

# MOTIF THERAPY – PARTS 1 THRU 3 COMBINED

By Princess\_April

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[F4F]Motif Therapy – Part 1 – The Thief

[fdom][rape][brainwashing][humiliation][degradation][namecalling][gaslighting][stupid] talk of  
[hypnotic triggers][music][cunnilingus][slow burn][EVIL therapist][Dark][adults][Collab w/  
u/Princess\_April]

*Credits:*

*Concept, Writing, Original Music, Editing, and all Post-Production : u/Princess\_April*

*Voice Performance and Recording by the AMAZING: u/Kahsitia*

[Synopsis: This is a three part story about a young sophomore in college who's been convicted of shoplifting a pair of sunglasses. In lieu of jail time and having it go on her permanent record, she is sent to a court appointed counselor for three half-hour sessions for rehabilitation. The first part is the first session, where the therapist (the speaker) gaslights her patient (the listener). She threatens to take away her school scholarship to coerce her into using a "new" form of hypnosis called "Motif Therapy" which uses musical motifs through a special high-tech headset. In truth, Motif Therapy is a form of powerful brainwashing, and the therapist is actually training her to stop wearing glasses, and to get uncontrollably turned on when she's called "Stupid". But that is only the beginning.... Things get much worse in Parts 2 and 3. **Warning: While this is obviously a story of fantasy, and impossible in real life. This begins a DARK story of psychological domination and degradation of an innocent student by a psychopathically evil "therapist". Finally, the hypnosis represented here is not REAL hypnosis, and I make no claim that it is.**]

[Performance Notes: This performance will be timed and altered to music that I've written. I don't want you to over think it, just perform it. But I will give you a couple things that might help.

- 1) Her voice mostly gentle and almost condescending, until it's not. You'll get a sense of when she breaks from that, moving into more dominant and outright degrading tones, but that shouldn't happen 100% of the time. She's ALWAYS manipulative.
- 2) Take your time. This script, when performed should take almost exactly 30-31 Minutes. If you can get reasonably close to that mark, it will make incorporating your voice into the music much easier. Also, don't be afraid to send me an imperfect edit. I'll have to redo it all anyway. Besides, different takes on lines might make things easier for me to incorporate them.
- 3) Finally, see optional things you can do to help me at the end of the script! And THANK YOU.]

----- START-----

Hi!

It's so nice to meet you! Come on in.

Great!

Why don't you take a seat.

What's wrong?

You seem a little grumpy.

Ah. Is it because the judge ordered you to come see me? Well, you did get caught shoplifting a pair of sunglasses.

Okay, but I'm not here to determine your guilt or innocence. The judge already did that, and he found you guilty, didn't he?

Well, nevertheless. That's not why you're here today, okay? What's done is done.

Didn't I ask you to sit down?

Well, from what I understand, you're a bright young college student with a spotless record, and you want to keep it that way, right?

And you're on scholarship?

Mm-hmm.

So this is a compromise, you come see me for three half-hour sessions. That's all. And then you can put this whole ugly business behind you.

But in order for me to sign off on the deal, I need three things from you, okay?

First: I need you to acknowledge what you did wrong. You weren't sent to me because you're innocent. You were sent to me because you're guilty. Right?

I'm sorry but one of the conditions of you coming to see me is that you admit your guilt. The chance to prove your case has passed.

You must admit what you did, or I'll be forced to send you back to the judge.

Good. See? That wasn't so hard.

Second: I need you to trust me. I'm here to help you, not judge you. I don't care if you stole those sunglasses. I care about you. But I can't do anything to help you unless you help me first by answering all my questions and following all my directions.

If you can't do that, well, you may not be able to hold on to that scholarship. And from what I understand your family is very poor. You're scholarship is all you have isn't it?

So, neither of us wants you to lose it, okay?

Third: I need you to sit... down...

Good. That's better isn't it?

So, you're a sophomore, right?

Okay. How are your grades?

Wow! Very nice. Do you study hard?

Mm-hmm.

And what's your major?

Business! Good for you. You're going to be running the world someday!

I like your glasses. I think they make you look really smart. Can you take them off for a moment, please?

Because I asked you to.

Nice.

You know? You're a very pretty girl. Are you sure you NEED to wear those glasses?

Well, have you considered switching to contacts? ...

E-Excuse me... I'm asking the questions. You're here to answer them. Remember, you need to trust me. Besides, you're here because you stole a pair of glasses.

No I'm not implying that you stole your own glasses! I'm just trying to get to know you better, okay?

Now let's try this again.

Have you tried contacts?

Oh. You can't afford them? I remember. You're on a tight budget aren't you?

Mm hmm. You really can't afford to lose that scholarship, can you?

Well, don't worry. Now, why don't you put your glasses down on the table next to you.

Because I said so.

You don't need them in here.

Put them down. Go on.

Good.

So... Are you an adventurous girl?

What do you mean, what do I mean?

Well, what do you do besides "Business?"

Now come on, you must have some hobbies. For example, do you like to go shopping?

I know you're poor. I'm just asking because you were at a store in an upscale mall when you tried to steal those sun glasses...

Will you please stop trying to second guess me? I'm here to help you.

Now do you like to go shopping or not?

Okay.

Do you like to go dancing?

What?

Up-upup-.... listen to me now. I've been trying to be friendly to you since you got here, and I've been very patient, and you've done nothing but argue with me and exhibit disruptive behavior.

No no no... Listen. Constantly interrupting me, being resistant to answering my questions. I know you don't want to be here, but if you don't start cooperating, I'm going to need to call the judge.

You are an adult, and you will be held accountable like one.

Besides, if you lost your scholarship, what future do you envision for yourself? Flipping burgers at the local fast food restaurant? Or maybe you'll end up cleaning the house of a SUCCESSFUL business woman?

Now, shall we try this one more time? Or should I call the judge?

[pause]

Ok. Apology accepted. Now, I asked you a question didn't I? Do you like to go... dancing?

Sometimes? Okay, now were getting somewhere. A pretty girl like you. I'll bet you attract lots of attention, don't you? Tell me, do you like attracting attention?

What?

No... I'll be the judge of what's inappropriate, okay?

Alright. I'm just saying that sometimes it's okay to let loose. Shed that business school personality for a while and be an adventurous girl?

[soft laugh]. I think you might be protesting a little too much. Maybe there's a little guilt there? A little shame?

You're very attractive. A lot of girls like it when they get noticed. That's completely normal. It's nothing to be ashamed of. I promise.

Well, you may not see the relevance of these questions, but I... do.

Okay, we need to try something else. I think I have an idea. I'm going to introduce you to a brand new technique called "Motif Therapy". Have you heard of it?

