# BELLE

## NOTES

This is the script for Belle. It will be the conclusion of the Princess series. It draws inspiration from Beauty and the Beast.

It is being voiced by Bliss as Belle, myself as the Beast, and Lynniegal as the friend (and reactions.)

It’s already been recorded. It should be released this month, along with Alice. I intend to continue the Alice series.

This script is unusual in a few respects. First, it’s narration in story format, with heated interludes. I have no intention of abandoning the more pure spacy and wish fulfilling audio. Still, I like to periodically do something that’s both horny and elevated.

Secondly, it steps away from pure degradation. It is still fantasy, but it moves toward healthier and more equitable kink dynamics. In doing so, I hope and believe it doesn’t abandon any of the surreal intensity that characterizes most of the things I create.

To be quite clear, “beast” in this instance is a fantasy construction of a curse. It does not imply any sort of congress with animals!

In addition to the folklore derived source material, I draw on “The Bloody Chamber” by Angela Carter.

CW: Monster, magic, fantasy, implication of mind control, voluntary consent, all characters, humiliation, ENM.

## SCRIPT

### Chapter One: Curse

BELLE NARRATOR: Once upon a time, in a not so distant town in the north woods of New England, there lived a beast.

No one knew him as a beast. Not at first.

His students sometimes found him stern and intense, but all of them grew fond of his quiet authority. Some grew *intensely* fond.

The people of his rustic town thought him kind and charming. He was from elsewhere, but he remembered birthdays and names and he came to their fairs and canned food drives.

They didn’t know.

Not yet.

Miles of trees and hills shielded the townspeople from his farmhouse. They didn’t hear him change into a beast.

They didn’t hear the crop whistling through the air. They didn’t hear it land on the quivering ass of his latest prey. They didn’t hear her yelp in ecstatic pain or murmur in cowed obedience.

Now and then, a hiker or a letter carrier might hear a moo or a bark coming from the farmhouse. You expect moos and barks from farmhouses, of course. They thought nothing of it. When another professor winced when sitting down, the faculty thought nothing of it. When the waitress at the diner picked up a dropped fork and accidentally showed her rainbow bruises, the patrons thought nothing of it. No one put the puzzle pieces together.

The witch changed all of that.

When a witch moved to town, it was fated that she meet the beast. It took time, though. Her residency placed her clear across campus. He never darkened the door of her crystal shop or attended her magic workshops. After all, he had his own magic. He didn’t need a star chart when he could taste his spells dripping down a fuckpuppet’s lips.

They met where you might expect a witch and beast to meet.

They met in the woods. She was already deep in her moonlight ritual. Her skirt was fully hiked up and her hips were bucking on her stone altar. She might well have summoned him to finish what she started. He certainly did. She showed him her magic, and he showed her his beast.

They were almost inseparable after that night. Pain and magic go well together, and they seemed to complement each other perfectly. She wore his collar within a week. Within a month, she spent all her nights in his woods or in the west wing of the farmhouse. She obeyed his rules and wore only cuffs and collars when they were together.

Their bliss proved short-lived though. The witch was a jealous lover. The beast was, in his way, a gentleman. He ravaged and humiliated the women he shackled in the west wing, but they were always more than just cumdumps to him. He maintained his ties to them, and the witch grew discontent.

He never broke the terms of their contract, but the witch felt her intuitions exceeded mundane contracts. When she accused him of spiritual cheating, his baffled expression just tossed kindling on her rage. His stammering explanations made it an inferno.

The beast never understood the word “toxic”. To him, it always seemed like a vague catchall insult, grown from the moist soil of chat show psychology. When he heard the witch spit it at him, though, he understood. He heard it in her snarl. He felt it when she laid her curse. Her logic might have been cryptic, but her magic was powerful.

She made him a beast. Her curse matched his appearance with the monster she saw inside him. To her, it seemed very fair. He took her humanity again and again. He made her a pet when they played fetch and pant and toybounce. He made her a drink holder and a cumrag and a fleshlight. It was her turn.

Where he had hair, he grew matted and tangled fur.

Where he had nails, he grew hard horn as she giggled at her pun.

He grew larger and more feral – but the world no longer no had space for him.

Ashamed and afraid, the Beast concealed himself inside his farmhouse. Delivery drivers and tenure kept him alive, but he had no real window to the world.

She left him isolated and bereft, with a single rose to remember her.

