

Broke, Drug Addicted Girl Fucks Her Dealer for a Hit While Her Boyfriend Listens

By Princess_April

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Gonewildaudio, audio script, rape, blowjob, gagging, painal, humiliation, namecalling, degradation, prostitution, bad choices by a desperate girl, legal teen, older guy, forced to call him daddy, DARK, Surprise Ending

[PERFORMANCE NOTES: The character (the girl) is a relatively new addict of crack cocaine, and she hasn't had any for three days. She is vulnerable and naïve. She has an extremely intolerant family and is prone to bad choices. She is very much under the control of her boyfriend who tricks her into an extremely vulnerable position at the door of his drug dealer (the listener... at least at first—see below)—trying to pimp her out because he sees her as a commodity to be traded. The girl is awkward and nervous at first, and she is only there because she sees no other way. She doesn't understand the depth of her boyfriend's betrayal until the end. Despite her protestations, it turns her on to be manhandled and humiliated, and that just humiliates her even more.]

[SFX NOTE: This is a slightly more advanced script in terms of sound effects—almost all of them are optional except one: The perspective change where the listener changes from being the drug dealer to the boyfriend. This is done by changing the sound to appear as though she is on the other end of the phone and her boyfriend becomes the listener, rather than the dealer. This can be done gradually or abruptly depending on your sound effects abilities and tools. Where this happens is noted in the script. If you need help with this, please don't hesitate to message me on Reddit. I'd be happy to assist.]

[GAGGING NOTE: The gagging portions are also optional. Don't feel obligated if you don't like it, or don't want to.]

----START----

[uneven breathing, nervous. Big deep breath and then ..., OPTIONAL : knocking sound] [OPTIONAL: squeaky door opens]

[nervous] Uhm. Hi...

Remember me?

I was here a couple days ago? With my boyfriend? He was trying to buy some--

Uhm... yeah... you told us to leave because he didn't have enough money.

What am I doing here? Well—

I just wanted to tell you that, uhm... my boyfriend's a good guy, and uh... he's good for the money, and if you could just.... [trying to hide her desperation] Give us a little bit. You know? To tide us over? And we could pay you in a couple days when he gets his paycheck.

Me? Uhm. Well, no, I don't have any money either. I mean, not right now.

[lying] No, he didn't send me.

[nervous] I don't want anything for free, I just...

No but... it's just... I'm just saying we promise to pay you back. Like, real money!

No, I don't have it with me...

No, don't send me away... please? Please?

[desperate] Wait... Sir? Do you ... do think I'm cute?

I look trashy? Well, what do you mean?

My shorts?

[embarrassed] Yeah... they're kinda ripped, I guess.

Yeah, I know they're really short, uhm...

What?

Well... my boyfriend paid for me to get my naval pierced so, he likes me in crop tops.

[sniff—before admitting how *she* actually feels] Yeah... I guess I do look kinda trashy... I--.

No... You're right, I don't normally dress like this.

I'm not used to high heels either... Uhm... These ones kinda hurt, actually.

I told you why I'm here...

Well, I **was** going to college, but... uhm...

My parents cut me off, okay? Why are you asking me this?

I'm eighteen... why?

I'm sweet? Well, thank you, but...

No, I **do** want to be here sir... but, I just...

I'm not homeless... I live with my boyfriend.

The truth? I don't understand.

[lying] No, he didn't send me here! I'm here because... [faltering] I just—

Well, uhm....

[panicking a little] No, wait, don't send me away, please? Please?

Okay, okay...

[admitting the truth] Yes. My boyfriend sent me here.

Yes, he dressed me in this ... outfit and made me wear these... shoes.

He thought... he thought I'd be able to convince you, I guess.

No! I was just supposed to show a little skin. That's all!

Yes, I'm sure! He just thought--

[pause] Well.... I don't know...

[a little lost] I don't know what he thought.

No, I'm not here for that!

I know you're running a business, sir, but we're going to pay you back, I promise!

[pleading] I don't know how! Please...

[not hiding her desperate need any more] Please... I need a hit. I **need** it. I haven't had any for three days! You're the only ... dealer I know. Please, sir! [starting to cry]

What?