Oh, you mean you don't know EVERYthing? [laugh]

Well, it's kind of like musical association. It's very safe, and I think it'll help relax you.

Now, I have a special headset I want you to wear. They're almost like earphones, but they're very high-tech and work by induction. They're very light, and they're wireless and they don't rest over your ears like other types of earphones. They rest right in front of them. They're so light you won't even know they're on, and they're very secure on your head.

They're also noise canceling, but specially tuned so you can still hear my voice. This will allow you to hear very high quality sound while still being able to hear me clearly.

Here they are.

Cute right? Go on, put them on.

They're expensive, so be careful.

No... They're just fancy earphones. What do you think is going to happen? This is simply a method of relaxation, and I, as your certified, court appointed counselor, believe this will be an effective treatment to address your obviously debilitating self-loathing and anger issues.

Mm-hmm... Well, why don't you let ME be the doctor, okay?

I promise it's perfectly safe. It's just music.

Besides, I've been more than patient with you. This is your last chance, do you understand? Now put them on, please.

That's better.

Good girl. Now, let me turn them on.

[sound changes — room sound disappears]

There. Can you hear me? Isn't that cool?

Now let me get set up here... and Let's begin.

Can you hear that?

Very good.

Just relax.

I want you to close your eyes now.

See isn't that nice?

That sound is going to be neutral for us during this session. Everything begins... here.

Just listen.

[musical motif]

Good.

I'm going to ask you to do a few things now that may seem strange, but it'll help put your worries to rest.

The first thing I want you to do, is smile. Go on, give me nice smile.

Good.

Did you hear the new musical element that was introduced?

It's very pretty isn't it?

[pause]

Just like you...

Well, you have a very pretty smile.

Oops! Don't do that! Why are you frowning?

Well, that's not very friendly.

You don't want to be unfriendly, do you?

This is going to be very unpleasant for you unless you smile.

That's better.

Doesn't that make you feel good?

You can answer, please.

Good! You have a very pretty face. And I'd like to make a suggestion.

I think you should smile more often.

Not all the time of course, that would just make you seem creepy, but well... certainly when men say hi to you. Don't you think you should smile when a man says hi?

Good!

I have another suggestion too. I think you're prettier without your glasses... don't you?

Shh.... Quiet now. That was a rhetorical question.

You ARE prettier without you your glasses.

And I think you'll find that feeling pretty makes you feel much less angry and much more friendly than when you feel smart.

You won't be able to see as well, of course, but that's a small price to pay. Don't you think? For getting men to notice you? For smiling at them when they look at you.

So, the next time you try to put on your glasses, and every time after that, I think you're going to... drop them... instead.

Yes, it will be frustrating, and you won't know why, but really it's just be your subconscious telling you you don't want to be smart anymore. You want to be pretty.

Oops... what are you doing? Are you trying to resist again?

Don't worry. You're motifs will take care of that.

That's better. Now where was I? Oh yes. Eventually of course, you'll break your glasses.

You might squeak together enough money to buy a new pair, but eventually, you'll break those too.

No more glasses, for you. Ever again. Do you understand?

Nod, please...

Good girl.

I want you to think about that idea.

It's a silly suggestion, right? But as you sit there quietly listening, I'm sure you've realized by now that you don't have a choice. You can't even reach up and remove your headset.

You're unable to stand up. Unable to move or even talk, unless I suggest it.

How is this possible?

Well, that's not for you to worry about. I'm sure you're probably thinking you should have stormed out of my office while you had the chance, but it's far too late for that now.

Honestly, that little suggestion I made about your glasses? I didn't have to do that. It wasn't even part of my plan for you, but I thought you deserved something special... because you acted like such a little bitch to me earlier.

I do have another suggestion for you, though.

I truly do care about you.

In fact, I care about you so much that whenever life gets too confusing for you, or you become so upset and anxious you don't know what to do, you can know deep in your heart that I will make it all better. That's why you're going to make sure you're here for your next two sessions.

I have a lot of plans for you, and we'll be working very closely together, okay?

Now that that's out of the way, I think it's time to tell you the truth.

Go on and keep listening to those brain wormy little sounds in your head, and give me a little smile again...

Aww... That's so cute.

I know what you're thinking. You think I'm crazy. You're positive that these silly suggestions I've made will have no effect on you whatsoever.

Of course you're not going to drop your glasses every time you try to put them on, right?

And there's no way in the world you're ever going to come into my office again, right?

In fact, just as soon as you're able, maybe you plan to go to the police and tell them all about me, maybe have me arrested?

But that's the beautiful part of all this. My suggestions aren't for your conscious mind. I'm programming you and you're not feeling a thing.

It's not important how I'm doing it, what's important is there's nothing you can do about it.



I can prove it to you. Why don't you spread your legs open for me.

That's it girl. Let me see those cute little panties under your skirt.

See? You can't help it. And as long as you're listening to your motifs, you'll remember everything we've talked about, every suggestion I've made, and you'll even remember everything you've done because of them.

BUT, when I let you take that headset off, you won't remember anything we talked about while you had it on. Oh, you'll still be you, but hiding in your brain will be a set of automatic responses that you will be unable to prevent to triggers that you're completely unaware of.

Can you imagine what means?  
[snicker]

Speaking of which, I do have one more important suggestion for you today. But before I give it to you, why don't you reach down, stick your hand down your panties and start touching yourself.

Good girl.

Are you wet?

Of course you are. Your motifs are taking care of that. Now, listen.

From now on... when you hear the word stupid, especially when whoever is using that word is referring to you... you're going to get turned on.

That's right, sexually aroused. And the more you hear the word stupid, the stronger your arousal will become.

And there is no practical limit on how aroused you can get when someone calls you stupid.

Do you know what happens when you get that horny? You start to have needs. Needs you must satisfy... one way or another. All because you've been called stupid.

That's right, stupid. Rub your little pussy.

That's all... for now.

It seems silly, right? But believe me—it's not. It's very serious.

Now, I don't want you to worry, stupid. When you leave here today, you will walk out as you came in. An intelligent, if somewhat high-strung college student, with no memories of what we talked about here. But, you'll smile every time a guy looks at you... Every time.

Even when you're angry.

You'll drop your glasses every time you try to put them on.

Every time. And you won't know why.

And when someone... anyone... happens to call you stupid, well... let's just say those needs of yours will need to be satisfied, one way or the other.

Every time.

And whenever you get really confused about how you can't seem to hold on to a pair of glasses, or really upset about how out of control you feel or how your grades are slipping... the first person you'll think to call is me.

I know you still don't believe me, but you'll see.

Every time you come back here and put those earphones on because they make you feel so good, you will remember everything. You'll remember who you were before we met. You'll remember everything I've done to you since.

