

Teaching You How to Use Me

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Dummy no, Gonewildaudio, audio script, F4M, fsub, switch, self-degradation, humiliation, degrading language, self-namecalling, blowjob, gagging, facial, topping from the bottom, adults, kinda sweet ending

[SYNOPSIS: You're a shy older bachelor who moved into the neighborhood a few months ago. A college girl who's parents live down the street is home for summer break and has been teasing you and getting to know you—trying to coax you into asking her out. Though tempted, you've responsibly refused because she's half your age and she's staying with her parents—your neighbors. Finally, just before she is set to leave for Germany on a foreign exchange program, she convinces you to take her to a fancy restaurant against your better judgement. That's when she really lays on the tease, dressing inappropriately and tempting you—showing you how she wants to be treated... Gently teaching you how to use her. After being evicted from the restaurant because of her super short dress and inappropriate behavior, you can't resist her anymore...]

[WARNINGS: This story is a FANTASY. (Almost) no girls (or guys) really act like this, and the story presents a scenario that could lead to real physical and emotional danger in real life. It is simply a "what-if" scenario and should NOT be considered anything other than a fantastical day-dream. It also refers to "topping from the bottom" a concept in BDSM circles that is worthy of a MUCH more nuanced discussion than is presented here. This story only uses it as a plot point, and does not in any way attempt to give it the attention it deserves, so please don't assume it does (or intends to), and do your own learning there.]

[PERFORMANCE NOTES: This girl is unique--- a kind of "switch" who wants to be humiliated and dominated, but also wants to be in control of it. While she is manipulative, she's not trying to hurt or abuse anyone. She earnestly just wants her and her partner to have fun. She is also EXTREMELY brave...on more than one level. Foolishly so. She knows what she's doing, but... she just can't help but put herself and the object of her affections in dangerous, uncomfortable, or embarrassing situations. It gets her off. The point is, this girl is not a crazy psycho. She is an earnest, happy person who knows what she likes, and goes after it in the only way she knows how.]

-----START-----

So... I'm glad you finally asked me out.

Yeah! To tell you the truth I was kinda surprised.

Well, I wasn't sure you liked me. [giggle]

Well, you know... I've been trying to get your attention since I came home for summer break. I wanted to see what all the fuss was about... the mysterious bachelor who moved in down the street?

Remember when I came over and washed your car after I first got back?

At first you just seemed confused, but I totally saw you looking at my cut-off jeans and my little crop top. All wet from the hose... [giggle]

Remember how I told you I was offering car washes to the whole neighborhood? Well... [giggle] that was really a lie.

No, it was just yours... [soft laugh]

Yeah... And you didn't seem to know what to do when I started flirting with you...

You seemed really nervous—maybe because you thought my mom would see us talking and wonder what was going on? [playful giggle]

[a hint of disappointment] Well, nothing was going on. We were just talking. Anyway, I could tell you were uncomfortable, so ... I decided I better leave you alone.

But I was curious. So, remember, a couple weeks later, when I came over because your mail ended up in my parents' mailbox? I could tell you were kinda uncomfortable because I was wearing that super tight sundress, and you didn't exactly know where to look?

I mean... you tried to hide it, but you kept trying to stare at my legs, remember? [giggle]

Yeah. Well... anyway, you seemed really self-conscious about it, but I could tell you liked me.

Well, it turns out we really didn't get your mail. [sheepishly] I just took it out of your mailbox.

That's bad... I know. [giggle]

Anyway, I thought I might have blown it. Cuz... well... honestly you seemed really afraid of me.

[pause]

Wait... You still are? [soft laugh]

[concern] Well, that's not good. [giggle] [gentle and earnest] We really need to do something about that.

Anyway, I couldn't stop thinking about you, and I'd heard you were just really shy, so I decided to keep trying.

