

# The Professor's Slut: When Mind Control Goes Wrong

By Princess\_April

© 2020 by Princess\_April. All Rights Reserved

Visit [Princess-April.com](http://Princess-April.com) for more erotic scripts, audios, training files and radio plays.

Dummy no, Gonewildaudio, audio script, FFMMM4M, fsub, rape, brainwashing, public masturbation, humiliation, self-degradation, mind break, DARK, possible revenge, college, adults, "I'm a dumb slut", voicemail messages

[FFMMM4M][Script offer]The Professor's Slut – When Mind Control Goes Wrong][fsub][rape][brainwashing][public masturbation][humiliation][self-degradation][mind break][DARK, possible revenge][college][adults][“I'm a dumb slut”][voicemail messages]

[SYNOPSIS: A College girl leaves a series of voicemails at a number she feels inexplicably compelled to call. The voicemails she leaves gradually tell the tale of her imminent mind-breaking due to a mind control attempt gone terribly wrong. Infatuated with her professor, she slowly gets more and more horny, and has more and more self-degrading sexual thoughts. Eventually she is masturbating many times a day, trying her best to fight what is happening to her and hide from others what's she's becoming—though she has no hope of understanding it. Her lowest point comes when she publicly masturbates and has an orgasm while screaming self-degrading talk in front of her entire class while her professor is lecturing. After finally getting help by decent people, her final voicemail reveals who is responsible, and exactly what happened. Justice is coming for the one who did this to her, but she will never be the same.]

[PERFORMANCE NOTES: There is subtlety in her progression from innocent and only slightly affected to completely corrupt and mind-broken. It happens quickly, but underneath it all, she is a sweet girl who is fighting what's happening to her with everything she's got—even though she ultimately loses. She's lucky, in a way that it wasn't much, much worse. At the end, she is saved, but her life will never be the same. And even then, she can't bring herself to wish what happened to her on anyone else—even the one who did this to her.]

[SFX and COLLABORATION NOTES: If you want a challenge, this is the script for you. :) This is an advanced script in terms of sound effects and the need for additional voice types. The phone sound effects are optional, but the climactic scene in the lecture hall has elements that are both subtle and complex, with the need for additional voices for the people that help our heroine in their true moment

of crisis, and the need to establish the soundscape of a lecture hall environment with a foreground and a background.

[ROLES: In a perfect world, there would be 5 performers here, BUT: ALL characters in this script can easily be gender flipped. And in fact, in certain gender configurations, this becomes a very different kind of story. I have not gone through the script to make everything gender neutral, since I think that takes something away, but if you do wish to change any of the characters' genders (including the listener) it wouldn't be hard to do since the only "action" in the script is masturbation. In this way you could perform the entire script by yourself playing different roles, or alternatively, you could get some collaborators to help. Here are the roles of the characters who have a voice in this story:

- 1.) MAIN CHARACTER: The main performer, performing the bulk of the script (written as a woman, but can be any gender)
- 2.) AUTOMATED VOICE for voice mail greeting – should sound automated as much as possible, so it can be any gender.
- 3.) THE PROFESSOR (written as male, but can be any gender)
- 4.) HELPFUL STUDENT #1 (written as male, but can be any gender)
- 5.) HELPFUL STUDENT #2 (written as female, but can be any gender)

[IMPORTANT NOTE ABOUT THE LISTENER: The Listener (and villain) is the "geeky" guy with the glasses referenced in the story. Though we never hear his voice, remember to change all references to his gender if you want to change the listener's gender to something else.]

[ASSISTANCE: If you need assistance with sound effects, advice or reassurance about any of this, please don't hesitate to contact me on Reddit. I'm also open to providing my own voice for one or more of the roles if you want to collaborate. If this all sounds like too much to you, I totally understand. Most of my other scripts don't require hardly any sound effects or additional voice roles, so feel free to look at them instead.]

-----START-----

[SFX: If possible (and this is OPTIONAL), all voices should sound as if they are coming through a phone speaker. This is the case throughout the script. Again, this is optional. If you can't or don't want to do it, the script can work without that]

[phone ring sound (a couple of rings)] [Voicemail pickup]

AUTOMATED VOICE: You're call has been forwarded to an automatic voice messaging system. The person you have called is not available right now, but you may leave a message after the tone.