You'll hate me for it, of course. In time, you'll even hate yourself for it too, but that won't matter... because you'll only remember when you hear your motifs.

And at the end of our last session, I'll take those away too, and then your mind will truly be gone, because I'll have turned you into nothing... but a *slave*.

Well, our time is just about up, but before you go... I want one more thing from you.

I want you to take your soaked fingers out of your panties, and I want you to get on your knees, stupid.

That's right. Get on your stupid knees, crawl over here, and stick your stupid little face right between my legs.

That's it. Now reach under my skirt and pull down my underwear.

There you go.

Now... lick my pussy.

That's is sweetheart. [gasp] Oh... yes. Lick my pussy. Make it sloppy. Oh this is just the beginning for you sweetheart. You're so cute.

Guess what? You're going to be my stupid little whore.

[gasp] Oh... yes. Oh god, yes. . . [gasp moan].

Don't worry, that little cunt of yours is going to get lots of cock, stupid. Tell me.

Do you know what cum tastes like?

[laugh] You will...

Keep licking slut.

You've got a nice, soft tongue. Lick harder.

Come on you stupid bitch.

Make me cum.

Come on.

Come on, you stupid piece of trash. Oh fuck.... Oh fuck. You little thief...

That's it. Ooooh... yeah.

[she cums- a few intense moans as she orgasms]

Oh, yeah. Good girl.

Good girl. [recovering, breathing].

Ok. Crawl back to the couch. Don't worry. You won't notice your sticky face when you wake up.

Your motifs are taking care of that.

All you'll think is that you need a shower.

Now this was just your introduction. The motifs I used today were gentle and simple. I didn't want to break your little mind. But next time, I'll start to show you what you really are.

Not to worry. All your memories of what we did during therapy will go completely dormant as soon as you remove that headset.

Instead, you'll feel relaxed and refreshed and you'll be eager to put it on next time.

And when you put it on again, you'll remember again.

Now, can show me that cute smile again, please?

Oh you're so pretty with your sticky little face...

Hm.

Okay, I'm going to turn off your headset.

There. Go ahead and take it off.

How do you feel?

Hello?

I asked you a question.

How do you feel? More relaxed?

Good! See, I told you this would work well for you. You look a lot happier.

Why are you confused?

You did good!

Yep, we're all done for today. Don't forget your glasses.

Oops! Careful! Take your time.

Uh-oh! Butterfingers!

Oh-no! Did you break them?

Oh...

Well, I hope you can get them fixed! That's really too bad!

Will you be okay driving home?

Okay, good.

Awww, you're so welcome! I'm here to help you. I care about you.

Oh, that's sweet.

Of course, you can use my bathroom, stupid.

It's down the hall. Take your time.

Are you okay? You look a little flushed.

Okay, I was just asking. I'll see you next week.

Bye.

-----END-----

OPTIONAL : If you don't mind reading a few different takes (sweet, dominant, degrading, condescending, etc.) on the following words (subsequent parts will have different words... ):

“Stupid”

## MOTIF THERAPY - PART 2 – THE SLUT

[F4F]Motif Therapy – Part 2 – The Slut [fdom] talk of [mdom][rape][brainwashing][humiliation][degradation][namecalling][gaslighting][stupid] talk of [hypnotic triggers][music][gagging][deepthroat][dildo][humping] talk of [forced prostitution][slow burn][EVIL therapist][Dark][adults][collab w u/Princess\_April]

### Credits:

*Concept, Writing, Original Music, Editing, and all Post-Production : u/Princess\_April*

*Voice Performance and Recording by: u/Kahsitia*

[Synopsis: This is the second part of a three part story about a young sophomore in college (the listener) who's been sent to a court appointed "therapist" (the speaker) who's brainwashing her into becoming a degradation whore. The second part is the second 30 minute session, where the therapist ramps up the sophistication and power of her Motif Therapy to train her new slut into getting turned on when she's verbally and sexually degraded. She's also trained to deep throat a large rubber dildo named "Stretch", and then made to hump the shaft without penetration because she "oesn't deserve to get fucked. "Stretch doesn't fuck stubbly pussies, stupid." It's all in preparation for her last session (Part 3), where she'll finally be turned into a proper rape-whore. **Warning: While this is obviously a story of fantasy, and impossible in real life. This continues and deepens a DARK story of psychological domination and degradation of an innocent student by a psychopathically evil "therapist". It includes heavy themes of psychological degradation and de-humanization. Finally, the hypnosis represented here is not REAL hypnosis, and I make no claim that it is.]**

[Performance Notes: This performance will be timed and altered to music that I've written. I don't want you to over think it, just perform it. But I will give you a couple things that might help.

- 4) Her voice mostly gentle and almost condescending, until it's not. You'll get a sense of when she breaks from that, moving into more dominant and outright degrading tones, but that shouldn't happen 100% of the time. She's ALWAYS manipulative.
- 5) Take your time. This script, when performed should take almost exactly 30-31 Minutes. If you can get reasonably close to that mark, it will make incorporating your voice into the music much easier. Also, don't be afraid to send me an imperfect edit. I'll have to redo it all anyway. Besides, different takes on lines might make things easier for me to incorporate them.
- 6) Finally, see optional things you can do to help me at the end of the script! And THANK YOU.]

----- START-----

Well, hello again! It's nice to see you!

Has it been a week already?

Come on in! Have a seat. Good.

You seem really upset, what's wrong?

Yes. I got your messages.

Oh, I'm sorry, but my schedule was completely booked.

Well, I know what I said, but I've been very busy. And sometimes we just need to deal with our own problems, don't we?

Well, I'm here now... so, tell me what's going on?

What? You can't see? Well, why aren't you wearing your glasses?

Okay—don't yell at me. I didn't break your glasses. Didn't you get some new ones?

Wow, you broke those too?

That IS strange. So let me understand. You broke two pairs of glasses in what? Three days?

What happened?

Alright.

Well--

OK--

Ok, I think you need to take a moment and just calm down. Just talk to me. I see you're not wearing glasses now. Did you get those contacts we talked about?

Oh, right ... You can't afford them.

Hmmm. Have your grades been slipping?

Yeah, I guess it's hard when you can't see your homework, or read the smart board...

Wait, what?

Pulled over for what?

Oh... did you miss a sign?

Uh-huh...

Well, it's good that the cop didn't take away your license, isn't it?

Hey, hey, hey... Just Relax... Just tell me what happened.

Mm-hm.

Uh-huh.

Well that's very unprofessional... He actually called you *stupid*? Really?

I'm sure he didn't mean it--

Well... let's have a little empathy, okay? Maybe he was just having a bad day... Were you rude to him, like you have been with me?

Mm-hmm... Well, maybe you were being *stupid*... Did you consider that?

What's wrong? Do you have to pee or something?

