

Princess Politics

By Princess_April

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[F4M][Script Offer]Princess Politics[fdom][brat][mean][entitled][petite][princess][cunnilingus][scent play] talk of: [mdom][rape] [cute][tiara][humiliation][degradation][breeding][anal][mindbreaking][incest]adjacent [partial narrative][DARK][CRUEL] [adults]

Dummy tag, Gonewildaudio, audio script, F4M, fdom, brat, mean, entitled, petite, princess, cunnilingus, scent play, mdom, rape, cute, tiara, humiliation, degradation, breeding, anal, mindbreaking, incest-adjacent, partial narrative, DARK, CRUEL, adults

[SYNOPSIS: The speaker, a ruthless eighteen-year-old brat princess, whose father is on his deathbed, pays a secret visit to his main rival’s first-born son (the listener)—a man fifteen years her senior who has yet to marry. She has a problem. Her twin sister, also a princess who is all of five minutes younger than the speaker, is working to convincing members of the ratifying body of royal succession, to back her own claim as the new queen in the name of compassion, and reform from her father’s harsh reign—a trend that will continue under the rule of the speaker. This treason will not stand! To prevent this, the speaker conspires to use her influence with the dying king to compel her sister to marry the speaker as a way to unite the kingdom, and then conspires with the speaker to use his “talents” as a sexual predator, secretly involved in sexual slavery rings, on her sister once they are married to rape her and privately break her mind in sexual subservience to her husband. She talks bluntly about betrothing her own twin sister to a rapist in order to maintain her ruthless grip on the throne, describing in detail what he expects to do to humiliate her, dominate her, and completely break her spirit to render her politically inert. The speaker consummates the deal by allowing him a “taste” of what her twin sister’s pussy is like by commanding him to smell and lick her own—which, she quips, is “practically identical” to her sister’s. ***Warning: This is a DARK story of sibling betrayal and cruelty in a feudal world where “justice” is meted out in the secret back-room meetings between powerful, ruthless, and deceitful people. It’s unfair. It’s bleak, and the brat princess in this story is diabolical and remorseless. Please mind the tags. Although we never see the plan these two concoct unfold, nor hear whether it succeeds (maybe there’s a sequel there), just hearing the plan alone is worthy of caution—it is both plausible and psychotically cruel.***

[PERFORMANCE NOTES: This girl is very young... but also VERY smart. She is missing any sense of empathy or compassion. To her, this is not personal. It’s purely political, and she has no real sense of how inhuman she’s become. I would suggest walking the line between the fact that she’s very young with the lack of inhibitions characteristic of many teenagers, coupled with the smarts and guile of a deceitful political player who’s determined to have her way, even at the cost of her twin sister’s sanity.]

[SFX: ALL SOUND EFFECTS ARE OPTIONAL! The only SFX called out is the door closing once all the guards exit the chamber. You don't need it.]

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Hm... well, this is rather a less opulent welcome of a royal princess than I would expect, but I suppose under the circumstances....

Well... yes. I confess, I'm a little disappointed. [giggle] I'm used to a bit more... hospitality than this. And normally, I'd expect it to be a lot cleaner to. [entitled laugh]

[judgmental] Tell me... is this how you live?

Well, I'm sure things would have been made more presentable if you'd had the proper time to prepare for this meeting. My fault for the surprise visit. [giggle]

I'm sorry are you speaking to me? [giggle]

Okay, wait, let me stop you there. I'm going to do you a favor, okay? For future reference... the first thing you need to do when begging for my forgiveness is address me appropriately. Right? I *am* your princess. In fact, it may be a good idea to do it now, before my guards have something to say about it...

I'm sorry, what? I don't think I quite heard you correctly. I thought I heard you start to call me a brat.

Did you call me a brat?

I know you're much older than me, and I know this is awkward, but the proper protocols must be observed, otherwise, we don't really have a kingdom, do we? It's just anarchy... So?

Yes?

Your highness... that's right. Go on...

And what did you want to ask me for again?

My forgiveness?

Aww...

And remind me... what for... exactly?

