my brain, is still me. But Master changed just a few things so that I could better serve. For one, I’m basically always aroused. Even with the trigger that readies me to be actually raped, I still lubed up from it, no matter how I fought back.”

“My god...”

“That’s all the time, mind you. Not just when I’m triggered. And I should clarify that, because ‘aroused’ is misleading. In my head, I know ‘aroused’ means turned on, excited. Horny. That’s not quite how it is for me. Like you just saw, it can get really intense. Overwhelming. No matter what a man does to me, especially when I’m triggered, I can’t help but be turned on by it.”

“Are you saying that even when your conditioning isn’t active, you’re still compelled to...?”

“No, I can say no to someone. But my body doesn’t want me to. I say no because of propriety, because having sex with every guy my libido tells me to have sex with would wreck my life in a hot minute.”

Dr. Kovacs was breathing heavily. I wondered if he was still picturing me bent over and spanking myself, or wondering how the rest of the story went. (It went like you’d expect; my virgin cunt had been the price of my phone, and I was put on an installment plan for all privileges.)

“You said he changed a few things – what else, besides the, erm, arousal?”

“Well, I don’t get embarrassed, or shy, or nervous, or anything like that. Some of the triggers make me act like it, but he took the real feelings from me. Like just now, I know I should be blushing. Hell, I probably should’ve run from your office in shame. But I don’t feel shame.”

“I... was surprised you recovered so calmly,” he said, shifting in his seat. “Anything else?”

“Probably some stuff I’m not even aware of,” I said with a shrug. “None of this is conscious, just things I’ve realized about myself through analysis, through memories of how I was, how people are supposed to be. The only other thing I’m sure of is that Master is Master.”

“I’m sorry?”

“I mean that I can’t even say Master’s name. I know it, but I can’t say it. I can’t even think it. I can’t even use a pronoun – Master felt they were disrespectful, treating Master like any other mere man. And the obedience that goes with it... I know Master is dead. I saw it with my own eyes. But I also know that if Master somehow walked into this room right now, I’d be on my knees before you could blink.”

I paused, making myself stop fondling my breasts at the thought of Master, taking note that Dr. Kovacs had the decency to avert his gaze. “That obedience... it didn’t

have to be triggered. The triggers changed me, made me useful, turned Master's toy into something more amusing. But always, I obeyed. I am still Master's slave in my heart."

Dr. Kovacs looked plainly afraid now, and it was his fear that let me finally begin to trust him. "And if someone learned your triggers, they could..."

The bell rang. Our hour was up.

"Well, I guess we'll get further into it next time," I said, a little disappointed.

"Wait wait," the doctor said hurriedly. "We didn't even get to what you want to get out of our sessions. Tell me that, at least."

I shook my head, rising to my feet. "Sorry, but I really can't afford more time. My insurance doesn't cover any extra, and I don't have much money."

"We're off the clock, Harmony. Just tell me what you want."

I stopped at the door. "I want to be back in control of my body and my mind."

Had I known then the course my life would follow in the days ahead, I might have laughed at what would soon flower into the most ironic statement of my young life. Instead, I made an appointment for next week with his receptionist and went to wait for my bus in the rain.

Chapter Two

I found myself impatient all that following week. Now started down what would hopefully be a path to recovery, I wanted results. Nevermind that we'd barely had time to scratch the surface of my scrambled brain. Dr. David Kovacs was going to help me, and it frustrated me every minute I had to wait for him to do so.

Of course, there are a lot of minutes in a week, and being anxious only drags them out. My friends occupied a good deal of my free time, thankfully, and on top of that I worked two jobs, which handily filled the rest. Days as a secretary at a local high school; evenings at a car wash. Neither was especially glamorous, but that was kind of the idea. I wanted to avoid even the remote possibility of encountering the kind of person who might recognize me from my slave days, and certainly nobody working at or attending a high school had the money or connections. The car wash was pretty isolating; I spent half my time standing around bored at the register, and the rest scrubbing down strangers' cars with only the most token interaction.

I had dreams, sometimes, that someone would come to the car wash and recognize me. They'd speak my trigger word, something Master had always kept private but this customer must've been eavesdropping. I'd be on my hands and knees scrubbing at their wheel well, then suddenly ready to obey before I'd even seen his face.

The sponge fell from my hand.

"Welcome to Suds & Go. My name is Harmony, and I'll be your car wash professional. Please tell me how I may fulfill all of your cleaning desires. Unless you desire something... dirty."

I remained kneeling. The customer looked down at me, grinning as he saw he hadn't missed his guess, that I was the girl he thought I was.

"Clean my cock, slut."

"I'd be delighted to," I said in a sultry version of my salesperson voice, just a hint of smoke. I took my Suds & Go uniform shirt off. This man didn't want to see an employee doing her job; he wanted to see Harmony the big-titted whore suck his dick. I crawled to him, eyes raised to look into his in perfect submission, my breasts swinging freely beneath me.

"Not like that. Get on the car."

"You got it, sir," I said, accepting his help standing. He pinched my ass through my khakis when I turned around, but it didn't slow me down in the least. I was a professional, and I satisfied customers.

"Like this?" I asked after I'd lain down on my tummy across the hood of his car. It was cold and wet, but that didn't matter. I had a dick to suck. That was all that mattered, making him want to come back and buy me again.

Not that this customer had paid money for me, but I mentally reckoned I was part of the price sticker on the deluxe wash he'd ordered.

"No, like this," he said, roughly flipping me over onto my back. For a moment I didn't understand how this was to work – would he mount my face? The positioning was all wrong – but then he tugged me by my armpits until my head hung off the edge of the car.

I opened my mouth, relaxed my throat, and got to work opening his pants.

His cock was impressive, for sure, though thankfully more in girth than length. I say thankfully not because I can't deep throat a man with ease, but because he was fucking my face so vigorously that a longer cock would have pushed my head harder into the side of his car. The last thing I wanted was to damage a customer's vehicle. Mortifyingly unprofessional.

I massaged his cock with my aching throat as I used the sponge, which had mysteriously returned to my hand as things happen in dreams, to lather up my tits.

Sometimes this dream ended with the customer leaving me triggered and driving away with me to make me his slave all over again; other times they dicked and dashed, as my sister slaves and I used to call our quickie customers. Regardless of the particulars, it always lead to me waking up wishing I'd allow a man in my life, someone whose dick I could pleasure right then and there.

I had no such dreams about the school job. Probably because the job itself fueled fantasies naturally. There are few environments outside the sex industry so brimming with sexual energy as a high school. Adolescents with bodies shrieking for attention, young people all too eager to grow up. I was flirted with constantly by students and staff alike, but I was good at deflecting the attention, or laying the smack down where someone crossed a line. Most students learned not to press beyond a meekly intoned "you look nice today, Ms. Reed."

All that week, whenever I wasn't working I was trying to keep myself as busy as possible. I invented chores and errands, hit the gym more than was probably healthy, even a couple bar crawls. But through it all, all I could think of was Dr. Kovacs and the glimmer of hope.

Not that my life was so bad. As I always tried to remind myself in low moments, many people had it much worse than I had. Sure, I'd given up years of my life to sexual servitude to a vain, greedy, sociopathic monster. Even so, I'd loved doing it – Master had made sure of it. Maybe I was too afraid of losing my freedom to let a man close to me, but hey, I was still young and healthy and attractive, gainfully employed and unencumbered by debt.

Still, the fact that I was constantly horny, that I had to pad my bras to hide nipples that were too often erect, that I wore too much perfume to conceal the scent of

my arousal, that every time someone paid me any sexual attention I couldn't help but imagine granting them their every desire....

Anyway, it was a long week.

Dr. Kovacs was conspicuously courteous upon our next appointment. I knew it was because the memory of me slapping my ass over his arm chair was something he'd not yet gotten over, but I took it as another good sign. I wasn't quite ready to "David" him, but I was considering it.

"So, last week you told me your goal was to free yourself of these mental compulsions you say a man instilled in you. Is that an accurate synopsis?" he began once we'd finished small-talk.

"That's right. I asked around, and everyone says you're the go-to guy for hypnotherapy. I can't wait to get started and see if we can make progress."

He held up a hand. "Whoa now, Harmony. Hypnosis isn't something I recommend my patients just dive into – especially not in a case as, erm, complex as yours. The brain is a complicated instrument, and moreover, proper, long-term hypnosis requires a bond of trust between therapist and patient that we simply do not have yet."

I shook my head. "As I understand it, the trust is necessary because it requires willingness to submit on a subconscious level for the patient, right?"

"Well... that's more or less accurate, but—"

"Dr. Kovacs, I promise you, you'll never have a patient more accustomed to deep submission. I can do it."

He paused. "Harmony, I do believe you. But even so, hypnosis can have powerful effects, especially on people whose minds are susceptible to it. Now we don't know if hypnosis is how your triggers were introduced, but I'll say it seems at least possible."

"So?"

"So, that means you'd essentially be handing a veritable stranger the keys to your mind on blind hope."

"So you're saying I shouldn't trust you?" I frowned.

"No, not at all. You *can* trust me. I'm only saying it worries me to see that you're doing so with so little cause. For instance, I always instruct my patients, at least for their first hypnosis, have someone else present, someone they trust. That way they can feel comfortable knowing that their vulnerability can't be exploited."

"No." My voice was iron, so firm I almost surprised myself. "No one is ever, ever allowed to sit in on our sessions."

Dr. Kovacs tapped his pencil to his lip thoughtfully. "May I ask why not?"

"Doctor, if the whole idea is to learn and remove these triggers, the last thing I would ever want is for someone I know to know them! My best friend doesn't even know about any of this. And I want it to stay that way."

“And your family?”

“No. My family and I don’t speak.”

“May I ask why not?”

I sighed. Why was he being so obstinate about this? How had I found a hypnotherapist so averse to hypnotizing his patient? “I’d rather not talk about it right now, if that’s all right. It’s complicated.”

“Of course it’s all right. But it also goes to demonstrate my point, that if you have these kinds of issues, I should know them before I go poking around blindly.”

“Why would you go probing for details about my family? The whole idea is to get rid of my triggers, and I promise you, my family is nowhere involved in my fucked up ex-sex-slave issues.” Not directly, anyway. Not that I knew of. The off chance of stumbling across a repressed memory of a betrayal by a family member was miles down the list of priorities from making me not have to juice up every time I caught someone checking out my butt.

“Harmony, I want to help you, but the pressure you’re putting on me here... you have to understand that even if I induced a trance, it’s entirely possible it would do and reveal nothing about your past. What happened to you... they don’t exactly cover that in the manual. Moreover, I don’t want to risk making things worse.”

There it was. In his tone, I picked up the source of his real hesitancy. If someone had the skill to scramble my mind so, could tapping into it wind up scrambling things further? I tried to think of what Master had done to me as another art form, which surely it was, however selfish and cruel it had been. If Master had written a masterpiece in me, could Dr. Kovacs ruin the work by his editing?

He was afraid for me. That right there was what sealed my trust. “David... Please. I need this. Please try for me.”

Even with this unremarkable semi-doughy forty-something man across from me, there was a part of me that thought how much better it would be if I sunk to my knees, removed my clothes. Begged properly, like Master had taught me.

That was the instinct I needed removed, no matter how delicious the thought now seemed.

“Very well, Harmony. We’ll try. Still, if you won’t make an allowance for a witness, I insist that we at least record the session as a simple matter of liability. One of my patients early on in my practice tried to bring a lawsuit against me for making her smoking worse, and it very nearly went to court.”

“That’s fine, do whatever you need to do.” I fidgeted in place while he retrieved a camera from his closet and inserted a fresh memory chip after labeling it with my name and the date with delicate penmanship.

“Where do you want me?”

“Wherever you’re comfortable. The chair reclines, if you like, or there’s the sofa. I even have a beanbag chair I could bring out if you’d rather; a few patients have requested it.”

I shrugged and remained seated in his ultra-plush chair. “I’m fine right like this.”

He set up the camera on a tripod and pressed a button. A red light told me it was now recording. David immediately stated my name, the date and time into the record, and had me assure the camera that I was of sound mind and body and entered into this of my own free will. A self-contradictory claim, that, a woman looking to have her sex slave brainwashing undone having to swear to her free will and sound mind before the work could begin.

He activated a metronome on his desk, adopting a soft tone of voice so that its sound was always in my ears. “As we proceed, Harmony, I ask that you try to breathe deeply and evenly. Can you do that for me?”

“Yes,” I replied. We were quiet for a few minutes as I did just that. It actually was quite relaxing.

“Good. Now I want you to focus on the sound of my voice. Listen to my words, and breath deeply.” I inhaled. Exhaled. This really was rather calming. He spoke quickly, but in a fluid sort of a rush, like water running through my ears and over my mind. “You and I, we’re going to go to a place of total relaxation. Total calm. You want to be totally calm, don’t you?”

“Yes, David.”

“That’s good, keep breathing. We have to get there, to that place of relaxation and calm, but right now we have cares and wants and anxieties. Feel them, feel them like a weight on your shoulder, feel them holding you down. You could float away without that weight on you, but it’s so heavy. Do you feel it?”

“Mmhm.” I scrunched up my nose. I imagined the weight of my broken brain on my shoulders. It was heavy indeed.

“That’s right, deep breathing, so we’re going to little by little let go of the weight, let some of those individual cares and worries go, feel lighter and lighter. Right now we’re at a five, so heavy, but we can let go of it, just a little of it. Feel it growing lighter and lighter on your shoulders as we go to level four. Do you feel lighter, Harmony?”

I nodded. “Lighter, David. Yes.”

“Good good, another deep breath in, now let it go. Each breath we let out takes away some of our weight as we get lighter and lighter, as we get to level three. We’re feeling light now, the weight’s barely slow us down as we breathe in, good, now out.”

I sighed dreamily, paradoxically sinking deeper into the couch as the weight lifted from my shoulders.

“That’s right, we’re very relaxed now Harmony, and we’re letting everything go, so little weight left, barely enough to hold us down. We breathe in, and we breathe out

all that bad air, we're lighter and lighter and almost ready to let go as we reach level two..."

The metronome and his voice were barely present to me now. Just my breaths. In, and out. Lighter and lighter.

"Very good, now we need to be ready to take off, to float away on the air. We're going to let the last of that weight go breath... by breath... very good, by breath... as we reach... level... one... and *trance*."

I hadn't really known what to expect when I'd signed on for this, whether being hypnotized would be like a dream, or if I'd be conscious but relaxed the whole while, or if I'd remember anything at all and simply black it out.

I definitely had not expected what actually happened.

As soon as I entered the trance, my mind went from blissed out and passively accepting to hyper-alert and frantically probing. It was like I suddenly remembered a hundred things in an instant, then forgot them in the next. Flashes of my training, of my servitude. Flashes of injections and inductions and triggers and trances. At Master's ranch. In a basement somewhere. In a shower. In a rainstorm. With Master. With another slave. With a stranger. With three strangers.

The whole experience was like seeing something out of the corner of your eye, but when you look, there's no sign that you ever saw it. But you *know* you saw something, even if you don't know what.

But all that is nothing compared to when I snapped back out of it.

I was on my knees on a pile of scattered papers. I was naked. My back was arched, thrusting my rear backward and my tits forward to maximum visual allure, as Master had trained me. My neck was craned up to gaze directly into the eyes of Dr. Kovacs, whose pants were bunched up around his ankles, my hands planted on them as if to make sure he couldn't cover himself.

My mouth was full of cum, wide open and tongue extended.

I froze. It was if I'd jumped forward in time, no way of knowing how I'd gotten here, no clear path forward. As I felt my stomach lurch in shock at this sudden development, I did the thing that came most naturally to me.

My tongue slipped back into my mouth, and I swallowed, eyes still locked on his. He was still hard.

My brain began to catch up with my instincts then, and I realized that patients don't blow their doctors, that this hadn't been something that I had asked for, that no matter how much of a rush I could feel in my system at finally *finally* getting to service a man, it wasn't natural. It was programmed. It was my slavery reasserting itself.

I made myself wipe off the smile that had crept unbidden onto my lips. *Now put on your clothes*, I commanded myself.

During my enslavement, my placid temperament had been bent by Master into full submissiveness. Even now, I liked to obey. I did better at work when my boss simply told me what he wanted rather than invite me to handle it my own way. I always made my friends pick the restaurant, the bar, the radio station. Sometimes I even had them order for me. I had also discovered, however, that if I was firm with myself in my own head, I could spur myself to action, even when everything in my body said to be passive.

