

Trying Pet Play with Your Girlfriend

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1,500 spoken words
 - ❖ **Summary:**
You can't always quite put your finger on why, and it sounds ridiculous to say out loud. Maybe you were a cat in a past life, but whatever the reason, sometimes you feel like a cat. You're "part-cat", you might say jokingly... yet also half-serious. Now, it's Friday evening, and you're just getting home from work. Your girlfriend got home a little bit ago, and as you're cuddling together, listening to the rain on the window, she tells you that a package arrived for you earlier. You fluster, knowing what it is—the cat accessories you ordered. You're hesitant to tell her, but she eventually calms you down enough about it to tell her what they are... and now, you get to be her cute little kitten ^_^
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 - ❖ **Editing:**
Small changes to the scripts are okay, but please ask before making any major line changes, additions, deletions, gender swaps, etc. Vocal cues and sound effects are suggestions, so feel free to be creative with those!
 - ❖ **Other notes:**
I find it easier to write the listener's dialogue rather than keep track of half of a conversation, so their lines are given for context but aren't meant to be voiced. The word counts given only include the spoken text.
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Characters:

- **Renée (speaker)** – The listener's girlfriend. They've been dating for quite some time, and they're generally very comfortable around each other, with little need or desire for many secrets or much awkwardness between them. Renée is soft and calm, with a gentle and warm personality. She's not shy or aloof, but she often keeps to herself and her close circle (the listener included, of course). She has a bit of a protective or comforting instinct toward the listener, who's more insecure and shy, and she goes out of her way to try to make her girlfriend comfortable, displaying a great patience and open-mindedness.
 - **unnamed listener** – Renée's girlfriend. She's generally very open and comfortable with Renée, but often shy and timid around others, especially those she doesn't know well. She has a deep affection and trust toward Renée, but even here, she's hesitant to talk about her desire to try pet play because of its somewhat taboo nature.
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Formatting Guide:

spoken text (Renée)

(tone marker)

[...] = a short pause

[This is a stage direction and/or SFX.]

« example listener dialogue, not intended to be voiced »

[The home shared by Renée and the listener, early evening. Renée recently returned home from work and is now sitting in the living room. It's lightly raining outside, the sound of the rain audible against the windows. Sounds of keys and the door opening and closing are audible as the listener arrives home from work as well.]

(brightly) Hey, sweetheart. Welcome back. How was work?

« Hey. Um... It was alright. A bit of a long day, but nothing too bad. What about you? »

Yeah, my day wasn't too bad either. That said, though, I'm definitely really glad to be home and ready for the weekend.

[The listener finishes taking off her shoes, etc., and comes over to join Renée on the sofa.]

« Is there anything you'd like to do this weekend? »

(considering) Um... I don't know. (warmly) I'm sure we can find plenty of things to do before we have to return to being normal, productive members of society Monday morning, but I'm also fine with just... lounging around like this together, you know?

« Mhm. That does sound nice. »

Speaking of... Come over here, sweetheart. Why are you all the way over there on that side of the sofa?

[The listener moves over to sit directly next to Renée, who wraps her arms around her.]

(warmly, affectionately) There we go. So much better holding you like this, you leaning back against me... It's nice.

[There's a momentary lull while Renée and the listener sit together.]

Oh, there was a package for you. It was on the porch when I got home, so I brought it inside.

« (slightly flustered) Did you open it? »

(surprised by the question) No, of course I didn't open it. I brought it inside and set it on the dining room table.

« Th-Thanks. »

...Was I supposed to open it?

« No... (shyly) I'm glad you didn't open it. »

Okay, well, I didn't open it. As I said, I brought it inside and put it on the table.

Is it some sort of... secret? surprise? something?

« Y-Yeah. Why do you ask? »

(playfully) You're acting super cute and shy and coy about this package... You can't blame me for being a bit curious and maybe also a bit confused. You're not usually this... shy about things like this. That's all.

« You promise that you didn't open it? »

(giggling) Yes, sweetheart. Hand over heart, I promise I didn't open it. When I was bringing it in, I heard a bit of a jingling sound from the box... maybe like a little rattling bell or... something?

« A bell? »

That's what it sounded like, but... I don't know. I can only assume that you're being so secretive about this because it's, like, a birthday gift you got early or something like that that you don't want me to know about, so (lightly) I'm just going to move on and forget about it until I'm allowed to know.

But anyway, it's on the table for you, and we can pretend this conversation never happened, 'kay?