Yeah... My dad says I can be kinda stubborn. [soft laugh]

So... I kept making excuses to run into you, and... you kept trying not to look at me. [giggle] It was really cute. Finally, I was like, okay I'm about to leave to go to school in Germany, so if I'm gonna do something, I better do it now. So that's when I just put on a regular old pair of shorts and a regular old t-shirt. I knocked on your door, and said, "Hey... will you ask me out already?" And that made you laugh... and you finally gave in. [giggle]

[pause]

What?

Why are you so quiet?

Do I make you nervous?

[disappointed sigh] But... why?

What's so wrong about it?

I know I'm young, but...

No, but why does that matter? We're both adults.

What about my parents?

But, it's none of their business! Just because I'm home from college for the summer doesn't mean they get to tell me who I date.

Besides, I like older guys.

So what's wrong?

[realization] Oh...

My dress? [embarrassed giggle]

Well... [sigh] I couldn't resist okay? I could tell you liked my legs, so... you know...

Why are YOU uncomfortable? Don't you think I'M the one who should be saying that?

Well, yeah I'm embarrassed! I mean... [laugh] this dress is REALLY short, and we're in a really nice restaurant.

Hm?

Why did I wear it then?

[shaky sigh] Okay... Well... I have a really vivid imagination. And... I heard that... while you might be kinda shy, you're like... really confident in who you are and what you want? And I imagined, before our date, that you had told me you wanted to see my legs again.

Was I wrong?

No, I know you didn't SAY it, but ... I pretended you did. So... I shaved my legs this morning... for my date.

[careful admission] And... then... I imagined you bought me this dress.

No, I know...

[embarrassed admission] I actually bought it myself this afternoon, and I felt really self-conscious trying it on. I even got one a half size too small and pretended I didn't have a choice because... YOU bought it for me... to wear on our date.

[sigh] I imagined you told me... you didn't care if I was embarrassed. You told me you wanted me to wear it... anyway... So you could see my legs.

So... [bashful breath] that's why I wore it...

[pause]

Did I do good?

[reacting to his silence] What?

[kinda giving up] You think I'm crazy, don't you?

Are you having second thoughts?

Hm?

Get to know each other?

Uhm... [reticent] okay...

Well... what do you want to know?

School? Oh... it's okay. I guess.

[polite] My grades? Their fine.

[clearly uninterested—it's not that she doesn't want to tell him these things, it's just that she doesn't care]

Uhm... I don't really know yet. I mean, my dad pulled some strings and got me accepted to this exchange program and I leave for Germany tomorrow, so... it should be fun.

[taking a different tact] Okay, wait-wait... Can I ask YOU a question?

Have you ever been married?

I'm just curious.

No? Why not?

[pause as he answers]

Yeah...

[brief pause]

See? I totally get that. I feel the same way.

Yeah. I don't want to get married.

Well, I'm glad we've got that cleared up. [giggle]

So... can I ask you something else? How many women have you dated?

Like... total...

Yeah?

Why so few?

I mean... you're a really handsome guy...

Is it because your kinda shy?

Yeah...

Okay... So... why did you ask me out, anyway?

Well, I KNOW I asked you to... but I mean, I'm young enough to be your daughter... we don't have very much in common ... and you said you're not looking for a wife... right?

No, I know... I'm just saying. Like... [super subtle challenge to him] what ARE you looking for?

Hm?

[gentle, kind laugh] Wow... I really do make you nervous, don't I?

[half-kidding] You do realize I'm just a silly girl in a tight dress, right? [giggle]

Why do you keep changing the subject?

[earnestly] I know, but seriously, why do you want to know what my major is? Like... why do you care?

You're not gonna hire me. You're not gonna marry me. I'm leaving the country tomorrow. After tonight, you may never see me again.

So... I'll tell you a secret. You don't have to be nervous around me. Actually... you make ME nervous...
[pause and then bashful giggle]

No, that's just it... I like it!

[lowers her voice –even more intimate throughout this conversation]

Do you know why I like dating shy, older guys like you?

It's because they have regrets.