Right now, my instincts told me to ask if I had done a good job. He looked rather shaken, which only served to make me want to reassure him by expressing my gratitude. Maybe to play with myself a little until he told me how he wanted to get off next. My thinking self, however, knew that this wasn't right. This was so, so far away from right.

Get dressed Harmony, I ordered myself again.

I looked for my clothes, and began to put them back on.

"Harmony, I... I can't believe you... I mean we... That wasn't..."

I ignored him. I needed to be clothed so it would be harder to revert. He realized he was still exposed and pulled his pants up so fast he almost tripped himself. He couldn't bear the silence, and continued to stammer apologies; I continued to get dressed, doing my best not to turn the act into a show, as Master had trained me.

"Thank you, Dr. Kovacs. I don't think I'll be needing another appointment. If I hear from you again, I'll assume you're there with ill intentions, and defend myself physically if possible, legally if not."

"But Ms. Reed...!" he stammered behind me. But I was already out the door. I had to order myself every step of the way to keep from going back and finishing the job.

Chapter Three

I called off sick to both jobs the next couple days, and begged off social engagements. My friends were worried, but I told them I'd picked up a bug at school and they bought it. I hated lying to them, but the truth was no choice at all.

The incident at Dr. Kovacs's had gotten to me.

I wish I could say I'd been examining the memories I recovered, was finding pieces of them that meant something to me, gave me clues about what had been done and how I might be able to reverse it. That wasn't so. The flashes weren't really memories at all – as ephemeral and firm as my memories of the dreams I'd had as a child. There was nothing.

No, that wasn't what was troubling me. Really, it wasn't even that my shrink had taken advantage of me to indulge himself with a trademark Harmony blowjob. It was objectively repulsive and beyond unethical, sure. From the look on his face as I'd left he regretted it already, though whether that regret stemmed from having used me or from having been caught using me, I couldn't say. Regardless, his office didn't try to contact me.

So. I'd been used as a sex slave once again, after most of a year of freedom and clean living. And what troubled me? How much I had fucking missed it.

I tried not to masturbate as I thought about how amazing it had felt to have pleased a man, to have been used for the purpose I was re-born to. I'd be lying if I said I didn't, though. I refrained from letting myself climax most of the time, relishing the old feeling of keeping myself on edge, horny to the point of desperation.

It wasn't that I didn't feel up to going to work; it was that I was worried I'd go home with the first halfway decent-looking guy who hit on me.

I suppose I should clarify that, despite how it may sound, I'm not some total slut. I was horny. I'd gotten a taste of my kink, and my libido wanted more. You're probably the same way when you have a good roll in the hay. I remember a man who came to Master's ranch to fuck some of Master's slaves, and I was the one he selected. He told me he had a presentation to make the next day which would make or break his shot at a seven-figure salary, but all he needed to feel confident was to have a gorgeous babe go crazy over him.

“What woman wouldn't go crazy over a man like you?” I'd said, giving him the same meat-market perusal I was so used to being on the receiving end of. I'd been triggered already, and I knew this routine well, as it was popular with all these big shots that came and went.

The flatterer.

I walked around him, examining from all angles, and soon couldn't help myself. I had to feel those arms, those shoulders. "Your hands are soooo big," I gushed, addressing his fingertips one by one, little sucking kisses.

"Yeah, you know what they say."

"No, I don't. Can you tell me what they say?" There it was in my voice, the sound of a woman who loved nothing more than being told things by men. Men were so smart; I loved hearing the things they said.

"The bigger the hands, the bigger the... you know."

My eyes lit up. What a clever observation, they said. They darted down to his groin then, elated at the thought of the King Kong Schlong that surely lurked within. I helped myself to a feel of it, and he was already hard. I giggled in disbelief that I'd gotten so lucky to land a man so virile as this.

"That is big," I said, then sucked his index finger into my mouth as just the thought of his huge cock filled me with the need to suck.

"Baby, you ain't seen nothing yet." Raw arrogance. I trembled at how good it felt to know that I was helping to feed that colossal ego.

"I can't wait." And I couldn't.

I don't know how his presentation went, but when I saw him some months later, he went with another slave and barely spared me a second glance. It didn't sting; we slaves weren't allowed egos. But I was curious if he'd done it, and if so, whether I'd helped.

So yeah, like I was saying, I'm not some crazy slut with no self-control. A better way of thinking about it is like being a drug addict. I knew the drug was no good for me, and I remembered how it had fucked up my life in the past. But that didn't mean I didn't still crave the damn thing, even as I fought to avoid it.

I had to get myself better. Only my first attempt at doing so had ended in disaster, engaging the exact opposite of the kind of behavior I'd hoped to erase. It had taken urges which, if I hadn't buried altogether, I'd at least dumped a few shovels of dirt over, and brought them back to the surface.

I remembered, occasionally, the day Master had died. I'd run to where the body had hit the ground, and I remembered being surprised at how grotesque it was. Compound fractures and blood everywhere. Not like when people fall on TV and they just lie still. Master was convulsing, and the convulsions seemed to aggravate all the broken bones. Even so Master held on for probably an hour, just trembling and gasping. Master died before managing a single word.

"What do you want me to do?" I'd asked over and over for probably an hour after Master had stopped breathing, just in case some part of him was still going. I wasn't a doctor after all; Master had reminded his slaves often how stupid we were. (Not that I

think I'm actually stupid, but I was never a good student and certainly not the sort to pioneer mind control techniques.)

Still, it was harsh criticism from a Master who'd commanded me never to contact the outside world without expressed permission, then died on account of the ambulance that order had prohibited me from calling. I wished I could take comfort, but still I could only regret my inability to serve Master better in those final moments.

Once I was satisfied that he was dead, and then processed what that meant – that I was free again – I had to decide what to do. Mind you, I literally hadn't decided anything for myself in years at that point. Not what to wear, not what to eat, not how to spend my time. Now that I could decide what I wanted to do, there was only one thing that came to mind. The thing that came most naturally to me.

Find an assertive male and get him to fuck me.

Those first few days weren't proud, and I'd definitely given in to urges I regretted yielding to in hindsight. I probably could have just thanked the man who picked me up on the side of the road; I didn't *have* to climb in the backseat and fuck him. Same with the thrift store clerk who gave me some clothes; the handjob I gave a bus driver for letting me sleep on the bus overnight; the tit-fuck I volunteered for a guy for giving me \$50.

Technically I guess it wasn't really "giving" if I repaid it like that. Though to be fair, he gave first, and then I offered independently. My breasts had felt under-utilized at the time, I'm not proud to say.

Before long though, I got it out of my system. Back in the real world, acting that way was strange. Upsetting even, to some people. Even if I no longer understood shame or modesty, I still wanted to be normal, fit in, be a person with a life. I just commanded myself, daily, sometimes hourly, not to act like a sex slave.

Don't fuck that guy, came my own command countless times. It worked. *Don't be a slut. Keep your legs together. Walk away before you say yes. Swallow before you drool.* As long as I thought of myself as an autonomous person with her own authority, I could order myself around as well as the next guy.

It was that easy. The two days after Dr. Kovacs briefly turned me back into a sex slave, a lot of my commands were... friendlier.

Get naked.

Shave your pussy.

Twist your nipples. Harder. No, harder I said.

Lick that up now, Harmony.

I was awfully friendly with myself.

Still, life had to go on. I let that stuff cloud my head for almost two whole days, and on the third decided it was time to start behaving again. I had work in the morning, errands to run after, and sex slaves didn't have jobs or pay bills or return sweaters that

didn't fit right. That was something free women did, and I was a free woman. Not a sex slave. Not any more.

I practiced that day, getting myself back into behavior mode. I went for a jog. *Wear sweatpants and a jacket, not short shorts and a tank top.* I did some grooming. *Wash that makeup off. Free women don't wear makeup to sit around the house.* I tidied up around the house. *Bend at the knees, not the waist. No one's looking anyway.*

It was productive, and I worked up an appetite, and after two days diddling myself around the house, I'd run low on food. I ordered Chinese, telling myself it would be good for me to bloat a little bit. It felt like it reminded me I didn't need to be so preoccupied with looking sexy. I hopped onto the website for a local place I'd heard good things about and sent out for more food than any single woman should eat. I was excited. This was normal, and normal would be good.

The outside buzzer sounded a half hour later as the delivery guy arrived. *Don't check yourself in the mirror, Harmony. It doesn't matter.* There. I went to the speaker box and told him to come on up, third floor. I grabbed an extra couple bucks from my purse to add to the tips for the trouble. I held the button to unlock the entrance to the apartment building.

Only instead of a sixty-second delay and a knock at my door, someone immediately spoke to me over the intercom. A man's voice. I heard the words, and I understood them. Now I couldn't tell you what they were, what they'd mean to anyone else, whether it was English or Mandarin or Klingon or just plain gibberish. I just knew what they meant to me, and I immediately took them to heart.

One of my triggers. The combination of sounds that transformed me into a horny, pliant plaything, each trigger a different kink. And someone had just spoken one.

I hadn't gotten naked so fast in almost a year. Even the day two months ago at my secretary job when I'd been walking a sick kid to the nurse's office and he barfed all over my pants, I hadn't stripped so fast. I didn't have long, so I sprinted to my closet, hands guided by raw instinct to an outfit I'd forgotten I owned. Master's training animated my hands as I ran to the bathroom for a 20-second lipstick and eyeliner job, shaking my hair up into a little more volume as I darted back to the door.

I was just in time. He was knocking even as I returned.

"Well howdy! Come on in, come in!" I said warmly, leaning out to kiss him on either cheek. I'd adopted a very mild southern accent to complement the persona. The man, a lean guy around my age grinned bashfully and stepped inside, setting down his box of Chinese food just inside the door next to the jeans and panties I'd been wearing before he triggered me. If I had to guess I'd say he was Thai rather than Chinese, but I'm not really an expert on those things.

"My but aren't you a sweet mug of sun tea! I'm so glad you're here. My name's Harmony, and I'll be your hostess tonight. Why don't you take off your shoes? And are

you thirsty? Can I get you anything? Oh what am I saying, I haven't even let you sit down yet and here I am trying to get you tipsy!" I giggled, the mild Southern belle accent coming automatically from Master-only-knows what sort of training.

"Thank you, Miss," the man said, looking around at my studio apartment. "I wasn't actually planning on staying that long..."

"Nonsense – I insist! What kind of hostess would I be if I just sent you right back out in the cold, hmm? Now you take those shoes off and plop yourself down any old place. The couch is comfier than the chair, but the bed's softer than both if you'd rather kick up your heels for a spell – or iffing' you'd rather I kick up mine!" I winked, then scurried away to the kitchen with a merry titter.

Hostess. It wasn't a trigger Master had used often on me; it's not really much of a fetish, and I suspect most people who are looking for a woman to wait on them hand and foot either go more for the classic slutty maid, or want someone a bit milfier than myself fulfilling the role. Still, Master had liked to prepare for every contingency (or maybe just enjoyed the process of reprogramming us so much that he over-did it), so when I heard the trigger, I became what I'd been programmed to become. The portrait of absolute southern hospitality.

Right now, I was making him a martini. I didn't even know I knew how to make a martini, but Hostess Harmony knew what she needed to. She was also secretly hoping he'd choose the bed, but she could be plenty patient if needs be.

He'd chosen the couch. Damn.

I took the private moment to check over my appearance, since I hadn't had time before welcoming my... whatever he was. Not Master, nor even really a lower-case master. Stranger who knew one of my trigger words. Guy who was going to make my dinner go cold before I got to eat it.

My guest deserved 110% of my attention and hospitality.

I didn't have a mirror, but the window served to show me my reflection. I dabbed a bit at my bright red lipstick, and tugged at my dress. It was a bright red house dress that was practically out of the 1950's, white polka dots and all. The only difference was that this one flared out a good deal more, and was shorter to begin with. The ruffles underneath only hid so much; it was a sure bet that if I turned too quickly, it would whip up and show everything I had.

Which I made sure to do after handing the man his martini and then whisking back to watch him sip it to make sure he enjoyed my providence. He was staring at my legs when I turned again, so I was sure he'd noticed.

"How is it?"

"Mmm, it's good," he said.

"You haven't tried it yet," I pointed out.

With obvious effort, he looked up from my thighs to my face. “What? Oh, right.” Then a sip, then an assurance it was indeed good.

“Good, I’m glad, Mister... I’m sorry, I suppose I don’t know your name. Or would you rather sir? Or master, if that’s more to your likin’.”

“Well hi there, handsome!” I gushed. I was blindfolded, and restrained. “Aren’t you just a sweet mug of sun tea? Now you tell me, would y’all rather I call you by the name your mama gave ya, or is sir more to your likin’? Or how about massuh?”

A jolt. It was painful, but I’d been jolted so many times I only registered it as a lesson, not a punishment. “You’re a hostess, not a plantation field slave. Don’t go so thick.” Master’s voice, somewhere nearby.

I tried again. Because I always tried again. “Now why don’t you have yourself a seat and tell me your name so I know how you like to be called? Or would you rather sir? Or master, if that’s more to your likin’.”

What the hell had just happened? I’d never had a flashback to my training before. Not once. I didn’t have time to process because I was still triggered, and the man who had triggered me was speaking.

“Um... sir? Sir is fine,” he said, grinning broadly. I could tell he wasn’t used to this kind of flattery. He seemed to like it, and I had a whole volume of behaviors I brought to bear for the ones who liked to be sirred and flattered.

“Well then, sir. Why don’t you tell me what else I can do to make you feel at home? Would you care for a foot massage? I do a fine foot massage. Or... the way your eyes are wandering, I’m almost wondering if you’d rather have something a little more relaxing!” My eyes sparkled.

He almost spit out a mouthful of martini. “Wow. Um, I didn’t mean to... sorry if I...”

“Sorry? Why, whatever for?”

“You know, if I was... wandering.” This time, he gulped rather than sipped.

“Oh that’s all right!” I reassured him, setting myself down beside him on the couch, placing a comforting hand on his thigh and crossing my legs to reveal as much of them as possible. “Do you honestly think I’d wear a dress like this if I minded you looking at it? Heck, I take it as a right compliment! As far as I’m concerned, everything in my home is there for you to use however you like anyways. So don’t you be bashful now.” I gave him a long wink.

His eyes flitted back down to my chest; even wearing a dress that covered it cleavage and all, it was obvious I had plenty to hide. “Oh... I mean, if you’re offering, you could maybe show me... your, um...”

Must be a first-timer. I’d seen men who I believed full well had been with plenty of women who still got shy their first time with a sex slave. I could empathize, even. The difference between authentic human interaction, a give and take, putting on airs and

trying to impress, versus saying and doing whatever you wanted and still being guaranteed to seal the deal... it was heady.

Or so I would imagine. I wouldn't know.

"You mean these, sir?" I suggested, running my hands over them. It really was a bit obscene, not just the way the dress clung to my bare skin, nipples protruding, but on my end the omission of a bra was utterly out of character for my hostess. She was supposed to be a thing of deeply ingrained elegance and class, but equally ingrained submission and eagerness to please. The fact that the clothes I'd been wearing pre-trigger were lying scattered around the living room didn't help my satisfaction with the illusion I was creating.

The man didn't seem to notice. His eyes, brimming with delight, were riveted on the sight of the woman in front of him. I turned away from him. "I don't suppose you'd be willing to help a lady with some buttons, would you?"

I could have gotten them myself fairly easily – I was damn flexible and had been trained exhaustively on any skill remotely related to getting in and out of clothing – but I wanted him to feel comfortable touching me. Not just that, really, but comfortable feeling like I was a gift for him to unwrap.

It took him a minute but soon the dress was unbuttoned all the way, slowly revealing the skin across my back. When he didn't do it of his own volition, I prompted him to "go ahead and give it a few tugs now, sugar" and then, it was down my arms and soon peeled to my waist.

I rolled my shoulders as if it was a weight off of them, knowing that from my angle he'd be able to glimpse just barely at some side boob but not much else. Anticipation, even only a few moments, could be everything. Merely introducing that element of impatience, that there was something to be had that you hadn't yet been given, was enough to drive many men into throwing me on the floor and fucking me then and there.

Wherever and whenever then and there were, if I was triggered for it.