« (unconvincingly) Y-Yeah, a... birthday gift. I know your birthday isn't for a while, but I had an idea, and it was on sale, so... »

(giggling, affectionately) You're so cute.

« Hm? »

I mean, you're cute in a lot of ways, of course. (laughing) But you're such a bad liar.

« (still pretending) What do you mean? »

(lightly, playfully) Well, what would be the fun if I told you what your tells are? Let's just say that with as long as we've been together, I know what they are by now.

« (shyly) Well... »

(gently) I'm just teasing, sweetheart. You know it's really not a big deal, right? But... the way you're acting, it does seem like you're just feeling shy and embarrassed about whatever it is. Is that right, or am I off the mark?

« (timidly) ...That's not wrong. »

Yeah?

« (timidly) Mhm. »

(gently) Oh, sweetheart... If you don't want to—or can't—tell me right now, that's totally fine. I won't pry or anything. But I'm sure there's nothing to be embarrassed about. I know you can be a bit shy sometimes, but... (giggling) I think you'd have trouble finding something you wanted to order that I'd think was too weird or something.

(with realisation) Oh, or is it something where... like... I'm not very good about sharing the blankets at night, so you bought another one so that you don't freeze in the middle of the night, and you're worried that I'd be upset or something?

« No, nothing like that. (lightly) Though you do tend to hog the blankets. »

Hm... well, I'm sorry about that. I know you find it a bit annoying, and... (apologetically) I'd offer to try to not, but... it's hard when I'm asleep. I'm not doing it on purpose. [...] Maybe I'll buy an extra blanket for you...

« Nn, you don't have to do that... »

Maybe, but... (playfully) what if I said I wanted to? (sweetly) Anything to make my little princess happy, hm?

[Renée leans over and kisses the listener.]

(affectionately, in the listener's ear) I love you, sweetheart.

« I love you too. »

[There's a brief lull. By this point, the rain is coming down a lot harder outside.]

The rain has really picked up outside, hasn't it? It's a good thing you got home when you did. If you'd gotten home now, you'd probably be soaked just walking from the car to the door, but instead... you're just a little bit damp.

« I like the rain, though. »

Sure... I love the sound of the rain... (dreamily) just sitting here with you, the sound of the rain against the window... it's nice and cosy, you know? But I don't like being outside in the rain. It's cold... and wet... and even with an umbrella, it's annoyingly easy to get your shoes wet.

« I guess that's fair. But sometimes the rain is nice. »

(playfully) Sometimes, maybe.

[After a brief moment of hesitation, the listener pulls herself from Renée's arms and gets up.]

(falsely upset) **H-Hey! I just said I like sitting with you, and in response, you're just going to get up like that?**

« (gently) I'll be back in just a moment. I really like sitting with you too. »

(playfully) **Okay~. I'll still be here.**

[The listener goes into the other room, retrieves scissors and her package, then returns to the sofa, retaking her spot next to Renée.]

(gently, slightly worried) **Oh, sweetheart... You didn't have to get the package to show me. I'm sorry if it seemed like I was pressuring you about it. If you don't want to—**

[The listener interrupts by shaking her head.]

« Nn... I want to show you. »

Okay... If you're sure, then... what's in the box?

[The listener, still nervous, hesitates.]

You can take your time. No need to rush into it, and just remember that no matter what it is, I'm not going to judge you, or think less of you, or anything like that, okay?

« Mhm. I know. Thanks. »

[The listener opens the package and pulls out a large cat collar, the jingling of its bell audible.]

Hm? A collar with a little bell? That must be what I heard when I brought the box in.

« Yeah... »

(confused) **It's a very cute collar, but... I'm just not sure I understand why you have it and why you're being so shy about it. Are you... Are you trying to say that you'd like for us to get a cat? Our lease allows pets, and that might be kind of nice, actually.**

« Well... I do think that might be nice, but that's not what this is about... »

No? Then what is it for?

[Instead of answering, the listener pulls a pair of cat ears and a cat tail from the box.]

« (timidly) I... »

Cat ears and a tail, too? *(with realisation)* Oh, I think I get it. You want to be the cat. Is that right?

« M-Mhm. »

Though I'm guessing this isn't a Halloween or cosplay thing, right?

« That's right. It's not a cosplay thing. It's more of a... pet... play... thing... »

(giggling) You're so cute, you know that? You didn't need to be so nervous about that. Pet play isn't something I've ever done before, but I don't think it's weird or anything.

« You don't? »

Of course not. I don't know if it's common, per se, since it seems like something that you would do more in private, but... *(giggling)* if you want to be my adorable little kitten, then I'd love to make that happen.

