

I'm Gonna be a Good Wife for my Daddy

By Princess_April

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Dummy tag, Gonewildaudio, audio script, F4M, fsub, rape but not really, adoptive incest but not really, father-daughter, domestic servitude, belting, free use, blowjob, painal, facial, good little wife, masturbation, wet sounds, possible mind break, possible brainwashing, adults

[Script Offer][F4A]I'm Gonna be a Good Wife for my Daddy[fsub][rape] but not really[adoptive incest] but not really[father-daughter][domestic servitude][belting][free use][blowjob][painal][facial][good little wife][masturbation][wet sounds]possible [mind break]possible [brainwashing][adults]

[SYNOPSIS:A nineteen-year-old girl (the speaker) is brought in to talk to a police psychologist (the listener) about her "father", who's been arrested for raping and abusing her. The thing is, he's not really her father, and the girl insists he definitely didn't rape or abuse her. She's just trying to be a good little wife for her daddy. "Sure, he belts me when I'm a bad wife. Yes, he's a little rough with me when he uses me for sex, but that's just daddy. He's passionate, okay? Besides, I just want to make him happy. He definitely doesn't want me to work. I'm just supposed to take care of the house, clean the toilets, do his laundry and cook his food! That's what a good little wife would do! I don't know what's so hard to understand about that? Daddy didn't do anything wrong!" She refuses to press charges, and even gets so worked up explaining her situation that she slinks off to the bathroom to masturbate about how her daddy's going to marry her one day. Is she mind-broken? Or is she absolutely clear-headed and sane? Either way, you have absolutely no legal cause to hold her and her daddy, so... you let them go. What else can you do? **WARNING: This is a dark story of domestic servitude that plays havoc with the tropes of feminism, female subservience, the ideal of the 50s housewife, and confuses the issue with a surprisingly clear-headed girl who tells you shocking things about her home life. Mind the tags and tread carefully as always. This is a FANTASY, not a prescription for (or judgment about) real-life behavior.**

Thanks to my friend u/PrettyPlzKillMeNow for the prompt to write this story.

[PERFORMANCE NOTES: This girl is earnest and believe it or not... she's not completely out of her mind... at least I don't THINK she is. It's really up to you and how you play her. That said, I would SUGGEST leaving her sanity or her level-headedness an open question. Some of what she says is genuinely shocking, and despite her desire to be a "good wife" and be discreet, she sometimes can't help but be a bit of a motor-mouth and ramble on about some of the crazy stuff her daddy has made her do— sometimes even with a little glee. How she comes off is up to you, but I think it's most powerful when you leave an open question about whether she's really mind-broken (a very real possibility), or she's just... a true submissive who loves living this unusual lifestyle.]

[SFX: ALL SOUND EFFECTS ARE OPTIONAL! That said, the script calls for a bunch of them, especially at the end. All the SFX do is enhance immersion and help to make this real. You don't HAVE to include them—the story is powerful without them, so DON'T FEEL OBLIGATED. All that said, here are a list of the sound effects you'll see called out in the story:

Interview room door (open and close)
Rustling of paper (affidavit they ask her to sign)
Interview room door (opening)
Footsteps (in heels in echoey hallway)
Hallway echo effect
Bathroom door open and close
Echoey bathroom effect)
Bathroom stall open and close
Wet sounds (masturbation)
Toilet flush
Bathroom stall open and close
Footsteps (in heels)
Faucet turning on and off
Bathroom door open and close
Hallway echo effect
Footsteps (in heels) walking away.
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[OPTIONAL SFX: Door opens to the interview room – then closes.]

Oh, thank god! Someone is here. Look, there's been a really bad mistake! I don't understand what's going on.

Huh?

No, but my daddy shouldn't have been arrested. He didn't do anything wrong!

No!

What?

No, I don't want to sit down. I want to go home...

I don't want a drink of water. I'm fine...