She said if he could truly learn to love another and earn her love in return by the time the last petal fell, then the spell would be broken.

If not... he would be doomed to remain a beast.

### Chapter Two: Gate

SFX PAGE TURN

BELLE NARRATOR: The Beast was surely cursed, but he certainly didn’t SEEM cursed in love.

He had the face of a demon, but he seemed blessed.

[lowers voice] You should know something about women.

It’s, well – an open secret.

[lower again] We love beasts.

We NEED them.

We crave them.

The Beast’s window to the world may have narrowed, but he still had all sorts of holes in his life.

When he was with the witch, he fulfilled his obligations to his thralls and toys politely. Now, he fulfilled them and filled them rudely.

[slowly, sneaking in a self touch] Disrespectfully. Over and over and over.

[sharp intake, composing herself] At his core, of course, he remained respectful. He cared for his stable. He just no longer had the time or inclination to clothe his desires. They were on display in the farmhouse. His guests left their clothes and their masks at the dark red door. It was a house rule, and they all obeyed the Beast.

They broke one rule, though. After they left the farmouse dazed and dreamy and dripping down their legs, they broke the code of silence. They whispered about the delights of a beast in full rut. They whispered to each other, sparking waves of curiosity and desire. Sometimes, the whisperers wanted exactly that. On some nights, the beast needed two at a time for satisfaction. And if he needed it, his toys needed it. They needed him in heat.

SFX wave of “please” with multiple voices

BELLE NARRATOR: The tales of primal rut were all true – but they were also recruiting.

SFX wave of “please let me please” with multiple voices

BELLE NARRATOR: They got their wish.

The beast availed himself of the waves of women crashing against his door. After all, he was isolated, and his needs were intense. Those needs were strong when he was as a man. As a beast, he was insatiable. Still, his women tried.

They served him, however he asked, whenever he asked, with any friends and every hole. They please him well, and they earned their time in his playground.

SFX moan cascade

BELLE NARRATOR: It was a perfect playground for his perfect pleasers. The thick carpets let them drop to their knees or all fours with a snap of his horned nails.

SFX snap

BELLE NARRATOR: He treasured his toy girls, and he kept all sorts of toys for the toys latched to the walls.

He liked three toys the best.

[deliberate and slow] Candle – clock – mirror.

SFX start clock tick

BELLE NARRATOR: The burning candle gave them a place to focus he granted their pleas and let them in to please.

The ticking clock matched the rhythm of his needs. It kept them in line. Bobbing heads and bucking hips matched his own craving. It echoed in their heads long after after they offered up their bodies.

Every pleaser hears different clock whispers. Some hear sucking and licking. They feel the tick in their mouth. Some hear riding and bucking. They feel it in their hips and clits. Wherever they feel it, though, the pattern’s always the same. It gets louder than thought, until they know. The patterns what matters.

Once they gave in to ticks and puppet thoughts, the beast treasured one game the most. He puts every girl on all fours and walks her in front of the mirror.

She stares, giggling and dripping and dribbling, as he growls and pumps deep inside. It’s a special mirror – a magic mirror. It shows true selves. We all wear masks, but the mirror sees past that. It sees what you need. You might need puppet strings pulled or you might need slapped like a slut or milked til you moo. You’ll see it in the mirror. The mirror always tells the truth.

The witch kept her own magic mirror. She gazed into it every day and scried all this from a distance. She never forgot her beast. Watching the farmhouse turn to harem made her seethe. Still, she saw the path to her revenge. The Beast’s women were enthralled and addicted, but no one would describe their bondage as love.

To earn and learn true love, the Beast would need someone different from his sexpuppets and supplicants. He needed someone to see him as more than fantasy. That proved difficult, though. He was almost permanently hard, sequestered in a farmhouse smelling of drenched cunt. Everyone he saw viewed him as a carnal dream.

He needed more than strength or wisdom. He needed some luck.

He got some luck, too. With his curse and his struggle, it was a matter of time before he got dealt some better cards. He got two cards.

First, a woman came to town.

Belle.

SFX bell ring

BELLE NARRATOR: She was – IS brilliant and bookish – but bouncy and beautiful at the same time.

[saucy, because she’s talking about herself] She’s also an EXCELLENT storyteller.

She was different than the other thrillseekers and puppets and pleasure addicts.

She was a healer. She was a teacher, of course, just like everyone else in the vlllage – but she was a healer first.