Well, then why are you moving your legs like that?

Come on... What's really going on?

What do you mean you don't want to talk about it?

But... That's why you're here. You know I'm here to help you, don't you?

[feigning impatience with her] Ok, you know what? Why don't we go straight into your motif therapy, okay?

Do you remember how it relaxed you last time? How refreshed you felt?

Go ahead, put on the headset beside you so we can get started, okay?

[soothing] Hey... Calm down.

Everything's going to be fine.

I promise.

Now just... put on the headset for me.

Great. There you go.

And I'll just turn them on... ::changeover::

Ok, just relax now, and let me get you started here. ::music plays:: Remember this? Neutral, right?

Now, relax.

Just relax.

Close your eyes and take a deep, calm breath.

Good.



In a moment you'll start to remember.

Take your time.

I want you to remember

[soft laugh] There it is. I can see on my control screen here, that you DO remember, and now you can't move, right?

Perfect. I told you it was real last time, didn't I? And you didn't believe me. You were going to call the cops on my last week, right?

But here you are. Back on my couch, listening to your motifs like a good little girl.

Now, I'm very curious about your encounter this police officer. He should have taken away your license --but he didn't did he?

Why is that?

Did you smile at him?

[giggle] How did you feel after he called you stupid?

Yeah?

What did you do?

[slightly sternly] No, no no... Listen to your motifs, and tell me the truth.

What... did you do?

Wow...

Did you ask him to fuck you?

[leading] And?

Awww... That's so sweet.

You know... between that cute little smile of yours, and that tight little body, I had a feeling I knew where this story was going. I bet he really liked you.

Where did he do it?

In the bushes?

Oh, on the side of the road.

That's so classy. [giggle] How did he fuck you?

From behind? [giggle] Classic.

I'll bet he was in a hurry, huh?

Just a quick fuck in the bushes so he wouldn't have to write you up?

[giggle] Where did he cum?

Answer me.

Aww.

Did he make you cum too?

Oh, that's too bad.

Well, at least you got to keep your license.

It sounds like you were a good little citizen. Cooperating with an officer of the law.

Tell me, though... what was this police officer's name?

Didn't you see his badge?

Oh, that's too bad. It sounds like I need to meet this young man—get him written up for some minor transgression.

Not for raping you of course. We'll keep that a secret. No. Something small that might get him sent to a counselor. I would love the chance to talk to a model officer like that.

Since he's already predisposed to certain activities, he could be very useful to me. What did he look like?

Mmm-hmm.. Well, I'm sure I can find him.

I have to say, though... what would your parents think? Letting a filthy cop fuck you in the dirt, by the side of the road.

Do you think they would approve? Do you think they'd be proud of you?

What were you thinking, *stupid*?

How horny are you right now?

I can tell it's pretty bad. Your skin is flushed, your legs are twitchy, you're having trouble catching your breath. I bet... it's so intense that you're not really able to form a coherent thought right now, are you?

But that's okay... I don't need you to be coherent, do I?

I just need you to listen.

Now... let's get back to why we're here in the first place.

Usually with girls like you, I give that first session a little time to sink in—take things a little slower, but... this is actually perfect. You've already gotten your first time in the wild out of the way. [giggle]

You know... I think there's something special about the first time you get raped. The first time you have no control over yourself while a man uses you.

Don't you?

Well, that's only the beginning, because.... I'm going to give you another suggestion.

From now on... it's not only the word *stupid* that gets you all hot and wet, it's anything like that word. Anything that insults your intelligence.

And that's not all. It's also going to turn you on when men think of you as a slut.

In fact, anytime a man calls you a slut, a whore, a cum rag... or any other sexually demeaning name he can think of, you're going to get horny and wet, just like you did with that cop.

Just like you are now.

You won't be able to control yourself.

You'll never totally be prepared for how desperate it makes you for cock, and what you have to do to satisfy those uncontrollable urges.

Understand?

Good.

So, do you want to know what would happen if I let you leave here today with just that one suggestion, and we never saw each other again?

Well, I'm going to tell you anyway. Sooner or later, you would start to seek out men who call you names. Men who demean you and degrade you, especially sexually. Men who act like they're better than you.

And that would lead to all kinds of interesting behaviors... like deliberately failing your classes, or "accidentally" walking into a men's bathroom... and doing other ... things that make the men around you question your intelligence.

At first you would just let men like that fuck you. Just like that cop. But eventually you'd realize that isn't enough.

You'd probably start sexting online with anonymous men on the internet who aren't afraid to tell you what they really think of you. You might join a sex club, and find a nice degradation dom who understands exactly what a *stupid little slut* like you needs.

But that won't be enough either. Without proper supervision, your obsession would become unhealthy. You might end up joining a biker gang--becoming the bitch of some creep who constantly berates you.

Or you might seek out a group of red pillers, and let them say and do whatever they want to you. Becoming the subject of the most disgusting, misogynistic language you've ever heard, while they repeatedly defile your body.

That's what WOULD happen to you, if I left you just like this--all because you get horny and crave cock when people demean you.

You see how simple it is? To reprogram you? One suggestion with the help of a few little motifs, and eventually you'd become a degradation slut. That's the path you're already on... It's\* almost\* inevitable.

Luckily, though, you still have me to help you. And I'm not done with you yet. I have a more useful purpose for you. Something much more... profitable for me.

But first, I need to see how good you are with a cock...

[music stops briefly]

Open the bottom drawer in the cabinet next to the couch. And take out what's inside.

[music starts]

That a girl.

Pull it out.

Wow, what have you got there, where?

Is that a dildo?

I think it's looking at you...

Well?

What do you do when men ... or cocks.... Look at you.

That's it... we smile, don't we?

Aww, you're so cute?

Do you like him? He's made of rubber, so he's flexible, just like a real cock. I know he's pretty long and fat. He probably looks kinda scary, but isn't he a fun color?

[encouraging] Translucent orange!

What do you think his name should be, slut?

Hmm. You know what I think? I think we should call him Stretch.

Now, take off your panties and squat on the floor.

Don't try to resist, whore. Take off your panties you stupid slut.

Good.

Now squat on the floor and spread your legs. Show me your pussy.

Hm. Do you shave it?

Sometimes?

Well, that's nice, but from now on, I'm going to need you to shave it every day, okay?

Now... stretch wants to fuck your throat, so... open your mouth.

No... your throat. You haven't earned getting your pussy fucked yet. Stretch wants to fuck your throat.

Come on. Put him in your mouth.

That's it. Suck on him. That's a good girl.

Now I want you to listen. Because I have another suggestion for you.

Are you ready?

From now on... whenever you feel a cock touch your tongue, your gag reflex will be PARTIALLY suppressed, okay?