"Mind turning back around?" he said after a moment. Good, there was some of that assertiveness. He was seeing I'd do what he wanted, if he just communicated the desire.

"Happy to, sir," I said, shifting back to him. Had I ever been the sort to suffer from self-esteem issues on account of my appearance, the look on his face would have cured it in a hot minute. (I'd found even many beautiful women do lack this confidence; some of my fellow slaves had needed much reassurance that they were pretty enough to serve well.) His eyes lit like Christmas morning and my breasts were his very own Red Rider BB gun.

I wanted to laugh at the notion of them being closer to DD guns, but it wasn't in character. My thoughts had no bearing on what I was to show to the world.

“Wow, you’re *stacked*, lady!” he said, somewhat tactlessly.

I was well past immune to such crude remarks, however, even when I wasn’t triggered. “Thank you kindly, sir. And if you’d like to set a spell with ‘em, I’d be happy to oblige you. In fact, tell you what,” I said, shifting myself over into his lap, wriggling into a comfortable place for his burgeoning erection and taking his martini out an unresisting hand, “why don’t I hold that until y’all are ready for it?”

His hands were all over my breasts in an instant. He groped, hefted, squeezed, then dove right in and licked, sucked, chewed. It was heaven. This was what I had been made for. Remade for, anyway. I was pleasing a man. None of my enthusiasm was feigned – which was the whole point of having brainwashed me so. My pussy wasn’t starting to flood and gush right out onto this stranger’s lap out of some mental trick or quirk of biology. I was genuinely more turned on by this total stranger’s boob-play than I had been by days of nonstop self-stimulation.

While he worked, even as much as we were each enjoying his efforts, I began to formulate next steps. This was something Master had always been firm on – I couldn’t just react, and I couldn’t just improvise. I was always to be thinking about the best course of action to follow.

I could straddle him while he played, remind him I existed below the waist so he didn’t forget his many options. In fact, there was no downside to this; I did it presently.

Should I kiss him? No, he’d hardly paid attention to my face since walking in. He might like a blowjob, but so far nothing he’d said or done indicated he wanted my mouth more than my body.

I could give offer a titty-fuck. He was definitely enjoying them, and seemed to have that childlike sort of glee of a man who would enjoy the novelty of it more than he would the more stimulating paths to an orgasm.

Yes. He wasn’t slowing down on my breasts; this was the right tactic for this man.

I considered trying to remain in character, telling him I had the worst itch between my breasts and would he kindly do a lady a favor and scratch it for her. Many men enjoyed the perversion of a character, this Dixieland hostess treating a man fucking her tits the way the authentic version might have regarded a guest helping her move a piece of furniture.

This man didn’t seem especially intrigued by the character so much as the body inhabiting it. I decided to be more direct.

“Why, you sure do seem to be enjoying Miss Harmony’s boobs, sir!” I exclaimed, cradling his mouth to my chest so he didn’t feel immediately compelled to reply. Some men liked to talk; some didn’t. Whether or not he responded when I stopped suffocating him with my nipple would tell me how to proceed.

“Seriously, lady, these are amazing fucking tits. Are these fake? I’ve never seen ones like this except, like, on porno chicks.”

There it was; no interest in the character, only in what he could do with her. Which was fine. I made a note to mellow out but not abandon my accent, and to focus on the experience rather than the situation.

“Bless your heart, sir, if you aren’t just the sweetest man to suck my titties in a dog’s age!” I gushed, granting him tacit permission to call my parts whatever he liked. “Now I don’t suppose you meant to sit around and suck ‘em all night? Not that I object, so long’s you don’t mind supper gettin’ cold,” I added.

“Seriously, I could sit here all day with these things.”

“Well don’t let me stop ya,” I said, pulling him back in. “You just let Miss Harmony know whenever you’d like to have her try something a little bit bolder with ‘em.”

“Mmmmmrmmmer?” he said. Muffled in tit-flesh as he was, I translated it as *bolder?*

“Sure! What kind of a hostess would I be if I didn’t at least make sure you was fully satisfied, top to bottom?” I squirmed my pussy against his cock; if he thought I meant to offer sex, fine, but mostly I just wanted to make sure he knew what I meant to satisfy.

“I can’t say as I’m one to turn down a nice tit-fuck – especially not from a hottie like you,” he said. I clapped my hands delightedly, hopping up off his lap with my dress still clinging to my hips. The man lifted his hips and I helped him off with his pants and boxers.

Like that, this stranger’s cock was in my mouth, and I was as happy as I’d been in months. It didn’t matter that I didn’t know him, that he hadn’t done much to tidy up first, or that this was all taking place right here in my own living room. I was triggered, and my brain was just satisfied to know that I was satisfying him.

“Damn lady, I thought I was gonna get to spend some time with your tits, but this is nice too.”

I wasn’t doing my best blowjob; in fact, it was about as unimpressive an effort as I ever allowed myself. However, this was only because the purpose here was more to get him wet than to get him off. If he’d wanted to come in my mouth, I’d be trying harder.

And I knew how to try hard.

“Don’t you fret, sugar, I was just making sure you was good and ready for the main course,” I reassured him, releasing him from my mouth and repositioning him between my tits.

More than most people, I have learned that the human brain is a remarkable thing. It’s capable of hearing sounds that aren’t there, fabricate entire memories while forgetting the name of someone you knew since grade school. You’ve no doubt heard some of those crazy stories about how it can misfire, someone who takes a blow to the head and suddenly can do calculus.

For me, thanks to Master's brainwashing and re-wiring and unhinging, it was that I could come just from serving.

As I started jerking my tits up and down the man's shaft, I reflected on it as I'd never been allowed to do when I was a sex slave. (One of my most deeply-ingrained commands was not to think about things that might free me, and thoughts about the nature of my programming certainly seemed to fall under that umbrella.) I don't think Master cared about my happiness, and I'm certain he cared nothing for my sexual satisfaction. If I had to guess, I would suspect that it had something to do with how I'd been programmed for obedience, using pleasure as a reinforcement mechanism.

Because as a free woman, I certainly never found myself quaking with orgasms as I tit-fucked someone.

Psychological arousal – that is, the link between climaxing and thought processes apart from physical stimuli – is obviously a phenomenon for most people. We all have our things that get us off, whether it's a visual thing like some guys have for big boobs, or maybe a foot thing, or just knowing you've made it with your crush. For me, it was knowing I was getting someone off. The part of me I was using to do it always came alive with sexual energy, just from knowing I was fulfilling Master's programming.

My breasts were like two gigantic clits on my chest, and I never wanted him to stop.

Unfortunately, he was a young man with a hair trigger being tit-fucked by a gorgeous woman, and stopping was exactly what he did.

"Sorry to have to run so quick, lady, but hey, you ever looking for a good time you know how to reach me, OK?" he said, tugging up his pants while I sat back on my ass, legs spread, dragging a finger back and forth through the blobs of his slime on my chest as if to savor the texture. It was inelegant and undignified and largely bad form for this character, but like most of my triggers, it adapted to the man and his preferences. This man wanted to fuck a slut's tits and run; my job was to assure him he'd done a good job of it.

"And if y'all're ever lookin' for a place to hang your hat or whet your whistle, I reckon you know right where to find me." I smiled graciously.

"Damn, you're one crazy bitch, lady," he said, though with mild affection.

"Aren't you just the sweetest thing, sir" was my reply.

He shook his head and shut the door behind him. I listened to him go down the steps, peered out the window and saw him go back to his car, watched it peel away from my apartment complex. He was gone.

I watched a little longer. He wasn't coming back.

The trigger ended.

I, Harmony Reed, free woman, was standing in my living room wearing half a slutty dress and all of the cum her delivery guy's balls could hold. No longer focused on

the needs of my hostess, I became aware of my old clothes scattered around the living room and the scents wafting from a box of cooling food by the front door.

Over the next few minutes, the sensations passed and my mind righted itself. I had been used. Being used, I reminded myself, wasn't something to feel proud of. I needed to clean up and dress myself again. I should be angry.

Go wash up. Don't eat that stranger's cum, I ordered myself.

Hopefully before long the endorphins would be flushed out of my system and I could be angry. For now, I had tits to wash off, and Chinese takeout to eat before it got any colder.

Chapter Four

Master had not often indulged clients with violent appetites. Sentimentality towards any of us slaves had no part in it, certainly, though we never received a rationale for turning away such men either. I suspect it's because the brainwashing process was some combination of expensive and labor-intensive, and he had no desire to let someone destroy one of his masterpieces for a quick buck. Regardless, it meant that whatever else I could complain of during my years of enslavement, being beat up wasn't part of it.

Even so, Master trained his slaves to resist fear. Again, I can only surmise, but it seems likely Master preferred us not to panic about our fates as slaves to a ruthless brainwasher. It kept the ranch quiet, certainly, which was fine by me. Even if I was mere chattel, I preferred to be enslaved in peace.

When I was twenty-three, I had a repeat customer who made me grateful for the training. He was crazy – and I don't mean kinky or giggly or eccentric, but who-left-the-back-door-to-the-asylum-open crazy. He used to like to roleplay that he was a super-villain and that us slaves were super-heroines, and then torment us and rape us and mwa-ha-ha-ha his victory over us. Even aside from however he compensated Master, the man must have spent a fortune in props, from revealing costumes to magical ropes and alien alloy chains and any number of insidious traps. It was like an Adam West era Batman cartoon, except he never laughed.

Mind you, a super-heroine fetish was just his kink, not what made him crazy. No, I discovered his madness right there in the depth of his eyes as wielded his prop knife at me, screaming that he would carve out pieces from my super-cunt and eat them so that when he went down on my blood-filled pussy his mouth could survive the white fires of Vandelon.

(See? Crazy.)

Even then, even lying there bound and helpless and at the utter mercy of a lunatic who I had no doubt would mutilate and murder me if he could... there was no real fear. I faked it, screaming and struggling and fighting to close my thighs before he could infest me with his demon seed, but I never actually felt the real surge of panic.

That's not to say I'm incapable of the emotion; I still had my intense dislike of public speaking, still got scared if someone jumped out and said boo, still got my heart racing the time this jerk in a beat-up Subaru ran a red light and almost broadsided me. I just don't sit and fester in it. Unless there's some kind of immediate threat, I rationalize away my anxieties really quickly. Adapt and handle it, my training went.

That all said, what happened in my apartment yesterday had me as close to terrified as I got.

I'd been over and over it, and none of it made sense. In the entire course of my enslavement, I'd never been triggered by anyone but Master. Nobody else, not even me, knew the phrase that would turn me into a good doggie, or a blow-up doll, or dozens of other sets of behaviors. Heck, it's entirely possible there's some lurking in my brain even I don't know about.

But yesterday, a delivery guy had come to my apartment, spoken a few words, and reduced me to a gracious Southern tit-slut.

I looked again to my list of theories I'd scribbled on a notepad, seeing if maybe something would click, unlike the hundred other times I'd been over it. My first theory, flimsy though it was, was the one I liked best – that I'd simply mistaken whatever he'd said for my trigger and it had all been an accident. Possible? Sure. He'd had some kind of Asian accent and worked for a Chinese restaurant, so maybe he'd said something in Mandarin that I'd just misheard.

Likely? Hell no. Only a complete moron would invest all manner of time and energy in making a human slave only to have their behavior keyed to something someone would say conversationally. Master had been no moron.

My second theory, no more probable but almost as hopeful, was that a combination of sounds had hit me and it had again served as my trigger. I didn't live in the best building and the walls were pretty thin. Maybe whatever he'd said over the intercom coincided with the TV in the apartment below me and the argument my next-door neighbors had been having?

And so on, until I ran out of theories rooted in wild coincidence and started listing the things I simply dreaded. Of that, I saw two possibilities. The first was that Master had left some trace of his work and someone had discovered it. The second, my hand had shaken so much with anxiety that I could hardly write it down.

Master is alive.

It seemed impossible. Hell, it *was* impossible. I'd seen him die with my own two eyes. Only, I'd also seen what he could do to my brain, turn my thoughts and desires into soft clay to be molded however he liked. Could he have faked his death somehow? Why would he? If he had, why return now?

On a second page of the notepad, I'd written another heading. *What do I do now?*

On that page, those words were as far as I'd gotten.

For now, I decided to treat it as an isolated incident. Nearly isolated, at least; there had been the episode at Dr. Kovacs's office. Still, there was no connection between the two that I could see. For there to be any link, my shrink would've had to have learned that particular trigger phrase, declined to use it himself, then somehow passed it

onto my delivery guy between the time I ordered it and the time it showed up. It was a bridge too far.

Wasn't it?

The fact that for the first time ever I'd had a memory of my conditioning at Master's hands, even as brief and seemingly meaningless as it had been, was something I couldn't even begin to deal with yet. The dread I'd felt at displeasing Master, my burning need to do the right thing (where "the right thing" was synonymous with Master's will), the needles and the burning of whatever he'd injected into me... I had no idea what to do with it, so for now, I did nothing.

In fact, for the time being there was little to do but go back to my life. After all, that's what this was all about – trying to hang on to the normalcy I'd fought so hard for. I went to work at school the next morning, then pulled a shift at the car wash by evening.

I'd figured I'd be looking over my shoulder all day, but honestly, people were glad to see me back. One of the kids from the special needs classes that I'd bonded with a little had even made me a card, and I'd only been out for two days. I fell back into my rhythm, and found I wasn't paranoid in the least.

In fact... I felt pretty good. Really good, if I'm being honest.

A little *too* good.

I should tell you, I've had a rather nonexistent sex life since I regained my freedom. I don't want to have some kind of weird flashback to Master's ranch in the middle of making out with a guy and suddenly start acting like some kind of nymphomaniac. (Or worse – I can only imagine what would happen if my "unwilling" mentality was triggered.)

So maybe it was just that, having a few good orgasms. From having a guy come between my breasts. Maybe that's all it was. Regardless it was done and over, and I just needed to focus on work. My friends were a little worried about my absenteeism too, and it was getting high time to stop putting them off.

I masturbated to orgasm six times that night. Six more the next.

Finally, I couldn't put off my social obligations any longer; the gang was moving from concerned to crabby at my keeping them at arm's length. Even I had to concede that even as much as I wanted to fritter away another night on idle fantasizing, normalcy was important, and I needed to get back into normal habits.

There were five of us, usually, though it was common enough for someone to bring along a date to our outings. Miguel and Justin were inseparable, step-brothers with different fathers but practically twin souls. Despite what men had done to me, I found them impossible not to love, and not long after we'd been introduced, it was like we'd been friends since grade school.

Then there were the girls – me, Hannah, and Vivian. Hannah was a little older than the rest of us, in her mid-thirties, and had a son who was a senior at my school. Accordingly, Hannah was basically the mom of our entire group, keeping us in line and counseling us through our dramas. Vivian was my age (three weeks younger to the day, in fact), and the beneficiary of a whole lot of that mothering. While some might have called her hell-raiser, I stopped short at mere wild child. When the group got hard on her after she'd gone on a week-long trip with a guy she'd just met, I had to speak out on her behalf.

After all, if they were that concerned about her screwing one stranger, imagine what they'd think if they ever found out about what all I'd done.

Miguel and Justin picked me up at my place after work. (I had a car, but it was not reliable and best avoided. Besides, always nice to have a DD.) They were two of the very few men left whom I trusted; Justin was gay, and Miguel and I had gradually reached an understanding that neither of us were in the market for the other. Cliché as it sounded, I valued his friendship too much to risk having a go at him. Plus, I knew full well I was damaged goods, and he deserved someone who wasn't a closet nymphomaniac.

Which was a good thing for him, because I was looking dangerously good that night.

We'd decided to hit our favorite bar for a few drinks, then go dancing at a place Vivian knew in the city. Sure, I had work in the morning, but I figured it'd do me good to have some simple fun. To that end, I'd squeezed myself into a little white dress that was damn sure to get me some attention. While the dress wasn't full-on slutty, my ample curves lent it the title for the evening. It wasn't clingy except across the chest, where it hefted just enough of me up and out; the skirt was all breezy and flowing, but just tight enough in the hips that every move I made had it twitching to my own personal rhythm. Add on a pair of stilettos and a pretty killer makeup job, and I was dressed to kill.

My sexiness makes me feel powerful, you see. This was true before I was enslaved, and held true after. It was something I had that no one could take from me, something I could subtly lord over people the way some of the teachers unintentionally did at work with their advanced degrees.

