

# Free Use Research Assistant

By Princess\_April

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[F4M][Script Offer]Free Use Research Assistant[fsub][rape][mind control][free use][degradation][gaslighting][blowjob][gagging][anal][painal][facial][drugs][cheating][adults][see post for tag breakdown]

Dummy Tag, audio script, F4M, fsub, rape, mind control, free use, degradation, gaslighting, blowjob, gagging, anal, painal, facial, drugs, adults

**TAG BREAKDOWN:** *Some of my audio scripts do not follow the “listener as active participant” paradigm, and even when they do, some of the tags I call out above are in reference to the listener and some are in reference to other characters in the story (including the performer). In order to ensure clarity about specificity, and in hopes of fostering an environment of inclusiveness, the following is a breakdown of the tags in this audio that apply to the listener, and those that do not.*

**TAGS THAT APPLY TO LISTENER:** [F4M] – The listener is or presents as male and mention is made of his cock. [rape][mind control][drugs] – The Listener is using drugs to mind control and rape his research assistant without her realizing what’s happening.

**TAGS THAT APPLY TO NON-LISTENER CHARACTERS:** [F4M] The speaker is or presents as female, and mention is made of her pussy. [rape][mind control][free use][degradation][gaslighting][blowjob][gagging][anal][painal][facial][drugs] – The speaker is forced to engage in all kinds of degrading and sometimes even painful sexual activities that she is mostly only subconsciously aware of. NOTE: There are other male characters mentioned and named in the story, but they don’t directly participate “on-screen”.

**[SYNOPSIS:** A very intelligent young research assistant, fresh out of grad school (the speaker) is working for a lab. She’s only been there a short time, trying to get her bearings as the professor (the listener) arrives complaining about his relationship with his wife. The assistant attempts to establish some good boundaries with her boss with assertive and well-reasoned arguments involving the challenge of women working in STEM fields. She then begins asking questions about a drug the lab has been developing, raising concerns that it could be grossly perverted into a new kind of date-rape or mind control drug. She covers the possible scenarios of its use with great detail, trying to convince the Professor that the lab shouldn’t be working on it anymore. Unfortunately, what she’s describing is exactly what’s happening to her, in real time. She simply doesn’t realize it. The professor takes advantage of his brain-washed assistant in a number of perverted ways, even as she continues to talk about the worst case scenarios of the drugs potential misuse. She is both the drug’s fiercest opponent, and the poster child of it’s success, serving exactly the purpose she is describing. In the end, the professor rebuffs her arguments, and she moves on to a different “meeting” with another of her “colleagues”. **WARNING:** *This story involves the mind control and rape of a girl who doesn’t not realize she’s being raped.*

***Though it's fantastical, it's also very dark with themes of degradation and gaslighting. As usual, mind the tags.***

[PERFORMANCE NOTES: This is a bit of an acting challenge, as two very opposite things are going on here at one time. That all said, most of the what you need to know is in the script.]

[SFX: ALL SOUND EFFECTS ARE OPTIONAL! You could get really involved with this one if you want, but this script could be performed with minimal to no sound effects. Suggestions are mentioned throughout the script. Feel free to message me on reddit if you'd like assistance.]

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Oh, Good morning, Professor!

How was your weekend?

Oh...

I'm sorry to hear that.

Well, I hope things get better for you soon.

Hm?

Me? Oh, I was here working.

Well, [laugh] I know I just started last week, but I'm very excited to be working with you, Professor, so I spent the last couple days getting familiar with the lab, reviewing some of the latest research data, and just getting the lay of the land, you know? I want to make a good impression.

Oh, no I wasn't alone, I don't have my own lab keycard yet. Mr. Childers was here with me. It was his suggestion.

What?

Cold? Why would I be cold?

Okay... [confused, dismissive laugh]

Oh... well, thank you, but I'd appreciate if you'd keep your comments about my appearance to yourself—even if they are complimentary.

Anyway, I just want you to know that you won't regret hiring me. I'm fully up to speed on the latest neuroscientific theories and drug therapies, and I spent the weekend at the lab because I wanted to get up to speed with what you've been working on here as fast as possib--

Hm?

I'm sorry, your wife?

Oh...

[polite, but distant] Oh that's... that's too bad.

[listening, but dubious] Uh-huh...

Uhm. Okay, I-I'm sorry, can I just interrupt you for a second?

I know I asked you how your weekend was before, but the truth is, I was just being polite. I don't really think I'm the appropriate person to talk to about troubles with your marriage.

No. It's okay. This kind of thing happens to me surprisingly often, actually. [giggle]

Professor? Can I be honest with you about something? I think it's best to... just say this up front, okay?