Not all the way, though.... Guys will still want to gag you. It'll just be harder for them to do it. They'll have to get their cocks really deep down your throat. But it's okay. You'll be so horny, you won't mind.

Now... Stretch wants to fuck your throat.... So let him do it.

Push him in.

Come on. Deeper, *slut*. Let him force his way in there. [soft laugh]

Deeper.

No... keep your legs spread. Remember, your cunt should be always be open for business, even when you're gagging on cock, okay?

Deeper. All the way down.

It's okay to gag, *slut*. Stretch wants you to gag. Push harder. Good.

[praising] That's better!

[admonishing again] No keep your legs spread, whore.

Now try it again. Don't disappoint Stretch.

Come on. Again.

Deeper. Wrap your little throat around him. Legs spread.

[hint of frustration] No.. Don't fall.

Get back on your feet. Keep squatting. Open your legs.

Now try it again. Throat him...

Deeper. All the way down. Gag... [giggle] and release!

Good, *whore*. Good, *whore*! Again.

What's wrong with you? Keep going. Again.

No teeth.

Pop him in your throat.

Stretch is training you, okay? He's training your throat.

Nice and deep. He wants to fuck you. He wants to gag you. Just like all the guys will. Just like all your clients will. They won't be able to resist that cute little face of yours. Don't you want to be ready for them?

All the way down... deeper slut. I want to see Stretch disappear down your throat. That's Right.

Gag.

Hold it!

Gag!

Keep gagging whore.

You have to learn. No.... keep your legs spread!

Now, release.

Good! Yah, cough it out. Cough all that throat drool out. Now don't forget to smile.

Aren't you happy?

Then smile, *slut*.

Good girl. Again.

Good. I think Stretch likes you.

Come on. This time I want to see him actually fuck your throat. We're going to turn your throat into a second cunt, okay? That way you can properly service at least three men at once.

No, don't just hold it there like before. Let him fuck your throat.

That's right, whore.

Thrust deeper.

There you go, girl.

Drool it out between his thrusts. Good.

Deeper.

NOW hold it.

[start small and build] Gag.

Gag.

[firm—not too loud, but merciless] Gag!

[pause]

Pretend he's cumming, whore!

[pause]

And... Now you can release. Good girl!

Oops... Don't forget to smile. Smile, *slut*.

You can smile while you're coughing. Good girl.

Okay... take a few breaths. That's enough for now.

You know what? I think Stretch really likes you. He likes gagging you and making you drool.

Well? Doesn't that make you feel special?

Answer me.

[sympathetic] Ohh... You must be so horny, huh?

I know.

Well, I have to make sure your triggers work don't I? Besides, I need you to associate your soaked pussy with skull-fucking. That's what your motifs have been teaching you—that your empty head isn't good for anything else.

Aww.. I bet you want Stretch to fuck your pussy, don't you?

Well, That's just too bad.

I'm sorry, *stupid*. Stretch doesn't fuck stubbly pussies.

You should have shaved...

Next time you'll groom yourself properly, won't you?

Poor girl.

I'll tell you what. Why don't you lay stretch down flat between your legs. He's not going to fuck you, but ... he'll let you rub your pussy on his shaft, okay?

You can hump him, but that's all.

That a girl.

Now tell him your sorry, and hump him. That's good, you're keeping your legs spread.

See? Your learning.

Now, you keep humping and I'll give you some suggestions so you can get a guy like stretch to fuck you properly next time. Okay?

First, your dress. It goes all the way down to the middle of your thighs. That's way too long. From now on, you're going to wear much shorter skirts. Much tighter skirts. School girl skirts. In fact the shorter



and tighter your schoolgirl skirt, the more likely you are to get fucked, okay? And wouldn't you rather be getting fucked right now?

Second. Your top is way too conservative. From now on, you'll be wearing much skimpier tops. School girl tops. In fact, the tighter and more revealing your school girl top, the more likely you are to get fucked.

The more skin you show, the more the boys will like you.

And finally, from now on you'll shave your pussy every day, so the boys will want to fuck it. And don't forget your legs. And you'll wear proper makeup and eyeshadow, so the boys will want to fuck your face too. You'll spend time on your hair also. You should wear pigtails, like a school girl. Your hair needs to be pretty for men to look at, and easy for them to grab, okay?

Now, I know what you're thinking. You don't have much money, right?

But you know what? You can find great deals at thrift stores, if you look hard enough. And from now on, you WILL look hard enough. You'll find cheap, tight schoolgirl outfits that show off your body and skin, and sexy, slutty heels that show off your calves and ass, got it?

You will arrive for our next session properly shaved, dressed and made up to get molested. Do you understand me, slut?

Keep humping your rubber dong and answer me.

Good.

Don't worry, okay? You won't have to think about it. You won't even realize you're doing it. It'll be automatic for you just like humping Stretch is now. Your motifs are taking care of all that.

So... Does Stretch's shaft feel good on your pussy?

Do you want to come? [soft giggle]

Well, don't tell me, tell Stretch.

Beg him.

Beg him to let you cum.

Aww... you are so sweet! Let me see your pussy flatten out against his shaft.

Beg for it.

Not me. Him.

You're going to need to learn to beg men so you can cum, okay?

Say, "Thank you for fucking my throat, Stretch. Can I please cum now?"

Say, "Stretch, please... I need to come."

Guess what? He says yes.... [giggle]

Don't try to resist, *whore*.

Cum.

Cum for Stretch.

Ohhh.. Look at you. You two are adorable together.

Come on..., go ahead and scream it out, slut. My office is soundproof.

Smear that wet cunt all over Stretch, and cum... like my worthless... little... slave...

[quiet laughing—she's laughing at her]

Good girl.

Aww, you look exhausted. [giggle]

It's okay, You've had a big day.

Now.. Most girls need time for their subconscious to process all of these suggestions. And that's fine. That's why we have three sessions.

Aren't you excited? What kind of girl are you going to be by the time you come to our last session? I can't wait to see what you look like. [giggle].

Anyway, your motifs are winding down and wrapping up today's programming into a nice little bow. I know you're already starting to forget. Why don't you put your panties back on, and put Stretch back where you found him. Then sit back on the couch.

Don't worry about the mess you made. You won't even notice it. You'll just think you need to wash your face and change your dress.

Now, you should already be starting to feel refreshed and happy, and ready to take on the world, okay? And of course, you won't remember anything, that is... until next time.

Now, just take a couple more breaths.

And we're all done.

Let me turn off your headset.

There. You can go ahead and take it off now.

How do you feel?

Good, I'm glad!

Don't you feel better? It was a very productive session. You're making excellent progress.

Well, you'll just have to trust me.

What?

