

# BB10 – A Breeding Bimbo Story

By Princess\_April

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[Script Offer][FFMM4A]BB10 – A Breeding Bimbo Story[rape] because of [mind control][fsub] [drugs][genius girl][intelligence draining][bimbo][petite woman][gagging][forced breeding][mind-break] combined [narrative] and [traditional][radio play][erotic horror][college][slow burn][big payoff][adults][DARK]

Credits:

- Concept developed by u/Princess\_April and u/Beegeewanders
- Script by u/Princess\_April
- Main Character and "Skeptical Agent" Performance by u/Beegeewanders
- "Concerned Agent" Performance by u/SummonerOfSamael
- "Supervisor Agent" Performance by u/Princess April
- Sound Effects (using licensed libraries and original sounds) and Editing by u/Princess\_April

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**THIS IS FANTASY!** This was created by an adult, for adults. It is a story of FANTASY with FICTIONAL characters who are over the age of 18. This is not descriptive or prescriptive of real-life interactions.

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[SYNOPSIS: COMING SOON]

[PERFORMANCE NOTES: This is a hell'a challenging script to perform in many respects. Here are some tips:

**The FBI Agents:** They have to be sincere. It is their empathy and the way they both express doubt, AND take this seriously that makes this story so powerful. They play a critical role in contextualizing the experience of this girl, and making it real and come to life.

**The main protagonist:** This girl needs to be believable both in her intelligence and assertiveness at the beginning, AND in her mind break and total mindless surrender at the end, with a fair amount of athletic sexual performance challenges that go on for longer than my usual scripts in between. It's a marathon. I suggest taking breaks when you perform it. The more believable you make her as a character, the more mind-blowingly powerful this audio can be. I also recommend reading the entire script ahead of time before you perform it. There are lots of subtleties to it that you may blow past if you don't.]

[SFX –This is also not necessarily for beginners. The more immersive you can make it the better, but keep it minimal. I don't call out many specific SFX, but there are opportunities for a bunch of them. If you need assistance, or want me to edit the audio for you, feel free to reach out in a private message on Reddit.]

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**[BEGINNING OF AUDIO NOTE: EXCERPT FROM LATER IN THE RECORDING PLAYING IN THE BACKGROUND. SEE LATER IN THE SCRIPT FOR MORE "BEGINNING OF AUDIO" NOTES TO SEE THE MARKERS OF WHICH SECTION PLAYS WHEN AND FOR HOW LONG. THIS RECORDING SHOULD BE AS IF ITS COMING THROUGH A LAPTOP SPEAKER, A SPEAKER-PHONE OR BLUETOOTH SPEAKER, ETC. AS THE FBI AGENTS TALK]**

SKEPTICAL AGENT – Wait, what did he spray her with?

CONCERNED AGENT – The toxin! I'm tellin' ya!

SKEPTICAL AGENT – The toxin she was talking about?

CONCERNED AGENT: Yes!

SKEPTICAL AGENT: No way.... That stuff can't be real...

CONCERNED AGENT – But it IS real! Those girls at Harbor? Her...? This is no joke... It's all real, I'm telling you! Look, I'll fast forward it a bit. Listen to her when it really starts to hit her.

[recording plays for a few lines as they listen]

SKEPTICAL AGENT – She's got to be putting us on.... There's no drug in the world that does this... right?

CONCERNED AGENT: There is now...

SKEPTICAL AGENT: Jesus...

[SFX: Door opens]

SUPERVISOR: Sorry I'm late you two... it's been a day. What did you want to show me?

CONCERNED AGENT: Hey, boss, we were just listening to uh... Hey, I think we should start it over...

SKEPTICAL AGENT: Yeah, you're gonna want to hear this from the beginning, boss.

SUPERVISOR: Well, what is it?

CONCERNED AGENT: Alright, this is gonna sound far fetched but you know those incidents at Harbor University in California?

SUPERVISOR: You mean those girls that ended up in that mental hospital? Nymphomania, right?

CONCERNED AGENT: Yeah, it's much worse than that, actually, but, well... someone sent this recording to the FBI field office in Washington. It's this woman—really smart, educated type. She's this legitimate genius who runs, or ran—past tense—the Royster labs in Seattle. Cutting edge place.... Super secret stuff. Anyway, she recorded this conversation on her phone. We think she was trying to get her boss to say something so she could get leverage on him. We're not sure because... it gets... well, it gets crazy. We just think you need to hear it.