« *(surprised but excited)* Really? »

(playfully) Would I lie to you about that?

[Renée picks up the collar.]

Here. Pull your hair up for me, sweetheart.

[The listener does so, and Renée puts the collar around the listener's neck.]

The ears too?

[The listener nods, and Renée takes the headband and puts it on the listener's head.]

And the tail?

« Um... I don't think I'm ready for the tail... »

Okay, no tail. It would be a bit tricky with the clothes you have on. Maybe next time, with a cute skirt?

« Yeah, maybe next time. »

That's okay. But look at me. *(brightly, warmly)* Ah, you are a very adorable little kitten, aren't you?

[The listener blushes and looks away without responding.]

You're so cute when you're flustered.

But I'd like to talk about expectations and boundaries before we go any further, okay? I want to make sure that you get what you want out of this, and I don't want to do something that makes you feel disappointed or uncomfortable or anything like that, okay?

« Mhm. That sounds good. »

Mhm? Okay, then... big picture first:

Are you a catgirl like the ones you see in anime... characters who are mostly just regular people but with cat ears and a tail and some feline quirks like meowing and purring?

Or more like an actual cat, rather than a hybrid? Do I need to put your dinner in a bowl on the floor?

« Maybe somewhere in between? But closer to the first one. »

In between? So... maybe a hybrid who acts a lot like a cat? Something like that?

« Maybe? I'm not entirely sure yet. »

That's fine if you're not sure. We can change things up if we find things we need to change. But for now, who am I to you? Your girlfriend? Your owner? Your mistress?

« (blushing) ...yes? »

(playfully) Oh, and are you a good kitten for your mistress, my love? [...] Can I call you that? I know you're not actually a kitten—you're a bit too big for that—but I think the name fits.

« Mhm. I like that a lot, actually. »

Yeah? Okay, one last question, then: can I pet you? Is there anywhere you specifically do or don't want me to?

« Behind my ears, under my chin, along my back, ... »

(giggling) You really are a cat, aren't you? Are you ready?

[The listener nods. Renée adopts a more firm but still gentle tone, befitting her role as the "mistress".]

Then go ahead and clean up these little packages for your... accessories... and put your box away, then come cuddle with your mistress.

[The listener meows in confirmation and grabs the smaller bags that her cat ears and collar came in, and puts them in the box. As she's about to pick up this box to take it to the other room, she changes her mind and instead gets in the box herself.]

(playfully exasperated) Kitties and their boxes...

Come on sweetheart. I know you like your box, but that's for your things, not for a kitten like you. Besides, you're too big. You'll break it. Put it in the other room and come cuddle with me.

[The listener gives an upset meow as opposition.]

(playfully) You know, I was thinking that you were really cute trying to get into the box, even though you don't fit in it... and maybe we could find you a new box that you do fit in. But... a bad kitten doesn't get presents, you know.

[The listener meows sadly.]

I know, sweetheart, but if you're a good kitten, then I'll find you a better one, okay?

[The listener gets out of the box, takes it into the other room, then goes to sit with Renée as instructed. Renée taps her lap to indicate for the listener to lay there.]

Come on, lay on my lap and I'll give you some scritches.

[The listener does as instructed, laying in Renée's lap, and Renée starts to pet her.]

Good girl...

[Renée starts petting her. After a moment:]

(softly) You know, I'm really proud of you, sweetheart...

[The listener cocks her head and gives a curious meow in response.]

...for telling me about this, especially when you were so nervous at first. But I'm happy to explore this with you... and not just today, okay?

[The listener nods. Renée continues to pet her. After a moment:]

Does this feel nice?

[The listener nods.]

I'm glad...

[The listener moves upward to nuzzle her face into Renée's neck.]

Yeah, you can nuzzle into my neck like that...

[Renée and the listener continue like this for a moment, with the listener nuzzling into Renée while she pets the listener. After a moment:]

(playfully) **Does it feel nice enough for you to purr for me?**

[The listener begins purring, surprisingly well.]

(giggling) **I guess so. Good girl... You're actually really good at that.**

[The two continue like this for a moment before reaching up to lick—i.e., "kiss"—Renée on the cheek.]

Ooh, a kitten kiss?

[The listener looks up at Renée timidly, as if to ask "...Is that okay? Is that too weird?"]

Yeah, you're okay. I don't mind. *(giggling)* But you're an affectionate little kitten, aren't you, sweetheart? And an affectionate little kitten like you deserves all the affection I can possibly give you...

[Renée continues to pet the listener as they sit together until the audio fades out.]