I know I'm inexperienced, and fresh out of grad school. I'm also obviously female, and I know I try to be friendly. That's just who I am, okay? And because I'm young and some people think I'm attractive, that can make it harder for me to gain the respect I deserve among the largely male dominated field of neuroscientific research. It's honestly something all women struggle with in this field. In any STEM field actually.

I mean, I'm not upset or anything. I know that well-intentioned men sometimes don't realize they're succumbing to sexist stereotypes and behaviors, especially when they feel insecure being around such a confident and intelligent young woman.

No! I don't mean to imply that you're doing anything like that intentionally, professor, I just find it's best to be up front and honest about these boundaries from the get-go. I don't want you to get the wrong impression. I'm not really here to be your friend. I'm not some kind of confidant or cheerleader that you can come to when you're having trouble with your personal life. I graduated in the top 5% of my class and I have two degrees. One in neuroscience, and another in pharmaceutical science. I'm your colleague. And given the historical disparity of respect and standing women struggle with in the scientific community, I just think it's a good idea if we fight against that by keeping things purely professional. I'm here for the research, and if I may make a suggestion, I really don't think you should bring your personal problems to the lab at all, okay? And I especially don't think you should be making disparaging comments about your wife here.

To be honest with you, I had to have this talk with Mr. Childers as well.

I mean, I don't want to get him in trouble or anything. I don't think it was anything he was aware he was doing, it's just... I DO think it's important that he be MADE aware of these latent sexist attitudes, just like I'm trying to make you aware—despite your ignorance. So that you can do better next time.

[reassuring] There's no hard feelings.

Thank you for understanding.

I know I talked to you about this in our interview, so I figured you'd probably be okay with a little reminder. [giggle] And really, Mr. Childers didn't do anything wrong, so... I'd appreciate it if you didn't discipline him this time, okay? Maybe you can just set up an office-wide sexual harassment seminar or something. That way everyone can benefit from it, and he won't feel singled out.

Thank you. I'm glad we got the air cleared there!

[giggle] Why are you laughing?

Oh, well thank you. But that's why you hired me right? Because I'm honest, and sure of myself, and I can hold my own in a male dominated environment.

Well, thank you again.

Anyway, I did have some questions about some of the data on one of the drugs you're developing.

Well, specifically this "Corte-task" drug candidate your lab has been working on for the last... what? Five years? I'm a little confused as to why we're still working on it. It's obviously never going to be approved by the FDA.

[suspicious] Excuse me? I'm sorry could you repeat that?

Oh my gosh! For a second there it sounded like you said something else! Whew—that would have been awkward considering the talk we just got through having! [giggle]

Hm? Hop up on lab counter? Yes sir. Okay.

Yeah, well, anyway, it's certainly a fascinating pharmaceutical, and I understand it's potential. A compound that literally compartmentalizes the human brain, allowing the subject to make use of a much higher percentage of the brain's potential than we do normally. In effect, it allows someone to time slice, and multi-task complex thought processes much more efficiently, potentially unlocking much higher levels of intelligence and analytical and inductive reasoning. It's a remarkable premise, but professor, it's also fundamentally flawed...

What? [giggle] My skirt is really short isn't it?

Well, I've been looking at the data and in practice the drug just hasn't worked that way.

Ow! Professor! [giggle]. What are you doing down there? Of course I didn't wear panties, why would I? [giggle]

Anyway, as I was saying, I memorized the data, and I found that early trials did in fact increase brain utilization by approximately 25%, which is impressive, but it seems in practice the tasks were clearly and definitively separated into conscious and unconscious processes. One task was completed with great acuity and efficiency while the brain was clearly occupied with another task on a subconscious level—to the point even that the subject was not even aware of what was happening.

Yes, sir... they are spread open, sir...

Ow! Sir. I told you their already spread as wide as I can...

Yes, sir. [moan]

[OPTIONAL SFX: soft, slow fucking sounds as she continues to talk as if nothing is happening, except that her breathing is getting harder]

Well, no, it seems to be a fundamental feature of the drug. As near as I can tell, there is no way to push those subconscious thought processes and behaviors into the conscious mind. [breathing harder]

No, but it IS important, I think. [breathing hard—interrupted by fucking thrusts as hitches in her breath]. There are sticky ethics concerns, Professor. [moan] Guidelines exist across several disciplines, including the medicinal field, and the neurosciences that are very persnickety about the consequences of unintended side-effects. That will no doubt indefinitely delay the clinical approval of the drug by the FDA.