SUPERVISOR: Well, what's on it. Can you 411 it for me, I've got a mountain of paperwork on my desk...

CONCERNED AGENT: No, boss... we really think you need to hear it yourself.

SKEPTICAL AGENT: Yeah... it's uh... You need to hear it.

SUPERVISOR: Alright then... lay it on me.

[FULL FIDELITY SOUND NOW – AS IF WE'RE BEING TRANSPORTED THERE. NOT THROUGH A SPEAKER]

[rustling and knocking around and rustling as a recording begins]

[clear, professional, annunciated, intelligent]

[whispered] There he is, finally! Ok, I've just got to get him into the office and get him talking. He'll have to let me help if I get some leverage on him. These damn corporate NDAs...

[whispered-convincing herself] I can't believe I'm doing this... I just... we can't ignore it! We have to do something. It's okay... He doesn't even have to know about the recording if I convince him...

[whispered—convincing herself] Ok, this is ridiculous. I'm nervous, this is classic stress-related behavior. I'm just comforting myself by talking for my own benefit. I just need to do it. Here we go...

[raised voice] Professor!

Finally! You're here!

[laughing as if she's frustrated] I need to talk to you!

[hurriedly walking over to him]

[SFX: the removal of medical gloves] Sorry, Professor. I was just injecting our latest candidate into some cellular samples. It's delicate work, as you know.

Anyway, thank you for coming by.

What?

No, but I've been asking to meet with you for the last week and a half, professor.

What do you mean you came to see Dr. Edwards?

I'm sorry, but he can wait. This is more important.

I need to talk to you.

No, we can't talk about it here. This is in regards to the BB10 project.

Didn't you get my secure emails?

Seriously, I'm going to need to have a discussion with IT. This is unacceptable... If you're not receiving my encrypted communications...

You did?

Oh. Okay. Well, why didn't you respond then?

No, but it IS urgent.

Honestly, professor, with how hard it's been to get ahold of you these last two weeks, I'm starting to get the feeling you might be avoiding me.

Look, I know I'm young. I'm the youngest director this lab has ever had. I'm also keenly aware that I'm female, and I'm attractive, which somehow inherently seems to degrade my standing with my male

colleagues, but I *\*earned\** this position, Professor. I'm the youngest recipient of the MacArthur Fellows Genius award in 20 years. I got my first degree in molecular biology at the age of 14. I graduated from one of the most prestigious pharmaceutical science programs in the world at the top of my class, and I was appointed head of the team that shepherded both Proxial and Torridene through the Phase 2 clinical trials and to market when others had given up on them ever becoming viable drugs, and I did it all by the time I was just 23 years old. I took over directorship of the Royster labs two years after that, because I wanted to work on cutting edge projects, and here I am.

I've earned some respect, Professor.

Dr. Edwards may be thirty years my senior, but nevertheless, he works for *\*me\**. Just because you hold discretion over this private grant money from our mysterious benefactor, doesn't mean you get to come into *\*my\** lab and start talking to *\*my\** subordinates without discussing your business with me first.

You need me, Professor. You need *\*me\**! My leadership and my expertise. Without me, we both know your BB10 project would be dead in the water. Now, I know I signed an NDA, and I intend to honor that, but I need you to come to my office right now... because I have something urgent to discuss with you.

Do we understand each other?

Thank you.

This way, please. Excuse me, Dr. Edwards.

[OPTIONAL SFX: Door closes—sounds of lab disappear]

[sigh] Ok... have a seat. I'm awfully sorry about losing my temper.

I've just been a little bit on edge lately. And to tell you the truth, a little bit distressed.

Truly, I do apologize. But I didn't attain this position by being deferential. I mean, I'm a short woman. You can see I'm slight of frame. I sometimes I need to really assert myself to get people to listen to me, especially men. I'm sure you understand. I'm sorry if I crossed a line.

[laugh] That is true... people tend to discount me at their peril. [giggle]

Anyway, here's what I wanted to discuss with you. Have you been seeing these news stories that are coming out of California? This series of incidents at Harbor University?