[soft laugh] It's true.

You have regrets, right? You've made mistakes...

Mistakes... with girls?

I mean, you may be shy, but... you don't let that get in the way of what you want, right? Not anymore...

Maybe when you were younger, you'd have bolted the minute you saw me in this dress... too embarrassed to be seen with me? Or maybe just too shy to talk to me? Right?

When you were younger... maybe you'd have freaked out after I told you why I wore it. Worried that I was crazy... or some kind of obsessed stalker-girl or something.

But not anymore, right?

You're not REALLY afraid of me, are you? You have too many regrets.

You've made too many mistakes to walk out on girl like me, right?

So...[nervous sigh] here we are.

[pause]

You know, you never answered my question...

[slow and measured, but gentle] Why... did you ask... me out?

It's because you liked my legs, isn't it? [giggle]

[earnestly reassuring] It's okay. You can tell me. [giggle]

I want you to tell me.

[gentle, encouraging] You asked me out because you want to fuck me, right?

[whispered, as if she's giving him a secret hint] Psst... say yes... [giggle]

[relieved sigh] Good! I'm glad. Cuz you know why?

[gentle, submissive, but honest] I want you to fuck me too.

[short, awkward pause]

[clearing throat] Oh. Hi, waiter!

I'm good! How are you?

[sweet] Ok! No worries.

[slight concern] Yeah, we had reservations. Is there a problem?

Oh, Ok. [cheerily] We'll be here.

Thanks!

[pregnant pause]

[talking to your date again--gently] Hello? [giggle]

Hey... relax, okay?

I'm not setting you up or anything... This is real.

Oh, him?

Well, he's probably going to talk to his boss...

[giggle] I think he probably thinks I'm your prostitute?

No, I'm serious. I mean, did you see the way he looked at me?

[nervous giggle] No... I know you're trying to be nice, but let's face it. I'm a twenty-something girl in a fancy restaurant with a much older man. My dress is way too tight... and way too short for anyone to believe I'm your daughter...

[giggle] Stop trying to be sweet. You don't have to be...

I don't want you to be.

I like it...

Yeah... I do. I like that he might think that.

It's kinda humiliating... being stared at like... I'm your trophy.

But... that's just it.

I am your trophy. At least... I'm pretending I am.

[pause]

You're awfully quiet... [nervous laugh]

[bashful but leading] Is there something you want to say to me?

Well... I'm embarrassing you, right? Wearing this outfit? And saying these things?

Come on. Yes I am.

I'm dressed like a slut. I'm kind of acting like a slut. And I feel like a slut.

Isn't there something you want to call me?

[whispered] Just whisper it. No one will hear.

Call me a slut.

[whispered] Come on. I just told you I'm here because I want you to fuck me. Call me a little slut...

[pause before he does... then heavier, hitched breathing]

[whispered] Yes, sir...

Now... Call me a whore.

You heard me. Call me a stupid... little whore.... Please?

[soft giggle] [whispered] Oh my God... I am, aren't I, sir?

Huh?

There's nothing wrong with me... I mean, aside from my pussy being really wet now. [giggle] why?

What do you mean, what am I doing?

[admission] Ok... Well... have you heard of something called topping from the bottom?

Yeah, well... I know I'm not supposed to do it. Like... I know I'm not really a bottom, and... you're probably not really a top, but... how else am I gonna to teach you how to use me? [gentle laugh]

Come on, just take a deep breath.

[playfully] I bet you don't care about my grades in school anymore, do you? [giggle]

[gently... whispering] Oops... Shh... I think the waiter's back...

[normal voice to waiter] Oh, hi again!

We're doing great! I think we're ready to order, though, right sir?

Uh-oh... what's wrong?

[earnestly concerned] Complaints? About what?

You have a dress code?

Oh my gosh!

[reveling in the humiliation of this] No more than two inches above the knee? I didn't realize.

Yeah, I was just trying to look pretty for my sir.