Ow... Professor you're squeezing too hard... My legs bruise easily... [giggle] Okay...

No, what I'm getting at is this. It does take a little inductive reasoning, though, so please try your best to follow my train of thought, okay? [grunt] Ow... Uh...

[panting as she's fucked mercilessly without being consciously aware of it] The problem with the drug, and specifically, the problem with this dichotomous conscious / subconscious multi-tasking effect is that the chemical compound could be targeted to specific parts of the brain. [grunt] It could be used in tandem with suggestive triggers, or hypnotic influence to initiate an entire suite of persistent and ongoing behaviors in the subject that they are completely unaware of.

[groan, pant—OPTIONAL Wet sounds] In effect, and I know this sounds outrageous, but it *could* be used as a pharmacological means of mind control. And as groundbreaking and exciting as that prospect is [panting, breathing, moaning] it's completely and wholly [groaning, panting] unethical.

It would be like... a doctor cutting into someone's brain to do research on them while they're still alive. Only this is doing it to their mind... with consequences that are just as invasive and irreversible, without any consideration to one of the major tenets of Hippocrates' treatise called "Of the Epidemics", which is, by the way, commonly mistaken to be part of the Hippocratic oath: [moan, grunt] "First do no harm."

[fucking sounds are louder and more prominent now] [breathing heavily] Oh, God... [moan]

I mean... [panting] I could give you an example I thought of, of how this drug might be used if it somehow made its way into the wrong hands. Do you want to hear it?

Oh... Yes sir... You want me on my knees first? Yes sir. [slight giggle]

[breathing, recovering]

Well, let's take the example of the typical neuroscience lab, in which most employees are sexist males, with the exception of a single female research assistant. Granted this is an extreme example, but I think it's important to illustrate my poin—

[his dick forces its way into her mouth, and starts mouth fucking her] [mouth fucking sounds for a few seconds – and then she continues as if nothing has happened]

[gasp] What if you, for example [she starts licking his cock] were to give me, for example, this drug. [sucking] And you were looking for a specific subconscious effect. Let's say you found me attractive, and you were unhappy with your wife. Maybe you wished you could make me do things sexually [slurping licking] that she refused to do, and you wanted to use me to cheat on her. Of course, I would never agree to have sex with you consciously—

[throat fucking again, more intense this time—a few seconds of it as she moans and gasps between thrusts]

[gasp—breathing hard] We both know that, professor! But with the proper tuning of the drug, which could be delivered without my knowledge in my morning coffee, for example, and the proper suggestive influences which could be delivered through an email, a text on my phone, or a unique, offensive phrase that you speak to me and I immediately forget, you could very quickly make me compliant with your sexual advances in such a way that I was never consciously aware of. It is completely within the realm of possibility that you could be using me for sex, and I wouldn't even know it— [interrupted]

[throat fucking—still more intense—gagging, coughing, gasping, and gagging again]

[gasping, sniffing, coughing, recovering] My brain would completely block it out.

[licking, suckling, slurping] I'm serious, professor. You could be doing the most obscene and disgusting things you could possibly think of to me right now. The kinds of things that would stimulate your sexist male brain and reinforce your world view that attractive young women like me have no place in a scientific lab, or for that matter, a useful place in society beyond my suitability for becoming a sex toy, or a breeding whore to satisfy the male patriarchy.

[gagging, throat fucking]

[gasp] And I wouldn't even be conscious of it. The drug would be so efficient at hiding what you had done to me, and compartmentalizing the activity in my brain that it's likely the only way it would manifest itself in my conscious mind is as some kind of persistent, recurring, embarrassing sexual fantasy or daydream during my periods of most advanced mental acuity.

Oh! Good morning Dr. Olson!

Oh, yes, of course I remember our meeting. [giggle]

I'll see you in there in about 10 minutes, okay?

Okay!

[slap] Ow... Sorry sir...

Yes sir... I'll bend over the counter again.

See you later, Dr. Olson!

[panting—nervous, but unaware]

Anyway, those daydreams? They would no doubt trigger automatic sexual responses in my body, like chills on my skin, hardening nipples, and an embarrassing wetness between my legs as I'm trying complete important and delicate lab work.

Oh yes sir... yes sir... Pull my pigtails, .... Yes sir... [strained moan]

But, do you understand what I'm saying, professor? Do you grasp the potential complications... ow... and implications... OH... fuck... ow... that the research and release of a drug like this could have on the world... [gasping] Particularly women. OHHH...

FUCK! It's going in my ass, professor. Ahhh... Fuck!