Mm-hm.... Yeah... it is filthy in here, isn't it?

Well... we *did* need to keep this meeting a secret... A proper reception would have been... noticed.

Well, am I a princess or am I not? I'm going to pardon you, okay?

No hard feelings. No harm done. [entitled giggle]

Say, "Thank you, your highness."

You're welcome. [giggle] You see how that just rolls off the tongue?

You know, if I didn't know better, I'd think you were trying to insult me?

Honestly, how often do you get a visit from a girl like me? Secret meeting or not, you've not yet given me so much as a bow, or a "Welcome, your highness." Are you so crude and lawless as to feel you can blindly ignore the trappings of royal power?

I *am* your princess...

So, the very least you could do is bend your knee to me... don't you think?

Bend your knee, and offer me a proper, royal welcome to your house.

Oh... and ... kiss my hand too. Thank me for allowing you to be in my presence.

[matter of factly] Well, you're welcome to just stand there, but... If you don't do it... I'll return home and tell my father not of your hospitality and generosity, but instead of my concern for the... savagery... of house Traymon. And how I wish it was wiped from the map... so as not frighten me with nightmares of rape and perverted brutality that such an uncivil and disloyal house no doubt engages in.

Now bend your knee, and say, "Welcome, your highness..."

And kiss my hand.

[satisfied snicker] Thank you. Was that so hard? [giggle]

Maybe you're not so primitive as those nasty rumors claim.

Now, I came here to talk to you about a delicate, and potentially joyful matter.

Joyful for both of us, of course! Silly!

But our negotiations must be discreet for the time being.

Perhaps you're insulted that my father, the king, didn't come here to talk to you personally. But he's very ill as you know, and he's given me authority to negotiate on his behalf. Is this going to be a problem? Are you too good to negotiate with a girl so much younger than you are? I know I'm only eighteen. I may be small, and it may seem like all I care about is my adorable in my tiara ... but I guarantee... I'm smarter than you are. And you're going to want to listen to me.

[whispered—prompting him] Yes, your highness. [giggle]

Good boy.

You **are** scared of me, aren't you? Such a hard man, with big muscles... an army of men at your command, but you're still scared of a little girl, aren't you?

Maybe you're smarter than you look.

But... if we're going to negotiate, we need to trust each other.

Do you trust me? [giggle]

Do you hate me?

We won't get anywhere in this meeting without the truth. So, do you?

Yes, you do. You're just afraid to say it.

[soft sigh]

You see these men? They're the finest soldiers in the kingdom, and they're my personal guard. I'm very vulnerable after all. I'm young, I'm pretty, I'm valuable, and my father has a lot of enemies. These men are perfectly loyal to me, and very protective. Normally, they don't let me out of their sight outside of the royal palace, but today, I'm going to offer you a gesture of trust and good will, okay?

Guards? Leave us.

Don't question your princess. [quietly with supreme confidence] Leave us.

You'll be right outside the door. If I need you, I'll call for you.

Now, obey me...

See? Now, I invite you to send your guards away too. A gesture of mutual trust.

Or are you too afraid of a little girl by herself?

Thank you.

Bye, guys...

[OPTIONAL SFX: Door closes]

Now... as I was saying. I really do want you to speak freely. Even if you think it'll upset me. As your princess, I command it.

I'm going to ask you again. You hate me, don't you? You hate my whole family.

[soft laugh] That's better. I can hear the clench in your jaw. And to be honest, I don't really like you either. [giggle] But, we need each other. Believe it or not, your hate is why I'm here.

Tell me, I know you hate me, but ... do you think I'm beautiful?

Do you think I smell good?

Be honest.

[Entitled giggle] Oo. Wow... That's very crude, but ... I think I understand what you mean.

If you had your way, what would you do to me, right now? If you weren't afraid of my father, what would you do? Would you grab me? You're twice my size, you could easily overpower me. Would you lock me up in a cell filthier than this room? Deprive me of all the comforts a princess is accustomed to, strip me naked? Rape me? Before you ransomed me off to my father?

