

## 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.

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[M4F] [script offer] **Pangs of Conscience** [narrative] [married] or [LTR] [anorgasmic listener] [bitter] [emotional pain] [guilt] [sad] [unspoken confession] [Under 1K]

**Summary:** A man reflects on his love for a woman who can't orgasm, and ponders a truth that should never be spoken.

**Names & endearments:** pretty little tart

**Word count:** 600

### Narrative tone:

1. The speaker is contemplative and regretful as he thinks about his love, who is either his wife or his longtime girlfriend. I see these characters as age 30+.
2. He is a bit sad, longing for something neither of them have. But he also feels guilty because he loves her, and shouldn't want something else.
3. This is about having the maturity to recognize you don't get everything you want in a relationship, and being able to evaluate if what you're missing is worth it to you.

### Formatting notes:

- Paragraph breaks indicate the speaker is pausing.
- ***Bold italics*** are used for word emphasis.
- **(FX)** is for sound effect suggestions, which are optional.
- **[SQUARE BRACKETS]** are inflection and tone of voice.
- **(Yellow text in parentheses)** are scene directions, **(blue is pronunciation)**.

### Summary of the optional sound effect cues:

- None, add some if you wish.

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People always say that a man falls asleep as soon as he cums, while his woman lies awake, unsatisfied.

It's the opposite with us.

I cum inside you, and you hold me close, smiling, with some sort of twisted satisfaction that I don't understand.

Within minutes you yawn and drift off, and...

[GUILTY]

I'm glad of it.

I don't want you to see my disappointment.

There's no awkward post-coital talk, you don't ask for reassurances.

[EVALUATING]

The sex with you *is* good.

You're always willing, so eager for me.

You do whatever I ask!

[CONFESSION]

But...something's missing, something inside you.

No amount of patience or encouragement from me can change it.

No amount of therapy or medical intervention can fix it.

Because you can't fix what isn't there.

[GUILTY]

I love you, but I miss it.

If anyone asked me I'd deny it, but...I miss it.

I miss being with a woman who cums.

Just once, I want to feel your body spasm around me as I'm thrusting inside you.

I want your body to seize around mine.

I want to feel your flushed skin as you cum, I want to know you're cuddling me with the contented euphoria from a good hard fuck that left you seeing stars.

But...that will never happen with you.

You can't give me that.

And it isn't your fault!

But that doesn't change the truth of things, does it?

[GUILTY]

I wish I could say that when I jerk off I think about you, but I don't.

I think about past lovers, women who satisfied me the way you never can.

And you try.

God, ***you try.***

You do everything you can to be perfect and I'm sorry but...it's not enough.

Sometimes I dread that you're going to ask me if it matters.

I hope to hell you won't.

I want to think you're wise enough to not ask questions you don't want an honest answer to, and I'd like to think I'm kind enough to tell the lie that would spare your feelings.

But sometimes as you're sleeping in my bed, eternally unsatisfied and unhappy about it, then I can't help but wonder.

What **will** I say if you ever ask me that question?  
Will I be able to lie convincingly?  
Will I **want to**?

What if you ask me in the heat of a fight and I'm angry?  
What if you ask me when I'm mad and I want to hurt you?  
What if the truth that dare not speak its name slips out in a moment of passionate fury?  
What then?

As long as I never say what shouldn't be spoken, you can lie to yourself, and it's a little easier to bear.  
But if I shatter that illusion, I'll break you.

I don't see how we'd recover from that.  
If I ever hurt you like that, you ought to walk away.  
But...you won't.  
You'll look at me with those perpetually sad eyes, and you'll thank me for telling you the truth.  
Even though it will break something inside you.  
You'll bury that truth inside yourself where it'll never see the light of day again.  
My pretty little tart, always willing to ignore that which displeases her.

After enough time has passed, you'll seem fine.  
You'll never bring it up.  
You'll never admonish me, you'll never call me to account for a reckoning, though you should.  
Because my words will remain inside you, poisoning the well, forever.

Yet you'll shrug off that hurt and convince us both that knowing isn't that bad.  
Knowing how I really feel doesn't change anything.  
That will be a lie that we both swallow.

I love you, and I don't want to hurt you.  
But I fear one day, I will.


(FADE-OUT)

END

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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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