No? Really?

Well, most people have. They're pretty shocking. They have all the hallmarks of inherent sensationalism, including sex and obscenity, so it might seem odd that I'm bringing it up. But..

Well, let me just start by reading this excerpt from the article that started it all from the Harbor University newspaper.

This is from about three weeks ago.

“Warning this story contains potentially offensive sexual language... blah blah blah. Ok, here. Missing college student Alyssa Kent from Harbor University was found this morning. She was reported missing last Friday by her roommate when she didn’t return to her dorm after what her friends described as a “wild Friday night”. Alyssa was recognized by a convenience store worker near the Harbor University campus, where she was allegedly working as a prostitute. She was subsequently arrested by campus police, and the arresting officer described her mental state as “extremely compromised,” claiming she spoke in only sexually explicit mono-syllabic words. Police describe Alyssa’s state of dress as “extremely provocative”, and “in violation of public exposure laws”. Though details have not been released publicly, an anonymous source inside the department said she was quote “covered in dried semen” with indications that she had unprotected sex with multiple men just before she was found, and that she may not have in fact been prostituting herself at all. No formal charges have been filed, but Alyssa has instead been transferred to Valley State Mental Hospital for testing and evaluation.”

You haven’t seen this?

Hm. It was picked up by the AP. How have you not heard about it?

Anyway, apparently, this girl was found ... on the street, trying to... sell herself. And I guess she wasn’t wearing much of anything, or at least, it was really inappropriate. She didn’t know where she was or what was happening. She was covered in semen. Apparently, she’s still in the mental hospital, and they still don’t know what’s wrong with her.

They’re saying whatever it is... could be permanent.

They said she was a straight A student...

No, it’s just... the whole thing is ... weird.

No, I don’t think it’s just sensationalism. There’s more to it than that, professor.

There are two more articles...

Listen to this...

This is from a couple days after that first article--about two and a half weeks ago.

[reading] “An unidentified 23-year-old Harbor College student was found unconscious in a local motel room this morning. Police found her naked on the bed, and her body was covered with semen, with indications that multiple men had had intercourse with her. According to swab tests, the semen

samples which were most concentrated in and around the entrance to her vagina had come from at least 7 different men. Her body had also been covered with obscene words and phrases, written in magic marker—presumably by the men who were with her. One man, another student from Harbor, has been detained by police for questioning.”

I know, it sounds made up, but listen to this Professor... “According to an anonymous police source, friends and witnesses saw the girl, allegedly a graduate student in the History department, not four hours before her discovery in the hotel, sitting in the campus library working on a research project. Friends say she claimed to feel tired and hot before excusing herself to go home, but according to her roommate, she never arrived. Witnesses saw the girl three hours later, dressed in a short leather skirt, high heels, and a tube top, with several men from a local bar. According to the hotel desk clerk, she paid for the hotel room and went into the room with the men of her own free will, but he also claimed he could barely understand her, as she only spoke in simple one-syllable words, most of which were sexually explicit.”

Professor, please, just... let me finish, okay? “The girl, whose identity has not yet been disclosed, was taken to Valley State Hospital. This is the second woman to have been found under similar circumstances suffering from this strange speech condition. Officials at the private facility couldn’t be reached for comment, but an anonymous source confirms she is suffering from what seems to be a specifically targeted form of cellular brain degeneration, a brand new condition some doctors are labeling extreme, retrograde hyper-sexualization syndrome, or ERHS. There is still no progress on identifying the cause of ERHS, or a potential cure.

“Meanwhile, sources inside the police department claim the man they took in for questioning may not be charged, as the girl won’t file a complaint, and shows no signs of distress over the incident. There is no direct evidence of rape, and no other evidence of coercion or force has been found.”

And then it goes on about curfews and drinking responsibly.

I’m sorry, what?

Yes, I have a point! I’m getting to it. At the very least you could be a little bit more sympathetic.

What’s happening to these girls is horrific. When you look at this objectively, every girl who’s been admitted to that hospital for this ERHS condition, and there are more, is probably pregnant, Professor. What if they refuse to get abortions? The courts will probably have to evaluate their mental competency to make those decisions on their own. That’s how bad this is.