[mumbling incoherently—MAYbe she says:] Hold me down and pull my hair... [she grunts in time with his fucking of her ass]

I mean [grunt] It's actually pretty terrifying. Men could potentially use a specially targeted variant of this drug on women as a new kind of date-rape. [panting, grunting]

They could get them talking about politics or work, or movies, or pop culture all while fucking their brains out in some disgusting public bathroom somewhere with the woman not even realizing what's happening. OW, Professor that hurts! My ass...Oh, god!

[choking sounds] yes... choke me professor... [choking sound with grunts timed as he fucks her hard]

[gasp] [panting] But ... even worse than that, though, it could be used repeatedly for programming certain behavior... [groan] Like, for example, in our purely fictional alternate universe neurosciences lab, you could use it on me consistently. I mean, over the course of... say... as little as a week, you could have me effectively programmed to wear tiny skirts, and tight tops, completely inappropriate for the workplace, but totally appropriate for a stupid, shameless slut who clearly wants to be used and fucked and sexually degraded by her misogynistic coworkers. You could remove my desire to subvert the patriarchy and train my subconscious to groom myself every morning by shaving my legs and pussy, applying whorish makeup—Ow! Perhaps even putting my hair up in pigtails to satisfy some disgusting

schoolgirl fetish for my boss and engaging in completely obscene behavior for the free and unrestricted use by all employees.

[panting, groaning] You could even program me to bend over on demand, lift my skirt and take any cock that's presented to me up my asshole.

That's the power of this horrific drug, professor... Ah.... OOOWW! [she's getting fucked hard and is in distress] Oh God, professor it's too much... my ass... fuck!

Oh... Ow... [relief] thank you. Thank you for taking it out... That feels better, sir.

On my knees again? Yes sir.

Anyway, I know I'm outlining particularly extreme scenarios with my [giggle] silly thought experiments, but I'm saying all this to illustrate a point.

[slurping, licking and sucking his cock]

I mean... I'm positive that was not the intent when you were researching this compound, right professor? You don't want the medication you developed to be perverted into some kind of new date-rape drug, do you? Or worse... into some kind of long term means of mind control for the permanent sexual enslavement of a woman?

Women... especially women like me are vulnerable, professor. Men are horrible... and if you give them power like that... they'll abuse it—

[throat fucking – gagging—moaning and gasping--for a few seconds]

They'll take it to extremes and before you know it... women won't be women anymore... They'll just be toys—

[throat fucking... gagging, brutal, relentless]

[gasp, breathing hard] Yes... [panting] On my face... All over my face...

[opening up and saying "ah" with her tongue out] Ahhh...

[he cums on her face]

[giggle] Ahhh... yes sir, all over me... [gurgling sound]

You're right professor... I'm stupid cum-dump...

Mmm... [slurp, lick]

Yes sir... I'll eat it for you... [licking her fingers as she scoops up cum from her face to eat it a couple seconds.]



[breathing-slurping, sucking] Thank you professor...

Thank you...

So... [breathing] anyway... what do you think?

I think we should remove the drug from FDA consideration, and destroy all the research... I really do...

[pause as she listens, breathing / recovering] Oh...

Really?

Yeah... [stammering] na-naturally. You're right... my imagination is getting the better of me...

[pause]

Yes... Of course, you're right, Professor.

I can't believe I let myself fall into that trap!

[as if realizing how dumb she's been] You're right. I'm letting emotion and personal trauma get in the way of objective scientific analysis...

Oh my gosh! And to think I was giving you a hard time for doing the exact same thing earlier... with your wife?

No, thank you for being so upfront and honest with me. [giggle]

Of course, these risk factors can be mitigated, professor. You're absolutely right.

Yes. Naturally. The drug is still relatively early in its approval process, and there are several more iterations to the formula to come. It does hold great promise for patients of Alzheimers and other long term dementia disorders. Not to mention its potential profitability for use in overall mental acuity enhancement for otherwise healthy individuals.

Of course, Professor. Honestly... I apologize.

Look at me! I've only been here a week, and I'm already trying to change the operating parameters of your lab without having really given your in-place procedures and safety protocols a chance. [giggle]

Anyway, thank you for listening. And honestly? Thank you for understanding about the whole "leave your personal life at home" request. I really am just here for the work.

I \*believe\* in the work, and ... I'm honored to be here. Truly.

Oops... Uhm, I've got that meeting with Dr. Olson in a few minutes. I think I need to go to the lady's room and freshen up first, so... if you'll excuse me.

Thanks again, professor!

Just so you know, I'm always available... whenever you need me, okay?

Okay.

[sure of herself, with an air of self-satisfaction] Thank you.

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