A sore throat? Uh-oh! I hope you're not getting sick. Well, why don't you go home and take a long bath and get some soup, okay?

I'm sure it's nothing to worry about.

Yeah.

We'll pick this up next week.

Of course. Bathroom's down the hall as usual.

Alright then.

Take care of that sore throat, okay?

[giggle] See you in a week.

Bye.

—————END—————

OPTIONAL : If you don't mind reading a few different takes (sweet, dominant, degrading, condescending, etc.) on the following words (subsequent parts will have different words... ):

"Stupid"

"Slut"

"Whore"

"Slave"

## MOTIF THERAPY - PART 3 – THE RAPE WHORE

[F4FM]Motif Therapy Part 3 – The Rape Whore [fdom][mdom][rape][brainwashing]  
[degradation][namecalling][gaslighting][music][gagging][anal][facial][drooling][hentai girl][male ruined  
orgasm][forced prostitution][slow burn][mind-break][EVIL therapist][DARK][adults][collab w  
u/Princess\_April]

### Credits:

*Concept, Writing, Original Music, Editing, and all Post-Production : u/Princess\_April*

*Voice Performance and Recording by: u/Kahsitia*

[Synopsis: This is the final part of a three part story about a young sophomore in college (the listener) who's been sent to a court appointed "therapist" (the speaker) who's brainwashing her into becoming a degradation whore. The third part is the final 30 minute session, where the therapist uses powerful Motif Therapy to complete her "slut's" transformation from high-achieving college student, to a degradation craving rape-whore whose sole purpose is to make money for her. A previous male acquaintance (a recently brainwashed slave of the therapist) is brought in to help with the final training of the slut. The therapist teaches her "client" that the only time she's allowed to cum is when she's made to feel like a worthless sex-toy, and teaches her to drool like a Hentai girl whenever she gets fucked up the ass. Finally, she reveals her final plans to send the slut to Russia, where she will unwittingly be selling her holes to make money for her therapist. **Warning: While this is obviously a story of fantasy, and impossible in real life. This concludes an EXTREMELY DARK story of psychological domination and degradation of an innocent student by a psychopathically evil "therapist". It includes heavy themes of psychological degradation, de-humanization, sex-trafficking and forced-prostitution. Finally, the hypnosis represented here is not REAL hypnosis, and I make no claim that it is. PLEASE mind the tags and pass it by if you think it's too much for you.**]

[Performance Notes: This performance will be timed and altered to music that I've written. I don't want you to over think it, just perform it. But I will give you a couple things that might help.

- 7) Her voice mostly gentle and almost condescending, until it's not. You'll get a sense of when she breaks from that, moving into more dominant and outright degrading tones, but that shouldn't happen 100% of the time. She's ALWAYS manipulative.
- 8) Take your time. This script, when performed should take almost exactly 30-31 Minutes. If you can get reasonably close to that mark, it will make incorporating your voice into the music much easier. Also, don't be afraid to send me an imperfect edit. I'll have to redo it all anyway. Besides, different takes on lines might make things easier for me to incorporate them.
- 9) Finally, see optional things you can do to help me at the end of the script! And THANK YOU.]

----- START-----

Hey there. Welcome back.

[pretending to be taken aback] Whoa... Uh.

Why don't you come in. [feigning a dubious, judgmental laugh]

Uhm.... That's a very interesting outfit you've got on.

It's very...

Well, I can see your belly-button for a start.

Are you allowed to wear skirts that short on campus?

And are those platform heels? You're at least 4 inches taller than last time I saw you.

I'm honestly a little bit shocked. I mean... how could you think that this is an appropriate outfit for a therapy session?

I'm sorry, but... You look like a *slut*...

What's wrong?

[defensive] Okay. Calm down.

Why don't you tell me why your upset.

Your mom? What about her?

A surprise visit?

Oh, because of how things seem to be falling apart with you?

Sure. Broken glasses... slipping grades. It's natural for her to be concerned.

To be honest with you, I'M concerned.

What kind of argument?

About how you were dressing?

Well, you know I'm trying to be empathetic, but... she has a point.

I mean... look at yourself. Well, you're wearing a lot of makeup, and you're pigtails are ... cute I guess? But... it's the amount of skin you're showing... it's just... It's obscene, okay?

And those shoes...

Hey... Hey-hey. Quiet down. We're not here to talk about your mom, anyway.

No.

Well, I know you called me for an extra appointment last week, but I was busy.

I'm sorry, but I can't be at your beck and call.

We had an appointment set for today. Not yesterday. Not three days ago. Today.

And this is our last session, so ... I'm not in the mood to deal with your bratty attitude again, okay?

[sigh] No, go on... Tell me how unfair it all is. Tell me again how you didn't steal that pair of glasses.

No-no go ahead and open your big mouth and earn yourself another few therapy sessions, or maybe even some jail time, with a permanent record.

Is that what you want... slut?

[pause]

Listen to me.

Just because you're upset doesn't make it my fault, okay? Your trouble with your grades and your glasses is not my fault. Your bright idea to dress up like a little schoolgirl whore for your therapy session is not... my... fault.

If you insist on acting like a dumb slut... there's nothing I can do about that.

Can I help it if you're stupid?

No, I can't.

Are you okay? Why don't you sit down... Let's get this session over with, alright?

You know, your not going to get anywhere in life, if you keep acting like an ungrateful little bitch.

What's that? I can't understand you.

You're slurring your words, you slut... What's the matter?

What's the problem?

Come on stupid. Tell me What the problem is.... Use your words.

There you go, stupid. Good whore! Good little slave. Are you horny? Huh, you dumb bitch?

Do you want to fuck?

Huh?

That's right, whore.

What? I can't understand you.

What? Stupid rape-whore says what?

[quiet laughing at her]

[soothing] Alright. Calm down. Calm down. I know you're confused. I know you're horny...

Shhh.. Deep breaths.

I'm not going to call you names anymore... for now.

Everything's going to be fine. You trust me, right?

Shhhh.. Settle down.... You know what'll make you feel better?

If you put your headset on. Right?

Go on...

That's it sweetie.

Remember, I'm here to help.

[slowly] All YOU have to do... is listen.

-----

[Transition]

There we go... It's like going home, isn't it sweetheart...

No.... no crying.

I know you get upset when you remember, but I need you to be pretty today.

Stop crying, whore...

Now, I bet you're really frustrated huh?

You're pussy's really wet?

Sorry about that....

But I don't want you to worry about it, okay?

A LOT filthier girls than you ... have sat on that couch with wetter pussies than yours.

You can't move anyway. Your motifs have you now.

Today is very special. Know why?

It's your graduation day.

After today, you'll never have to see me again. It's the last time with your motifs, and the last time I'm going to let you remember... well, consciously anyway.