She healed more than bodies. She came to the town to heal minds. With her soothing tones and gentle kindness, she felt perfectly suited to her calling.

Her calling led her to sense the Beast. She only sensed him, like a distant shadow. His toys whispered to each other, but otherwise, they knew the rules. Candle clock and mirror aren’t for outsiders.

Still, she spent hours and hours nodding sympathetically and watching. She saw the hidden smiles and she sensed the words that made so many go blank. She knew something happened at that farmhouse, something that *changed* people.

Just knowing a shadow didn’t help the Beast though. He already lived in shadows and whispers. They couldn’t break the curse.

He got lucky again, though, when she came to his doorstep.

She was walking with Sophie, her mentor, coming home from a night of singing and drinking, when the wolves started following them.

Belle knew she attracted stares, even in her modest skirt and sensible shoes. She was bright and self-possessed, but a certain kind of bottom feeding wolf always viewed her as prey. The worst kind of wolves followed them that night. They liked to think of themselves as alpha wolves. They were accustomed to flattering Greek letters, after all. They were nothing of the sort, though. They were just rabid puppies. Boozed up and barking, they leered and snarled and loped closer until Belle and Sophie started running.

SFX running

BELLE NARRATOR: They escaped the wolves.

SFX gate slam

BELLE NARRATOR: and found their way to the Beast’s doorstep, but it was more than luck.

Sophie knew the way.

She had spent many nights in the West Wing, begging and bent over the sawhorse. Her mind forgot parts, but her parts remembered. Her cunt remembers, and her cunt guided her feet through and to his front door.

Her cunt remembered the way, and her cunt remembered the code.

SFX Gate slam. Transition to third person scene

BEAST: Running in unannounced is against every rule.

SOPHIE: I know, Sir. I’m sorry.

BEAST: You know the penalty.

SOPHIE: I Know the penalty.

BEAST: You know what happens now.

SOPHIE: I know. I’m ready.

SFX unzip

SOPHIE: [finger lick] VERY ready.

BEAST: I know you’re – always ready.

SOPHIE: Mmm hmm!

BEAST: I remember.

BEAST: I NEED a new maid, and I think I still have your uniform.

SFX tosses clothing

SOPHIE: Thank you, Sir.

BEAST: You remember – you don’t go out of uniform and you don’t go out of here. That’s not how your life works now.

SOPHIE: Yes, Sir.

[pause]

SOPHIE: Yes, Master.

BELLE IN SCENE: But her papers!

BELLE IN SCENE: Her patients!

BEAST: I hope they’re well, and I’m very sorry that their doctor’s a servant now. Still, trespass is trespass.

BEAST: Rules are rules.

SOPHIE: [chiding] Rules are rules.

BELLE IN SCENE: Well, maybe they SHOULDN’T be.

BEAST: You don’t decide that.

SOPHIE: We don’t decide that.

BEAST: For you, the rules just ARE.

BEAST: Who ARE you anyways?

SOPHIE: She’s Belle.

SOPHIE: She’s new.

BEAST: And why are you here?

BEAST: Come to stare at the Beast?

[pause]

BELLE IN SCENE: No!

[pause]

BELLE IN SCENE: [horny] I mean… maybe.

[pause]

BELLE IN SCENE: [defiant] I’m not here to stare, though! I’ve come to take her place!

SOPHIE: Belle!

BELLE IN SCENE: Sophie!

SOPHIE: Belle!

BELLE IN SCENE: Sophie, you’ve had that practice FOREVER. And your chair! It’s ENDOWED!

BEAST: She’s endowed.

BELLE IN SCENE: They NEED you. The department NEEDS you.

SOPHIE: You don’t know. You don’t know how it is here.

BELLE IN SCENE: I can learn! I did customer service for years.

SOPHIE: This is different. This is different service.

BELLE IN SCENE: Because of the uniform? I’ve worn a uniform!

SOPHIE: You ONLY wear the uniform now.

SOPHIE: It’s not customer service. It’s everything.

SOPHIE: Service is your purpose now.

BEAST: Service is your purpose.

SOPHIE: Service is my purpose.

BEAST: Your purpose is service.

SOPHIE: My purpose is service.

BEAST: [to belle} YOUR purpose is service.

BEAST: [pause] Say it!

BELLE IN SCENE: [hesitant] My – my purpose is service?