Did you go to college, Harmony?

Oh, I got my PhD in blowjobs at the University of Master's Ranch.

It made me feel confident, and I desperately needed that right now. Also, Hannah and Vivian knew me well enough to know that I dressed according to my mood, and this get-up would reassure them that I was feeling A-OK.

I basked a little in their ooh's and aah's, and had to dole out some genuine praises in return. Miguel might not have his brother's raw good looks or the ability to pull off the stubble-beard he was trying on, but he cleaned up damn good. We were a crowd of

head-turners, for sure; Hannah bragged that she'd be the milfiest lady in the joint. She wasn't wrong. Not to disparage Hannah's fashion sense or fitness regimen – just that we fast learned that Vivian's intel on this place might have been a little bit off.

“Wait,” said Justin, “so this ‘amazing little place in the city’ was called Tucker's Country Junction, and you didn't think that was worth mentioning?” He frowned up at the sight of the neon cowboy glowing over the entrance.

“They just said Tucker's! I didn't know it was a country place,” she protested.

“We're going to fit in about as well as that cowboy would at the The Gate,” Miguel retorted, referencing one of the more upscale clubs in the city, a place where even girls like me were practically commonplace.

“Well it's not like I did it on purpose – I'm overdressed as much as the rest of you!” Vivian insisted.

The bickering went on like this, but I heard little of it. I'd gotten dressed up, and dammit, I was going to have fun. I heard their voices trail off into stunned silence as I sauntered up to the front entrance, presented the rough-looking bouncer my ID and the cover fee, and went inside.

I'd been to country joints before, and this was an exemplar of its type. Open barn-like feel, rodeo decor, and of course, the music. The floor was surprisingly full for a weeknight, a mix of seasoned veterans who knew all the moves and goofy newcomers laughing themselves silly trying. I joined the latter group immediately, and for the first time in days, forgot my troubles entirely.

If I got a few sidelong looks from people at being out of place, the explanation (that my well-intentioned friend had heard great things but not *specific* things) was more than enough to pacify them, and even let them have a good-natured laugh at our plight. By the end of the first song, my friends had joined me. By the end of the second, their scolding expressions had evaporated, replaced my implacably giddy smiles.

We danced, we drank, we danced some more, all the while entertaining and fending off flirtatious admirers. Miguel and Justin were nearly the only Latinos in residence, and us girls ribbed them about how they had suddenly become exotic and sought after. As for the ladies, we didn't pay for a drink all night. Vivian had found a guy to make out with, and Miguel had settled into a booth for some heavy flirting with a pretty little blonde. Hannah and Justin were one another's dance partners, a common enough arrangement and happily made.

Myself, I was sitting at the bar politely but firmly rebuffing away the admiration of one such fellow, a burly guy pushing fifty (but pushing it hard) in a trucker's hat and a flannel with the sleeves ripped off, when he leaned over and said something quietly in my ear.

I only had enough time for one thought – *No. Not again.* – before I was triggered, and my thoughts were no longer mine to squander on futile resistance.

I marveled inwardly at how quickly my brain rewrote itself; the man had barely sat back upright in his stool before I had become what I had been told. I recognized my own thought processes too well; this trigger had been one the more common requests at Master's ranch.

– burning sensation as his concoction entered my bloodstream; Master and I waited silently for it to infiltrate my brain and make me pliant.

Master spoke the words. I frowned, confused; I didn't feel any different, and Master's triggers always made me feel different. "Master?"

"Tonight we're going to crack you open and see if you can't learn to do as you're told."

"I always do what you tell me, Master."

"Why is that?"

"Because you are Master. I obey Master." This was a truth ingrained as deeply in me already as my need for air.

"Twist your nipples, Harmony."

I did; they were already hard, and bare, and it seemed only natural. As soon as Master said it, I found it was what I wanted to do on my own.

"Do the splits."

I could do them sideways, front to back or standing with one leg held over my head; presently, I did the first. It felt right. This was where I wanted to be, doing the splits bare-assed in Master's training chamber.

"Bark like a dog."

I would always have obeyed Master – obviously – but more so than usual, this felt right. "Arf! Arf arf arf!"

Master patted my head and shushed me. "Tell me why you did those things, Harmony."

"I obey Master," I said automatically. "But also... they were really good ideas."

The flashback ended. Right now, I would obey. Blindly.

I have multiple obedience triggers, I should clarify, as most of my triggers entail some manifestation of obedience. The ones that don't merely define the limitations on my resistance and compliance. As for the more direct routes to controlling me, there's one that turns me into a fawning harem slave, another into a simpering housewife, still another into a robot (monotone and all). The hostess trigger was in that spirit, really, though allowed me a bit more autonomy in providing suggestions.

This, however, was among the most restrictive. Right now, I would follow any command I was given. I didn't do it with enthusiasm (*oh thank you, kind sir, thank you for giving this silly little slut a way to serve you!*); I didn't do it mechanically (*command acknowledged; this unit will commence sucking dick in 3... 2...*). Here, I

would do it as if it were perfectly natural. Whatever I was told to do simply became the thing I wanted to do.

It was objectively alarming, even if I experienced none of the alarm myself; most of my triggers had me jumping through mental hoops to anticipate and preempt. This, however, was all reactive. Beyond manually input instructions, I wouldn't alter my behavior or give a man any special treatment. I was still Harmony Reed (aside from quelling any urge I would have had to run like hell)... it was just that Harmony Reed became something of a fluid concept.

I took a sip of my drink, and continued doing what I was doing – ignoring him. Maybe I'd get lucky and he'd just be satisfied with that. At the same time, I couldn't help thinking that maybe I'd get even luckier, and he'd demand the world.

"C'mon, least you could do is gimme a smile, sweet thing," the man prompted.

I was made to be rather literal in this setting, but still, I could tell at the heart of his words was *gimme a smile*. So I smiled. At him. It seemed like the right thing to do.

"That's the spirit. You got a pretty one, ya know." I gave him a little nod, still not really interested in interacting with this guy, but smiling at him nonetheless. He hadn't said to stop, and the command didn't have a logical conclusion.

It was getting awkward, even for him I think, and he finally broke eye contact. "You don't talk much," he said.

Suddenly, I wanted to talk to him, yet only a little. I didn't have much to say. "Not really."

"I suppose lookin' like you do, you wouldn't have to, eh?" He shouldn't grin so much. He didn't have the teeth for it. I kept smiling. "C'mon now, tell me I'm wrong."

"You're wrong," I said automatically, inflecting it as if to tease him.

"Oh? 'Cause quiet as you are, it makes a man think you got somethin' else on your mind." I braced myself. One crude comment and I would start fucking him right here in the bar. "Dancing," he said, guffawing at the suspense he'd built.

I kept smiling. Suddenly, my mind was on dancing. "I like dancing," I said, keeping my comments clipped. I didn't have much to say.

"Well I don't suppose I could trouble you for one now, could I?" He had the decency to look nervous, probably unsure if his trigger was working yet. But even suggestible as I was, there was no command in that.

"I'd rather not, thanks," I said, silently praying he'd feel chastised and give up.

Again, it was not my night for easily put off men. "C'mon, darlin', give ol' Curly just one dance," he pressed.

I shrugged my shoulders in surrender, taking to my feet and scanning the bar. "Sure. Which one is Curly?"

He laughed, and I could smell the whiskey on his breath. "You're lookin' at him! Don't judge a man by the toppings on the table. Time was when I earned the name." He

took off his trucker's hat and I saw he was indeed mostly bald, save for a few lonely hairs futilely combed across his scalp.

"Oh. What kind of dance would you like?" He'd said to give him a dance, after all. His grin broadened ear to ear. "Lap?" he said jokingly.

Before he could brush aside his comment (if he even had the intent to do so), I had turned around and was twitching my butt right at him. The music wasn't ideal for this, but I had stripper training leaking out of my ears. I made it work, adding a little bit of the honky tonk style to my movements. My dress, I'm sure, was flashing panties at him left and right, but the man wanted a lap dance, so he'd be fine with that.

I was settling into his lap backwards, humping softly against his growing erection, when he finally became aware of all the attention we were drawing. "Hey now, I was just joking! C'mon, give it a rest, darlin'." I stopped, standing back up and turning to smile at him. "Damn, you don't play hard to get at all, do ya."

I sure didn't. I glanced around the bar, thinking how little it would take for these men to take me home with them. I didn't like to make them work for it. I was so, so easy. I wondered if he knew how ready he'd just made me to jump into bed with his competition.

But then, Justin was there, and Hannah. I couldn't tell which of us they were scowling harder at, me for dancing like a slut or him for being the recipient of it. "Harm, what the hell are you doing? Jesus, you're going to get the cops called on you," she scolded.

Right on top her, Justin was rebuking Curly. "Hey pal, why don't you leave our friend be? She's had a lot to drink, and she's ready to go home."

"You wanna take me home?" I said, elated, and a little surprised my gay friend would be the one to claim me as his prize.

Justin gave me a weird look. After all, my friends assumed I'd only give my attention to this guy because I was blitzed. Maybe roofied. Still, Curly wasn't ready to give up his prize. "She ain't neither drunk. She and I were just having a good time, weren't we miss?"

"We sure were!" I said. It had been so fun, embarrassing myself by giving him a lap dance.

"See? Now tell your people there to back off, baby girl."

I nodded. "Yeah, we were just having some fun, guys. Leave us be."

Justin eyed me sternly. "Look, I don't know what this guy slipped in your drink, but you need to come with us. *Now.*"

I was about to agree – I don't like to play hard to get, after all – but Curly spoke up first, his tone remarkably indignant for a guy who'd just triggered me into being his sex slave for the evening. "Hey, I didn't slip her nothin'. I bought the lady a drink, and she threw herself at me. Ain't my fault she can't get enough of yours truly."

Mmm, I sure couldn't. Lucky for me, there was so much of him to go around. I plopped back down in his lap, taking his arm and wrapping it around my waist. I suddenly wanted his hands on me everywhere. "Leave us alone, you guys. We're just having fun, OK?"

"The hell we will," Hannah thundered, hands on hips.

"Hey, your friend's a free-spirited woman who can do whatever she wants," Curly rebutted. My mind suddenly dumped all of his pre-existing comments. I was free. I could do what I wanted. I wanted very much to leave with my friends. But before I could so much as remove his sweaty paw from my mid-section, he dashed my hopes anew. "And what she wants is to go spend some quality time with yours truly. Tell your friends farewell, then let's you and me get out of here."

"Bye guys. I'll talk to you later." I took Curly's hand and tried to leave, but they stayed in our path. "Sorry, when I said 'bye,' what I meant was 'get out of my way.' I'm leaving."

"Harmony, c'mon. With this guy? No fucking way," said Justin, glaring at my country western lover-to-be.

I looked to him for support. "Don't hold back baby. I promise you I won't neither." He chuckled, and I giggled at his innuendo. He was going to fuck me like crazy. I knew what quality time was code for. I couldn't wait.

I narrowed my eyes at Justin. I had to get out of here with Curly, and I wasn't going to pull punches to get him the hell out of our way. "What, you jealous? You can't have his cock for yourself so you won't let me have it either?"

"What? Harm, he's—"

"—taking me home with him because you're not my dad. You're not my brother, and you're sure as hell not my lover. You have no say in this."

"Well I sure as shit do," said Hannah, hackles rising. "I don't know why you're dead-set on slumming with this jerk, but nuh uh. Not on my watch. You're coming home with me, end of story."

"You're not the boss of me!" I said, realizing how childish I sounded and adding a "bitch" to try to up my game.

As a mother, Hannah had long since developed an outrage reflex for sass. "*What* did you say to me?"

"C'mon, really let 'em have it. They's slowing us down," Curly said in my ear.

I should have been horrified by what happened then, but instead, it felt exactly right. I laid into my friends, using every insult, slur, vulnerability and bit of dirt I had on them. I called Justin a faggot, told Miguel he was just as big of a pussy for sticking up for him, accused Vivian of being an airhead who was only pissed because I'd finally found one of the men she hadn't yet slept with, told Hannah that just because she'd ruined her life by being a teen slut didn't mean I was going to follow in her footsteps.

Miguel made one final last ditch effort to stop me, grabbing my wrist and spinning me to face him. “Harmony, I don’t know what’s gotten into you, but don’t do this. If this guy’s... blackmailing you, or whatever it is, we’ll help you. Stay. I – we care about you.”

Then, after a nod from Curly, I looked into the wounded, concerned face of my best friend in the world. “Touch me again and I’ll call the police.” His jaw dropped, and when he recovered from being altogether stunned, he released me.

By that point, they were only too happy to see me go. They’d never seen me drunk enough to do a random hookup before – I’m usually pretty protective of myself, for obvious reasons – but tonight, I showed them I could and would do whatever the hell I wanted.

And tonight, what I wanted to do was a heavysset redneck named Curly.

His hand was on my hip as we exited the place, my friends still glaring daggers at my swaying backside. I didn’t care. All I wanted was to get out of there with Curly. “Thanks,” I said. “I really wanted to get out of there with you.”

“Yeah, I could tell. Mighty bossy friends you got. Let’s flip ‘em the bird before we go, shall we?” he said. I could tell he was joking, but I didn’t differentiate. I turned and looked to where they were watching us through the front windows and extended both middle fingers at them.

“I was just kidding girl, damn,” Curly said as he opened the door of his rather antiquated pickup for me. I didn’t get in yet; all he’d told me to do was get out of there, and I’d done that. Maybe he’d slip up next and I could go beg my friends’ forgiveness.

“Sorry. It just seemed like the right thing to do.”

“You keep on doin’ whatever I say like that and you’re gonna start giving me ideas.”

Precisely what I didn’t want to do, but then, what I wanted no longer mattered. “I’ll try not to,” I said, knowing full well my trying would be in vain.

“Well hell, if it gets me another lap dance, don’t you bother trying.”

I considered; it was unclear what that suggestion connotated. So like the brainwashed fuck toy I was, rather than ignore it, I asked. “Does that mean you’d like another one?”

“Well who wouldn’t!” His smile faded, and he looked me over for a moment. With that ambiguous reply, I still didn’t feel quite compelled to resume grinding on him.

“Look now, I ain’t totally delusional. Girl like you and a feller like me... I been around the block. You gotta make a living, I understand. So let’s negotiate.”

“I’d love to negotiate. What are we negotiating?”

“Don’t be coy now. You tell me what a reasonable rate is, and I’ll decide if I think you’re worth it.”

“Happy to. A reasonable rate for what?” What I intended was a simple, innocent clarification of what he wanted. I knew, of course, but he had to say it. Otherwise, in my triggered state I’d try to sell him my jewelry, or babysit his kids.

What he heard, however, was a request for an itemized price list. “Look, I’ll be honest, there ain’t a scrap of you I ain’t at least intrigued by. So walk me through, piece by piece, what you charge.”

I considered. He wanted reasonable rates, but who decided what was reasonable? Was that according to his wallet? Or according to my value? I decided on the latter.

“My mouth is four hundred, my pussy’s five, and my ass is eight. Or you can go all-inclusive for an even thousand for the night.” Steep? Sure, but I was a good-looking young woman, and one who was an expert in the use of every last orifice and extremity on her body.

He whistled through the gap in his teeth. “Damn, girl. I’m sure a piece of tail like you’s worth every penny of it, though... give ol’ Curly a discount?” he said.

“Sure,” I immediately replied, prices vanishing from my head. “How much do you think is fair?”

“Well after I bought you that drink, you oughta give me a freebie.” He chuckled.

“Sounds good,” I agreed.

He paused. “Wait, serious?”

“Of course. I’m free to you. Total discount.”

“Are... are you all right? Like, in the head? Tell me honest now.”

“I’m actually pretty fucked up in there,” I confided. “Right now, I feel like I’d do anything you told me to do, no questions asked.”

He eyed me a moment, then glanced around the lot as if to look for hidden cameras or Ashton Kutcher. “This some kind of practical joke?”

“Nope. Anything you tell me to do, I’ll do.”

He looked me over. “Stand on one foot.”

I raised a foot in the air, balancing precariously on my remaining stiletto and hoping a breeze didn’t come along.

Just to check, he then had me spin in a circle, say the ABC’s backwards (took me a minute, but I got it), and hand him all the money in my purse. \$48.35 was thankfully all I had on hand. Each command I obeyed cheerfully, certain what I was doing was a good idea.