And... I hesitate to bring this up, but other sources weren’t so discretionary, and I also found out what some of the writing on her body said...

[sigh-embarrassed] Well, some of the phrases included... excuse my language... “Prime breeding animal.” “Whores breed whores.” Uhm... God... “Seed me with your spunk” with arrows pointing to her... uh... vagina? And... uhm... “dumb breed slut.”

What did you say?

No, I don't believe that for a second, Professor.

Someone *\*is\** doing this to them. Straight A graduate students don't just spontaneously decide to turn into irresponsible quote "breed sluts" over-night, let alone lose the ability to coherently communicate without every other word out of their mouth being obscene.

This girl is my age, professor. It's terrifying.

No, it's obvious something's happening to them. Someone's doing this to them?

But that's just it. I believe it *\*is\** relevant to the work we're doing! I've got one more article here, Professor. Please just bare with me, okay?

Thank you.

This is from two weeks ago... This is the one that blew everything up—when it went national. And it's when I put it all together and emailed you to get this meeting.

Okay, "A bizarre incident occurred today at the Gamma Theta Kappa fraternity house on the Harbor University campus yesterday evening. Police were called to the residence on a routine noise complaint and found what they described as quote "an extreme display of sexual deviance" unquote. Four women, all unidentified students at Harbor had been participating in a series of sexually oriented quote "games" unquote over the course of several days. The women were two pairs of undergraduate roommates in two different dormitories and had not attended class the entire week. Two of them had been reported missing yesterday by friends, but they were found when a noise complaint led authorities to the fraternity house."

"It seems as if the members of Gamma Theta Kappa were not the only men in attendance at the party, and that it in fact included members of several other fraternities on campus on a rolling basis over the four-day period. Police say the party was actually part of a days-long sexual gauntlet the women apparently participated in willingly—which included, among other things, an intentional attempt to impregnate the girls with the sperm of as many donors as possible. An anonymous source inside the frat house claimed that the girls were quote 'stupidly horny' unquote and willingly participated in a venture in which men from several different frat houses would have intercourse with them with the intention of quote 'breeding them', joking that the 'winners' could be determined through subsequent DNA testing."

Can you believe that? But that's not even the craziest part!

"When interviewed, all those in attendance agreed, including the women who participated, that the sexual gauntlet idea did not come from the fraternity men—it came from the girls themselves.



“When found by authorities, all four girls were dressed in extremely provocative clothing that was covered in dried semen. All of them were slightly emaciated, all had had sex with an unknown number of sexual partners, and none of them were able to talk coherently—using a now familiar form of broken English consisting of only one syllable words and peppered with obscene sexually charged terms.”

“Sources inside the police department say they’ve never encountered anything like this before. Several male Harbor students have been arrested, and the entire campus fraternity system has been suspended pending further investigation. The four women were taken to Valley Hospital, evaluated, and treated for mild bruising and soreness consistent with the kind of extreme sexual activity the girls participated in. Doctors have diagnosed all four women with the increasingly alarming condition called extreme, retrograde hyper-sexualization syndrome, or ERHS. The disorder has affected a total of six women over the week, all of the women are expected to undergo pregnancy tests when enough time has passed, and though research is ongoing, doctors are no closer to finding a cause, or cure for this disorder.”

“The Mayor is calling this a crisis and has declared a state of emergency city-wide, enforcing curfews both on and off campus and encouraging anyone with any knowledge of these events to come forward.”

Now, Professor, I don’t care who you are, or what you do, but any decent human being would consider this story shocking and horrific.

Thank you! Thank you for saying so. I was starting to wonder.

But I have a much more pressing concern. They don’t know what’s going on with these girls, and it seems like their conditions haven’t changed since this last article came out. Nothing has changed, in fact—the incidents seem to have stopped completely... for now. And yet these girls are still in this mental hospital, already almost forgotten by the press.

My point, professor, is that I’ve been looking into it. I’ve investigating the kinds of toxins that might produce an effect like that?

And I was wondering. Maybe we could help?

No... I know that’s outside the purview of our contractual agreement, but we are a drug and environmental research lab, and I’m its director. Maybe we should reach out and ask the police to share some of the toxicology reports and blood work. We might be able to figure out what’s causing this.