[purposeful—matter of fact] Yeah... my sir.

Are you going to kick me out?

[embarrassed disappointment] Oh... wow...

Okay.

It's okay. Rules are rules, I guess.

No. I'M sorry...

Maybe if my sir takes me home to change, we can come back?

[disappointed] Oh...

Completely booked?

Yeah. Sure. I get it.

Oh, no, my sir is just shy. It's really my fault. He told me not to dress like such a slut, but... I wanted to be pretty for him, you know?

Oh... oops. Language...

No... we understand... don't we, sir?

Yeah... I guess we'll go then.

Uhm... Sorry.

[gets up] Sorry everybody. Uhm... We're leaving now...

Bye...

[pause as they walk out]

[giggle]

[takes a thrilled breath] Oh my god...

What?

No, that was fun!

Yeah!

I told you everyone in there thought was a whore...

[anxious laugh] Look. Some of them are still staring at us through the window. I bet they think we're about to go fuck somewhere... [giggle]

Come on... Walk me to your car...

[pause as they walk]

[giggle]

[pause]

[laugh] You're not fooling anyone, you know. I see that little smile on your face. You like me, huh?

Fine, you don't have to admit it. [giggle] But you do have a boner.

I can see it through your pants.

So... what do you want to do now?

[surprised] Take me home? Wait... why?

What is wrong with you?

Haven't you been paying attention?

Look, I humiliated you right?

I'm just saying... if you're mad or embarrassed or whatever... you could say something, you know.

Ok...

Yeah... I-I know, but... isn't there something ELSE you want to say to me?

Well... like... am I a bad girl?

Am I stupid?

No no no... you're being too nice. [giggle]

Call me a bad girl...

Say it... please?

[whispered] Yeah. Call me stupid...

[breathing heavy] Call me an irresponsible little slut...

Tell me my parents should be ashamed of me...

Tell me...

Yeah... I don't deserve a nice dinner, do I sir?

[playfully pouty] No, you're right... I was a bad girl because I teased the WHOLE restaurant with my legs.... Right?

I mean, I'm sorry I embarrassed you, sir. I just wanted you to like me ... [giggle]

See? Feels good right? Telling me what you think of me?

So... Do you want to use me now?

[excited] Really?

How does what work?

Oh... Using me?

Well...

What about over there, sir? Next to that dumpster?

I'm totally serious! We're outside a bank, downtown on a Saturday night. There's nobody here...

What's wrong?

Come on. You know you want to!

Well, you could take me back to your house I guess, but... don't you want to use me right now?

I mean, why would you want to take a filthy girl like me home, anyway?

I'm just the stupid, slutty daughter of your neighbors down the street. I'm just a pair of legs, right?

So use me... I'm leaving tomorrow anyway—you won't have to talk to me again. So what do you care?

Don't you get it? That's how I want you to treat me...

I mean, it's up to you...

You could just drive me back to my parents house? And add me to your list of regrets?

Or... you could pull me over to that dumpster and use me first.

Come on. Call me a stupid cunt and use me.

[gasp as he grabs her] Oh my god, yes sir... I'm a bad girl... Yes, sir, I'm going... [giggle]

Oh my god, I'm so wet. [panting] I've been leaking into my panties all night...

Oh god... yes, touch me, sir. Oh, yes. Finger fuck me.

[slurred as he tries to kiss her] No no, wait. [clear now] No kissing. Tell me I'm a whore and I'm too filthy to kiss.

[breathlessly] Yeah... Tell me my mouth is only good for one thing.

[whispered] Make me suck your cock.

Ow... yeah, pull my hair. Make me get on my knees.

Wait... pin me against the dumpster. [slurping, sucking as you moan and pant]

Oh... fuck my throat.

[gasp] Yeah, grab my hair. [sucking, slurping]

Come on, use my throat. Treat me like you don't care about me...

[deep throat sounds. Light gagging]

You can do better than that. Teach this little slut a lesson for humiliating you...