“Show me dem titties,” he said finally, folding his arms across his chest as if certain this would be a bridge too far. He was the one who’d triggered me; how could he doubt?

So standing right there in the parking lot, hoping and praying my friends weren’t still watching me, I unzipped the back of my dress, slid down the straps off my shoulders, and tugged my dress down to my stomach. I was wearing a strapless bra, but

that just got in the way of Curly seeing my titties so I took it off too, tucking it in my purse for later.

As he stared at my perfect rack, I just smiled. It felt perfectly normal to show these to him. This was what I wanted.

“Get in the car.”

He drove us to a motel, a sleazy-looking dive in a disreputable part of town. The whole way, I left my titties out (a much more natural word for them, I thought), and occasionally I invited or tried to entice Curly to look at them. I really wanted to show them to him, and he was happy to let me. He had me cover them with my arm as I walked into the motel room, but then immediately had me reveal them again.

“Can’t wait to see you without that dress on,” he said, eyeing me in the flickering fluorescent light of our room.

“I’ll bet,” I said. “For now, do you wanna look at my titties some more?”

He chuckled. “So it’s like, a literal thing with you, huh? You need to hear the words? Fine. Take your dress off, darlin’.”

“I’d love to!” I exclaimed. I pulled the zipper down the rest of the way, but he stopped me right off.

“Do it like a dance. A strip tease.”

“Would you mind? I’d actually really prefer to do something sexier like that.”

“Be my guest.”

He sat back in the motel room’s chair while I shimmied out of my dress. When that wasn’t enough, he had me continue to dance for him. I knew a good many, and he didn’t tire of them soon. His cock was out in his hand, slowly stroking, for more than an hour of watching my highly trained body wriggle and undulate for his viewing delight. There was no music, just the sounds of our bodies, each of our skin against our own.

“OK, you can stop now,” he said at last. I stopped dancing, bending over to catch my breath. “How you feelin’, darlin’?”

He’d told me before to be honest, and I couldn’t imagine he meant that for just the one response. So I gave him the full truth. “Physically, I’m equal parts tired and horny. I’m horny almost all the time, but more so than usual. Mentally, I want to go home and call my friends and tell them I’m sorry.”

“Well you shouldn’t. The show you’re putting on, you should feel proud. They’re damn selfish for trying to keep you from the world.”

I smiled at that. My friends were such assholes, always trying to keep me from stripping and dancing naked for strange men. They pissed me off. I was proud of my talents. “Thank you. I really liked dancing for you.”

“Bend over and show me your cunny,” he said.

I turned around and bent down, my breasts sinking down almost to my chin. With my hands, I pulled my ass cheeks apart so make sure he got a good look. “You got a nice one. If you asked me real nice, I just made give it a little treat.”

“Good to know,” I said.

He chuckled, cock still in his hand. “Yeah, guess I gotta be more specific, don’t I. Ask me real nice.”

After his last comment, I couldn’t pretend not to know what he wanted me to ask. “Would you please, pretty pretty please, fuck my cunny?” I batted my eyelashes at him upside down between my legs.

“Mm. Now offer me your ass.”

“Oh yeah – you could totally do me in the ass, Curly. Any time you want to stick it in there, you go for it.”

“Tell me how much you’d like to suck my dick now, darlin’.”

“Oh, I wouldn’t. Not at all,” I said honestly.

His face darkened slightly. “Yes you would. Now try again.”

“Ha! I don’t know what came over me. I would *love* to give you a blowjob. If you want one, you got one. I’m one hell of a cock-sucker, promise.”

“Stand up.” I stood.

“Pinch your nipples.” I pinched them, though only delicately.

“Harder.” Not so delicately.

“Twist ‘em for me.” I did, groaning at the mix of pain and pleasure, hamming it up a little (since this was for Curly, after all, not just for my own enjoyment).

“Bend over, and don’t stop.”

Here it came. I could only listen over the sound of my own cries as Curly shed the rest of his clothes behind me. He stood there, watching me present myself, torment myself, his unabashedly obedient slave.

“Convince me you want it.”

“Oh god PLEASE, Curly!” I exclaimed instantly, as if I’d been holding back the words until he opened the floodgate. “I’ve been wet and horny all night and if I don’t get your cock in me soon, I don’t know what I’ll do. I’ve given you all my money – I can go to the ATM and get more if you want. Or dance for you, or suck your dick – whatever you want.”

I backed up a few halting steps until I felt his cock nestled in between my nether lips, then I rubbed myself against him without daring to take him in. I wanted him to see how sincerely aroused I was, see how earnestly I desired him. He had to believe I wanted this.

He gave it to me.

I never stopped pleading, never stopped twisting my nipples and mauling my titties, never gave him a single moment where he couldn’t see how much I wanted him

to fuck me like his property. He came in me, but I kept thrusting myself against him so that he never had a chance to go soft, and then I fucked him until he came in me again.

I was surprised then, when instead of having a go at one of my other holes, or having me gyrate some more, or having me twist my nipples clean off, he stood up and began to get dressed.

“Done with my cunny so soon?” I said sadly. “But I still want more...”

“I know you do, my crazy lil’ darlin’. But I got a wife at home who’s already gonna need one hell of a whopper to explain where I been all night. Tell you what though, you go ahead and let me take a trophy, so’s I can think back on you when I get lonesome.”

I nodded, raising myself up to my knees on the bed, cupping my tits and smiling up at him brightly. “You’ll probably want to use a flash, it’s so dim in here. Otherwise you won’t be able to see how sweaty my titties are.” I loved having him look at my titties.

“Heh. I was thinking more something like this,” he said, fetching my panties from where I’d stripped out of them earlier. A cute little pearlescent bikini style pair that I’d gotten just for tonight’s dress. They’d cost me almost \$20, and now I was glad to know he’d have them to remember fucking me tonight.

I hoped he’d picture my titties when he looked back on it.

He didn’t make small talk, didn’t get my number, didn’t say another word to me as he got dressed and left. Just a little smile at the door at where I was still modeling my big titties for him, his semen dribbling out of my pussy onto the sheets.

Then he was gone, and when I was sure he wasn’t returning, I slipped back into my dress and called a cab to take me home. I slept like the dead.

Chapter Five

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 left the note on my kitchen counter before I left for work the next day. Mind you, it was hard for me to do. Not because I worried I might forget about it and one of my friends would see it. Not because it was difficult to talk or think about what Master had done to me. It wasn't even the asking for help that was hard, even though that was always one of my personal vices.

What was hard was that my libido was thundering at me not to write it.

The previous night, some lard-ass creep in a country bar had spoken a few words to me, and I'd been completely and totally at his mercy. Or lack thereof. Only days before, the same had happened with my food delivery boy, who'd walked into my home and been treated to all the hospitality he could have ever dreamed of. And last week, I'd gone down on my shrink after I was dumb enough to let my guard down. Each experience had left me feeling more vulnerable than the last. But the sex...

Someone knew my triggers, and was somehow passing them on to people around me. The odds that Curly and Chinese delivery guy and Dr. Kovacs were all in cahoots was too preposterous to consider. For the time being, the hypnotherapist was my prime suspect; maybe the hypnosis had been so successful he'd been able to get them out of me and still had time to try one out? I didn't think I'd been in there that long, but I'd been so distraught when I was leaving that I hadn't exactly checked my watch.

Nonetheless, what could I do about it? I had to be at my school job at 7:00 sharp, and even if I could have just driven to Dr. Kovacs' office, it wasn't a winnable fight. I could storm in and make accusations, demand explanations, and then he'd just use one of my triggers again. Even if he wasn't behind all this, he still clearly knew at least one of them.

Any thoughts of trying to track down my other two recent masters-for-an-hour reached the same dead end. They might be able to say who had given them the trigger, but faced with a choice between using it again or betray the person who'd given it to them, what were the odds they'd choose the latter? Would they even know a name or have any way of reaching this guy?

Thanks for the best sexual experience of my life. Here's a photo ID and the contact info for the sonofabitch who made it possible. Yeah, that seemed likely. What, then, to do?

I went to work. I packed a spare pair of panties in my purse in case my day went on in the same spirit as my night.

As I went about my day, I surprised even myself at how well I maintained my calm. At Master's ranch, my inability to panic at my objectively terrifying circumstances was an obvious symptom of Master's control over me. I hadn't considered it a skill, nor a benefit. Mostly it just kept me from screaming in horror, or crying myself to sleep every night.

Today, it was coming in handy. Every time I found myself alone in a room with someone, I wondered if this was it, this was the moment someone would say those magic words and I'd become the slutty librarian, a shy but curious schoolgirl, a strict school mistress ready to lay down some discipline. But no one did.

Hannah's son, Angel, passed me in the hallway at one point, and I flushed just thinking of those horrible, horrible things I'd said to her last night. I waved to him, but he looked away. I guess his mother had at least given him some idea that we were fighting, and I know the kid was fiercely loyal to her. It was one of the things I liked best about him, even if presently it made me the recipient of his sidelong stinkeye.

That day I was aroused almost all the time; that was normal enough. It's why I wore thick bras and a maxi pad to school most days; these kids had too many raging hormones as it was without my nipples showing through my blouses or the occasional wet spot visible on the butt of my pants on a bad day.

Today, I excused myself to the bathroom to get myself off twice before lunch. I'd never been given a key to the faculty restroom, so I had to do it as quietly as possible at the students came and went into the stalls around me. The second time, I came with two fingers inside me, biting my knuckles to keep from making noise as I listened to Debbie Kaiser complaining about a pre-zit to her friend Lauren Kraske.

Strange to think I was just like them before I was taken, maybe a few months older but no less aware of the world. Now here I was, jilling myself in a public restroom because I was too turned on by the idea of being a fuck toy to stop myself.

After school, I went back to my apartment and stared at my phone, willing it to do the work of coming up with a way of apologizing to my friends for last night. How would I ever make them understand? Hell, even I barely understood it. I definitely wouldn't

understand it if Hannah had called me a nosy bitch, or if Vivian had said to close my mouth before the whole bar area started reeking of jizz. I tried not to think about telling Justin that if he were any more of a pussy then Curly would be fucking him instead. All because that redneck had told me to get rid of them, so he could take me to a cheap motel and fuck me.

My phone, surprisingly, refused to comply. I should've sprung for the newer model, I guess. The fluids dribbling out of my pussy had been in competition with the tears threatening to leak from my eyes all day. At home now, when I had no valid excuse not to call and beg forgiveness except my cowardice, the latter was finally winning.

I pulled a shift at Suds & Go that evening, only three hours but I pulled in almost \$50 in tips. Better than usual. Again, I found myself in constant anticipation of my next trigger, waiting for someone to pull up and say the words, have me buff his hood ornament to a mirror shine. So to speak. Again, no one did. I played with myself through my clothes on the drive home, and the moment I got into my apartment I tore off my uniform and friggd myself in the shower until I collapsed to my knees from sheer exhaustion. I even fell asleep like that for a while,

Stop it, I ordered myself as I began to start up again on the couch, where I slept more often than not. *You're being forced into this. This is dangerous. Stop liking it.* I don't know how effective it was at squelching the feeling, but I at least managed to fold my hands behind my head and fall asleep.

My dream was half-memory, half-fantasy, but so vivid I had a hard time understanding what was happening when I woke up. I was back at the Suds & Go, only Master was the manager now, and Master had triggered me on behalf of a customer. It was like going home again – only the homey feeling in my head belonged to Master's ranch.

It was my "model" trigger, and so I eagerly engaged in washing the customer's car – only now, cleanliness was nowhere in it. Every part of it was an excuse for erotic display. Little by little, I eased the zipper on my coveralls down until it was clear I wasn't wearing panties, and my boobs threatened to burst loose with every movement. Then they did, and I sighed in relief at exposing myself to the clientele. This was how I belonged, wet and naked. The sponge hardly touched the car, mostly acting as a vehicle to deliver sudsy water to my tits; draped over the hood as I was, I could be pretty sure at least some of it wound up on the car.

Little by little, it got clean. I soaped the windows with my naked breasts, shined the front end with my rear end after I cut off the legs of the coveralls. (My ass was mostly hanging out of what was left; the wash cloth hanging from my belt hung down longer than the remains of the legs.) I bent over the hood to stretch out to get the entirety of the windshield – and that's when the customer decided to take advantage of the slit I'd cut in the crotch and fuck me.

He didn't leave a tip, but I'd gotten as much of his tip as I could have wanted anyway.

I woke up with thoroughly pruned fingers in my pussy, the shower water by now as cold as the car wash in my dream. I toweled off and went to sleep in my own bed. Or tried to, at least. I drifted in and out, my phone reclining on my chest as I kept trying to make myself pick it up and call my friends. More than what had been done to me, more than my urgency to find out who was spreading my triggers, I needed to make things right with them. That didn't stop the excuses from being effective, though. It was too late; they needed time to calm down; I had to rehearse my apology just a few more times.

Around 2am, after hours of wallowing in my fear of picking up the phone, someone called me.

It was just a phone number, nobody I had in my contacts. Maybe it was a wrong number; maybe it was one of my friends who'd gotten a new phone since yesterday calling to chew me out. Maybe it was one of the guys I'd screwed around with the past few days looking for another romp.

I tried to tell myself I was only hoping for the first two.

Hesitantly, I answered the call. "Hello?" Nobody responded, so I repeated myself. "If you have something to say, just say it already, OK?"

Then whoever it was just said a few words I didn't catch, then, "I'm watching." Then the line went dead, but by that point I didn't care.

I had a show to put on.

This was one of my triggers I'd never fully understood. As I gave myself a quick once over, I tried once more to ponder the mindset of someone who would submit to the security screening, travel all the way out to Master's ranch, pay the king's ransom Master charged for time with us... then not fuck one of us. Not even touch. While I would have let a man fuck me under this trigger to avoid displeasing Master, it wasn't compulsory like the others. I didn't have to suck or fuck or jack anyone off.

I just had to look good. Damn good.

Supplies in hand, I went out to my balcony, flipping on the 40-Watt bulb there. It was a small area, only about three feet by eight with a little closet on one side where I stored my grill in the colder months. It was sheltered from the sight of anyone else in the building, but the parking lot, the houses across the way, anyone driving by on Wagner St.... they'd all have quite a sight. I was almost certainly the only apartment lit up, my tiny light a beacon summoning the eye. Right now it featured a hanging plant I'd let die months ago, a couple folding chairs, and yours truly.

There was no rush. I took a moment to look out across the parking lot, wondering where my admirer was down there. In one of the cars, maybe? The bushes in the parking

dividers? Hiding in a tree with binoculars? Wherever he was, I couldn't see him. And it didn't matter.

As it had been the middle of the night, I was wearing nothing but a gray t-shirt I'd gotten secondhand, and a pair of pink and white striped boxers. Not my sexiest look, for sure, but watchers liked that sometimes. It was authentic. Unfeigned.

As unfeigned as the arousal I was feeling. I didn't have to fake a thing.

I started just by teasing myself a little, running my fingers up and down my arms. If the cold air hadn't already hardened my nipples, that always did the trick. I gave my thighs the same treatment, leaning to one side, then the other. My fingertips were featherlight on my skin, tantalizing me with their gentleness. With my internal heat rising, I lifted the bottom of my shirt to fan myself. It was theatrical; it couldn't be more than fifty degrees out, if that, but it showed skin. Just a little. Just for a moment.

I gave myself a moment to just stare out again, chewing my lower lip as I tried to decide whether it was time. Time to be bad. As if inspired by my own brief exposure of tummy, I lifted my shirt back up and used the underside of my breasts to pinch it in place. My fingers roamed across the smooth, pale expanse of my belly, drifting lower, then away. Still lower, away again. I couldn't touch myself there yet. I had to *earn* it.

So my hands moved up up, then, rather than down. I had these tits, after all, these big, heavy, sexy, beautiful, succulent tits, and it was practically criminal to ignore them. My fingers trailed up my ribcage and then along the sides. Not center mass, not yet, just teasing at the sides. It was that delicious middle ground, the skin any stranger could just barely see exposed in my bikini at the beach, while simultaneously never having the opportunity to touch.

Not me, though. I could touch them whenever I wanted. So I did. Only little by little did I work from side boob to underboob, careful not to let my shirt slip free from my tits' makeshift grip on it, my belly still bared. Soon though, just teasing the skin wasn't enough. Maddeningly so. My thumbs encased the outside and my other fingers cradled the rest, hefting – then squeezing – my breasts. They felt divine; I craned my neck back to gasp at how perfect it felt.