I \*know\* they have their own people, but... I was thinking that our work on the BB10 line is eerily similar to the potential brain altering chemistry required to do this to someone.

No, of course not! I just mean, it’s theoretically possible that with a few little tweaks in the wrong direction, a compound like BB10, which is technically an environmental toxin, might induce an effect like this, you know?

I mean, not permanently, but... well...Come to think of it, that's actually possible too. If someone were to get a hold of a sample of our compound, tweak a little of the chemistry and add some hypotalydol, and other reagents to it, it could be perverted into something really dangerous. Something like this.

As it is, the BB10 compound is *\*already\** so dangerous that I've insisted that injection pens of Baristol be located throughout the lab in case of accidental exposure.

Baristol is the only compound shown to in some small way block the toxin's bio-delivery system, but its effectiveness is... questionable at best.

Part of our research is to find a more powerful counter-agent of course.

Yes, I know the work on BB10 is top secret.

Yes, I signed the NDA, that's why I'm asking you, professor. To appeal to some sense of... human decency so that maybe you and your superiors can give us permission to—

No... [sigh] I know—

A breach of the NDA would ruin us... and me... I *\*know\** that. I just thought we might be able to help without revealing—

But... we have to do something! If they just sent us the bloodwork, we could probably analyze it and see what's going on!

Ok. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'll calm down. You're right.

I'm just... I'm really upset.

Sorry. I just feel for those students you know. That would be... terrifying.

I'm just... I'm positive someone must be doing something similar to your BB10 work, you know?

Have you heard about any rival labs?

Rival governments maybe... governments with security protocols that aren't as robust as we have here in the states? I can guarantee we haven't had a breach here at Royster, but ... are you sure we're the only lab working on something like this?

I know it's impossible, b-but... professor...

Yeah, but I mean... just as a hypothetical. Let's say our work on BB10 HAD somehow gotten into someone else's hands, let's say... an amoral research chemist at some other lab somewhere. Someone who knew what they were doing who had the will to try and do this to someone.

The effect that even a slightly altered BB10 toxin could have might result in the victim actually being totally aware of what's happening to them, without any way to control their behavior.

What I mean is, these girls... they could still be in there, professor... like the part of their brains that make them who they are, their full intelligence, could be completely intact, but trapped... under a programmed behavior pattern defined by variables set by the one who synthesized the toxin. They could be being forced into these insane... extreme breeding behaviors while still being fully consciously aware of what they're doing—but without any way to control it.

No, I'm not accusing anyone of anything! And I don't have any direct evidence, it's just. It's something to consider is all!

Isn't that terrifying? That you could be made to behave like those girls did, while at the same time still not having lost any actual mental acuity. You're fully aware of yourself, but... to the rest of the world, you look like a complete sexually obsessed bimbo? You couldn't even communicate to anyone else that your mind was still intact, but you've completely lost control because of specifically targeted forced synaptic responses.

And to make it even worse, the toxin could even easily be tweaked to stimulate extreme sexual arousal in a purely automatic and involuntary way.

I don't know about you, but I couldn't think of any worse horror, professor. The girls at that frat house were actually competing with each other to be breeding stock for multiple fraternities on campus! They were having repeated, unprotected sex with who knows how many men. They were stuffed with... and covered in semen, professor! Clearly, they weren't in their right minds! And the idea that these girls' full intelligence and awareness could still be locked in their brains somewhere, even now as THEY are locked in some kind of mental health facility... I just... It keeps me up at night...

But the most terrifying part of all is that the BB10 toxin is designed to be... transparent. It's deliberately synthesized to be almost untraceable in the human body. We made it that way!

\*I\* made it that way!

Don't you understand? This could be \*my\* fault!

The point is, it's up to us to \*do\* something, Professor! It's up to \*me\*! Even if it means... [distressed sigh] ruining my career...

[pause]

Please.

What?

The number for the hospital? Yes! I have it right here, actually. Are you going to call them?

[excited] Oh thank you! I know we can't reveal the core of our research, but... we have to do something, right?

[Huge relief] Oh, thank you, professor! I just know we can help without compromising our security!