[sniff—but immediately trying to regain control]

Ok. I'll calm down. No, I won't cry anymore. I'm sorry.

No crying, see? [trying to pull herself together]

Just... what do you want me to do?

What?

[embarrassed] Yes, I told you... you were right, okay?

He dressed me up.

[humiliated sigh] Yes. He dressed me up... for you.

You what?

You ... you want to dress me up too?

In what?

What is that?

Where did you get that?

Your birthday party?

Oh. The stripper left it.

I... I don't want to wear that...

But it's humiliating! I'm not a stripper!

A schoolgirl? Well... yeah, I used to be, I guess, but...

Well, yeah, but not like that. That's not a school uniform, sir... it's a sex costume.

No, no, okay. Here. [pause] I'll do it. I'll do it.

Do you have a bathroom, or?

Here? In front of you? [whispered in distressed and disbelief] Oh God...

Okay, okay... [pause] Ok I'll do it.

[sounds of breathing, and effort as she nervously takes off her tight clothes and changes] [whispered] Oh god...

There... [deferential] Is this ... okay?

What about my hair?

[sigh] Pigtails?

But why?

[nervous and upset] [mousy] You're sick, you know that?

Yes... Okay, I'll do it.

[sounds of breathing, as she tries not to cry, and the faint snapping of hair ties]

There.

[resigned resistance] Are you happy, now?

Is this what you like? Making me look like a little girl?

Please, I did what you asked. I put on your stupid stripper outfit. Can I have the drugs now?

[desperate whine] Why not?

[breaking down] But... you don't have to humiliate me!

But why!?

No, I **don't** deserve it! I'm a good girl, I'm just... I'm doing my best!

No... I don't want them... [breathing and starting to cry] I **need** them... Sir, please...

But... Jimmy said I wouldn't have to--

My boyfriend!

No! He did *not* send me here for you to... fuck me! He loves me!

[starting to doubt] No, he wouldn't do that!

Ask him? What do you mean?

Sir, I don't have a phone anymore. My parents took it away, and--

I'm not making excuses!

Use Yours? No, but... Ok... alright. Whatever you say, sir. I'll call him.

[breathing raggedly as she dials]

[nervous and broken] Hi Jimmy. It's.... it's me.

This man here? He says you sent me in here... to get fucked... So, you could have drugs.

Is that... true? Is it true, Jimmy?

No? [sigh of relief] Okay... Well, I did what you said, and he still won't give them to me.

Yeah, I *told* him we'd pay him back, but... uhm....

Yeah... I did, but... well... he.... He forced me to wear this.... Stripper outfit, and... [lowered voice] I think he wants to fuck me, Jimmy.

Ok, yeah, I'll tell him...

Sir? Jimmy wants to talk to you...

But... [exasperated sigh] sir please! Why are you making me do this? Okay, okay...

Jimmy? [sniffing, almost crying] He won't talk to you.

No, he.... What, sir? [nervous breathing] Jimmy, he says... [sniff] he says not to send him trashy girls anymore. He wants to f-fuck cute girls...

Yeah... he says I look cute now.

[lowered voice again, this time into phone] Jimmy? I don't want to fuck him... No, I don't.

He's old... and... he smells like beer, and—

How much? Wha--? [incredulous] I don't know... But Jimmy... okay... I'll ask him.

Sir? If I let you fuck me, how much.... How much can we get?

[pause]

Jimmy, he says if I let him fuck me, he'll give us an 8ball...

Is... Is that a lot?

Not really? Well, then why...?

[scared] No... but can't you think of anything else?

[crying] Oh god... I need a hit, Jimmy! I--

[mousy, broken] Okay... okay... I just—

Yes, sir... yes, you can ... fuck me.

What? Are you serious?

Jimmy? Uhm... he says ... he says it's deal. But ... uhm... he says... he'll give you an extra 40 rock if you... stay on the phone and listen...

I don't know! He's sick, I guess! He says he'll put an air pod in my ear so you can hear me.... Hear me get fucked. ...

Really? Uhm... Yeah, I guess. Won't it bother you though? O-Okay...

[whispered] Ow! My hair! Jimmy, I'm scared.... Uhm... He's making me get on my knees.