Today is the day I finally finish turning you into my little rape-whore. We have a lot to do, so I'm afraid it's going to get pretty intense.

But first, I have a surprise for you...

Do you remember that police officer who stopped you the other week?

Of course you do. [giggle] I can see the scrapes on your knees haven't completely healed.

Anyway... guess what?

[sing-songy] I found him.

Yeah.. Unfortunately, he made an inappropriate advance on a female officer, so he was sent to me for sexual harassment training.

It didn't take more than a single session to get him under my control. He was already so morally corrupt, I hardly had to do anything at all. He even made a pass at me. But.. He's one of mine now. Just like you.

And... he should be here any second.

Oh, hi Pig! Perfect timing. Come on in. You recognize slut, don't you?

Remember? From the side of the road.

Doesn't she look pretty today? Yeah?

It turns out... Pig likes young college girls who dress like schoolgirl whores. I didn't actually have to teach him that..

Pig? Do you think slut is pretty?

Aww? That's sweet.

Ohhh... look at him, slut. Do you see the bulge in his pants? It's getting bigger as he stares at you.

How does that make you feel. Making a man hard, just because he's looking at you?

I think it's sweet.

Oh, and you're so pretty when you smile at him like that. The two of you are so cute!



I think Pig likes you.

Do you like him?

Tell me the truth.

No?

Oh, that's too bad.

Did you hear that, Pig. Slut doesn't like you...

Don't worry. She's only saying that because she's mad at me.

If I wasn't here, and she didn't have her motifs to help her remember how to think, she would like you A LOT.

But you know what? I'll bet she's wet anyway...

Aren't you, slut? Tell me the truth.

Awww.... See?

You don't have to like him to need him, slut.

Unfortunately, you're still in training, and I still have suggestions to make. So you're probably not going to enjoy this quite as much as when Pig fucked you last time. But don't worry, I've made sure Pig won't enjoy it as much either.

It may not seem like it at first, but... you'll see what I mean.

Well, Pig? What are you waiting for? Go get her. [soft laugh]

No. Don't try to resist sweetheart.

You can't stop it anyway.

Pig? Grab her hair... and force her into position. Don't be afraid to man handle her. Sometimes sluts need that...

Turn her over.

Get her on all fours. That's it. Very good.

Pull that cute skirt up.

Oh, look at her shaved little pussy! That's so adorable. And look at how wet her thighs are!

Are you ready for Pig to fuck you, slut? Huh?

[sigh]

Hold on Pig... Just hold her there. I need to talk to her a second.

I see you panting, slut. I see you trying to fight it, and that's brave of you. You're putting up so much more of a fight than Pig did. But remember, the only reason you're able to try and resist at all is that I'm allowing you to remember. You would fuck pig now just as willingly as you did in the bushes that day, if you didn't have your motifs in your ear.

I'm giving you the gift of awareness, slut. This one last time. You \*should\* be thanking me.

[sigh]

She's an ungrateful slut, isn't she Pig?

Why don't you go ahead and stick your cock into her.

Trust me. She'll come around.

[soft laughter]Good. Fuck her. Isn't she pretty?

Pull her pigtails, Pig. Rape your little slut harder. Pound her. Make sure she feels every inch. I need you to make her feel worthless for anything else.

Good boy.

These feelings your having, slut? That shame... that humiliation. Your motifs are going to use them to create new triggers for you.

From now on... whenever you feel these feelings of sexual shame and degradation... when you feel stupid, when you feel like a helpless, stretched open little cock-sleeve at the hands of a man... that's when YOU'LL be able to cum. That's the ONLY time, you'll be able to cum. And you'll crave it. You'll need it. You will pursue every avenue available to you to find men who make you feel worthless.... Just so you can cum.

Rape her, Pig.

Make her understand how stupid and pointless she is for anything except what she's doing right now.

Spank her.

No...

Spank her harder.

Good boy. Now reach down and grab her tits. Pull them out of her top—she's not wearing a bra. Now, grab one—use it as a handle as you rape her. Pull her hair and maul her tits while you rape your pretty little slut.

Very good, Pig.

She needs to get used to this. You and her motifs are teaching her everything she needs to know about being my little rape slut. My little degradation whore. Demand for girls like you is high sweetheart. You have no idea. You're going to be a very popular little rape whore.

Don't you think so, Pig?

Don't be gentle, Pig. Pound her.

I want her to really feel your dick stuffed inside her because she's about to have a revelation.

Are you listening, slut? You weren't born for college life. Business? Please. Please. You're way too stupid for that. You're way too filthy. You NEED cock too much.

So tomorrow, you're going to scrape together whatever student loan money you have left, and you're going to buy yourself a plane ticket... to St. Petersburg, in Russia.

It's true. You won't tell anyone about it. Not your friends... not even your mom. You'll apply for your travel visa, and within a month... you'll be gone.

Do you know what you're going to do there? You're going to use your holes to make me money, of course. You won't be conscious of that, but.... that's what you're going to do.

Don't worry. I have friends there, and they'll find you. [snicker]

Pig? Do you want to fuck her ass, now?

Ok. Well, why don't you give her a little rest and get the bottle of lube out of the drawer next to the couch. Go ahead and get it.

Shhh.. Don't move, slut. Take a few breaths. I'm going to dial back your motifs and give you a little break. I imagine you'll have a few bruises when we're done, but that's okay. That's just part of being a rape whore.

Do you understand that you're my property now? You're just a toy. Pig is about to fuck your ass because I want him to. Just like I want you to use your body to make me money. And sweetheart... I always get what I want.

And to think... all this because... you stole a pair of sunglasses. Or... did you? Wouldn't it have been awful if someone made a terrible mistake, and you were falsely convicted? [giggle] Well, it doesn't really matter NOW, does it?

Okay Pig... I think I've got her just about ready.

Why don't you sit back on the couch and pull her on top of you.

Have her face me, like a cowgirl. I want her to see me while you stretch her ass open. I've got one last trigger for her...

Come on, Pig. You don't need to be gentle with her. She's just a fuck sleeve. She'll do whatever you want, won't you slut?

Now stick it up her ass.

That's it. Go ahead and grunt, sweetheart. You don't have to like it. I'm just teaching you to crave it... like a drug.

So, are you ready for your last trigger?

Here it comes. Did you know that every whore has a special trait that makes her unique?

Do you know how YOU'RE unique?

Well... from now on, whenever a man sticks his cock up your ass... you'll start to drool.

That's right... the minute your ass gets penetrated by a cock, your tongue will loll out of your mouth, and you'll leak drool down your chin—and your tits. Your eyes will roll back into your head, and you'll even get a vague, satisfied smile on your pretty face too.

Awww... Just like that, slut. That's so cute! You look like a real life Hentai girl.

