

Terms Of Use:

1. 📋 Improvisation rules:

A) Orgasms: don't make the woman orgasm or add lines about making her cum. No orgasm countdowns.

B) Don't add dogs or heat play. Don't call anyone "kitten" or "little one".

2. **Major changes:** don't do this without my written permission.

Preserve the plot and tone. Don't change or remove consent, characterization, gender, genitalia, or physical descriptors, and don't add or expand aftercare.

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4. 🛑 Don't post my script to any archives or websites.

5. 📄 Credit me as the author; link to [my Reddit profile](#) and my script offer. Don't link directly to this file.

Tags:

[F4M] [script offer] **Arcadian Shore** [narrative] [Summer nights]

[PTA] [nostalgia] [BPD] [disabled speaker] [online relationship] [fantasy relationship] [ghosted] [loneliness] [anorgasmia-friendly] [alcohol]

[Under 1K]

Summary: Looking back at what could have been but never was.

Names & endearments: none

Word count: 720

Narrative tone:

1. The speaker is looking back with distance of about a year or more, on a failed pseudo-relationship with someone she met online.
2. Due to her mental illness, she has trouble separating fantasy from reality. She got lost in her fantasies about him, building a life for them in her head that wasn't anchored in reality, but was very real to her. She is mourning the loss of that.

Formatting notes:

- Paragraph breaks indicate the speaker is pausing.
- **Bold font** is used for word emphasis.
- (FX) is for sound effect suggestions, which are optional.
- [Square brackets] are inflection and tone of voice.

- (Blue text in parentheses) is scene directions or pronunciation.

Summary of the optional sound effect cues:

- None, add some if you wish
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We "met" on a cold, dark January night.

Our casual chats quickly became long talks, and I'd lose myself in little daydreams of a future with you, where we'd drive out to the cottage for the summer, and swim in the cold, grey Atlantic.

One day we'd build sand castles together and go clamming.

You'd carry the bucket and I'd carry the shovel, and I'd teach you to catch razorfish.

We'd explore the blueberry fields behind my home and I'd bake you pies.

We'd have barbequed lunches, and steamed seafood suppers.

I'd melt butter and show you how to eat periwinkles.

We'd drink ice cold beer on the patio, watching the sunset to a chorus of peepers.

We'd listen to the waves as the stars unveiled themselves, and I'd show you the Big Dipper and Orion's Belt.

You'd kiss me and lead me inside.

The lighthouse beam would come round and round, lighting the bedroom with shadows as we made love in the evening.

You'd push me back onto the bed, and spread my thighs, working me skillfully, patiently; until I was ready for you.

And then you would take me.

It was all planned out in my head and I grew giddy with excitement.

You were **perfect** for me.

You were clever and charming and fun.

Handsome and sexy, and you made me feel wanted.

Each time I heard your voice, I hoarded it like treasure in my heart, and the time between each message felt like it was measured in years.

I'd waited all my life for someone who made me feel the way you did, so I could wait a little longer.

Next January came but you hadn't found the time to come visit me.

I spent that summer in solitude, passing my days swimming and eating alone.

I'd wait for messages from you, but they were sparse and erratic.

At night I'd re-play Super Nintendo games, and read old books I'd read many times before.

I'd walk to the corner store by myself to get an ice cream, and try not to think of you on the lonely walk home.

I hoped that next summer would be different.

It wasn't.

I began to hear from you less and less.

I excused it, and gave you every chance to make it up to me.

I'd stay up late despite the time zone difference, hoping that I could make loving me more convenient for you.

I wanted being with me to be **easy**, not something that required a lot of effort.

So I reached out to you more, I became the one who always initiated contact.

All you had to do was answer the phone!

But each time we connected, I could feel your disinterest.

Our once passionate conversations grew tepid (**teh-puhd**).

When you would finally reappear, you didn't treat me as a woman anymore, I could tell the spark was gone for you.

Our talks took on an air of familial concern, not would-be lovers.

"How are you, how's life?," the sort of conversation points your family or casual friends ask.

Not the torrid exchanges between two people who yearn for each other, like we used to have.

How did that happen?

Something changed for you, but you would never admit to it.

You were just "busy".

You had a lot of things going on, you were tired, you'd talk to me "later".

Except...later never came.

I waited, and waited, and nothing changed.

I looked at all of the messages I had sent you, unanswered.

I thought, I'll give him an out. I'll just ask him clearly, if he still wants to talk.

That way, I'll know if I should keep waiting.

So I asked.

And you said, "Yeah, if you want to."

Not the amorous (ah-mur-uhs) declaration I'd been hoping for, but still; a positive sign!

Or so I thought.

That's why I kept waiting.

But now...you're gone.

You don't want me.

I wasn't enough for you.

My foolish daydreams of a real relationship with you have evaporated like water on sand.

I sit on the rocks and watch the waves recede.

A piece of sun-bleached driftwood is caught in the tide, and slowly but surely it floats further from the shore.

I wonder; why did you slip away from me before you were even mine?

(Fade-out)

End

Read my stuff or talk to me:

-  [Master list \(all my scripts\)](#)

- 💰 [Ko-fi](#) | 📺 [Throne wish list](#)
 - 📺 Reddit: [dominaexcruor](#)
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Disclaimer: 🚫 This is a fictional story about fictional characters, written by an adult, for adults. All characters depicted within are aged 18+.

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