[whispers] Oh god.

He's sticking his f-fingers in me.

Ow! Please, sir, not so rough...

No, I'm not! No, I don't want to tell him that...

[groan] okay, alright... Jimmy? He says to tell you that... he likes wet sluts like me.

[to the dealer] No, I'm not...

[to jimmy] Oh, he's showing me his fingers, Jimmy. ... They are wet. it's just... I don't *know* why...

[revealing that she is indeed turned on] Oh god.

Oh... sir...

What?

Uhm.... [moans as he fingers her, forgetting herself] Jimmy... he wants me to call him... daddy.

Yes, sir... I mean.... Yes... [hesitant] daddy.

Ow! Yes, daddy. [obviously coerced] P-please fuck my throat.

[slurping, licking, which quickly turns to gagging as he starts fucking her mouth]

[gasp, then breathing] Yes daddy... Uhm.... He says ... he says I'm a dumb fuck-hole, Jimmy.

[gagging, face fucking, a little moan]

[slightly muffled as she slurps his cock] Please... I don't want to say that...

[SLAP] Ow... He says... he likes cute fuck holes like me.

[suck, slurp—getting into it now] Mmm. [takes a few breaths and then...]

[gagging, face fucking, moans] Daddy... Wait, daddy? I can't breathe... Can you just—?

[Throat fuck, gagging] [gasp—then coughing for breath] Daddy... Sorry daddy.

[sucking, slurping—slurred, mouth partially full] Can I just have a little bit now daddy? Please? I promise I'll be a really good... fuck hole...

[gurgle, then gag.] Daddy... please wait...

[Throat fucking, gagging]

[gasp] Sorry, daddy! I'll be good.

[slurp, suckle, suck—then more gagging]

[gasp—then coughing, sputtering] Yes daddy. [breathing, recovering] Yes daddy.

What?

[hitched breathing] Jimmy? Daddy says he's going to ... what? [humiliated moan] He's going to fuck your stupid little girlfriend now.

Oh... [moan] Ow. He's pushing me down.

Sir? I mean, daddy?

The dirt on the floor is hurting my knees.... Please, do you have a towel or something—

[sudden, urgent] No, please wait! Oh god! [gasp] He's so big, Jimmy. [breathing hitched and ragged] He's fucking me. He's fucking me, baby. [half crying]

[SFX (OPTIONAL) —sounds of slapping flesh] Yes... yes daddy.

Yes, daddy... You're right. I'm a.... trashy girl.

I'm a slut.

I'm a druggy slut. Yes.

[moan.] Oh... Oh my god.

[moan-cry] Please... please give it to me, daddy!

[SLAP]

Oh... [whining] Yes. I'm dumb slut.

[SLAP]

I don't know any better. I'm sorry daddy!

[SLAP] Yes, fuck me daddy. Fuck Jimmy's little whore.

[starting to cry] I'm just a whore now.

[sniff] I fuck for drugs.

[SLAP]

[grunt] Yes... [crying] I fuck daddy for drugs.

It's all I'm good for!

[Crying through her haze of arousal and humiliation]

[moan, grunt, SFX OPTIONAL: slapping sounds]

Yes, daddy. I'm a drug whore now... [moan]

Yes... yes. [Almost incoherent] Daddy, Fuck me. Fuck me. I need *daddy's* cock!

[earnest, defiant, talking to Jimmy] FUCK me daddy!

[more fucking sounds, and moans...] [hard fucking--slapping flesh sounds... he fucks her hard, and she grunts and moans in response]

[interrupted] Wait... what are you doing? Daddy!?

Sir, no, please! Not in my ass, please daddy!

Ow! OW! Oh God [ragged breaths and pained grunts] Oh, god, daddy! Ow! Please.

Ow. Oh. Oh fuck. Oh fuck.

He's fucking my ass...

Oh... Ow. Fuck, daddy.

Oh, god... Oh fuck, daddy, please.

Ok, ok. Fuck...

[sounds of groaning, fucking, and pain as she gets ass-raped]

[trying not to cry] Arch my... my back. What?

Okay... I'm trying. It hurts, daddy!

[grunting-moaning] Jimmy, I think he's gonna cum.