After some time sampling the whole package, I at last allowed myself to touch a nipple through my shirt. Just rubbed, not even caressed. Only touched. I stopped, and forced my hands down to my sides, balling them into fists. To anyone looking, I must look like a girl desperately fighting off her desires. In actuality, I was nothing more than a girl trying to look like she was fighting off her desires, when in fact she'd already decided to give in to them all.

I suppose "decided" wasn't the right word, but no matter.

I touched them again. Just with the right hand, massaging the skin of one breast then the other. My left joined it soon after, unable to help itself. For several minutes, I

treated the neighborhood to the sight of a buxom brunette groping her tits in the soft glow of her balcony's dim, solitary bulb.

Before long that wasn't enough. My right hand abandoned the left to its needful (or was it kneadful?) task and began to explore south. Down my stomach, beneath my waistband, down further still – where it paused.

I knew what my observer wanted. He wanted to see me overpowered by the lust he had put in me, to impale myself on my fingers and ride myself to orgasm. But he'd have to wait. First, my tits needed some real attention.

Off went my shirt. I groaned with relief at having them out in the open, no more barriers between skin and skin. I discarded it casually, and almost immediately it slipped off the railing and drifted out to land on the sidewalk. I didn't care. In fact, I hoped someone would come pick it up, still warm from my body heat, that I could watch them take in my scent. I went from rubbing at my breasts to outright mauling them, crushing one in each hand, squeezing so hard they oozed out between my fingers. I declared open season on my nipples, pinching and gently twisting them in my fingers.

My exultant laugh echoed out into the night. This was a fun show, only this wasn't what he wanted. Not yet. He wanted to watch me get off. With a quick glance around, as if to make sure no one was watching, I prepared to give him just that. Sort of.

It was the sort of scene that, if he was recording it (which I both hoped and suspected he was), he'd have to watch in slow-mo to have a chance to see what he was after. With a thumb tucked into each side of my boxers at the hips, I wriggle side to side, easing them down – then just as they would reveal my pussy right above the top of the railing, I spun around and perched on top of it. The metal was ice cold on my bare ass, but knowing how hot it must look, how bitter it must feel to be cheated out of the sight of my exposed cunt.

Then, I began to play with myself.

I'd been horny all day – hell, I'd been horny all week – but this, this was on a new level. Spreading my lips and slipping a finger in was easy, wet as I was. A second one joined it, and my thumb went after my clit like a button that dispensed pleasure when it was pushed. I eased my thighs as far apart as I could while keeping my feet on the ground and lost myself in the *shlick, shlick* of my play.

That and the distant droning of traffic were all I could hear.

Little by little, I leaned back as far as I dared, holding the railing with my free hand for balance. I imagined what my watchers would see, a sexy girl with her shorts around her ankles, ample breasts just visible over her shoulders as she arched her back in bliss. He'd be jerking himself off by now, breath coming in little gasps as he watched me play, just like he'd told me to. His fantasy girl, untouched and untouchable but by her own hands.

With a howl, I came. My expertly trained pussy massaged my own fingers just like it was supposed to. I wished I could convey that it was doing that somehow.

Still, it was time to stop being a tease.

I regained my breath, giggling to myself in a giddy tone that the wall of my apartment reflected outward with excellent acoustic effect. On shaky legs, I stumbled a couple steps to one of the chairs, hampered by my boxers still bunched around my ankles. I kicked them off, watching with a grin as they fluttered down to land on someone's dashboard. I had no doubt they wouldn't be there when I woke up; somewhere, some stranger would be inhaling my musk as I donned fresh panties to grace them with the same.

I settled into the chair and smiled out at the night, pleased with my own self-pleasing. Then it was as if I suddenly remembered something important: I still have tits.

When I was younger, before anyone had done anything to my brain, I masturbated much the same way. It always started with my breasts, a little teasing and tweaking at the nipples before moving on down below. I sometimes mixed the two, though I'd lacked the coordination that years of practice and rigorous training have since given me. In hindsight, it really was an awkward and clumsy act, a horny girl attacking her body's pleasure centers as if to take her orgasm as a ransom.

It was that memory that inspired my play that night. Even gone, Master had still managed to find a piece of my mind that could be taken and molded into something whorish, useful for providing men pleasure. With each new position, I had a millisecond of a memory of practicing it in Master's training chamber, Master's serum coursing through me dizzily, Master's voice correcting me into ever-sexier positions.

With my ankles on the railing, I diddled myself silly. Before that phone call, I'd already lost count of my orgasms that day, but after, it would have required an actuary to estimate. Even as I humped my hand, grunting and thrusting into the morning, I wondered when I would ever be able to stop. Normally I stopped when the man I was with left, but tonight, there was no man. Just a former sex-slave and anyone in the neighborhood who cared to watch her frig herself like a woman possessed. When would it feel like enough?

I masturbated in the chair, against the wall, upright with one foot up on the railing, on hands and knees with my ass pointed out, hands and knees sideways, kneeling in the chair, leaning face-first against the glass door and humping my fingers. Every time I came, I brainstormed a new position and tried it. He might still be watching. I had to put on a show.

The sky was just beginning to fade from black to purple when suddenly, the headlights turned on in one car in the lot. It peeled away quickly, tires squealing on the

cold pavement. I hadn't seen anyone moving in the parking lot, so I guessed it must be the man who'd put me up to this.

My watcher had gotten his show, and was gone. *OK, Harmony. You can go stop now. If you want.* It was as firm as I could be with myself right now.

With an aching forearm and trembling thighs, I made my way back inside, thrilling at the warmth and throwing my aching body down on my couch. I was asleep when my head hit the pillow.

Chapter Six

I woke up well past time to notify my principal that I wasn't coming in, but I honestly didn't care. My first task when I picked myself up off the couch was to check on the number that had made the call, but there was no trace of it. The last call in my history had been the night before last, Miguel calling to tell me he and Justin were on their way to pick me up. I knew it was possible to erase a call from my history, and worse, I knew it had been possible for Master to erase memories from my head. Such forgetfulness had never been part of one of my triggers that I had noticed, but if someone knew all that Master had known, maybe they could do that too.

As I took a long, cold shower to scrub the dirt from my balcony off of me, all I could think was that I was no longer safe anywhere. It had been bad before, having already had someone come into my home, yet now I realized I was vulnerable anywhere and everywhere. They could reach me over the phone, which meant I either could have it with me and just dodge my calls, or I could leave it behind and be unable to reach anyone.

For now, I kept it in my purse, but left it turned off.

Then I focused on banishing those lingering fantasies about what I'd done last night. *Damn, I bet I'd looked sexy as hell*, I kept thinking. What the hell was wrong with me, fantasizing about being someone's fantasy? I was objectifying myself in my own head, a victim of my own making.

What the hell could I do? The answers were no different than they had been yesterday. I was powerless to confront the men who'd used me, just as powerless as I had been to stop them from using me in the first place. The theories hadn't changed, except the vague evidence of the car I'd seen leaving this morning. I didn't get anything as specific as make and model, much less a license plate, but I was pretty sure Dr. Kovacs wouldn't drive such a beat-up old car. Not that that exculpated him by itself. If it had even truly been the trigger man's vehicle and not just some neighbor who'd made it out to their car while I was blinded by the thrill of giving myself the shocker.

I needed help. Only the last time I'd tried to get help, I'd let a hypnotherapist put me under, then woke up with his dick in my mouth. Who could I turn to? There was only a very short list of people I trusted under the best of circumstances, but right now, my friends had to be livid with me. Besides which, even if I could get them to forgive me, I didn't want them to know what I had once been. If there was a thought that threatened to put real fear into me, it was that.

So should I just do nothing? There was a small (but loud) part of me that wanted exactly that. To relive the wild, torrid, exciting, toe-curling escapades of yesteryear, to let

my life become as it had been. I could just be a sex slave to the world, not worrying about Master's edicts but only pleasing my controller of the day.

That was no solution though. I could only maintain my jobs for so long behaving this way, especially my school job. Hell, that could land me in jail if I was unlucky. (Unluckier than I'd already been, that is.) I could be evicted from my apartment. Lose all my friends. Wind up in a cage in someone's basement. Whether or not I enjoyed some part of this, the cost of not resisting simply wasn't worth the thrill of the journey.

So far, I'd had my home violated, potentially lost all my friends, become a hostage to my own cell phone, and made one hell of a violation of public nudity laws. Had it turned me on? Yes. I could admit that. But these dalliances weren't just risqué; they were dangerous. Something had to be done.

All day long I thought round and around in circles, in search of courage as much as ideas. Finally, at 4:41, I got in my car and drove to Dr Kovacs' office, leaving my note behind in my apartment in case things ended badly, along with a note explaining where I was last headed. Not my final destination, I hoped, but in the event anyone saw that note it probably would be.

I tried not to let the thought that this could be my final mistake be consoling. I should be terrified, but was instead vaguely contented with the idea of being my shrink's permanent sex slave.

Upon arrival, I took a few deep breaths and tried to the door to the waiting room. Unlocked. Inside, his secretary was already gone for the day, but the door to his office was ajar. A light was on, and I could hear classical music playing softly. Perfect. I turned the bolt on the waiting room door to make sure we weren't disturbed. Or that I couldn't escape. I wasn't sure which.

I stepped quietly into the office, and standing at his filing cabinet flipping through folders was Dr. Kovacs. The bland decoration no longer felt so non-threatening, nor did the fuzzy pink sweater he wore. It featured little yellow ducklings.

He's dangerous, I reminded myself. *Do what you came to do.*

He cried out at the feel of the thin metal cylinder against the back of his head. "Don't move. Don't say one fucking word. Understand?"

"Y-yes," he stammered. "Look, take whatever you want, my wallet's in—"

I pressed down harder against his head, and he stopped immediately. "What did I just say? No moving. *No. Talking.* Now, do you understand? Think carefully how you answer."

He just froze for a moment, then remembered he could nod. I reached around and put a roll of duct tape in his hands. "Good. Now let's get you nice and secure, make sure you don't do anything stupid."

I was impressed with how calm I remained as I watched him place a strip over his mouth and then bind himself to his desk chair. I kept behind him the whole time, wary

that he'd realize who he was dealing with and realize how easily he could turn the tables on me. I may not have had a plan, but I could at least be careful with my bluff. So far I was impressed with myself for making it this far with bluster and clichés from crime dramas.

"All right, Dr. Kovacs. David. I'm going to put away my gun, so you don't panic on me." I came around in front of him at last. He looked positively terrified, though I couldn't tell for sure if it intensified when he saw me or not. I felt awful. While some victims of kidnapping might react by becoming protectionists, my response was to become a pacifist through and through. Even if this man had taken advantage of me, I hated using fear and violence. For all Master's moral shortcomings, there had never been any of that. Brainwashing and compulsion, yes, but we'd been made to enjoy it, at least. Probably too much; hence my current predicament.

There were less fortunate sex slaves in the world, I knew.

I glared down at my prisoner. "Miss me? I suppose you wouldn't, active as you've been in my life lately. I think it's high time we get to the bottom of it, figure out what you've been up to and how you've been doing it. So since we can't trust you to use your mouth, let's just go with nods and shakes, shall we?"

Sweat trickled down his round face from his balding scalp. "So let's cut right to the chase. Have you been giving people my trigger phrases?"

His eyes widened, then he shook his head vehemently.

"Don't bullshit me, Doctor. Someone's been following me around and fucking with my life, and it all started with you and your little hypnotism routine. So I'll ask again – have you been giving out my triggers?"

Another shake.

"Do I need to get the gun out again, see how many holes it takes before you remember?" I reached into my coat pocket menacingly.

Dr. Kovacs' eyes went wide. He frantically shook his head, squealing in panic beneath the duct tape gag. Then it sounded like he was trying to say something. It was far too garbled to be intelligible.

"What, you think you can trigger me through your gag? Well guess again, Doc. Keep trying, though, and pretty soon I'm going to take it personally. So I'd give it a rest if I were you." Almost immediately he gave up. The office was silent again.

I took a moment to re-think. What exactly could I learn from him in simple yes-no's? Too late, it dawned on me I might have fared better coming into this with a concrete plan of action. Dr. Kovacs was already denying his culpability, so I couldn't see how to proceed when we lacked that basic agreement. Could I actually hurt him? One look at those fear-filled watery brown eyes of his and I knew I couldn't.

It was time to take another risk.

A couple minutes later and I had successfully jury-rigged my idea into being. A pad of paper was secured in place at the end of the right arm of his chair, and a pen was in his hand. His handwriting would suffer, but he'd be able to communicate. Now I just had to hope I couldn't be triggered via text. I never had been; then again, I'd ever been triggered before except by Master prior to last week.

"One more time now, David. Why are you doing this to me? And how did you learn all my triggers?"

He shook his head again and began writing. I watched him write, wary for any sign he was attempting a trigger. What that sign would look like I didn't know, but I figured whatever they were, they couldn't be common phrases. Master was methodical and insisted on absolute control over his harem. He wouldn't allow even a chance of having one of us slaves escape if someone accidentally blurted a lucky phrase.

No triggers. Didn't do anything. Please don't hurt.

I folded my arms across my chest. "You've gotta do better than that. All of this started in your office when you put me under. Did you dig around in my subconscious and find out what they were? Then, what, you followed me around and gave them to those other guys? Some kind of sick game for you, pimping me out to strangers?"

He wrote as quickly as he could. *Recording of session in file drawer. Listen.*

"What kind of a moron do you take me for? You want me to listen to the tape, hear the trigger word you used on me and get another BJ, is that it?"

He was still for a long moment, then wrote a single word. *When?*

"Let's see. There was last night, when some guy had me stripping and finger-banging myself for three hours on my patio." He shook his head, then tapped his pen on the question. "I dunno, around two in the morning. The call woke me up, but I was forced to delete the record of it, I guess."

He wrote, *Other times?* and tapped the question.

So I went down the list, and he listened closely. Was he trying to get inside my head somehow? Or just trying to get a firsthand account of the fruits of his labors? When I got to Curly – "two nights ago, around eight then for the rest of the evening" – he suddenly started writing in a flurry.

Text Charlie on my phone. Ask where I was. He looked down to his hip pocket. I didn't think he was in a position to try to headbutt me or anything, so I figured I'd give him a shot. Could it be some kind of trap? It seemed pretty elaborate, if so. I scrolled down to find the name Charlie Geist in his contacts, and he nodded to confirm when I showed it to him.

Their history showed nothing immediately nefarious, just some back and forth about some fantasy football league thing. It looked like pretty standard dude banter to me, no red flags. I took a moment to compose a short message to Charlie, conscious that

there was no way to do it without sounding conspicuous, so I abandoned pretense. *Say, do you remember what we were doing two nights ago?* I pressed Send.

There was an uncomfortable silence as we waited for a reply. I wonder if Dr. Kovacs was still worried I was going to shoot him. If he was thinking of a way to trigger me. If he was just worried I was just plain crazy. In fairness, he was probably right to worry on that one. Even I didn't know what I'd do if whatever this plan was didn't pan out.

Luckily for us both, Charlie replied quickly. *Trivia night at Fiesta's, remember? No wonder we got our asses kicked, you don't pay attention for shit lol*

I showed the therapist his response. "So what? What is this supposed to mean to me?"

He started writing again. *Trivia night. Phones = cheating.*

"So?"

How give trigger if no phone?

Well shit.

I fell back onto that ultra-plush patient chair and started thinking it through. I'd been to some of those trivia things with my friends (Vivian was a beast at those things), and I knew full well there were no phones allowed if it was competitive. Even if he'd had access to a phone somehow, he'd have to have someone following me, watching for someone to give the trigger to, someone who wouldn't just use it for themselves, and suddenly it was all a lot more far-fetched. Accusing a man of getting his kicks whoring me out to strangers was one thing; suspecting Dr. Kovacs in his pink sweater with duckies on it of orchestrating a criminal conspiracy, henchmen and all, was another.

"I'm so sorry," I said, unable to stop tears of remorse from dripping down on him as I hastened to remove the duct tape restraints. He winced as I jerked it off his mouth, but stayed silent. And still. Even when I'd completely undone it, the only sound in the office was my quiet sobs as I fell to the floor.