[beep, recording begins]

MAIN CHARACTER: Uhm... I don't... What am I doing? I don't know. I don't know. [recording ends, three low pitched beeps—or other sound— to signify the end of the message]

[brief pause]

[beep, recording begins]

MAIN CHARACTER: [nervous breathing] I... I don't know what I'm doing. I'm not sure why I'm calling you. I just feel like I should, so... I guess I will. I had a weird... interaction today. My professor, in my cultural studies class... he was. I don't know why I'm saying this, but... he was looking at me. It's not unusual. A lot of guys look at me. It's normal. I mean, it's creepy, but... that's how it is. That's just what it's like being a woman sometimes. There was something about the professor's eyes, though... Like... he saw ME... he saw right through me. Like he knew me. I don't know. It's... stupid. I don't know. It kinda freaked me out. He's just my professor. And [long pause] uhm.... It was probably nothing. I don't know why I'm calling. Uhm, I'm sorry to bother you. I think I better go. [sound indicating end of message]

[brief pause]

[beep, recording begins]

MAIN CHARACTER: Uhm... okay. Hello again. So, I had my cultural studies class again today. I was really nervous going in. I don't know why. I think... there's just something about my professor. He looked at me again. I mean, of course he did. I'm a student in his class, but it's... it's more than that. His eyes just... it's like they're digging into me or something. Like they see something inside me, and I don't know what it is. It's REALLY creepy. I think maybe I should drop the class. Is that dumb? Maybe I should just talk to the Dean. I don't know what I'd say though. "Please help me sir, my professor's looking at me?" I guess not. Why am I telling you this? [sound indicating end of message]

[brief pause]

[beep, recording begins]

MAIN CHARACTER: So uhm. My professor talked to me today. He talked to me. I mean it was nothing. He just said good afternoon, and he looked at me with those... those amazing eyes. Those beautiful blue eyes. I can't... I can't explain it. I just about fell out of my chair, I was so nervous. I felt this, like buzz... in my head. I just... I just giggled back at him. I don't know. I just giggled. I was so stupid. I felt so... dumb, like I didn't know what to say. Everyone in the lecture hall kinda laughed at me, especially that weird guy who wears glasses and always sits a couple rows behind me. I wish he wouldn't sit there. I just always feel like he's looking at me. Did I tell you he walked down the row in front of me the other day and stopped and tried to give me his phone number? I remember because that was the same moment when the Professor first looked at me. I remember feeling REALLY weird—like that buzz in my head. God. I'll never forget the professor's eyes. Anyway, I threw that guy's number away. He was a creep. [sound indicating end of message]

[brief pause]

[beep, recording begins]

MAIN CHARACTER: It's so weird. I like it when my professor looks at me. Is that bad? It feels kinda bad. I mean, I kind of hate it too. When he looks at me? I feel... I feel dirty. Like... like he can see what I'm thinking. I hate it. It feels like... like he's in my head. I wish ... I wish I could just forget about it. But I can't. It's so weird. [sound indicating end of message]

[brief pause]

[beep, recording begins]

MAIN CHARACTER: I can't stop thinking about him. My professor. I swear, whenever he looks at me, I ... I just... I want to do things. Dirty things. I want to... I want to touch myself. Right there. In class. I get so horny, and... I can't help it. What's happening to me? And that guy? The one who always sits behind me? The one who tried to give his number? I think he sees it too. I think he knows. He's always looking at me, he tries to hide it by looking away when I catch him. I hate it... I don't know what's happening. It's uncomfortable. It's humiliating, and I... I can't do anything about it! [desperate] My panties were actually wet after class. What am I saying? Why am I saying this? I don't know why I keep calling. [sound indicating end of message]

[brief pause]

[beep, recording begins]

MAIN CHARACTER: [sounds of masturbation] [strained, quiet moans] ... [almost crying] [swallow] I'm sorry... I just needed to talk to someone. I'm in my bed. I'm... touching myself. I don't know why. I'm so... horny. I'm so wet. When he looks at me... I feel so... so dirty. I feel disgusting-like... like I'm nothing but... a... pretty doll. Something to look at. Some THING men look at to get hard.... I feel like... [masturbating] I feel like a thing. And... I hate it. I hate it. It's disgusting. [masturbating sounds] I have to stop. I have to stop doing this to myself! Why am I like this? What's happening to me? [sound indicating end of message]

[brief pause]

[beep, recording begins]

MAIN CHARACTER: Okay... I... I came. I came. I feel better. I feel better. But I think.... I think I hate myself. It's disgusting what I was just doing. What I was thinking about when... when I came. I don't want... I don't want to talk about it. [sound indicating end of message]

[brief pause]

[beep, recording begins]