Oh shoot! I've got a stain on my dress. [to herself] Daddy's not going to like that...

[to interviewer] Are you going to cover the dry-cleaning bill? I'm sure I only got it because this place is so filthy.

[as if they are looking at her funny] What?! It's a serious question!

I can't go around with a stain like this on my dress!

Huh?

Who **are** you anyway?

A psychologist?

I don't understand.

Okay, okay... I'll sit down and talk to you, okay? But daddy hasn't done anything wrong. I don't understand why you arrested him.

From the beginning? What beginning?

Okay... Well, my mom adopted me when I was 14. Before that I was in and out of foster homes for a while. But... I mean who cares?

I don't know my real parents. I've spent a lot of time trying to forget all that, okay? I don't want to talk about it.

What **about** my mom?

She was great! I loved her.

She got together with daddy when I was 16. Why?

They got married pretty quick. Yeah. It was a love for the ages, you know?

What?

Ew... No.

No, he didn't! Why are you trying to put words in my mouth? Daddy never did anything like that. He was a great dad! He was kinda strict, but I needed that. And he loved my mom, you know!

No, he never touched me! I mean... that didn't happen until after...

After I turned eighteen... Gosh, this is really personal. Why are you asking me these questions?

[sigh] Fine... it was after my mom died okay? About a year ago.

[sadly] Her death hit us both really hard.

She had a car accident.

It was awful...

Do we really have to talk about this?

Yeah, well... we were both really upset.

I couldn't even concentrate on my classes, so ... I dropped out of high school.

I don't know... I think I had a month until graduation?

Who cares? It didn't matter. Daddy said it was okay.

He even said he *wanted* me to drop out, you know? He said I was just wasting my time there anyway.

No, he was right! It wasn't like I was a model student or anything, and daddy didn't think I was cut out for getting a job anyway.

Just what I said! Daddy didn't want me to work. What?

Ok... that's a really personal question!

Who do you think you are?

Daddy doesn't want me to talk about that stuff.

He says its unseemly for a proper lady to--

Wait...

What are you charging him with?

Rape?!

Of who?

Me?!

But that's ridiculous!

[frustrated] No!

I can't believe this is happening!

Ok, fine... You want details? You win, okay?

Are you some kind of perv, or something?

Okay, fine... Well... daddy was really sad after mom died! And so was I, you know?

And I could tell he was kinda lonely. And one day... after I tried to make him dinner...

It didn't go very well; I was still learning to cook back then. Anyway, after he finished, he just was just like, looking at me.

With those sad blue eyes... and... I just felt so bad for him.

I apologized for the dinner, and I was like, "Dad, is there anything I can do?"

And he looked at me. You know... *looked* at me? And uhm... [giggle]

And then he asked me...

He was like... "Why don't you give your daddy a blowjob, princess?"

And at first I was like... wow... that's weird. [giggle]

But then I thought about it for a second, and I was like... yeah! That could be just the thing!

And I realized, like... I wanted to... you know?

So, I got on my knees... on the kitchen floor... in front of his chair... [small giggle]

And I unzipped his pants, and uhm... I gave my daddy a blowjob.

And it really cheered him up, you know?!

[giggle] I guess guys really like that.

It's kind of embarrassing... [giggle]

What?

No!

It felt natural.

Why are you trying to make me feel bad about it?

Yes, you are!

You're trying to tell me that he... made me do it? He didn't, okay? He finished in my mouth, and I swallowed it, and then I just... got up and did the dishes... [giggle]

Daddy went and watched TV, why?

No, I didn't mind. That's a woman's place, okay? In the kitchen, doing the dishes, while daddy watches TV or reads the paper.

Huh?

Oh no, daddy never officially adopted me. My mom did... he just married her. Why do you ask?

Look, he *is* my daddy, okay? Maybe not like... legally, but he is. Why do you care?

Anyway, yeah, I started giving him blowjobs at least once a day after that. And because I wasn't going to school and he had work, it was my job to take care of the house, you know?