**[AUDIO BEGINNING NOTE: SEE BEGINNING OF SCRIPT. THIS IS WHERE WE START HEARING THE RECORDING AT THE BEGINNING OF THE AUDIO—IN THE BACKGROUND WHILE THE FBI AGENTS TALK — SEE BELOW FOR NEXT INSTRUCTION.]**

Wait. What is that? Why are you putting on that mask?

Professor? What are you doing!?

Is that a perfume bottle?

Oh my god!

[sound of a fast, powerful spray in her face]

[coughing and then breathing—confused...]

Professor.... You sprayed it right in my face!

What did you do? What was that...

[temporarily bewildered] What was that professor?

Oh my god...

W-What did you do... ?

**[AUDIO BEGINNING NOTE: THIS IS WHERE SKEPTICAL AGENT STARTS TALKING—CONTINUE PLAYING UNTIL CONCERNED AGENT FAST FORWARDS — SEE BELOW)**

[hitched breathing] You just did it to me, didn't you? You dosed me with this... obscene toxin?

Oh my God, Professor. Why...? Why?

W-what do you mean it was only a matter of... t-time?

Where are you going? Wait! I'm dizzy... I can't... I can't stand up...

What are you doing with my office key?

[distressed breathing—her speech is broken... confused, as if she’s almost forgetting how to say the three-syllable words]

No! No, don’t lock me in! Profes-sor there’s no latch on this side, I can’t get out if you—

N-no... but... prof-essor, p-please!

You’re going to talk to who?

Dr. Edwards?

Oh my god! I’m... I’m losing it.

I can’t think... I can’t think...

Profess— please, no.

Wait! Come back!

[SFX: thump as she falls on the floor]

**[grunt] Ow... [a grunt as if you’ve just flopped on the floor because you’re too dizzy to get up—just a little more pronounced]**

Oh fuck... I’m dizzy...

**Please don’t lock me in... sir!? [an added line to give explanation to the locking door sound]**

[SFX: Door closes and locks]

[Groan] Oh my god... I’m so dizzy...

[Irregular breaths] Profess—[trying to say “professor”] uhm... sir... please.

**[SFX: tries to jimmy the door handle—it’s locked] -- I NEED TO ADD THIS!**

Oh... God...

Wait! Bar-is-tol! That might reverse the effects!

I have some... in my desk...

[SFX: clattering—drawer opens]

Think... THINK!

[OPTIONAL SFX: clattering of papers, pens, and other office stuff as she gropes for what she needs]

There ... there it is... Bar-is-tol...

[OPTIONAL SFX: Plastic cap comes off needle]

[hitched desperate breaths] There...

[SFX: small ratchet sound of an injection pen]

[heavy breathing] There...

God, please work...

[distressed breathing] I can't think... I can't think... I feel strange...

Hungry...

[really shaky] horny...

Oh... fuck... my panties are wet already...

But that's imposs— [trying to say "impossible"] But that... can't be.

[now having trouble saying two-syllable words]

How could it happ-en so fast...?

God.... [distressed breathing] fuck... but why?

**[AUDIO BEGINNING NOTE: THIS IS THE LOCATION THAT CONCERNED AGENT FAST FORWARDS TO AT BEGINNING OF AUDIO]**

[distressed breath] Oh my god,

I am \*not\* ok-ay...

I can't say... hard words...

I wanna fuck...

I wanna fuck-Iwannafuck...

No! No! Concentr—[trying to say “concentrate”]

Profess—[trying to say “professor”] ... Sir.... Sir is talk-ing to Dr. Edwards...

**[AUDIO BEGINNING NOTE: THIS IS WHERE SKEPTICAL AGENT RESUMES TALKING “She’s got to be putting us on!” — CONTINUE UNTIL THEY SAY THEY’LL START IT OVER FROM BEGINNING, THEN STOP]**

Oh my God... Dr. Edwar—[trying to say “Edwards”] Doc Ed! Of course!

He’s in on it... He betray— [trying to say betrayed] he ruin—[trying to say ruined] He... fucked me... He fucked me!

I can’t say hard words!

Oh... fuck... I want him to fuck me... I want him to fuck me more...

I want them all to fuck me...

Take my job... take my pus-sy... fuck a b-ba-by into me...

Oh god... This can’t be happen—[trying to say “happening”] This can’t be...