MAIN CHARACTER: My roommate gave me this look this morning. She wouldn't talk to me. I think... I think she heard me. I think she heard what I did last night in my room... what I said. You should have seen the look on her face. She looked... she looked disgusted—like she had just smelled a skunk! God. What's wrong with me. [pause] I have to go to class, and I'm going to see him again. Jesus. I just took a shower, and ... I'm already wet again. I just... I just want to touch myself. I want... God, I don't want to say it. I have to go. [sound indicating end of message]

[brief pause]

[beep, recording begins]

MAIN CHARACTER: [breathing heavy] I did something really bad in class today. I moved to the back row in the lecture hall—against the wall.... I sat in the back [uneven breathing], so that I was behind that disgusting creeper guy. I had my book open. And... professor was lecturing... and... he looked at me again. And I just had to touch myself. I had to touch my cunt. My hand was under my desk rubbing my pussy, and ... I he made eye contact. I don't think he saw me when I... I spread my legs. I couldn't help it. I just did it. I think he couldn't see past the row of chairs in front of me, but still... I... watched him. Oh god... I felt like.. like a piece of meat... on display. I \*wanted\* him to see me. I wanted him to fuck me. All I could think about what his cock. His hard, warm cock—what it would taste like. What it would feel like where my fingers were. I felt so... stupid. I felt so stupid touching myself in the middle of class like that, so I stopped. I forced myself to stop. My fingers were soaked. And I could smell myself on them for the rest of the class. I felt like ... I felt like such a slut. I don't think anyone saw. I don't think anyone noticed, but... I wanted them to. I think... God. I could've gotten in so much trouble... I don't know what to do! [sound indicating end of message]

[brief pause]

[beep, recording begins]

MAIN CHARACTER: It's three o'clock in the morning. I just... masturbated again. It's like... the seventh time today. I feel better now. It seems like I feel better right after I masturbate, but... I want a real cock so bad. I want his cock. I'm trying to be good. I'm trying so hard. But I don't know how much I can take. Sometimes I feel like my mind is going. Like I can't think. Like I just want to fuck. I just want to fuck. And when I go to class, and Professor looks at me, I just... want to be his slut. I want to be his whore. I want him to fuck me. I want him to use me. I want him to call me names... Nasty, disgusting names. I want him to tell me... what I am... his fuck hole. God. I hate myself. I hate myself. I'm worried that... the next time I see him, I'll do something... crazy! Can you help me? Please! I don't know who you are... I don't know why I'm calling you, but... there must be a reason. Can you help me? I went to the doctor, and he just gave me some pamphlets and told me to masturbate to release tension. He thinks it's my head... like I have a crush or something. He doesn't understand. My roommate—she called me a dumb slut this morning. And the things is, I think she's right. A dumb, worthless fucking slut. [masturbation sounds, whispered] Fuck! Fuck here I go again. I'm afraid I'm going to do something bad. Really bad. Can you help me? I feel like I'm losing my mind! Please? [sound indicating end of message]

[brief pause]

[beep, recording begins] [In the lecture hall. Sounds of the professor lecturing in the background] [in the foreground, it's clear she's masturbating... ]

MAIN CHARACTER: [breathing, crying, shlicking sounds. She whispers] I'm a dumb slut. I'm a dumb slut. I'm a dumb slut. Yes. Professor. Call me a whore. Call me a stupid bitch. I want to be your fuck-hole professor. Fuck my ass. Choke me. Pull my hair. Cum on my face. I'm a dumb slut. [getting louder] I'm a dumb slut! I'm a dumb slut! [getting louder—professor stops lecturing] I'm a dumb slut! I'm a dumb slut!

PROFESSOR [from the lecture hall stage]: Miss Richards? Miss Richards? Are you okay?

MAIN CHARACTER: I'm a dumb slut! I'm a dumb slut [louder, screaming it as she cums right in front of everyone. The rest of the class looks at her in stunned silence] Oh my god! I'm dumb slut! OH GOD! Oh, god! [moaning and panting. She is completely out of it throughout the remainder of the scene while people check on her and take care of her — see below]

PROFESSOR [in background from the stage]: Jeremy? Can you get up there to check on Miss Richards?

HELPFUL STUDENT #1: Of course [and then in foreground with her] Hey hey... hey.. Are you okay? Hey, take it easy? You're okay. Oh my god... I can see everything here. Professor? Uhm, there's something seriously wrong here. I think she needs some help.

PROFESSOR [from the stage]: Okay. Uh. Let's get her an ambulance. Can somebody—. Uh, Samantha, can you call 911 please?

HELPFUL STUDENT #2: [in background] Of course, Professor! Just a second...