I learned how to clean, and dust, and vacuum, and mop.... And daddy taught me how to do the windows and scrub all the toilets, and I tried all kinds of new recipes in the kitchen!

I even learned how to bake! Isn't that cool?!

I make the best chocolate chip cookies! You would die if you tried them!

Yeah! This really great recipe I got from an old book daddy got me.

Oh, daddy doesn't allow me to get on the internet... he says it's too dangerous.

No, really...

I don't have a smart phone... why?

Why are you looking at me like that? You look like your dog just died or something...

Are you seriously asking me that question?

[sigh] What about privacy?

No, no...[SLIGHT panic] I'll tell you, okay? Geez.

Uhhmm.... I think it was a few weeks after that first blowjob. He was in his depressed mode, you know? Sometimes he gets that way. He was missing mom, and he was so sad, and then he asked me if I wouldn't mind sleeping in his bed that night—just so he could feel somebody warm next to him again, you know?

And at first, I was like, well, that's a little weird...

But then I thought about it, and I realized—I was lonely too.

And I thought... yeah! That would be just the thing, you know?

So, I went into daddy's room, and... I took off my clothes...

And I got into bed with him...

And... well, you know...

We had sex. [bashful giggle]

[as if reacting to a shocked stare] What?

Don't look at me like that.

Why are you trying to ruin something so perfect?

It **wasn't** perverted. It was beautiful! A man and a woman sharing something special together!

I mean, yeah, he was... kinda rough but... that's just daddy. He's passionate, okay?

I don't know why you're so bothered by it. We both wanted it.

Change the subject? Oh, thank god!

Okay.... What now?

My dress?

Oh, thank you! Isn't it elegant!

Yeah! Dresses like these are all I wear now! Daddy buys them for me!

Well, he wants me to look pretty.

He has a strict rule, though... nothing above the knee.

Yeah, most of them are really fancy and pretty like this.

I know I'm only nineteen, but what does that have to do with anything?

What do you mean?

Who is June Cleaver?

[confused laugh]

Whatever... Daddy says this is how good little wives dress, okay?

Yeah, a good little wife. He doesn't believe in all that poisonous feminism stuff you see on the TV.

Well, I'm not really allowed to watch TV, but daddy shows me these old movies sometimes!

Look, I don't expect you to understand.

What do you mean?

Of course, I do the housework dressed like this.

Yeah, my heels too... why?

Daddy says I have to look pretty all the time, even when I'm on my knees scrubbing the kitchen floor. What's the problem?

In fact... [giggle] did you know Daddy pays for me to get mani-pedi's every week?

It's at this cute little strip mall place where they don't speak English...

Daddy says I shouldn't be talking to those girls anyway. It's best if they just concentrate on their work.

He says girls shouldn't neglect their nails... and he likes the color pink on me, so—see? Aren't they cute?

Yeah, I get my toenails done for him too, but daddy says I'm not supposed to show my toes off in public, so my heels cover them up. They're just for him. [giggle]

What? Don't you ever do things just because the person you love wants you to?

Of course!

Daddy does stuff for me all the time!

[starting to get a little rambly] Well, like... he takes me shopping for dresses and lingerie. He takes me to get my hair done. He told me to grow my hair out, so I looked prettier for him, you know? And then he took me to this old woman, and I learned how to style it, so it was... "home-maker perfect", he called it!

Do you like it? [giggle]. I can do all kinds of styles now!

Let's see... what else...? Oh, he took me to this salon, where this girl taught me how to do my makeup properly. It turns out I never learned how to do it right when I was in high school. Daddy said a good little wife shouldn't look like a whore, so...

He also bought me this necklace. Isn't it pretty? And these earrings?

No, but... what is *wrong* with that?

[slight pause]

You know what I think? I think you're jealous... of me and daddy? Did you ever stop to think that maybe you're not happy because you're living some insane modern lifestyle?