Would you? If you could?

[soft laugh] Lying to your princess again? Foolish... or smart... [snicker]

You **do** recognize power, don't you? Even in small packages like me. [giggle]

That's good... That's really good.

But...

I know who you really are, prince of house Traymon. I know what you are. Don't think I don't.

You've done a very good job keeping it secret, but I know what you've done.

As the first born of your house you must maintain a level of discretion, and you've done a very good job. But... I'm me. I've heard whispers of your private perversions... I must say... what I've heard is very disturbing.

What you do to women... how you treat them. The disgusting sexual acts you force them to engage in are nothing less than monstrous...

[whispered] You're a psychopath, prince of Traymon.

You deserve to go to hell for what you do...

But then again... so do I. [giggle]

And that, ironically, is why I'm here.

No.... I didn't come here because I'm some kind of sexually repressed girl who's looking for the bad boy. I didn't come here to allow you to defile me.

[softer] But... I am here to broker an agreement wherein you'll have the opportunity to do exactly what you are so eager to do—to someone almost as good.

Do I have your attention now, dog?

A discreet agreement between a princess, and a pervert.

Of course, you're aware of my twin sister?

I mean, she's just as beautiful as I am. Probably more, in fact. I'm not sure why. We are twins. Maybe it's her innocence, her kindness—the fact that she smiles a lot more than I do. I don't know. But one thing is for certain. She is still a princess. She's as manipulative as any member of the royal family, and twice as dangerous.

You've seen her, right? She looks like me. Except instead of being honest and forthright about who she is, she uses her cuteness, and innocence like weapons. She's really good at it. I know what you're thinking. Why do you care?

Well, I'll tell you. If my sister had her way, she would have house Traymon destroyed. She doesn't know of your perversions, but she sees your father as a threat to the kingdom. She would cleanse the kingdom of all corruption and brutality. She would feed the poor and elevate street vermin to positions of power. She would overthrow feudal law in the name of justice and kindness, and maybe even advocate for democracy. Do you know what that is? The kingdom would be changed forever, and you, my perverted friend, a rapist... a killer, a slaver of women? Your crimes would come to light, and you would be jailed, or even executed. And me? I wouldn't be able to help you. I'd probably be married off to a noble prince—an ally of my sister. And I'd be expected to obey him.

You **do not** want my sister as queen. Do you understand me?

And that possibility is very very real. Without any brothers, the throne belongs to one of us. And we're twins... so which one will it be?

The truth is, I'm the rightful heir to my father's throne, but she's only five minutes younger than me. Five minutes. That's not much time. It's an interval that's so short the clarity of succession could easily become muddled, and dare I say, open to interpretation? And given the choice between my sweet, kind,

innocent sister... and me, the bratty protégé of an unpopular king, who do you think the college of order will choose when it comes time to ratify the succession?

And that's exactly her strategy. She has the love and support of so many in the kingdom, commoners, bleeding-heart nobles, but most importantly, several key members of the college of order. The only thing she doesn't have, besides not technically being the oldest, is the support of my father. She's disappointed him too many times, wasting royal resources on acts of compassion and generosity, but very soon, his lack of support won't matter. He's dying. Everyone knows he'll be gone within a month.

If that happened, you and I Would be fucked. This innocent, adorable girl will destroy us.

We're in this together. If my sister gets what she wants. If she becomes queen? Your father is killed. You, along with all your perverted proclivities will be dealt with in the harshest possible way. You'll be a dog locked in a dungeon for the rest of your life, and lucky if you're not raped and starved to death. Your family lands portioned off in recompense to very families house Traymon has wronged, and I'll be married off to some noble stooge of my virtuous sister.

But it doesn't have to be that way.

You have designs on marrying into the royal family, don't you?

I know your father does... expanding his lands, and influence... bringing legitimacy to his claims of power? And besides your getting old. It's long past time for you to marry.

And ironically, your unique talent for the discreet degradation and sexual enslavement of women—especially gullible, idealistic, and innocent women—is of particular interest to me.