HELPFUL STUDENT #1: [in foreground with her] Okay. You're okay. Let me take your phone, okay? No, let me have it... there you go. You're going to be okay. Everything's going to be fine.

[sound indicating end of message]

[LONGER PAUSE]

[beep, recording begins]

MAIN CHARACTER: [pause... light breathing] I'm... I'm in the hospital. They gave me back my phone, finally. [breathing] I feel okay right now. They have me... on some drugs. I don't know what they are, but they're helping. I know what I did, and now, I know what you did too. I know who you are. They told me not to call you again. They tried to erase your number from my phone, but I remember it. I wanted you to know that I know what you did.

You're a monster. How could you?

I know, that you're a grad student in the Neurology department. I know that you had access to some kind of secret project designed to remotely alter brain structure. And I know that... you're such a \*sick fuck\* that you wanted to experiment with it. You wanted to see if you could use it to turn a girl into your sex-slave. Into your mindless cock-obsessed little fuck hole. You remembered me from class, and you liked the way I ... looked... so... you tried to use it on me. Isn't that right?

But you screwed up didn't you? You had no idea what you were doing. Instead of \*your\* slave... you turned me into the professor's slave, and he didn't even know it. You fucked my head, and turned me into this... this slut. You even hard-wired your phone number into my brain somehow—so I would call you when I... came around to needing you so bad I couldn't help it anymore.

But then, when you realized you screwed up... instead of doing something about it while there was still time, you just... watched the show didn't you. Like I was an experiment. You watched me in class, you listened to the phone messages I left you, and you probably jerked off and laughed when you realized what you had done to me. Didn't you? Ha ha... look at the dumb desperate slut. Isn't she funny.

[calming down] The doctors tell me... I'll never be the same. They tell me what you did to me... can't be undone. I'm going to be on these fucking psychotropic drugs for the rest of my life, thanks to you. Without them, I'll turn into a... brainless, cock obsessed little whore—who gets off to being treated like trash. I'm sure that just turns you on. I'm sure you're just jacking off, thinking about that, aren't you? ... What you did to me. Fuck you.

The professor was so nice. He was so good to me at the hospital, and all I wanted was for him to ... rape me. Whenever I see him, I lose my mind. I can't ever see him again. I'll never be the same. I'll never be normal. I hope you're happy. I hope you come really hard thinking about what you did. Get it out of your system, cuz they're coming for you. And I don't mean the cops. Do you understand me? I didn't ask them to. I just want this to be over, but they're coming. And they're going to find you. And when they do? I don't know what they'll do to YOUR brain. So... all I'm saying is... you might want to turn yourself in, okay? I wouldn't wish this on anyone. Not even you...

[starting to breathe heavy] Uhh.... I need another pill. Nurse? Can I get another pill? Please? Ok. Ok. I'm sorry. I know I shouldn't be on the phone. I'll... I'll get off. Thank you. [breathing] ...

Well, I don't have anything else to say to you. So, goodbye, asshole. [sound indicating end of message]

-----

Hello everyone. Princess April here. This audio is made specifically to be listened to right after you listen to The Professor's Slut – When Mind Control Goes Wrong, and I'm here to give a little aftercare. I want you to hear my voice and to let you know that I'm okay. I'm not upset, and moreover, I'm not a monster. I wrote and performed this audio because I enjoy delving into the darker side of sexuality. This is a tough story, despite it being pretty fantastical. Obviously, the brainwashing techniques

mentioned just don't exist in the real world, but that's not the point, really. The point is to explore that "What if" factor. What if they DID exist, and what if someone used them on a poor, defenseless girl who had no idea what was coming. How would she react? What kinds of things would she go through. I write these audios to explore just that, and because I find the control and humiliation aspects of sexuality both arousing and fascinating. This is a fictional story. With fictional characters. It's a fantasy and nothing more. It was written to make you feel something—whether that feeling is arousal, concern, exhilaration or disgust—or a little bit of all of them, that's okay. It's okay to be aroused—and it's okay to be disturbed. I promise, it's just a story. It isn't real, and no one got hurt. It's okay to love this character. I do. I for one am grateful to have spent a little time in the head of this girl—to walk a little bit in her shoes, to feel her bravery as she struggles to fight something she has no control over. And to feel some of the helplessness, despair, and unfettered, uninhibited arousal she would feel having gone through this totally fantastic and impossible experience. So, I hope that helps you feel better, and maybe understand why I love to create these kinds of things. As always, take care of yourself and each other, and treat each other with compassion and empathy. What happens in our fantasies are just that—fantasy. And it's okay for us to explore even the darker ones, as long as they stay fantasy.