I just know my place, okay... and I'm not telling you what to do or anything, but maybe you'd be a lot happier if you figured out your place too....

I bet you haven't had sex in a while, huh?

[slight gasp] [pause]

Oh my gosh...

[sigh] I'm sorry. Daddy would be mad if he heard I'd said that...

I'm really sorry... that was disrespectful and uncalled for.

Don't tell daddy, okay?

[relief] Ok... thank you...

Hm?

Does he punish me?

Of course, he does...

When I'm a bad wife.

[frustrated sigh] I know I'm not his wife... yet. But you know what I mean!

[as if it's obvious] Yyyeah... when I do bad, daddy uses the belt on me.... why?

But I deserve it!

[getting rambly again] Okay, like this one time, I tried to cook daddy a steak on the fancy gas grill in the backyard, okay? I was being really stupid... and I didn't realize that girls aren't allowed to do that, so I tried it, and I ended up burning it. Daddy likes his steak pretty rare.

So anyway, when daddy got home from work, I had his steak and potatoes all ready for him at six O'clock sharp... that's when daddy likes his dinner. And I just had a salad, of course. Daddy makes me eat salads mostly, cuz he says a good wife has to have a good figure, so I'm not allowed to eat fattening foods... you know.

But, when daddy realized what I did, and that I touched his grill even though I'm just a dumb wife, he got pretty mad... So, he bent me over the table—so that my face was just above his burned steak...

He pulled up my dress, and pulled down my panties. And took his belt off, and... he belted me.

Yeah, he hit me really hard. He was really mad.

Yeah, I guess I screamed a little, but I'm sure it sounded a lot worse than it was.

Wait, how do you know that?

Did you talk to our busy-body neighbors or something?

Of course, I cried! It hurt! I had welts on my bottom for like, a couple weeks after that.

Is that what this is about? Because daddy used the belt on me!?

Well, they need to mind their own business okay?

Of course he had to punish me! I deserved it! A good little wife doesn't try to use the complicated gas grill. I could've hurt myself! That's a man's work. And a good wife definitely doesn't burn daddy's dinner!

Would you stop saying that?

One day, Daddy *is* gonna marry me and make it official, no matter what you say!

Yeah, I get punished all the time.

Well, I'm still learning okay?! I screw up a lot!

Like when I put that red shirt in with daddy's whites in the laundry. I had welts for a couple weeks after that too. And that time when I got lazy and stopped scrubbing the back of the toilets.

Daddy was hopping mad about that... so... what else was he supposed to do? He bent me over the toilet, and gave me the belt.

Abuse?!

No, it's just discipline, okay? Daddy says I need it!

[OPTIONAL SFX: rustling of paper]

Wait, what is this?

Read it? Well... okay, but... sometimes I have trouble understanding... usually daddy helps me with stuff like this...

No, I can read. I just... give me a second okay?

[pause – then sigh]

[flatly] No.

No!

I am NOT signing this...

I don't need to read the rest! It says right in the first couple sentences that my daddy raped and abused me?

That's insane!

If that's why I'm here... If this is what you want, it's not happening, okay?

I'm a good wife!

[reciting, convincing herself] I'm a good little wife for my daddy! And he's gonna marry me! You'll see!

No, I'm not gonna let you brainwash me against him!

Daddy warned me about people like you...

Career? Why would I want a career?

Daddy says girls can't handle jobs like that. He says I can barely manage being a halfway decent homemaker, so I should just concentrate on getting better at that.

No but... daddy's going to marry me, so why would I want to go back to school?

Why are you shaking your head? I don't get what's so hard to understand about that.

Just clearing the air? It sounds like you're trying to trick me.

Well, okay, but...

Well, what else do you want to know?

What?

Oh my god! That's private... medical information! It's none of your business! How do you even know that?

[frustrated sigh] Yes... I have an IUD, okay?

I don't know what it stands for... what does it matter?