I’m losing words...

The drug isn’t working...

The barist—[trying to say “baristol”] the... drug I took not work...

Fuck I’ve got to get out of here...

[distressed moaning] I’m still SOOO horn—[trying to say “horny”] uh... so wet... I’m so wet.

Fuck I want to get fucked...

Think....

THINK!

My phone! I forg [trying to say [forgot] ... it’s ... recor—[trying to say “recording”] Record—oh fuck... I can’t say it!

**There! There it is! It still goes... it hears... [helps identify that she found her phone as her voice gets louder]**

Thank god. It still hears!

I can use it... I can...

I can send it to... I don't know... send it to...

[extremely distressed] I don't know!

Think... [whimpering] Come on... please!

Oh god they're coming back...

They all know... they're coming...

Sir... Doc Ed... the rest... God, I want them to fuck me...

I want them all to... breed me...

My god, I did this to my.... Self.

[realization -- this line can be totally chilling] It's my fault... Oh GOD, I fucked my self!

[SFX: Door opens]

[PERFORMANCE NOTE: She's mind-breaking at this point. Recommend holding back a little some intensity to build toward the end, cuz this goes on a while]

Oh god, sir! Fuck me... fuck me... please sirs... fuck me... stick all your cocks in me... please!

[SFX: phone drops on the floor—sound turns a little distant]

**Wait... Oops! Drop phone. My phone. Need my phone...**

[No more multi-syllable words... she's lost...]

Oh, I'm a slut.

I'm a stupi— [trying to say "stupid"] .... Dumb slut

Slut needs to fuck.



**Rip clothes... Take slut clothes off. [identifying sound effect of clothes ripping]**

Slut needs to fuck.

[SFX clattering sounds on desk—she grunts as she’s slammed into it—sounds of ripping clothes]

Breed slut... breed dumb lab slut!

[fucking sounds]

Stuff lab slut cunt with cum...

Stuff wet cunt with so much cum.

[sounds of rough fucking—a little ways away from the phone]

Breed slut. Breed dumb lab slut...

Fuck dumb lab slut hard.

Feed dumb slut mouth cock...

Choke fuck lab slut boss...

[sounds of gagging and throat fucking]

[moaning-grunting—messy, intense fucking sounds]

Please! Stuff cunt with breed juice...

Stuff tight wet cunt with seed for breed whore....

Oh yes! Breed dumb slut!

Feel cum in wet cunt! Breed hole!

Breed hole!

More... more cum for dumb slut!

Yes! Cock-Gag, dumb breed hole!

[gagging, throat fucking – moaning]

Use breed hole for joy sex...

[rough gagging]

Teach whore what she's good for.

[rough throat fucking]

Breed the dumb slut... breed the dumb slut!

Oh yeah... stick in fuck hole... stuff all your cum in tight fuck hole... [moaning in pleasure]

More... more breed cum for fuck hole!

[more fucking sounds... harsh... unrelenting]

Yes... breed fuck whore for joy sex.

Breed dumb lab boss for joy sex.

**[rustling-clattering]** Fuck dumb whore like dog... **[I NEED TO ADD THIS]**

Fuck tight fuck-slut like breed bitch...

[moaning—unrestrained grunting] – fucking sounds]

Stuff breed bitch with hot cum....

Fill lab breed bitch with more cum.

Ohhh... yes... Oh... more... more.

Breed whore needs more cum...

**Please?! Why stop?! Please?! [explains stopping of fucking]**

Fuck breed whore with cum sticks...

Drain balls in dumb slut cunt.

Please?! More...

More cum for dumb lab bitch?

[breathing]

Lab bitch dumb...

Dumb lab bitch...

Lab boss dumb breed whore...

Lab boss bad girl...

Dumb breed whore needs more cum.

Please! More cum for dumb breed-girl...

[breathing]

Wait!

Lab bitch needs phone...

Lab boss phone where?

Please, lab boss phone!

Where?!

Save girls... Save dumb breed girls!

Please help...

**Why laugh!? Please help?! Please! [they're laughing at her]**

[whimper] Oh god... Help me...

[desperate groan] Lab bitch dumb slut...

[SFX: Phone is picked up]

Give phone...

