

I'm Worthless, Daddy, Just Like Mom

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Dummy no, Gonewildaudio, audio script, F4M, fsub, step-father, rape, coercion, CNC, spanking, namecalling, degradation, arousal through objectification, humiliation, masochism, switch, daddy, adults

[SYNOPSIS: You (the listener) are married to a woman who was recently convicted of embezzlement and is now in jail. You want nothing to do with her anymore, but she stuck you with her 18 year old daughter to take care of (the speaker) who has promised to leave the house as soon as she graduates school. Unfortunately, your step-daughter is a mess, in more ways than one. She's not going to graduate after all, she's been fired from her job for stealing, and now she comes to ask you if she can live with you a little while longer because she has no where else to go. She's got two things going for her, though—1.) She's super hot. And 2.) she's a degradation slut. You only know this because you secretly got a look at her online journal and saw what she wrote about you and her mother. The ink is barely dry on your final divorce papers when you decide to milk your (former) step-daughter's misery for all it's worth, take advantage of her weakness for you, and coerce her into a pretty rough spanking, and some pretty depraved sex. But if she really wants to stay with you after she graduates, that's only the beginning. *WARNING: This is a complex and somewhat dark story about two people who are, in a way, taking advantage of each other. Although underneath it all, this story is heavy in "consensual non-consent" elements, it nevertheless includes heavy coercion and rape any way you slice it, and there are intense themes of name-calling, objectification, and degradation targeted at a girl who's highly aroused by all of it, despite her own shame about it. The real loser here is the mother / wife, who sits in jail, is largely vilified by both her daughter and ex-husband, and can't do anything about it. Please proceed with extreme caution if any of this sounds triggering to you.]*

[PERFORMANCE NOTES: This girl should come across as shy, mousy and quiet, but deep down she's a self-degradation slut. She is genuinely in distress, and unsure of herself when she first approaches her step-dad for help, because she doesn't know how he'll react. She also doesn't know how much he knows about HER. But she comes to accept his demands and harsh treatment of her psychological masochism and her fear of him turn her on—even if she's completely ashamed of it. Player her is a bit of an acting challenge, as she is racked by complex feelings and emotions throughout the experience. Feel free to DM me (u/princess_april) on Reddit if you have any questions.]

[OPTIONAL SFX: The spanking in this audio should be especially harsh—NOT abusive harsh, but painful and sharp, harsh. If possible the sound should reflect that. What's even more important though is her reaction to it. She is a masochist, and he knows it because of what he's read in her journal. He slaps her butt hard, and allows her a few seconds to simply cry after he's done before he finally makes his move

on her pussy. Don't worry too much about the SFX, but if you CAN capture this intent, that would be awesome.]

[FINAL PERFORMANCE NOTE: Take your time. Her step-father enjoys making her uncomfortable, especially before she realizes what he's really doing, so give the lines time to breathe, and let her feel all that stress she's under, and shame she feels—especially in the beginning.]

-----START-----

[unsure] Hi, dad? Uhm. Can I talk to you?

I know you told me never to disturb you in your office, but... you're always in your office.

It'll just take a minute, okay?

[very nervous throughout this scene] Ok [coming in]. So, I have to tell you something. I was really trying to take care of it myself, but well... now I'm kinda in trouble.

Ok, sorry. I'm not trying to waste your time...

I'm TRYING to tell you , dad. I'm just nervous, okay?

Uhm. So, ever since my mom's trial, and... you know... when she went to jail? I've been having a little trouble at school.

Yeah, I didn't tell you about it before because... I know you've been pretty stressed out trying to pay the bills and stuff.

And I know you've been busy... with the divorce and... all that.

Oh.... You got the paperwork?

It's final then?

So, I guess you're not really my dad anymore...

[a little stung at his indifference] Ok...

I know I told I'd move out once I graduated high school, and... graduation is coming up in a week, but...

I know! I'm trying, dad!

I mean... sir? I guess?

Anyway, the problem, is that.. [swallow] uhm...

[scared] I'm not going to graduate.

Ok... Well.... No, I guess that isn't really YOUR problem anymore...

What do I want? Well, I was kinda hoping you might let me stay here a little while longer?

[mousy because he's yelling at her] Yeah... Dad--

I know.

I understand, dad... [correcting herself] sir.

I know you're mad at mom...

Yes... she was a... thief, okay? She stole all that money from work.

But... what does that have to do with me?

Well, yeah, I guess... she left me for you to take care of.

I know it's not fair...

[becoming more desperate]I know I promised to leave, but Dad, I don't have any place else to go.

Yeah, but I'm not graduating though, so I'm not getting that scholarship, and I can't start college in the fall.

Well, uhm... all my friends ARE going to college, and they're living in the dorms. So, I can't really stay with them, either.

Uh-huh...

Get my own apartment?

Well, uhm, about that...

