

Old Habits

Chapter One

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

I was a sex slave.

Not in just the normal human trafficking sense, but the honest-to-god brainwashed living fuck toy. 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.

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, 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, anyone who spoke my command phrase could transform me into whatever they wanted. I was a puppet of anyone Master wished to loan me out to.

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

Master died young and unexpectedly in a rock climbing accident. Master wasn't content merely to exert Master's 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 one of the lucky ones, having witnessed Master's demise firsthand. 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.

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. I'd seen too many cops in the ranch not to fear that one of them would find me out and find a way to suck me back in. That was 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, 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 somehow escaped. Still, it wasn't a risk I was willing to take yet.

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 studio apartment. I've made a few friends (even one guy friend), 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 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, 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 now, I was seeing a therapist.

"Come in, Ms. Reed," said Dr. Kovach. "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. Kovach came about as highly recommended as a hypnotherapist could. I'd figured that with what had been done with me, I'd need someone who knew a thing or two about reprogramming someone. I just had to see if I could trust him first.

"Harmony, good. You can call me Dr. Kovach, 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 get right 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. Kovach (he wasn't David to me, at least not yet) nodded to continue. "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."

"No worries there -- I'm a lover, not a killer." I forced a little smile. Dr. Kovach 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 did heavily was dampen my memories, suppress 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 captured. 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. It reminded me a bit of Master’s ranch, no personality. Or like 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. Kovach 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. 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?”

I arched an eyebrow and he belatedly realized what he’d been asking me. At least Dr. Kovach had the decency to blush and apologize; I took it to mean that the question had been meant innocently, 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 term, ‘outer personalities’?”

I squirmed in my seat. This was getting personal in a hurry. I’d told myself it would, and tried to steel myself, but still. Talking about this wasn’t easy. “I mean that it changed the way I would act, but not the way that I felt. 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. So I was a favorite of one of the regulars.

“So Master always did the triggering, 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. He would come in, and I'd be focused on my cell phone -- just a prop, since I 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 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," he 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.

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

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 well enough -- "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," he said, his Daddy 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 ignore 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-dick husband isn't in a position to enforce jack shit."

I stuck out my tongue. He 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.

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?”

“Fine.” He reached out his phone and made a show of tapping at buttons. I watched, not enough of an actress to conceal that he’d made me nervous. “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 up enough momentum to rise up and show him my white cotton panties, to match my bra. Most of Master’s customers wanted something racier, but this one always preferred something closer to the truth. “You can’t do that! I need that phone! It’s mine! Turn it back on!”

“I’ll consider it, once you apologize.”

“No way -- you’re 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.

“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 question wasn’t any part of my mind 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, insisting on 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. He 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 appointment (I was actually rather fair-skinned, but he wanted it so he got it), 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 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 his defeated stepdaughter. “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. “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... for apologizing, I think maybe we can reinstate some of your privileges in a month or two.”

“A month! But Daddy, pleeease!” I whined.

He just smiled at the view down my blouse. “Bad girls need to be punished. Only good girls get rewarded. 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. He came so hard he nearly 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 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 chin 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 shrug off my top ravenously, replying only when I shyly dropped it on the floor, only desperation to get my phone turned back on keeping 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, big teardrop breasts, slender waist with 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.

"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 ten 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, wiggling back and forth anxiously.

“You don’t mind if I play with them a little, do you Punkin?” he said, directing the question right 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 told me he’d paid four thousand dollars for my company. He stayed for just over three hours. That meant an hourly rate of \$1,333. That meant that 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 and thanked Daddy while Master laughed Master’s way to the bank.

Still, even on a 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 on 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 was punished like the indolent brat I was. That I was that day, anyway.

“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. Kovach. “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 deep breath and settled back into the chair. “I’m sorry, Dr. Kovach.”

“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 man abused you as such?”

I wondered how he’d feel if he knew that man had been a state senator, that his real stepdaughter was only now turning nineteen, that he campaigned on a family values platform. (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. 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. Kovach 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 he walked into this room right now, I’d be on my knees before you could blink.”

I paused, making myself stop fondling my breast at the thought of Master. “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. Kovach 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 free.”

Had I known then what was to follow in the days and weeks ahead, I might have laughed at what would soon flower into the greatest irony 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.

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