After a moment, a box of tissues slid into my blurred field of vision, held in the hands of my erstwhile hostage. I took it, more out of the guilt I felt at the thought of rejecting his help than out of desire for it. I took a moment to dab at my tears and get my sniffles under control. I eventually summoned the courage to look up at him. He was looking right back, an inscrutable expression on his lightly lined face.

"So, are you going to call the cops now?"

He was quiet a moment before answering in a small voice. "Are you going to shoot me?"

"Oh! No, I would never have – I mean, I don't even have..." I pulled out my "gun", a piece of pipe I'd had in my apartment from when my landlord left it behind during a plumbing repair some months earlier. I dropped it as his feet like it had stung me.

He nodded. "Then if you're not going to shoot, I suppose I'll not telephone the police. Come now, let's get you up off the floor, dear." He offered me a hand, pulling me back to my feet. I'd felt better on the floor.

"I'm sorry. I was never going to hurt you. I'm just... I thought you... I didn't know who... I'll get out of your hair. You won't ever have to see me again."

"Wait, Harmony." I paused near the door, but couldn't make myself look back. "You came all this way, and you're obviously very distraught. After what happened last time, don't you think we should at least talk about it? I know I felt just awful after you left."

I glanced over my shoulder. "You didn't enjoy it?" I know what you're thinking – why was that the first thought that came to my mind? – but it was. Ill-begotten or no, I had my pride.

"No, I liked... look, I was taken aback by it. I wasn't sure what to make of it, and I felt too awkward to even attempt to call you. Every day I've meant to, but I just hadn't summoned the wherewithal to do it yet."

I tried to process. "But you said you didn't trigger me."

"I'm not certain that I did. If I did, I didn't mean to. One moment I was trying to guide your subconscious back to your experiences at the hands of this 'Master' person, and the next, you were... well. Triggered, I suppose we could call it."

I finally turned to face him. "Did I say anything, before that?"

He shook his head. "You were mumbling to yourself a good deal, which is common enough, but you didn't actually attempt to communicate. I'm sorry. I've tried listening to the tape, even, to see if I could make any of it out so I'd at least have something useful to offer you, but it didn't take. Listen for yourself, if you like. Perhaps your young ears will pick up something mine didn't."

He fetched the tape and inserted in the player. Together, we listened to the whole thing. It started with the induction, and I remembered that wonderfully relaxing feeling of having my worries all drift away. That was the last thing I remembered, so I focused hard on what followed.

"Now Harmony, we're going to take a trip. We're going back to somewhere you've already been. You'll be right here in my office, completely safe, so no matter what happened there, you have nothing to worry about. All right?"

"All right, David," came my sleepy response.

I turned the volume on the tape recorder all the way up, but even then, my responses remained difficult to hear.

"First, I want to go back about two and a half years. I want you to remember where you were."

"Master's ranch. With my sister slaves."

"All right. And you had a room there, yes?"

“Master’s room. Let me stay in it.”

“Of course. So you’re in that room again. And there’s a knock at the door. Who’s there, when you answer it?”

“Master.”

“And what does he say to you?”

“A guest wants me. Master’s there to prepare me for him.”

“This was usual?”

The tape was quiet, but I imagined I had nodded. Most of Master’s visits were either for that, or to use me himself. How I had once craved those visits.

“What happened next, Harmony?”

“Master made me get dressed. Guest came in, Master left. Guest was my boss.”

“Your boss? Like, from your old job?”

“No. Trigger made him my boss.”

“Ah, so a stranger. But you role-played that he was your boss.”

“Yes. Liked him. Handsome, friendly. Said, ‘Harmony, you’re going places at this company.’ I wanted that. Wanted to please him.”

“I think I see. Look, let’s go—”

On the tape, I talked right over him. *“Told me I was pretty. I acted nervous, knew what he wanted. Touched me, on the cheek. I didn’t say no, so he touched me on my behind. Smirked. I was at his mercy.”*

“Yes, Harmony, but now we’re—”

“Told him he could keep touching me if he wanted. He did. Took my clothes off. Blouse, skirt. Underwear. I was scared, but more scared to say no. He saw me crying, told me I looked even better like that. Knew he’d like it.”

“I understand. We can stop this now, Harm—”

The Harmony in the recording was determined to proceed. The Harmony listening to it was re-living the memory as she told it, savoring the subtle manipulations of both boss and subordinate.

“Groped me then. A lot. Rough. Hurt a little, but I liked it. Master let them get a little rough, if no bruising or blood. Threw me over his desk – my desk, but became his – and fucked me. Called me ‘hot little bitch.’ Came too fast.”

“I... see.” He sounded disturbed, not aroused. More and more he was earning the trust he’d told me he needed to before hypnotizing me. *“Was that all then?”*

“I asked him if I was getting promotion. Laughed at me. Said they don’t promote little whores. Said he couldn’t wait to tell the rest of the boys on the board about what an easy piece of ass I was. Then left.”

“That was cruel of him. But remember, you’re safe now, and respected.”

“Enjoyed it. Masturbated until Master came back, told me I’d earned him a timeshare in Aspen. Fucked me as reward.”

It was quiet then for a long while; I looked to Dr. Kovacs for an explanation. “You kept attempting to, erm, masturbate. I was trying to gently restrain you without waking you from the trance.”

I smiled thinly; I was almost beginning to enjoy that my escapades made him uncomfortable more so than turned on. “Did you succeed? I can be pretty determined when I get going.”

He was turning nearly as pink as his sweater. “I kept your hands outside your clothes, at least. But I think this is where the, um, distraction rendered you somewhat harder to understand.”

I patted his hand consolingly, then the tape resumed playing.

“All right. I want to take another trip, back to the beginning of that encounter. Can you do that with me?”

“Mm. Love to. Earn that promotion this time.”

“Before that, even. You said Master came in to ‘prepare’ you. I want you to describe what that entailed.”

“Triggered. Get dressed. Mm. Naked at ranch. Always naked. All of us... so sexy...” It devolved into mutters, punctuated by little moans. *“Make up. Lots of lipstick. Hair in bun. Mmmm. Look attractive without trying to look sexy. Mmm, god yes. Unavailable.”*

“To enhance the guest’s enjoyment of ‘conquering you,’ then?”

“Conquer me. Ungh, YES... mmm...” We listened as Dr. Kovacs tried to prompt me to keep talking, to stop playing with myself.

“How did you know how to make yourself look and act the way this guest wanted you to?”

“Trigger. Master... mmm, Master...” Another bout of stopping me. I sounded more and more insensible, frustrated, like an animal not understanding why it’s being kept on a leash.

“All right now, Harmony, before I let you, ah, resume, I want you to go to the start of that encounter. You’re still... naked, Master has just walked in. What does he say to you?”

What followed was a long, low moan; out of context it might have sounded like I’d been punched in the stomach, but even aside from his compartment, I knew my moan-vocabulary too well to think Dr. Kovacs had done any such thing. That was the sound I made only in full frenzy, when I had nothing left but lust. Beyond even where I’d been in any of my recent trigger episodes; it was the sound of a primal beast whose only instinct was to fuck.

“Harmony? Ms. Reed! Miss... oh my! You, you can’t... Wake up! Wake up now, oh shit, oh please wake up! What’re you... put that back on!” His voice came out in a hiss; I supposed he was wary of his assistant over-hearing in the lobby. He continued

protesting, and through it all I was just murmuring and moaning as I stripped myself naked, shoved him down onto his couch and kept working at his groin until the pope himself would have been powerless to say no to the blowjob I was forcing on him.

It hadn't been him at all. He hadn't learned my triggers, hadn't used my triggers, hadn't even used conventional hypnotic suggestion to steal a quick hummer from an uncommonly hot patient. He'd been innocent after all.

I sat down on his lap then and hugged him. There was nothing in it sexual for me; I only wanted to show kindness for this man I had blamed for my own crime. "I'm so sorry, David."

He was quiet a moment, then embraced me right back. It was paternal in a way that made me realize how much I missed my own father, wherever he was now. "You're forgiven, Harmony."

When the hug ended, I departed his lap and sat back in the chair. By then, the tape was ending, and he hit the stop button as I heard my fully conscious voice threaten him if he came near me. I'd practically sexually assaulted him in his own office, and here he was trying to make me feel better. Small wonder he'd come so highly recommended.

"Unfortunately," he said as he put the tape player aside, "as you can see, there's precious little we can learn from it. If I had to guess, I would say this master of yours suppressed the knowledge of the commands beneath layers and layers of sexual stimulation, which surfaces whenever they're brought near your conscious mind. It might even be part of the mechanism by which he programmed them into you."

"So then I'm back at square one. Fucked in the head, and no way to stop it."

"Harmony, please. I can't let you leave my office if you're having these encounters. Being violated, raped by total strange men."

I sighed. Even if he couldn't help, it might feel good just to get it off my chest. I nestled into the thick velvet-covered cushions of the chair, the same one I'd been lying on when he'd hypnotized me, right before all this madness started. "It's not rape," I corrected him.

"You're having sex with men against your will. What else would you call it?"

"No, that's not... Look. Maybe right now, I would say I didn't want to do it. But then I'm triggered, and then I do want it. More than anything. It's like..." I tried to think of an analog. "Think of a hooker. A guy meets her on her day off, propositions her, she tells him to piss off. Next day he finds her working her corner, flashes a wad of cash, and suddenly she's game. She doesn't consent in the vanilla way people do, but it's more like the terms of consent get changed."

"I suppose I see your point, though it may be splitting hairs. If men can continue to violate you contrary to your wishes in your right mind, does it make a difference if they can temporarily garner your support? If we're using analogies, that sounds more like a date rape drug to me. You're made to accept it, then regret it after."

My reply was so soft that he asked me to repeat it. Twice. “I said, I don’t regret it. OK?”

“Don’t... what does that mean, Harmony?”

“It means... I love it. I fucking *love* it. I crave it. Part of me wants it, like, all the time – and not some small, quiet part. It’s a screaming, shrieking, clawing at the walls to get out part. The sex... it’s not my choosing, sure, but it’s still so... so...” I paused, realizing I was saying these things out loud, and to whom. And that my hands were trying to creep up under my shirt to play with my tits again. “It feels good. Is all.” I folded my hands back in my lap demurely.

David – anyone who could make me feel so at peace with a simple hug must be on a first-name basis, I decided – expressed his discomfort through quiet for a moment. “Then perhaps that should be our focus. Reconditioning you to not enjoy it so much.”

“No!” I blinked. I hadn’t meant to shout it, but the thought had stirred something in me as a reflex. The mere idea of losing that sex, of contorting my twisted mind still further so that it would be denied its only solace... “No. One thing at a time. First things first. I need to find out who has my trigger words, and how they’re giving them out to people. And convince them to stop.”

And maybe find out what those triggers are, and maybe save them for a rainy day with a man I trusted. But he didn’t need to know that. After being the recipient of even part of one of my blowjobs, just being in the same room with me had to be at least a little distracting. Heck, it was distracting *me*, and I was the cocksucker, not the cocksuckee.

“All right then. According to the circumstances you described, it seems like whoever is providing your triggers is choosing people at random. The man in the bar could have been a plant, someone he’d chosen ahead of time and sent in with the knowledge, but the delivery man would be impossible to arrange. He couldn’t know you’d order food, where and when and who would be bringing it. So the perpetrator must have contacted him between the time you placed the order and the time he arrived at your apartment.”

“That was my thinking too. But it doesn’t help – I can’t just walk up to the delivery guy and ask him who gave him the trigger words.”

“Why not?”

“You’re a sweet man, David,” I said, smiling softly at him. “But you don’t think he might use the opportunity to trigger me again? And even if he didn’t, why would he rat out the man who helped him enjoy the best sexual encounter of his life?”

My hypnotherapist stroked his goatee pensively. “You may be right. If nothing else, it’s a risk, and you’re already dealing with too much of that.”

“Any other ideas?”

“Well, I’m sure hiring a P.I. to tail you, watching for suspicious characters, isn’t in the budget.”

“Yeah no.” With the days I’d taken off work recently, it was going to be hard just to make rent.

“So you’ll need someone you trust then. To keep an eye on you, watch your surroundings and see who else might be observing.”

It wasn’t even intentional, adopting my most pitiful expression, big doe eyes still damp with tears, and fixing them on him. “Could you...?”

He shook his head. “We’ve already crossed more than a few lines, Harmony, in ways that could cost me my license if people found out even if you didn’t press charges.” I nodded. That was fair; he’d been through a lot with me already.

“That said, I recall you said you’re not on speaking terms with your family, but do you have a friend you trust with such a task?”

Chapter Seven

I had reasoned that revealing my history as a brainwashed sex slave would help pave the way to my friends accepting my apology. It had to. After all, it was one thing to nurture a grudge against a friend who got drunk and puked in your car; it was quite another to do so with someone who'd been poisoned. I hadn't been in my right mind, and once I told them everything, I was pretty sure they'd see that.

It was the telling them everything part that was making my blood run cold.

I've told you before that I don't get scared or ashamed, and it's true. I could strip naked in the middle of a men's prison yard and still look forward to enjoying the consequences. My hesitation to walk over and knock on the door of Miguel and Justin's house wasn't fear, precisely; it was more self-loathing. The whole thing was a jumble in my head; after what I'd seen and done in my short life, I didn't harbor pieties about sex and sexuality. Yet there was a wide gap between being open-minded and being a living jungle gym for anyone with the inclination to play on me. Even if my friends were understanding about my past, they'd never look at me the same way again.

Tonight would change everything between us, forever.

Nevertheless, Dr. Kovacs had been right. I needed help. There was no one else to turn to. I had to reach out to my friends, and Justin and Miguel were the ones I needed right now. I was closer with Hannah and Vivian, admittedly, but... if there really was some brainwashing bastard after me, I couldn't risk even a ghost of a chance of them being taken and made like me. For now, it was Miguel and Justin. They'd help me.

I'd been parked down the block for three hours trying to convince myself of that.

Then, there was a light shining at my face and a sharp rap at my window. I was so tense I screamed in surprise. It was a police officer. Wonderful. Thankfully my reaction didn't scare him into shooting me, so I rolled down my window to apologize. "I didn't see you there, sorry."

He was a clean-cut guy, younger even than me, the sort of fresh-faced young cop you usually only see as the comically naïve rookie in buddy cop movies. Fresh out of the academy or no, he was all business. "Please keep your hands where I can see them, ma'am."

"Oh, OK," I said, placing my hands on the steering wheel.

"Ma'am, we've received reports that you've been sitting in your car and staring at a particular house for several hours now. Is there anything you'd like to tell me about what you're doing here tonight?"

Of all the activities I'd thought I might have to explain to the police, loitering wasn't on the list. Public indecency, solicitation, prostitution, disturbing the peace... those, sure. But sitting in my car doing nothing? Damn Miguel and Justin for living in a

nice subdivision with an active neighborhood watch. I couldn't exactly tell this cop I was sitting here summoning the nerve to tell my friends I was a sex slave and need their help not to become one again. I laughed in despair at the absurdity of the situation. "You wouldn't believe me if I told you, officer."

"Well right now I'm inclined to arrest you, so you don't have to tell me anything."

I sighed. "I'm here to see a couple friends of mine. They live down there, in that yellow house."

"If they're your friends, why are you just sitting in your car, and why are you doing so parked half a block away?"

"Well, we had a fight. And... I guess I was just afraid to go talk to them. Look, I'm not up to anything weird, I promise. I just came to talk to my friends."

At that point, he asked me for an ID, which I handed him. Then while he stood over me like I was some kind of flight risk, his partner, a mustachioed black man I'd place in his thirties, walked over to the house. I watched him ring the doorbell, where Miguel answered the door. There was a brief discussion, and I could see him peering out toward me. I'm sure he could recognize my car under the streetlight.

The older cop addressed me. "You're under arrest for loitering, ma'am. I'm going to ask you to exit your vehicle and come with us."

"But... my friends! Did you ask them?"

The two officers shared a look. "Ms. Reed, ordinarily I wouldn't share this with you, but the gentlemen asked that I do so. It was your friends that called us."

I shook my head. "No – no, they're just mad at me! Let me go talk to them, I can explain–"

"The man said he doesn't want to talk to you, ma'am. So for tonight, you're going downtown."

I made feeble protests, but there was nothing for it. As the cops slapped on the riot cuffs, securing my arms behind my back, I tried not to cry. I didn't deserve to cry. Hadn't I been the one who'd threatened to call the cops on them? I'd brought this on myself.