Oh god, yes daddy. Cum on me daddy. Please... cum on me. Use me to cum, daddy.

Oh god... Jimmy he's cumming. Finally, he's cumming all over my back.

[relieved whisper as she sobs] Finally.

[desperate] Daddy? Can I please have it now? Please! [pleading] You came. You came! I made you cum. Can I please have it? Please?

[breathing, recovering] Okay... Okay, thank you... Okay.

[breathing] Jimmy, are you still there? Why did I what? He just did it... I didn't ask him to. No, I didn't like it! Fuck you Jimmy! Why are you asking me that? What do you mean it'll make things easier?

Oh, here he comes...

[SFX – At this point, the sound should change so that it sounds like she is talking on the other end of a phone—the idea being that the listener's perspective is changing from that of the drug dealer to Jimmy, her boyfriend. Ideally this should be gradual, while she is being injected with drugs by the dealer, BUT if that's not within your capabilities, it can happen suddenly after she's injected and before she starts talking to Jimmy again – noted below. If you need help with this, please don't hesitate to message me on Reddit].

Oh. [euphoric-whispered] Oh, thank you, daddy! [crying with joy] Thank you!

Oh, thank you daddy! Yes... here.... Here's my arm. Thank you!

Oh, Thank you daddy. Thank you, daddy. Thank you! Thank you!

Oh, feel it daddy... I feel it. Oh, thank you. Thank you. Thank you.

[SFX – This is when the sound change from “in the room” to “on the other end of the phone” should either be complete (if it's gradual) or happen (if it's instantaneous)]

[breathing ragged—uneven... she's high. She's losing it]

Yes, daddy?

What? Okay.... Uhm. I'll tell him.

Jimmy? Daddy says you're gonna have to pick up the drugs yourself because... because he doesn't trust me with them. He says... you shouldn't trust me either.

I don't know. That's just what he said. He's an asshole...

Oh... he says to come get me too because... [humiliated] he's done with me now.

Jimmy? What did you mean before? When you asked me if I liked... you know?

No... I didn't. It hurt!

Well, yes, now I've done it, okay? I'm never doing it again, so you can stop bugging me about it. I don't like it.

What? No but I... Yes, I want more drugs, but...

Jimmy, stop it! Because you're making me feel like a whore!

Wait... ask him what? No... I... Yeah, I guess...

Okay... Ok, fine, I'll ask him, okay?

Daddy? Jimmy thinks we should get extra because you fucked me in the ass.... Would that be? Is that okay?

Oh. Yeah, I know I said I'd do whatever you wanted but—

No, he didn't. He did not!

Jimmy, he says no.

It's nothing, Jimmy. [sigh] Jimmy please... can we just let it go? He's just being mean to me again. He's trying to tell me this was your plan all along. He said... He said I was barely worth what he's giving you. He says I'm a trashy drug slut, and ... if you want to whore me out, you should... train me better.

I know it's all lies Jimmy... There's no way... there's no way you would do that to—.

What? You what?

Jimmy.... What?

Wait, you had some and you held out on me?

How could you?

How could you do that to me? I'm your girlfriend! You told me you didn't have any!

You knew I'd be desperate, and you sent me over here anyway.

You tricked me! You sold me... for drugs, Jimmy.

No, but you sold me. Look at me? I'm dressed like jailbait, my ass is wrecked, and I've got cum all over my back.

He used me, and you don't care....

You're a monster! I trusted you!

Wait.... Why did you make me smoke that night, Jimmy...? I told you I didn't want it. I told you my uncle was an addict and that I needed to be really careful with drugs. I TOLD YOU NO, Jimmy! [crying]

Is this what you wanted? Was this your plan all along?

[sniffle] Get her hooked and turn her into a whore?

[soft crying] I was a good girl... I had a family... I was supposed to go to college...

This guy... This asshole is laughing at me now.... Jimmy...

Fuck... Oh my God....

[this is her breakdown... the "what have I done" moment--crying, lost, out of her mind, and high. Give her the moment to feel that humiliation, but don't linger too long because she's being forced to leave]

He says I have to go....

He's kicking me out. I don't know.

Wait. Wait! Jimmy, wait! I don't have any place else to go.... Can you... can you come and get me, please?