[throat fucking as she gags and moans underneath him]

[gasp and cough] Yeah, kick my legs open... Rub my filthy cunt with your shoe while you throat fuck me... [deep throat fucking as he pistons into her mouth]

[coughing, panting] Yes, sir. Tell me this is what I deserve. [gagging as she's forced to throat his cock in regular thrusts]

[gag and then panting, and sniffing as she recovers]

[desperate... totally into it] Yes, I'm sorry sir...

[whining] I'm sorry for being such a nasty little pair of legs...

Ow... Yes sir... I'll bend over... so you can fuck me!

[gasp and grunt as he thrusts hard into her] Oh... fuck yes... Fuck your neighbor's stupid daughter.

[moaning and whining as he fucks her] Tell me I deserve it.

Tell me I deserve to get fucked against a dumpster.

Oh my god... oh god. Oh fuck, yes sir.

Pull my hair... Fuck me.

Ow!

[can hear his thrusts in her voice as he pounds her from behind] oh ... tell me you like my legs...

[suppressed moans as he covers her mouth with his hand]

[Hand releases her as she gasps] [intense whisper] Sorry sir. I'll shut up and take it...

[OPTIONAL IMRPOV: Fucking, moaning, etc.]

Oh sir... Sir? I want you to cum on my face.

Please cum all over my face.

Tell me I'm a shameless slut.

Yes... Oh please. Cum on my face while I get myself off...

Oh god... are you gonna cum?

Oh fuck... I am too. [panting... desperate moaning as she fingers herself to orgasm]

Oh fuck... Oh fuck... Call me a whore and cum on my face.

[she has an intense orgasm, and so does he]

[breathing / recovering] Oh my god. Oh god... I'm sorry sir... I'm sorry for being such a disgusting little slut...

[panting] I'm sorry for being a bad girl...

[earnestly] Oh... god... thank you sir...

[breathing and recovering]

[giggle] What?

[still recovering] Ok... your right. We better go. [laugh]

Wait... give me twenty dollars.

[playfully] Come on, just give to me...

Tell me how much money I saved you tonight by acting like a such a slut...

Give me twenty dollars, and call me a cheap date...

[giggle] Come on, just do it...

[mousy] Yes, sir. Thank you sir...

Are you going to take me home to my mom and dad now?

[breathing] I wish you could just leave me here... next to the dumpster with your cum on my face.

[disappointed sigh] I know... I know... [giggle] You have to take me home.

You're really way too nice, you know?

I know... I'm a mess right?

Oh, no it's okay. I mean I asked for it. [giggle] I feel bad I don't have anything to wipe my face with. I don't want to make a mess in your car.

My panties? [giggle]

I like the way you think. You're starting to get it! I'm so proud.

[wipes her face with her underwear] Wait, okay... here. Oh my god... they've got pussy juice all over them. Oh that's so disgusting. [giddy giggle]

There... Better?

I like being filthy for you... [giggle]

Your car's this way right? Okay.

So... did you have fun?

You can tell me honestly. I'm not trying to, you know... top you anymore. [giggle]

You're not sure?

Well, that's fair, I guess. It was scary, huh? But it felt good though, right?

Oh good... I'm so glad!

[pause]

Hey... uhm. I'm really not crazy, you know. I wouldn't have done this if... I didn't trust you.

That's why it took me so long to ask you out. I had to find out more about you. [laugh]

[deferential] Yeah... [sigh] No... I know.

[disappointed] You're right.

I just... I like what I like, you know?

[slightly annoyed groan] I promise I'll be more careful in Germany, okay? Geez what are you, my dad?
[giggle]

[reassuring] I'll be fine. I promise.

No... I appreciate that you care.

But hey... thanks for using me... No regrets right?

Oh no... [giggle] Uh-uh. I'm keeping this twenty dollars! I'm a cheap whore, and I earned it. [honest laugh]

[genuinely happy] Come on, take me home.