I'm a practical girl. I'm a princess... And while I may be young, I intend to take my rightful place as queen, just as the laws of God and nature dictate. And I have NO intention of ceding my birthright to that deceitful little bitch.

And that's where you come in.

Before my father dies of his various maladies... And before the scholars have a chance to debate the legalities of succession, I'm going to solve the problem before it becomes one.

I'm going to tell my father to give my sister... to you.

The king, of course, will agree to the arrangement because his mind is not what it was... and I will convince him that it makes good political sense. He won't realize that he's giving his youngest daughter away to a rapist. [giggle]. All he'll be made to see is a prudent marriage of convenience to the son of his rival. An event that will strengthen the crown—and his legacy.

Meanwhile, you will be granted title, wealth, and lands, and all the benefits accorded to a member of the royal family. You'll never become king, of course... I'll make sure of that. But you will be married to one of the most beautiful and sought-after young virgins in the world, and a royal princess besides. A woman whose body will effectively belong to you—as per the traditions and privileges of feudal

marriage. And as long as you're discreet, I will ensure that you face no consequences, no matter what you do to her, as long as she remains physically unmarred and presentable to the public.

That's my promise to you.

Which then brings me to your part of the agreement.

My sister, as lovely and charming as she is, will have no choice but to obey my father's decree. He is king. She'll try to charm her way out of it, of course. She'll express her concern about father, worried that he's not thinking clearly and that she must take care of him. And she's so sweet that she may even be telling the truth. Who else is going to do it? She'll even try to turn him against me. But I'll make sure he understands. She doesn't know what's good for her. In his last public appearance, he will announce the match himself, pronouncing his love for his daughter, his confidence in her happiness, and the bright future it portends for the kingdom's prosperity and security. In the end, she will marry you. She'll have no choice. She'll be yours.

And that's exactly what I want. I want you to *make* her yours.

The very same night the vows are taken, you'll sequester her in her room. Disallow her from making public appearances, particularly during this transitional period of my father's decline, and my ascension. She must not be allowed in public beyond only brief appearances of grief and sorrow. And in private, within the confines of this disgusting domicile, you will give her reason for grief and sorrow.

Every day she will be locked in her room... guarded by guards and visited only by her attendants. She'll be given baths, and meals.

And every night, you will visit her. Leer at her... grope at her... force her on her hands and knees and you will fuck her without saying a word. She'll object, of course. She'll whine and cry and beg you not to make her suffer these indignities, but you'll be immune to her charms, because all you'll see is a ripe young princess who you need to enslave. The ultimate conquest for a monster like you.

When she's not being humiliated and filled with your seed at night, she'll endure extreme boredom during the day, and the humiliation of being groomed by her attendants for the perverted use by her husband at night. You'll ignore her pleas. Gag her if necessary. And you will fuck her. You'll fuck your princess like she's nothing but one of your filthy street whores—with the only compensation she receives being the baring of your children. Children of rape... by her husband.

You'll breed her. You'll own her. And when she finally returns to the public eye... she'll be a sad, pregnant, broken shadow of a girl. Publicly expressing deep inconsolable grief over the loss of her father, but that's a lie. Privately, she's crying for the loss of her freedom... the rape of her dignity... and the truth about her husband.

Every day she will be groomed, bathed, shaved, and doted on in her own private prison... And every night she will be used, choked, and bred in the most demeaning ways possible... by her husband. You can even force her to wear her tiara and face her reflection in a mirror... while you rape her tight little ass from behind like a bitch. A young, innocent, royal princess, sold by her father... to an animal.

In the end, she'll be broken.

Of course, I'll be worried about her. "I'm afraid my sister was just so overwrought by the death of our father, she became mentally ill. She's so sensitive and kind, it destroyed her to see him suffer. She needs to be cared for... sequestered. I'm afraid she's touched with an incurable affliction, and she will be attended to with care and compassion under the supervision of her dedicated husband. But, for the sake of the people who still love her, and for the sake of her beautiful children, she must remain out of the public eye—until she is cured."