I need to tell you something else too.

Don't be mad okay?

Well...

[deep breath] I kinda lost my job yesterday.

I...

I know.

Please don't yell at me, dad.

I'm sorry. Sir... Please don't yell at me, sir

Well, I know we've been kinda short on money, and there was this pair of really cute shoes I liked... and ... well... it's not important—

No, I didn't steal them! I was just... borrowing them! Like... I just wanted to try them on! I figured I worked there, so... what would it hurt, you know?

Anyway—I kinda forgot... and wore them out of the store...

Yeah, well, that girl Tiffany caught me, and...

So, they... they fired me.

[reacting to him yelling] Dad... wait. Can you just listen--?

[listening to him yell at her--almost crying but holding it together] I... I know you're not my real dad, but when you married my mom, I thought--

I know she kinda... stuck me with you, but--

[worried]Yeah, I'm eighteen. I mean, you could kick me out, I guess... but dad—

I mean sir! I'm really, really sorry. Is there anything I can do? I mean, I'll try to get another job, but they filed a report with the police, and... they've set a trial date, so...

I don't know if I can get another job—at least right now...

I know. I'm really sorry, dad.

My boyfriend?

No, I can't live with him either. He still lives with his parents, and they don't want anything to do with me.

[pleading] Please sir, I don't have anywhere else to go! Isn't there anything I can do... to change your mind?

I'm sorry.

Yes. [slightly defensive] I screwed up, okay? Can't you just--?

No, I don't... mean to give you attitude, I just... don't know what you want from me.

Well... what do you want me to say?

Dad... Please don't make me say that...

[a little slowly cuz it humiliates her to say it] Ok. Ok... I'm... I'm a screw up.

I'm a screw up... Just like my mom.

[hurt and defensive] Is that what you want to hear?

Yes. I'm a thief... okay? Just like mom.

[pause]

[heavy sigh] Dad? Er... sir? Please. Please don't make me beg...

What?

[sigh] I feel bad enough, sir—why do I have to say that?

[shaky sigh]

I'm stupid.

I'm worthless... just like.... Just like mom.

Okay?

[whispered shock] What?

Bend over your desk?

[breathing harder]

Why?

No, I don't want you to kick me out.

[fearful, but underneath she's starting to get excited despite herself. Hitched breathing] No, dad.

Please don't spank me.

It isn't right... I'm too old for that. Dad...

Sir... I'm sorry sir...

[PERFORMANCE NOTE: She would never willingly admit it, but she secretly wants this, even though she's terrified of it. She proceeds with shaky breaths—she's both scared and turned on]

Wait... wait...

[hesitant] Uhm. If I do it, will you let me stay?

Maybe?

[sigh] Okay... Here...

Lift my skirt up?

But... sir...

[breathing nervously] OK, Ok. Sorry. I'll do it.

[very nervous] [whispering quietly to herself, mentally preparing] Oh god... daddy...

[breaths become faster and shallower as she anticipates being hit, until...]

[SLAP] Ow! Oh.

[SLAP] [yip of pain] Dad, that hurts!

[SLAP] Oh! Daddy... I'm sorry.

[SLAP] Aah! Yes. I'm sorry...

[SLAP] [flinch in pain] Yes. I'm a fuck-up, daddy. Just like mom.

[SLAP] I'm a stupid girl, and I should know better.

[SLAP] Ow! Daddy, that hurts.

[SLAP] Oh! Beg you?

[SLAP] Ow! No, but please... I just--

[SLAP] Ok, ok. Please don't kick me out daddy!

[SLAP] Please! I don't have anywhere to go.

[SLAP] [gasp] Please don't throw me out on the street...

[SLAP] Ow! Please help me, daddy! I'm desperate! [starting to cry]

[HARD SLAP] Oh, fuck! [cries out in pain as she begins crying]

[he stops spanking her, leaving her quietly crying on his desk for a few seconds—her emotions are complex... she is scared, ashamed, and extremely turned on all at once]

I'm so stupid, sir...

I'm... just a stupid girl...

[gasp] What are you doing, daddy?

Wait wait!

[whispered—ashamed] Oh god, that feels good ...

[whimper] Daddy wait... no...We cant....

Let me up.

Wait, please, let me up...

[panting, gasping as he touches her]

Oh... fuck.

I am not...

Oh god... I am not wet!

Fuck... [moaning and shivering—her voice should completely betray her words] This is wrong, daddy....

[gasps and breathes as he fingers her]

[lying to him and herself] No, I don't want your fingers in me!

Why?

[Desperate, breathing... slurred... uncontrollably horny] Because... I'm your step-daughter?

[SLAP] OW! I'm sorry... I'm sorry.

You're right... I'm nobody... I'm nothing.

I'm not your daughter anymore...

I'm just a stupid thief... I'm just a dumb fuck-up...

I'm not your responsibility anymore.