Of course, I know what it *is*! It's a birth control device.

Wow, this is like super invasive! Daddy would definitely not want me talking about this.

No, it's that special kind. It releases hormones or something—so I pretty much don't get periods anymore.

I don't remember when I got it... Eight or nine months ago, I guess? You tell me, you're the one who seems to know everything about my medical history.

Yeah, daddy wanted me to get it. Why?

What! He did NOT!

I told the doctor I wanted it, I signed the piece of paper, and that was it!

Of course, daddy was there! He helped me understand the forms...

He wanted me to get it, so he didn't have to worry about me being stupid about birth control, okay? So, he wouldn't get me pregnant.

He doesn't want any more children, I mean, except me [giggle]. And besides... he didn't like it when I get my period, so now, he can just have sex with me anytime he wants you know?

Daddy says a good wife should always be available for her husband—whenever he wants her.

Like this one time, I was in the laundry room, folding laundry, and daddy came up behind me, and pushed me against the machine, and uhm... [giggle] You know... he pulled my dress up and, and he just started having sex with me.

Yeah, he just stuck it in me.

Of course, I didn't say no!

You don't say no to your husband! [chuckle]

You just have to stop what you're doing and let him finish. Everybody knows that's what a good wife is supposed to do.

So, wait... you wanna know what else daddy has me do?

[rambly again, she can't help herself—she's an over-sharer] Well, he makes me shave my legs and pussy every morning? Because he likes it when I'm really smooth, you know? And he likes it when I wear thigh highs and this really skimpy lingerie under my dresses... I mean only he gets to see it, but it makes him happy that I always have it on. It's really racy, actually [giggle]

[just happily yammering on] Oh! And he also makes me put lube in my ... you know... my back door? Daddy calls it my back door. Anyway, I'm s'posed to put lube in it at least once a day so I can be ready for him if he wants to use me there. And come to think of it, that's what happened that day—you know, in the laundry room?

I mean, he was just using my pussy, and he really likes that because he says my pussy is really tight? But sometimes that's not enough for him, and he kinda likes making me take him in my back door, even though it kinda hurts.

I mean it feels good too... sometimes, but anyway. He put it in my back door, and it was really painful at first, and I screamed and begged daddy to slow down, but I was so glad I had lubed it up, because even

though he was kinda rough, it eventually started to feel okay, you know? I mean it's not my favorite, but daddy really likes it. And daddy says a good little wife needs to get her back door used every now and then, even if it hurts, so that she understands that her husband is free to use her however he wants. You know, so that she understands her place?

And he's right you know... getting used in your back door really does help put things in perspective [giggle].

[happily prattling on] And of course, daddy was spanking me, and choking me, and I think that time he even ripped my dress. He's ripped a lot of my dresses, but that's okay because mom taught me how to sew when I was younger, and daddy buys me new dresses all the time anyway.

I mean he was just so excited! And he's so strong too! He just yanked on it so all the buttons popped off, and he could get at my breasts. Daddy really likes groping my breasts while he uses my back door. And he likes to choke me too—cuz I guess he likes the sounds I make when he does that.

No... but... this is what you wanted to hear right?

Wait... Do you want to know what he did after he gave me a bunch of bruises on my breasts and finished using my back door?

He grabbed me by the hair, and messed it up, and then he used his hand to jerk himself off on my face.

And you know what? That was the day... he finally told me... I was a good little wife...

[happy giggling]

Yeah... [giggle]. I mean couldn't really see very well because... my face was a mess. I was really sore in my back door, and... my breasts were pretty tender, and my throat kinda hurt too, but ... it was really cool. [giggle]

And that's when he told me to finish the laundry and make him some dinner. [giggle]

And after that he pulled his pants up and went and watched some TV.

[awkward pause]

And that was it...