BELLE IN SCENE: [more confident] Service is my purpose.

SFX transition bell

### Chapter Three: Castle

BELLE NARRATOR: [she’s admitting that the story’s about her now, going for it] Service WAS my purpose.

Not the way YOU’RE thinking.

The Beast was a perfect gentleman – and I was a perfect maid.

Almost.

I always wore the right uniform.

I always WEAR the right uniform.

SFX skirt slip, giggle

BELLE NARRATOR: I AM a perfect maid.

I swept and fluffed and cleaned and polished.

I wound the clocks until they ticked just right.

[dazed] They always have to tick just right.

He put the clocks in my room, so I learn how they ticktock.

I learn it when I sleep.

He put the clock in my room and the candle in the hall with the mirror.

I watch the candle every night. It’s part of my service.

I watch it and I look In the mirror.

I watch the candle and I listen to the clocks and I think about my purpose.

I think about it all the time.

Every tick.

I hear the bell and it just comes out.

It drips.

SFX bell

Service is my purpose.

My purpose is service.

I AM a perfect maid.

I know what you’re thinking. [slight moan, licks finger]

[drops voice, naughty] I’m thinking it too.

I thought it.

Every night.

I dreamed it.

I dreamed about the beast.

I dreamed about the wing, and what happens there.

REAL service.

My real purpose.

I knew it was there.

I knew because it’s forbidden.

The Beast was a gentle man – and a gentleman.

He still is.

I wasn’t ready for the wing.

It was in the rules. I remember. All of them.

SFX bell ring

BELLE NARRATOR: Service is my purpose.

My purpose is service.

I wind the clocks twice a day.

I change the candles.

I polish the mirrors.

I look in the mirror.

I sleep with my door open.

No closed doors in this house.

I never walk out.

And I could never ever open the red door.

It was a rule.

I cleaned near it and around it.

Sometimes I heard noises.

B…

Master.

Master and… someone else?

Sometimes I thought…

[lowers voice] I thought I SMELLED something.

Nothing bad.

Something good.

It made me… [clears throat]

It made me FEEL things.

Then it made me DREAM things.

I dreamed about the room.

I dreamed about the room and I woke up and I saw in the mirror.

I saw dream self.

I wake up but she stays in the mirror.

I saw.

[lowers voice] I see.

I knew then. I knew she was different from me, but I knew she’d be me.

Master’s a perfect gentleman.

And Master’s a gentle man.

But Master’s not gentle with her.

She’s a different Belle.

I see her in the mirror.

She’s has a different name.

He doesn’t have to be gentle with her.

He growls and he calls her Ding Dong.

[lower voice] I wanted to be her.

I wanted to be Ding Dong – SO BAD. [this turns hornier, through the rest of the scene. This progresses to dazed open masturbation]

BELLE NARRATOR: She gets the REALLY special uniform, so he can always see everything and touch.

She gets the collar – and the leash – and sometimes she gets walkies.

She gets to go in the Wing – and I know what happens there.

I knew.

That’s where Ding Dong gets to serve.

Really serve.

Fully serve.

I needed to serve.

I knew. I needed to be Ding Dong.

I need to be Ding Dong.

When I slept, she came out.

[lowers voice, she’s transitioning to masturbating]

I’d wake up and I knew – Belle looked in the mirror and Ding Dong looked back.

I was SO JEALOUS.

I know Ding Dong gets to serve Master.

REALLY serve. Like full service.

I cooked and cleaned and washed and straightened – but I wanted more.

Ding Dong got more – lots more.

BEAST: [grunts and moans punctuate the remainder of the scene, layered in]

BELLE NARRATOR: I heard the grunts.

I saw her in the mirror.

J mean – I saw ME in the mirror, and I knew what would happen.

The bruises.

The collar and the buzzy belt.

The cum dripping down her chin.

All down her legs. My legs.

She gets so drippy, and it makes me drippy.

She know she’s Master’s favorite, so I know she’s Master favorite so I know I’m gonna Master’s favorite.

I know, because Ding Dong knows. She’s the best Belle.

He straps her down and fucks her throat and fucks her ass and stretchs out every hole.

She gets to do real service.

Legs spread airhead service.

I see what it does to her.

She’s serving all the time so she’s wet all the time so she’s rubbing all the time.

I knew because I dreamed it.

I’d wake up and see Ding Dong so I’d be Ding Dong.