I'm useless. Just like mom... [moaning and panting as she responds to his fingers]

Yes!

[finally giving in—she just can't stand it anymore] [whispered] Fuck me daddy...

Fuck me...

Please... you can call me whatever you want...

Fuck me like I'm your biggest disappointment...

[He plunges into her] Oh... fuck daddy.

[hitched breath and moans as he fucks into her]

I'm sorry I'm not good enough daddy...

I'm sorry I'm so stupid...

I'm sorry for being worthless...

Yes... yes daddy. I'll try to be better...

Let me try to make myself useful...

Please don't throw me out on the street, daddy.

Who knows what I'll turn into...

I'd probably end up in jail.... Just like my mom...

I could be your fuck-sleeve, daddy.

It's all I'm good for anyway.

[moaning desperately]

I could be a.... self-cleaning hole for your cum.

Whenever you want.

Wherever you want, daddy.

[panting, groaning, grunting]

I'm a filthy girl.

I'm only good for one thing...

To be your cum-dump... [panting fucking slapping flesh]

Oh fuck me...

Fuck me, sir...

[groan] Make me useful daddy. Cum inside me so I can be useful!

I'm worthless without your cum daddy....

I'm worthless without your cum.

[repeating—relishing the word] I'm worthless.

I'm worthless...

Just like mom.

Oh god...

Oh my god... I'm gonna cum, daddy...

[SLAP] Ow...

[On the verge of cumming] Sir... This worthless slut is gonna cum, sir...

[she cums—loudly and with seemingly no control of herself—OPTIONAL IMPROV as desired for a few seconds]

[pause]

[breathing, recovering]

[whimper—almost ashamed, but not quite] God... What did we just do...?

[breathing, recovering]

[whispered--conflicted] You're disgusting...

[covering her face in her hands] I'm disgusting...

[through her hands--processing her feelings of shame and arousal] I can feel your cum leaking down my legs...

God...

[hands removed—whimper] Get off me.

Please, sir...

Let me up.

[she gets on her feet and breathes for a second or two] Thank you....

I'm so ashamed...

Are you happy?

Is this what you wanted?

To fuck your daughter?

Fuck you, yes I am!

What *I* wanted?! No... no... I—

[stammering] I was just... I was just doing what YOU wanted me to do! So you wouldn't kick me out!

I'm not lying!

You what?

You read my Penzu journal!?

How?

When did I leave my phone unlocked?

That was... private, dad!

How dare you!

God...

I know what I wrote but.... I didn't mean it! It was just a-- oh god.

I know I came, but—

You're a pig!

Wait... so you KNEW I was flunking out of school, and that I got fired, and so... what... you put me through all that so you could ... humiliate me?

No... I DON'T like that! I don't!

I was scared, dad! I'm scared of you!

How could you... do that to somebody? How could you treat me like that?

It's just... so embarrassing.

I can't believe I let you do that...

You make me sick...

[angry, flustered] No, but you... tricked me. You used me!

Oh my god... You're not going to tell mom what I wrote about her, are you?

You promise?

It's just... she can't know about any of this!

No... I just... I want to go to my room... Can I go, please?

[groan] Do we have to talk about that right now?

Yes... I still want to stay here. I told you! I don't have anywhere else to go, dad!

[frustrated] Sir... okay? I don't have anywhere else to go... SIR!

Is this how you want it to be now? You want me to just... be your live-in sex doll? ... make me debase myself? Treat me like I'm.... god... like I'm your personal cum-dump or something?

I can't believe this...

God dad... If you read my diary, why didn't you just ask me about it?

Why didn't you just tell me what you wanted?

Fine... you win, okay? I liked it.

I want it...

I like being treated like trash...

I like it when you're mean to me...

I like it when you scare me.

Is that what you want to hear?

Well, what do you want me to say? I'm not proud of it.

Yes... you can... use me whenever you want, okay?

I'm not giving you attitude, dad! I'm telling you, you can... use me.

I'll let you do it.

I ... I liked it, okay?

Yes... sir...

[heavy sigh] Okay... I won't wear panties around the house anymore.

Yes, you can just... stick it in me whenever you want, alright?

Okay, but when you're done using me, you have to be nice to me for a while, okay?

I don't know... Long enough to cuddle?

You did read that part of my diary too, right?

What about my boyfriend?

You want me to what?

But, daddy... I like him!

Please daddy, don't make me do that!

You want me all to yourself is that it? You selfish pig?

No! No. Okay. I'll break up with him tomorrow.

Alright! I'll call him tonight. Geez, dad.

I'm gonna go take a shower.

But, I feel gross...

Your cum is leaking out of me, dad...

Permission?

Seriously?

Fine. [with a little attitude—because she's been told to say it] Thank you for... using me, sir. May I please go take a shower now?

[reciting]Thank you... sir.

[pause]

Fuck you, daddy.

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