

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, breeding, or heat play.
- C) Don't call anyone "kitten" or "little one".

2. **Major changes:** don't do this without my written permission. Don't change the story title. Preserve plot and tone. Don't change or remove consent, characterization, gender, genitalia, or physical descriptors, and don't add or expand aftercare.

3. 💰 Don't use my work on monetized or paywall platforms without my written permission. You only have permission to use my script for audios that you share on Reddit's r/FreeAudioPorn and similar subreddits.

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.

[M4F] [script offer] **Urine For a Blast** [Mdom/Fsub] [anorgasmia-friendly] [watersports] [degradation] [name-calling] [humiliation] [narrative] mentions: [anal] [oral] [blow job] [speaker orgasm] [facial] **PD:** [listener has fair skin] [blushing]

Summary: A man reminisces about training his lover to follow him down the watery path to submission.

Narrative tone:

- 1. He appreciates her submission and he cares for her well-being.
- 2. Although he enjoys seeing how far he can push her, he would not ask for things that would harm her mentally.
- 3. He knows she would willingly do whatever he asks, and he feels mild guilt about that at times, but the guilt is not enough to stop him from making his wishes known.

Format notes:

- [SQUARE BRACKETS] are inflection and tone of voice.

[NOSTALGIC]

We were talking about control and degradation one day when I mentioned my interest in watersports.

You were quiet for a moment.

I enjoyed shocking you, getting those prim, outraged responses from you.

So I told you that when I'm balls-deep in a woman's ass, sometimes, I imagine letting go, giving her a urine enema.

Or when she's kneeling and I hold her tight against me as I piss in her mouth, making her swallow.

But...I hadn't pursued it with anyone.

It was just one of those thoughts you keep to yourself for a rainy day.

I didn't tell you because I actually expected anything to come of it, aside from making you turn pink.

But *you*, wringing your hands in shame, eventually admitted that you were interested.

"Just a little!" you said, not wanting to seem *too* interested.

You had never tried it, but you were...curious.

And desperately afraid.

I assumed it was just the fear of the unknown, but you corrected me.

You said that when you let a man degrade you, the deeper it gets, you wonder if it changes how he sees you.

Would it change how *I* see you?

Does it elevate you in his eyes, or lower you?

You were uncertain which of those outcomes was desirable.

You couldn't decide if you would prefer to be transmutable and shaped by his whim, or if you wished to be Galatea, still and undisturbed by the crucible of experience.

You told me that...if it does reduce you to *less than* in his eyes, in *my* eyes, that would cut you to the bone.

You didn't know how to handle that, if *my* opinion of you eroded.

That made you uncertain and therefore; afraid.

I casually admonished you.

"Aftercare!" I said, lecturing that giving affection after playtime was key, as if aftercare was the panacea to a lifetime of learned behaviour.

You confessed that you were afraid of aftercare.

Yet, I still didn't understand, and I chided you further.

I thought that your fear meant there was a lack of trust between us.

"No", you told me.

It was *yourself* you couldn't trust, because you were afraid of being cared for.

I didn't understand what that meant, and once I did, I still didn't understand how that fear extended to *me*.

I didn't realize you feared letting *Daddy* take care of you.

Because you are so *needy*.

You want and *you want*, and you *need*, so I thought you'd happily let me give you that.

But I realized...you'd rather crawl on broken glass for me if it meant you could avoid acknowledging that you felt vulnerable with me.

Because the keystone inside you is cracked.

Maybe you were always this way.

Or maybe the flaw developed as you were quarried and mined in those oh-so-important formative years, I don't know.

You were raised to never ask for what you want.

You were told to be quiet, to not even *think* about what you needed.

It left you emotionally crippled, all the things you wanted etched on your tongue but unable to be spoken.

I didn't see it for a long time.

You stroked my ego as willingly as you stroked my cock and it was easy to just...not think about anything deeper.

Your neediness and thirst for my approval are carved into your soul and you couldn't change even if you wanted to.

I didn't understand.

And...even if I had?

I can't say I would have treated you differently.

I didn't *want* to.

But ever since you told me that you were interested in watersports, I started thinking about what you'd look like, to see you wet and shivering on the floor, struggling to stay still as I pissed on you.