My hand was all the way in the panties and I was fucking my fingers.

I always woke up on the edge – right on the edge.

RIGHT on the edge.

Fucking my fingers and babbling Ding Dong words.

She gets new rules.

SFX bell

BEAST: Rub and play.

BELLE IN SCENE: Rub and play!

BEAST: Rub all day.

BELLE IN SCENE: Rub all day!

BEAST: Good girls rub their minds away.

BELLE IN SCENE: Good girls rub our minds away!

BELLE IN SCENE: Rub and play!

BELLE IN SCENE: Rub all day!

BELLE IN SCENE: Good girls rub our minds away!

[nearly climaxes, doesn’t, gasps]

BELLE IN SCENE: I’m a good girl.

BELLE NARRATOR: I saw it in the mirror.

I rub and play til I rub my mind away then I get to be Ding Dong and I get to serve Master.

TOTALLY.

I’ll serve him and swallow him and I’ll keep EVERY hole wet and ready.

I need my Beast.

I’ll be in heat for him.

BELLE IN SCENE: I AM in heat for him.

Can’t stop touching.

BELLE NARRATOR: I WAS in heat for him .

I’m a good girl, but I’m a bad girl too.

I was a bad girl.

I broke the rule.

I went through the red door.

I went into the wing.

I had to.

I was in heat too.

He found me in there.

Already on the special table.

Dribbling all down my chin.

I came three times just from fucking the crop.

I came when he walked inside.

I had to – I was over the edge.

I had to keep rubbing.

He looked down at me and glared but I had to keep

BELLE IN SCENE: fucking my fingers!

Fucking my fingers like a dumb cunt in heat!

Fucking my fingers like a Ding Dong!

BELLE NARRATOR: I knew I was in big trouble.

BELLE IN SCENE: [liking it] I thought maybe he’d slap me.

Or spank me…

Or beat me…

BELLE NARRATOR: He did something else.

He surprised me.

BELLE IN SCENE: Are you – are you angry Master?

BEAST: I’m not angry. Just disappointed.

BELLE IN SCENE: Ohhh – Master…

BEAST: Not in you. Just in myself. I should have seen this coming.

BELLE IN SCENE: What – what do you have to do to me, Master?

BELLE IN SCENE: How are you punishing me?

BEAST: You can go.

BELLE IN SCENE: Oh – I’m sorry Master!

BELLE IN SCENE: Do I – I have to go?

BEAST: You don’t have to go. You decide that now.

BEAST: I’m not kicking you out. I’m just telling you - you’re free.

BEAST: You decide what you want – and you decide it with eyes wide open.

BELLE IN SCENE: My eyes are wide open.

BEAST: No tricks or clicks or tocks or ticks. You see what I am.

BELLE IN SCENE: Yes, Master.

BEAST: I don’t have to be your Master, Belle.

BELLE IN SCENE: I want it.

BEAST: You know what I am, Belle.

BELLE IN SCENE: I need it. I need to be Ding Dong.

BEAST: I did this to Sophie.

BELLE IN SCENE: She’s lucky! I hope she comes back, but I want you. All of you.

BEAST: I’m an animal, Belle.

BELLE IN SCENE: Please – call me Ding Dong. Please let me please.

BEAST: I **have to** do this. It’s part of me.

BEAST: I see a Princess – I see her mirror, and I have to show it to her.

BEAST: I take her and I train her and I show her.

BELLE IN SCENE: I want it.

BELLE IN SCENE: I need it.

BELLE IN SCENE: Please!!!

BELLE IN SCENE: I need to see. I need THEM to see.

BELLE IN SCENE: I’ll train them with you.

BELLE IN SCENE: [lowers voice] I’ll be a Beast too.

SFX enchantment transition

BELLE NARRATOR: That’s the day the rose bloomed.

The rose bloomed and the Beast earned and learned true love.

The curse lifted – if there ever was a curse..

He didn’t have to be a Beast anymore.

I didn’t have to be Ding Dong.

I didn’t have to dress in the special uniform and crawl every time I go outside.

I don’t HAVE to wake him up with his cock down my throat every morning.

I don’t HAVE to take the princesses here and show them the mirror.

I don’t HAVE to help teach them and train them and shape them into servants.

I know I don’t HAVE to be a beast – and neither does he.

BELLE IN SCENE: [lower voice] But I know…

BELLE IN SCENE: We like it.

SFX Gate Slam