Then, I was tucked in the back of their car, and away we went. It was quiet for a few minutes, and I was left to ponder how this would play out. Would I be fired from my school job? Would I go to prison? Would my tormentor find me somehow, even in lock-up?

As it turned out, he didn't need to. Young cop – I called him Officer Young in my head, for lack of a better name – turned to look at me, and uttered a few words I couldn't consciously comprehend.

"Wh-what...?" I said, even as my mind reeled, adjusting to its new personality.

Then his partner, whom I'd dubbed Officer Black, repeated it. My mind twisted itself further.

It didn't take long to kick in. This was one of my most conventional, and accordingly most common, triggers. Have you ever just wanted a hot girl to throw herself at you, so beset by lust for you that it overwhelms all other considerations? So horny that just having you look at her is enough to make her go weak in the knees? If so, you're thinking along the same track as the long line of men who had Master use this trigger on me.

Master had never espoused much interest in S&M; with total control over his slaves' innermost selves, why bother with the whips and chains? Yet tonight, for the first time, he had taken me to a new training chamber, where he locked me in a cube made out of transparent plastic. It was small, just big enough for me to lie down stretched out, and had holes drilled in it for air.

Master injected me, as usual before a new trigger was to take seed, but then Master left me alone in there. I waited, unsure of what was expected of me. My cube was empty; no toys, no furniture, no decorations of any kind adorned it. How could I please Master in here? Would I be modeling? That was always fun; I was proud of my body, and I looked for any chance to please Master with it.

Then he spoke the trigger, words that passed in one ear and out the other like they always did. At this phase of training there was no immediate effect; this exercise was to instill instincts in me, not practice existing ones. I dared not ask what to do; Master was emphatic that his slaves were to speak when spoken to unless otherwise triggered.

"You need to pleasure me, Harmony. As you do, you will know greater bliss than any before."

Only Master didn't unlocked my plastic prison, just standing there watching me struggle futilely to comply. Before the hours of my attempt to obey were up, I had beaten my fists until I'd nearly broken bones trying to get out, so sore I could barely masturbate for my audience of one. My pussy was on fire, a fire only Master could quench. I needed Master like never before; Master had told me so, after all.

I screamed myself hoarse begging Master to release me. I don't know how many days I was left in that cube, but by the time Master finally unlocked me, I understood what true lust really was.

I blinked. That had been my most complete memory fragment yet, and it had been horrifying. That hole Master had hollowed out in me, a hole only Master could fill...

But for now, I had other holes that needed filling.

Many of my triggers induce some amount of role play. The hostess trigger the delivery guy had used, for example. This one, however, was simplicity itself. I didn't have to pretend I wanted to get fucked, because in that moment, it was real. I wanted nothing else but to have these men's cocks slaking the boundless thirst I'd developed for them over the past few seconds.

“Ungh,” I groaned. I wanted to touch myself. Free my tits from this stupid bra. Get these jeans, these panties off so nothing could get in the way of getting fucked. I needed it. Only... my hands were firmly cuffed behind me.

I started just by squirming, but it was obvious I wasn't going to slip them. Groping my ass felt good – and with the most pleasurable action my hands were capable of, I went right ahead and did it – but it wasn't enough! Not nearly enough. I moaned in both frustration and arousal.

“Something wrong back there?” Officer Young asked from the front passenger seat. Black was glancing at me in the rear view mirror.

“My... my hands...” I said, lifting my butt so I could get my hands inside my jeans. Inside my panties. God I had a nice ass. Why weren't they admiring it? How could they leave these jeans hiding it from sight? Was there some reason they weren't squeezing it, spanking it? Why weren't they fucking it?

“I'm sorry, but it's... standard...” he trailed off, beginning to realize what I was doing behind my back. “Are you...?”

I growled at my fingers for not being long enough to reach my pussy from behind while sitting down like this. “Trying to play with myself,” I confirmed, “but... can't reach,” I whined.

“Are you seeing this?” Young asked his partner incredulously.

“I sure am,” Black replied.

“You have to knock that off, young lady,” said Young, with the most severity a man watching me frantically try to play with myself could muster. I loved it. Right then, a stern, commanding police officer was exactly who I wanted to fuck me. I was so horny that any cock would do, but that one... it would be perfect.

“Just come back here and give me my hands,” I pleaded, turning around in the seat to point my ass right at them. I still couldn't reach anything worth reaching, but since there was nothing I could do to get my shirt off, I could at least show him my plump little ass. Guys had always loved my ass. Hopefully these would be no exception.

“Ma'am, what you're doing right now is against the law,” warned Black, though over my shoulder I could see him staring at me in the rear view mirror. Good. If he stared hard enough, he might realize what a moron he'd be to pass up my offer. I wasn't some nappy hooker trying to get out of a night in lock-up; I was an exquisitely trained, incredibly sexy and incomparably desperate sex goddess.

“You can charge me,” I said, panting in need, “but just fuck me *then* charge me.”

“Can you believe this girl?” Young asked. He was trying to sound disbelieving, but his voice held just a soft hint of a question to his partner. *Would this be OK?*

I guess when these cops had been given my trigger, they must not have believed it would work so well. I fought to convince them. “Believe me. Give me back my hands and I swear you won't regret it. No one would ever find out.”

Black snorted. “There’s a little thing called a forensics kit, Ms. Reed.”

Shit. He was right. No wonder they were so paranoid – they weren’t worried about wives and girlfriends, but about judges and juries. I scrambled to find ways around it, pressing my ass against the grill. “You can wear condoms! Or not, I don’t care, but if you feel better about it. And, um, you could record it!” YES. Yes, that was hot, these two cops having a permanent souvenir of the time they tag-teamed yours truly. “Yeah, and I’ll beg for it. No one would believe I didn’t mean it. Can I waive my right to press charges if fucking my brains out is against some stupid law? Because I totally do. God, do I ever.”

As a former sex slave, I knew a thing or two about not having any rights. Right now, it didn’t faze me in the least.

Young wrinkled his nose in surprise. “Holy cow, this girl really is turned on – do you smell that? Is... is that...?”

“That’s me all right. I’m so fucking wet for you. I’ll be the wettest cunt you ever fucked, Officer Young.” As the senior officer chuckled at my nickname for his rookie partner, I slid my ass down so it was right next to his headrest. Mercifully, he put my claim to the test, and I felt a finger gently probe my crotch through the bars. I moaned, instantly humping myself against it, half out of my mind with the need for a man’s touch. Especially this man’s.

“Well?” Black asked quietly.

“She ain’t kidding. She’s... she’s soaked.”

Then he pulled his finger back, and I whined at its withdrawal. “Don’t tease me, officers! I need it sooooo baaad!” I wailed.

“I’m gonna take the riot cuffs off,” said Young. Oh thank god! I pushed them up as close as possible to the bars.

“You can’t do that, kid,” said his partner. “You could get in serious trouble, I’m telling you.”

“I just wanna see what she does. C’mon, tell me you’re not curious.”

Evidently I’d piqued his interest at least enough for this, as no further objection was made. After a moment, I felt him using some kind of tool on the cuffs, and next thing I knew they’d slid right off. I didn’t even wait for him to get the second hand before I threw myself back down in my seat. “Oh thank you! Thank you thank you thank you thank you,” I repeated as I practically tore my shirt off, relieved hands massaging my big tits through my bra for a moment until I decided that, too, had to go.

Young gave a low whistle at the sight of my cute young tits. “Do you wanna feel them? Suck on them? Would you like a tit-fuck? Just come on back and it’s yours, whatever you want.”

“This can’t be real,” said Officer Young as I began shucking my jeans, groaning in sweet relief as I could finally get my fingers in my cunt. I wouldn’t be able to get off this

way – Master had made sure I still needed a man for that – but it was better than nothing, at least an effort to do something about the heat in my loins.

Hopefully it would at least give them ideas.

“Must be some kinda whackjob nympho or something,” opined Officer Black.

“Exactly right. I fucking *love* cock. I can’t ever get enough of cop cock, officers,” I said, planting my feet wide apart on the grill and tearing my panties clean off as I went to town on myself.

They watched me for another block or so, no doubt grateful for the tinted windows and low traffic in this neighborhood, but they were surely becoming cognizant of the risk I was exposing them to. “Look, we gotta make a decision here,” said Black. “Either cite her – and get her dressed and restrained again – or...”

“Or...” said Young tonelessly, staring at my shameless masturbation display.

Black laughed at his partner’s fixation. “You decided what you were gonna do the moment you saw that white slut’s titties. Just say it, man. I’ll back you.”

“Turn left up there. We can use Ramsford Park.”

The men shared lupine smiles. “I know the spot.”

“Fuck yes, I promise you, you won’t regret this,” I said, not slowing. They could fuck me in the middle of the street for all I cared.

Soon, we’d pulled over at the park. It was lit only in spots, none of which were nearby; an old pavilion full of park tables was directly in front of us, the sort people would rent for family get-togethers or company picnics. The two officers exited the vehicle, and I gasped with anticipation. It was finally time.

I was gonna get fucked, after all those agonizing seconds of waiting.

The door opened, and Officer Young extended a hand to me. Aware of my pussy-stained juices on my own, I accepted his offer anyway and he gallantly aided me to my feet. The night air was chill, but I didn’t care. These men would keep me warm.

“You really are beautiful,” Young said, admiring me head to toe. I posed for him, really wishing he’d just fuck me but knowing it had to be on his terms.

Then Black was behind me; I realized his presence when he smacked me on the ass and nudged me roughly toward the pavilion. “Don’t coddle her, kid. Bitch don’t wanna be coddled. Bitch just wants a dick, don’t you Ms. Reed?”

My response was a simple moan; that was indeed all I wanted. He guided me to a picnic table, where he had me kneel on the bench and bend over. The flaking paint scratched enticingly at my bare tits. “Her back’s almost as good as her front,” said Young. They were talking about me like I wasn’t even a person. God it was hot. I was nothing but tits and ass and cunt to them, holes and wet spots.

“You’re too eager. Now, we need to make sure Ms. Reed doesn’t have any funny ideas about running off, don’t we?”

“And leave your cocks high and dry? No, sir!”

“Yeah, well talk is cheap. Gimme your hands.”

Without hesitating, I thrust them forward. He bent them under the table, then re-fastened the riot cuffs I'd left half-on such that I was secured to the table. It was a bit of a stretch; I couldn't even lean up. I was essentially fastened to the table.

Right where I wanted to be.

“So, uh, are you gonna...?” Young's voice asked timidly. Not me, so I knew I didn't need to talk. Just wait, look sexy, and get fucked. My whole reason for being.

“You go ahead, kid.”

My heart was thundering in my ears as I heard Officer Young undoing his utility belt, lowering his pants to the ground. “God yes, I need this. Please fuck me, officer!” I pleaded.

“Little bitch knows how to show respect, at least, I'll grant her that,” said Black, patting my head like a good dog. I grinned up at him.

Then my jaw dropped so I could cry out in bliss. Young's cock was at the gates of my pussy. “You're sure you want this?” he asked.

I didn't even hear him, I was so focused on my cunt and its impending fucking. Then I felt a firm hand smacking me on the ass, then a few more. “Man asked you a question, Ms. Reed. You best answer him.”

I didn't remember being asked anything, so I just said the first thing that came into my head. “Pretty please fuck me, Officers? I promise I won't be a bad girl ever again if you just give me your cocks.”

“Well there's your answer,” Black said, giving me a few more pats on the ass from across the table. His crotch was right in my face, and I didn't waste an opportunity to lick at the front of his uniform. I hoped he wouldn't get mad at me for being greedy.

Then I stopped caring about anything. I was getting fucked.

Thank goodness we were in a secluded area, because I positively screeched in delight as he entered me. I was immediately measuring the timing of his thrusts so I could buck my hips back against him, each time moaning louder and louder as I fulfilled my earthly purpose.

“Hey, Ms. Reed, can you keep it down? We're alone, but... there's only so alone you can get,” he said, panting.

“Trying,” I moaned, “can't. Cock... too heavenly!”

“Allow me,” said Officer Black, lowering his own pants to reveal a cock so massive it was almost threatening. I needed it. I'd kill for it. I had to have it. As luck would have it, that was exactly what he intended. “Harmony Reed... you have the right to remain silent.”

He took a handful of my hair and impaled my face on his cock. It was so wide I already knew my jaw would ache after. I could barely give a decent blowjob under these conditions, but it wouldn't have mattered. He held my head where he wanted it and

proceeded to fuck my face. One of them at both ends filling me, I was a toy that was made to be shared with friends and colleagues.

I felt better than I had in months.

At some point, I found my throat suddenly bathed in spurt after gigantic spurt of cum, at which point I was finally able to come myself. As my pussy clenched down, that triggered Officer Young, who did me the honor of filling my pussy with a load of his own.

Then they swapped places, and if I thought it had been incredible before, I had been deluding myself. Behind me, Officer Black rubbed his cock against the friction of my ass cheeks until he was good and hard again, then in he went. Whereas his partner had been gentle to the point of frustration, he plowed me like he was mad at me. And maybe he was. After all, he was the cop; I was the criminal. Now that he'd cum, he had impressive reserves of stamina, and took the opportunity to smack my ass any time he found my attentions wanting.

Sometimes, I provoked him just for another swat. I just loved him treating me like his own personal playground too damn much.

Meanwhile, Young came around in front of me. He lifted my shoulders up so that he could access my tits, which he fondled like a kid on Christmas until he encountered the same problem his partner had earlier. I was just too fucking horny not to be wailing out of my whore mouth with every thrust into my cunt. He tried shushing me, but all it got him was a stammered apology before Black bottomed out in my cunt and I howled like a coyote at the full moon.

“Do you mind if I...?” he asked, but when it was clear I was too preoccupied to answer, he just slid his cock right in my mouth. Just like I'd wanted. Only unlike his swarthy partner, he didn't just fuck my face, heedless of whether or not I was gagging or could even breathe. No, Young put one foot on the bench and left the other planted on the ground and let me do one of the things I do best: suck a man's cock.

Having just gotten off, they each had a great deal more endurance this time around. I came and came – I sometimes thought of the command that put me in this state as my “hair trigger” – but they just kept fucking me, kept letting me suck and suck until I was worried I might actually suck out some portion of his soul, I was so devoted to it.

Anyone observing – other than me, as I had my field of vision obscured by a thicket of a police officer's pubic hair – would have seen the two negotiating, working out the timing of their second climax. They must have, or otherwise the timing would have been too coincidental as Young pulled out of my mouth, pumping himself to spurt all over my sweaty face, while Black simultaneously withdrew from my cunt and slid his tip into my butt, jetting his spunk up into my asshole.

I came so hard I blacked out. Just like my wonderful, perfect Master had remade me to do.

When I came to, the officers were both gone. I suppose they were worried someone might've heard my final scream of release, or maybe they were just bored of me, having gotten what they wanted. Either way, I was alone, naked and face-down on top of a park bench. The riot cuffs had been cut in the middle, though were still around my wrists, and my clothes were wadded up next to me on the table.

I wondered if they were self-conscious that I might report them. As my mind returned to its normal state, the tsunami of lust receding back into the distance, I almost laughed at the prospect. Two men who knew my trigger had nothing to fear from me. I didn't even know their real names. Even if I stormed into the police station to make a report, how hard would it be for them to trigger me again, and watch the credibility of my complaint vanish like steam as I invited the whole station to run a train on me?

Of course, I wasn't exactly in a mood to complain anyway. I actually felt incredible. I felt like I'd been satisfied for the first time since my escape from slavery. My mind was free again; nonetheless I wished I had some way of calling those policemen back for another go around. Heck, maybe Curly was available, even.

I'd spent so much time dreading what was happening to me that I'd never let myself just sit back and enjoy it. As I arrived some time later at where my car was still parked, I looked down the way to Miguel and Justin's house. There were lights on still. I could knock on the door, tell them I was a fuck-in-the-head former sex slave with a target on her back for whoever this twisted bastard was who was giving out my triggers like candy on Halloween. I could make them believe me. Convince them to let me apologize. They could help me, watch over me and keep me safe.

Keep me from doing things like getting fucked mouth and cunt in the park by two strangers who'd used me like a public commodity. Who'd made me come harder than I'd known was humanly possible.

I started my engine, and put the car in drive.