The thought made me hard.

Knowing that your obedience to me meant that you'd willingly let me do it.

When I realized that twisting yourself into a ball for my prerogative was what you truly *wanted*, the idea grew on me further.

I'd never had a submissive who wanted me to own her so *deeply*.

I would idly think of things I might make you do, wondering how far I could push you.

Then I'd feel guilty.

I shouldn't delight in this side of you.

But I did and I...wasn't sure how to deal with that.

One night I came to your apartment.

You were fluttering around the kitchen, finishing dinner.

I needed to take a leak.

"Come with me," I said.

You followed me without question.

As I led you into the bathroom, I saw the confusion on your face in the mirror.

"I need to pee," I explained casually.

"Get my zipper like a good tart."

Shyly you unzipped my pants, dropping your hands as if you'd been scalded.

I ignored you, took my cock out, and I pissed.
You didn't say a word, studying the floor intently.
I suspect you were happily pretending to be elsewhere when I interrupted your thoughts.
It wasn't enough that I was forcing you to bear witness to this.
I was going to make you *participate*.

"Hand me the toilet paper like a good girl."

You obeyed.

I gave myself a shake, dabbed the tip of my cock, and zipped back up.
I washed my hands slowly, carefully, watching your downcast eyes in the mirror.
A minute passed.
I wasn't even making a pretense of using the water anymore but your gaze was glued to the floor.

"What's for dinner?" I asked.

The meal was uneventful.
You were quieter than usual, and you're pretty quiet to begin with.
What had just happened in the bathroom was left unspoken.
You had never seen me do that before and although discussion of what happened was steadfastly avoided, we had crossed a golden Rubicon together and I *refused* to let it be for nothing.

I decided I'd wait and see what you'd do.
And oh, how my patience paid off.
Three weeks later, while we were lying in bed, my cum leaking down your face, you asked me.
Slowly, each word wrenched out, you told me that you wanted me to piss on you.

I imagined how you might look, sitting at my feet, completely soaked in my piss, and I got hard again.
That seemed clear enough to me.

[THOUGHTFUL]

You know, training you to ask for things is the hardest thing I've ever done with you.
Even harder than breaking in your ass.
So I decided to reward you for asking.
The next time we showered together, I was casually fondling your breasts, and I just let go.
My piss splashed down your legs, and your eyes widened.
You didn't say a word.
The shower continued.
I cleaned you carefully, towelled you dry, and selected a dress to show off your charms.
Then I took you out.

The day you asked me to piss on your face, *that* was a victory.
You were already kneeling at my feet, I figured you wanted to blow me.
But you surprised me.
The request came, stuttering and halting, but clear.
“I want you...to piss on my face, Daddy. Please,” you said.

“Why?”

“Because I w–want...to please you.”

“Hmm,” I remember saying.
Just watching, as your eyes lowered, how your skin pinkened, that rosy blush spreading down to your breasts.

“Be a good girl and sit back for me.
Oh, and tart?”

“Yes, Daddy?” you replied.

“Close your eyes,” I said.

So I pissed on your face.
Any trepidation I had about doing so had weakened over the past few weeks, and I was eager.
Still, I wasn’t expecting how *powerful* it would make me feel.
It’s hard to quantify it.
I think that...I had never appreciated you so thoroughly as I did at that moment, waiting and willing in perfect trust as I soiled you.

You didn’t make a peep, you took it all, and when it was over, when my piss was leaking down your face, I could tell by the way your lip trembled that you were afraid again.
Lost in a spiral of doubt and wondering if I’d still want you.

I helped you back up, and I kissed you.

“You are very good,” I said. “Keep your eyes closed while I clean you up.”

I bathed you slowly, methodically.
Then I held you while you shook.

“All right, tart?”

You nodded.

[GENTLY]

“Ah ah ah,” I said.

A pause, followed by a quiet, “Yes, Daddy.”

[FOND]

“You are very good, and very precious to me.”

END

Read my stuff or talk to me:

- 📖 [MASTER LIST \(all my scripts\)](#)
 - 💰 Ko-fi: [if you want to give me money](#)
 - 📺 Throne wish list: [if you want to give me a present](#)
 - 📄 Reddit: [/u/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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