I think she likes it when you rape her ass, Pig.

And look at how she's finally learned to keep her legs spread. Good job, whore!

That's it. My little drooling Hentai girl.

Doesn't she look cute?

I think so too.

Rape her ass harder. I want to see her drool some more.

Aww, she's adorable! Oops, I her head's going slack. I think she's going subspace on us. Grab her pigtails and hold her head up, Pig.

Ohh! Look at that drippy tongue! You're going to be so popular, sweetie.

Pig... Don't be selfish. Reach around... Wipe some of that drool off her tits and use it to finger her cunt. Make her cum.

Do you want to cum, slut? I know you do.

Pig... Pull her hair, and rape her ass hard so she can cum.

Handle her, pig! Grab her thigh and force it into her... She's just a fucking doll now.

Good boy.

That's it, sweet-heart. Do you feel worthless enough to cum yet?

Well, let me help you, okay?

[slowly getting subtly louder and meaner] You've got a cock stuffed up your ass, and you're drooling all over yourself.

You don't deserve to wear glasses. College is wasted on you. THIS is your purpose, slut.

You're nothing but a brainless rag-doll. A pretty fuck-toy especially made for boys.

[climax] So go ahead. Cum... you worthless whore.

There it is... Good girl... Let it all out, slut. You can even cry if you want to. Make as much noise as you want. I like watching Pig force an orgasm out of you.

You are so cute!

Well? Keep raping her, Pig.

There you go. Don't you want her to make you cum?

I want you to cum on her face.

Cum belongs on sluts' faces, doesn't it?

Aww, she's still drooling, Pig!

That's perfect.

Are you ready?

Okay, grab her hair, and pull the slut's head into position. I want her on her knees in front of the couch.

Isn't her face pretty?

Use her throat to help you, Pig. All that drool makes it so much easier.

Open your mouth, slut. Show him what Stretch taught you.

All the way down her throat. It has to be really deep to make her gag...

Very good, Pig.

Hold her pig-tails ... Use her throat...

Deeper, pig!

Use it to make you cum. That's right, fuck it.

[conspiratorially] Hey slut, do you want to see one of Pig's triggers at work? Come on. Make him cum so I can show you. He's so close, aren't you pig? [giggle]

[laugh]

Look at his face! He's trying to fight it. But he can't. [laugh] See?

[climax] He has to pull out. No, [giggle] you can't stroke it, Pig, remember? You're not allowed to feel good. Just let it dribble out onto her face. [laugh]

That's right... ruin your orgasm, Pig. Just hold her face underneath your dribbling cock.

Perfect. [giggle] Oops, keep your balance, Pig. I know that must be so frustrating!

[soft laugh] See slut? I told you Pig wouldn't enjoy it. I made a suggestion that he ruin his own orgasms from now on. So when he fucks a pretty girl, he doesn't really get to finish. That's what I gave him for trying to hit on me.

It's kind of perfect though, isn't it? He fucked every hole you have, and he dumped his cum on your face, but you still couldn't even make him feel good.

What's wrong with you, slut?

Doesn't that make you feel doubly useless? [giggle]

Sorry Pig, that's all you get. Why don't wipe your cock in her pigtails and pull your pants up.

Maybe you'll get to feel food next time. Okay?

He looks disappointed. Aren't you going to tell him you're sorry, whore?

Apologize... for not being good enough.

Aww, you two are so adorable. You're perfect for each other. It's too bad you won't ever see him again.

Now Pig? I need you to go back to work, okay? I'll call you again when I need you. Meanwhile, it's our secret, right?

Our special secret? ... Right? [soft laugh]

Good boy.

Bye Pig.

[pause while he leaves]

Wasn't he sweet?

Fix your clothes and sit back down on the couch.

Hurry up. I know Pig worked you pretty hard, but you need to get used to getting cleaned up and ready for the next guy. When you get to Russia, there's always going to be another guy... By the way, you don't need to worry about how I'm getting paid, okay. My friends you meet at the airport in Russia will take care of that..

Now, Your motifs are wrapping everything up for you. Soon you'll forget all about what we did in our therapy sessions, but... you'll be changed forever.

You probably wish you could kill me right now, don't you? Maybe send me to jail, and arrange it so that I get raped? [soft laugh]. Or... maybe you just want to beg me to not to go through with this. But why shouldn't I? The minute you leave my office today... you won't even remember I exist...

But I'll tell you what... even though you'll have forgotten all about me. Even though you won't realize what you were supposed to be, or what I've turned you into. Deep down... way under the surface you'll always have a feeling... "Maybe I could have been better than this... Maybe... I could have been different." That feeling will never quite let you go. It'll always make you feel ashamed... humiliated and disgusted with yourself, even as you can't help but let a continuous train of filthy men stuff your body full of Russian cum. [soft laugh]

Thinking about you getting fucked like that—an innocent girl trapped in the body of a rape-whore—that's how \_I\_ get off, sweetie. And incidentally, it's how I get rich too.

Are you taking notes you little college girl? Because this is how you run a business, whore.

You're motifs are just wrapping up. Don't worry about all that cum and drool. You'll just think had a breakthrough in your therapy session, and it's all just your tears. In fact, it's okay to cry for real if you want to. I don't need you to look pretty for Pig anymore.

Still... when you leave here today, you'll fill resolved and happy. You'll just know you're making all the right decisions.

Well, I guess that about does it. You did such a good job, sweetie. And now... we're all... finished.

[music completes]

Okay...

[headset beep off]

You can take your headset off now.

Good morning! How do you feel?

Oh.. what's wrong?

Oh, sweetie. It's okay...

Why are you crying?

You don't know?

Well, this was an exceptionally intense session.

Would you like some tissues? They're right next to you, on the table.

There you go.

Hm?

[pause]

Really...

Well, sure! A trip out of the country might do you some good.

A change in perspective, you know?

I think that's a great idea.

So, are you happy it's over?

Yes... I'll send off my paperwork to the judge and everything will be cleared up in a week or two, okay?

You're welcome.

Now... I need to get ready for my next patient, so... don't go stealing any more sunglasses, okay? [giggle]

Oh, do you need to take the tissues with you?

It's okay...

Hey, good luck with your trip!

Okay.



[softly, but VERY slightly sing-songy] Bye.

-----END-----

OPTIONAL : If you don't mind reading a few different takes (sweet, dominant, degrading, condescending, etc.) on the following words:

"Stupid Bitch"

"Worthless Slut"

"Worthless Whore"

"Dumb bitch"

"Stupid Schoolgirl"

"Dumb Slut"

"A little whore"

"Stupid Slut"

"Ungrateful Little Bitch"

"Slave"

"Good little slave"

"Rape whore"

"Stupid Rape Whore says what?"