Anyway... that was probably one of those times when the neighbors heard us and complained, and maybe that's what's in your little file there. But all I can tell you is that was a beautiful moment of intimacy between two totally consenting adults, and I don't appreciate you or anyone else, including our stupid nosy neighbors poking their heads into OUR business--trying to villainize my daddy, and cast me as the victim, okay?

It's just... not... true.

Daddy warned me this might happen, and I didn't believe him, but... I guess he was right.

No... you know what? I've answered your questions. And... I mean, daddy doesn't like me to swear, cuz he says properly behaved little wives don't use that kind of language, but... you guys have been really terrible to me. And even if daddy belts me for it, and he probably will... I'm still gonna tell you what I really think...

Go fuck yourselves.

[pause]

Got it!?

[pause – let it sink in]

I can't help it if your just jealous. Go get your own daddy...

Anyway, I'm *not* signing that piece of paper... So, can daddy and I go home now, please?

[frustrated sigh] Yeah, well, you talk to whoever you need to talk to, okay?

Do you guys at least have a lady's room around here? I *really* need to... you know... powder my nose.

Thank you...

[OPTIONAL SFX: Door opening] Where is it?

Down the hall?

Okay... thanks.

[OPTIONAL SFX: Footsteps in heels down the hallway, as her breathing becomes more pronounced and labored]

[OPTIONAL SFX: Door opens and closes—stall door opens and closes as she's breathing hard now]

[OPTIONAL SFX: rustling of clothing, fabric]

[whispered] God... I'm so...wet. [panting as she pulls up the skirt of her dress]

[whining] I don't want to be a bad wife, but... I need daddy to have sex with me... [panting]

[OPTIONAL SFX: she starts touching herself throughout]

[panting] I want to marry my daddy... [moan]

I'm a good little wife, daddy.

I'm not saying anything bad about you...

Oh, I'm gonna be the best.... little... wife for you daddy. [moan, panting]

Oh, I'm gonna be a good little maid...

A good little ... [embarrassed whisper] slut...

Oh, I need daddy to use me... [building herself up to orgasm]

I can't wait... until we're married...

[moan] you can belt me when I'm bad, daddy.... I want you to...

I'll be a good wife...

Just... right now I need to cum...

I'm sorry daddy... your bad little wife is gonna cum on the toilet...

[She cums--improv a few seconds]

[breathing / recovering]

I guess I should flush, huh?

[OPTIONAL SFX: She flushes the toilet. Stall door opens]

[half whispers to herself] Ok... my dress is still clean—except for that stupid stain.

[whispered] Oh no... it's a little wrinkled though.

Shoot.

[OPTIONAL SFX: a couple footsteps]

Oops... daddy would want me to wash my hands... [She turns on the faucet to wash her hands, etc.]

[half whispered] Ok... there...

Back to it, I guess...

[OPTIONAL SFX: Door Opens, closes]

[A few steps on her heels- walking—still in the hallway]

Oh... hi.

Look, do you still want to talk to me, because... I don't think you can just keep me here like this—

What?

Oh.... Really?

So, I can go home?

Ok...

What about daddy?

Oh good. Ok, I'll just wait for him in the lobby, then.

What?

Be careful of what?

Look, I know you think daddy is some kind of monster or something.... And I know you think you're doing the right thing by trying to warn me or whatever, but... [she's cut off]

[flatly—cutting THEM off] No. I've been really cooperative, and I'm actually pretty sure I shouldn't have talked about all that private stuff in the first place. I'm not sure what a good wife would do... but... my daddy loves me. He's gonna marry me someday, you know.

I just don't understand why you hate him so much.

No, I'm done listening to you. Just... daddy says it's not polite to talk back to your... superiors, I guess? And I'm really sorry about what I said before, but... I guess I just don't have anything polite to say to you anymore.

No, I don't want your card, I'm not gonna call you... I'm just gonna go wait for my daddy.

Can I go now?

Ok. Thank you.

Bye.

[OPTIONAL SFX: Walking down the hall]

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