Please give phone!

**Thank you... Phone... Need phone why? [last attempt to save herself]**

Oh god... think... I can't think...

**[clattering sounds—thumping noises as they reposition her and she grunts] [I NEED TO MAKE THIS BETTER]**

**Oh yes... Lab boss dumb slut... [signaling her final surrender and forgetting the phone]**

[fucking sounds--resume]

Lab bitch dumb breed slut...

[completely giving up] Lab slut ride cock... dumb breed girl ride cock hard.

[groan] fuck breed dumb fuck hole! [groan]

[loud moaning and grunting as she resumes getting fucked]

More cum for breed hole...

[moaning, grunting... desperation... completely shameless—as she herself starts to cum]

More cum for breed hole! [cumming]

Oh god!!!

**[IF YOU WANTED TO... YOU COULD IMPROVE JUST A FEW MORE SECONDS OF HER HAVING AN ORGASM AND KINDA LOSING HER MIND—GIVES ME MORE TIME TO FADE IT INTO THE RECORDING PLAYING BACK ON THE LAPTOP – ONLY IF YOU WANT]**

[Sound fades and transforms as if the Agents are listening on their laptop again] **[NOTE FOR ME FADE / TRANSFORM SOUND A LITTLE EARLIER]**

SUPERVISOR: Alright turn it off... Turn it off!

[SFX: Mouse click, as sound abruptly stops]

SUPERVISOR: Jesus fucking Christ...

CONCERNED AGENT: It goes on like that for another two hours, Chief. Two hours. We estimate she probably had sex with... fifteen? Seventeen guys?

SKEPTICAL AGENT: But... this is impossible, right? This is like some kind of... hoax?

SUPERVISOR: Where is the girl? Do we have her?

CONCERNED AGENT: That's just it, boss... No one knows where she is... She's gone. The lab she worked at? Royster? It's been completely shut down. They've been trying to keep this whole thing under wraps, hiding behind god-damn non-disclosure agreements, but it sounds like there \*was\* some kind of incident in the director's office... something no one is talking about. And its former director... this woman? She's disappeared.

SUPERVISOR: Okay, well, how did we get this recording then.

SKEPTICAL AGENT: It was sent to our crisis inbox through some proxy server. Untraceable.

SUPERVISOR: [asking earnestly] Tell me the truth you too... Is this real?

CONCERNED AGENT: [earnest, sure] I think it is, sir...

SKEPTICAL AGENT: [coming around] I... Yeah... yeah maybe it is.

SUPERVISOR: [deep concern] Where is this woman?

CONCERNED AGENT: [with fear] Boss... I don't know. No one knows...

SUPERVISOR: Well, What about this professor... or this Dr. Edwards?

SKEPTICAL AGENT: They're gone too... They probably took her.

SUPERVISOR: But where!?

SKEPTICAL AGENT: We don't know, boss.

SUPERVISOR: My god... What about the rest of the lab employees?

CONCERNED AGENT: They aren't talking. Lawyers got involved... They're all hiding behind the NDAs, chief... They say everything that happened was consensual...

SUPERVISOR: [pained groan] The press?

SKEPTICAL AGENT: Well, they don't have this recording, but they're definitely sniffing around Royster labs.

[pause]

SUPERVISOR: [shaky sigh] Alright... you convinced me. Get someone from the FDA on the phone—we're gonna need some warrants to break through this NDA. I want everything we can find about this BB10...

toxin? She said it was? I want top people on this. And we need to contact Harbor University... and that hospital, the Valley ... uh... what? What is it called?

SKEPTICAL AGENT: Valley State Mental Hospital.

SUPERVISOR: Right. We're going to need to interview those Harbor students and get some power of attorney paperwork going to share their medical information.

SKEPTICAL AGENT: But they're incoherent, boss.... All they talk about is breeding and having sex. One syllable at a time... its... unbelievable.

SUPERVISOR: Well, how is the work on a cure coming?

CONCERNED AGENT: It's not, boss.

[pause]

SUPERVISOR: Fuck... What do think those monsters are doing to this poor girl?

CONCERNED AGENT: I honestly... I don't want to think about it, sir.

SUPERVISOR: [somber] Alright, let's see if we can find her... Let's get to work.

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