No no... don't... don't say that. I'm sorry. I'm sorry, okay? Jimmy, don't, please...

No no no... please? Okay. I'll do it, okay? I'll say it, just don't leave me out on the street! Okay, I'm... I'm your whore. Alright?

Yes. I'm your drug whore. Yes... yes. Okay?

You can fuck my ass just like he did.

You can whore me out... Do whatever you want... I don't care. I don't care. Just... get me high first, okay?

I'll be your whore, but... Don't hold out on me again. Don't do that again.

But... wait jimmy? There's... there's gonna be a problem.

[frustrated to dealer] Okay... okay...

[to Jimmy] this daddy guy wants his phone back and he's kicking me out...

I didn't tell you before because... well I just didn't. But It might change your mind about ... about how you're treating me ...

[to dealer] Wait daddy ... don't end the call, just a second, please!

[to Jimmy] Jimmy? I'm sorry, but I think I'm preg—

[beepbeepbeep] [SFX the phone is cut off here. You can use the three low pitched beeps in succession to indicate that the call ended. If you need that sound, or any other help with the phone SFX, feel free to message me on Reddit]

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AFTERCARE: Hello everyone. This is Princess April. This is an aftercare audio for both the script and performance of "Broke, Drug Addicted Girl Fucks her Dealer for a Hit" (That's a mouthful, so I just call it Druggy girl for short. Whether you'r reading the script or listening to it as an audio by me, or any of the other amazing performers who were generous enough record it, this can be a challenging story. I wanted to give you an aftercare perspective as both the author of the script, and as someone who's performed it.

It is probably the darkest script I've ever written. I say probably because, well, everyone experiences these things differently. The key reason why _I_ believe it's so dark is that, unlike most of my other dark offerings, which are much more obviously fantasy scenarios that are either impossible or unlikely in real life, this one is extremely plausible. That edge of verisimilitude gives "Druggy Girl" a unique power and weight. I wrote it that way intentionally. However regardless of how real it might seem, or could be, it's still just a fantasy. I personally have never had experience with drugs like this. In fact I barely even consume alcohol. I also don't know anyone who's experienced anything like this. That doesn't mean it couldn't happen. That doesn't mean it HASN'T happened, but my intent in exploring this scenario as a sexual fetish is to create something not to make me sad, but to give me chills. As someone who enjoys mind control as a fetish, drug addiction is the ultimate form of real-life mind control. And mixing sexual arousal, and humiliation, not to mention the feelings and emotions this poor girl might feel as she's irresponsibly led down this deep, dark hole from which there is little chance of escape is a POWERFUL and Unique combination.

Exploring dark scenarios like this in a safe environment such as GWA can be cathartic and eye opening. It is an outlet to embrace even the most taboo aspects of the human experience in a way that does not bring actual harm to anyone else. This girl is a fictional character. I created her, and I LOVE her. Make no mistake. She is the HERO of this story. I feel for her. I respect her. And part of what makes her SO compelling and sexy to me is that she's trying her very best. She's brave because she HAS to be. She's

vulnerable because she's forced to be. And it's such a powerful experience watching this bleak scenario unfold. It speaks of what it means to be human to me, in a very specific way. THAT'S why I wrote it. That's why I loved performing it. And that's why it's okay for you to read it. It's okay for you to listen to it. This story is not unlike other modern tales of horror like the movie Cape Fear or Seven. Horror can be REALLY challenging, but it can be cathartic and illustrate the human condition in ways no other genre can. Add erotica and sexuality to the mix, and then you really start to understand the power of human connection—in this case because of it's painful absence.

Okay. That's enough. But I'll leave you with this final thought. I'm a good person. You're a good person. We're all just out here, doing our best to understand ourselves and each other. Life, sexuality, and fetish is complex and fascinating, and sometimes exploring the dark side is just what we need to appreciate and understand two of the things that really make life worth living—human empathy and compassion. Trying to understand ourselves and each other. I know this probably seems really heavy for what at it's heart is a story of erotica, but it's actually so much more than that to me—and maybe it is to you too. I hope this at least gave you some basic idea of what went through my head writing and performing this tough story. Thanks for listening. Bye.