And as for what you actually do to her? [giggle] I want her stretched open. I want her cunt fucked so many times she loses count. I want her throat sore, and her stomach filled with sperm. I want her cute, adorable face to be the target of so much cum, she can't escape the stink of it while she sleeps alone in her bed chamber. Lend her to your brothers. Sell her to your guards. As long as she's never seen in public again.

So? Say something. What do you think of my proposal?

You still don't trust me, do you?

[giggle] I'll tell you what. I'm feeling generous. I'll give you a little taste, okay?

Do you want to see what you're getting?

Do you want a sneak preview of my sister's pussy? [giggle]

Here. It looks almost exactly like this one. See?

Do you want to see it up close? You can't fuck it. Not this one... but... you can smell it. You can even taste it.

Get on your knees, pig.

Consummate our agreement, by licking your future queen's pussy.

Here it is... come on.

Show humility in the presence of your queen's scent. Smell it.

Believe me... my sister's smells almost as good. [giggle] Do you want it?

Then lick me...

Good boy... [moan] Oh, I can just imagine what you're going to do to her...

What are you going to do to this pussy?

Lock it up?... fuck it every night.

She's still a virgin you know. On your first night... this pussy will bleed for you...

[moan] Ohhh... I'm sure you're going to want to make it special for her, right? Make her remember it?

Get her dressed up in her most beautiful princess gown and her tiara—her gorgeous hair cascading down her back in deep curls—her face looking beautiful and innocent. Take her into your bed chamber on your wedding night [panting] push her onto the bed... force her onto all fours like a bitch... pull up her gown and fuck that adorable little brat until she bleeds.

Oh... oh my God... [laughing – moaning – breathing]

Oh, I can imagine it... the shock, and the tears in her eyes.... when she realizes the kind of man you really are... what her marriage is going to be... her blood mixing with your cum. [moaning giggle]

It'll be a night she'll never forget... and only a tiny taste of what EVERY night will be like after that one.

This poor, wrecked little pussy...

[panting—moaning] Tell me, pig... Will you imagine you're fucking me, instead?

It's okay if you do... My sister can be my surrogate... you can pretend she's me if that's what gets you off. [giggle]

Oh, God...

Come on pig... lick me. Make your queen cum...

[panting—moaning—building]

Oh... oh! Good, dog! Good! Make me cum with your worthless tongue...

[she cums—moaning, gasping, giggling]

[breathing and recovering]

Get off me pig... [giggle] Get off.

[Breathing]

Now, you know what to do, right?

It'll all be arranged within the week. You'll be married within the month. And then she's yours.

Make it hard on her.... Teach her her place. Fuck her mouth, fuck her pussy, fuck her ass... every day because if you don't break her... if you give her the opportunity to work her charms.... our plan won't work. It's over... for both of us.

Do you understand, pig?

I know you can do it. You've done it to other girls...

Now kiss my pussy and say thank you.

Your highness? No no... that doesn't seem right now.

Let's try that one more time. Smell my pussy. Kiss it... and now say...

Thank you, your majesty.

[giggle]

Yeah... That sounds better.

Ok. Now get away from me and clean up your face while I make myself presentable.

[pause as they compose themselves]

Ready?

Guards? Please come in.

So, this is very exciting!

I'll return and tell my father the happy news! He's going to be so thrilled! Would you like to be the one to tell the lucky bride? Or... no. I think maybe father should do it. She'll be so excited, she might not believe it otherwise... [giggle]

Well, there's so much to arrange! I think we should probably get to it! Don't worry about the wedding expenses. The royal family will cover it.

Farewell future brother-in-law. [giggle]

Guards, it's time to return home.

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I know you're probably aching to take me prisoner... maybe ransom me... Maybe do more with me than that, right? [giggle] I'm not stupid. Maybe your men *could* overpower my bodyguards. Maybe...

But what happens then? My father has an army. Your father has an army. I don't think there's any need to get all of *them* involved in any of this, do you? Especially when all I'm here to do is make you a very generous offer. An offer someone like you will definitely want to hear.

And yet here you are... insulting me.