

Intro: You've recently noticed your girlfriend gets really embarrassed when you compliment her. Time to have some fun with this...

Summary: Listener decides to compliment his girlfriend enough to turn her into a blushing mess.

TWs: 'Good girl.'

Line breaks represent the listener talking or space where no one talks and should be short pauses, words within {brackets} represent the speaker's tone or sfx. At ellipses, the speaker trails off, and at dashes, she is either cut off abruptly by the listener or by herself.

Author's Note: This one was actually pretty hard to write. When I'm writing a speaker, I have to get into her headspace, which is really easy for someone sarcastic, or protective, or awkward, but really hard when I have to write someone flustered or shy. I hope I got the attitude correct! Anyway, time to go soak my brain in ice cubes.

*{happy}* Hey babe, what's up?

Not a lot, I guess. Just trying to catch up on some reading. Work's been rough lately, so I haven't gotten very much time, but I wanted to finish Night Angel today.

*{already getting flustered}* What? No. I don't. How could I look cute when I'm reading? I'm just sitting here. That isn't cute.

My expression? That doesn't make any sense. I don't look any different than normal.

*{kinda whiny}* Baaabe, noo! I don't always look cute! You can't keep saying that, it isn't true.

No it's not! Look. Look at me. I'm not wearing makeup, my hair's a mess, you can't possibly find this attractive.

Noo, don't say that, you're gonna make me blush!

*{shocked, shy}* What? Me blushing isn't adorable.

Babe, pleeease, you're gonna turn me into a flustered mess!

*{in denial}* No, I don't want that! I'm trying to read right now, not start stammering and blushing like a maniac!

*{sigh of relief}* Thank you. It's really hard to stay calm when you keep complimenting me like that.

*{excited}* Oh, yeah, sure! It's this really cool series about an assassin. He used to be nothing but a street urchin, but then something he did impressed this legendary master assassin, and he decided to train him, and-

*{flustered again}* Didn't you just agree to stop calling me cute?

Yes, you did! I distinctly heard you!

No, don't try to avoid this! You're just trying to embarrass me, aren't you?

You know what I mean. You know I don't like being called cute, or adorable, or, or-

How are there that many different synonyms?

No. No. No. I'm not precious, or darling, or sweet, or anything. I'm just me, and I'm trying to read my book. Please, don't try to fluster me with compliments I know aren't true.

*{another sigh of relief}* Oh, boy. *{plaintive}* I wish you wouldn't do that so often. It makes it really hard to concentrate for the rest of the day. Now all I'm going to be thinking about is your

voice, calling me cute, telling me I'm... Nope, nope. Not gonna think about it. Not gonna give you the satisfaction.

Hm?

Yeah, sure, I can stand up. Why?

I mean, yeah, I'm wearing a sundress. I dunno. I just thought it looked comfortable. Can't wear gym clothes every day, right?

*{amused}* No, I guess I can't wear your hoodies every day either. I do love wearing them, though, they always smell good and it's like you're giving me a big hug all day.

Oh, thank you! I like the dress too, I think this shade of green looks good.

*{flustered again}* Babe! You said you were going to stop! You can't just say that anything looks good on me, it's unfair! And it isn't true.

I- okay? I can twirl for you.

Eep! Don't *do* that! I wasn't ready for it.

You're really gonna do things just to throw me off-balance? That isn't very nice.

Well, then why'd you do it?

That isn't a reason, that doesn't work.

I- no, I guess I'm not mad. I just wasn't expecting it. Some warning next time, please?

*{mutters}* Of course it would be. *{not muttering}* I knew it. You think flustering me is fun.

*{concerned}* Why... why are you looking at me like that?

Like that! Like you're... hungry, or something.

No, no, stop complimenting me! You said you'd- *{plaintive}* babe, you said you'd stop.

Agh! No!

*{muffled}* *{petulant}* No. Nuh-uh. Not moving.

Nope. My face stays buried in your chest until you stop making me blush. You don't get to see me look like a flustered mess.

*{mollified}* Oh, that feels nice. I like your hugs, even if you are trying to embarrass me.

*{unmuffled}* What? Hey! No-

*{softly}* Oh... You're holding my chin...

*{rushed}* No, I can't look you in the eyes, I can't look at you right now, I can't make eye contact, because-

Oh...

*{incoherent sounds}*

*{quietly, shy}* My face... it must be bright red right now...

Yes... I like it...

*{shocked}* No, I'm not gonna-

Well, I don't see why I would-

*{quiet, shy}* ...Babe, will you please keep calling me cute? I... really love it when you say that.

*{more incoherent sounds}* That... that isn't what I meant. I didn't think you'd-

*{kiss sfx}*

Okay. Maybe it's all right if you like flustering me. Maybe I could get used to it.

Yes... please, say it again. I love it when you call me your good girl.

*{kiss sfx}* Yes... I'm your good girl.

And... and I'm cute when I'm blushing. And when I'm embarrassed.

No, no, I'm still not cute all the time, that isn't right-

*{muffled}* Babe, why is your hand on my mouth?

But I'm not lying! I'm-

*{unmuffled}* I'm not lying. I'm not cute. Not when I'm excited, or when I'm concentrating, or anything. You can't convince me that I am.

*{long kiss sfx}*

*{breathless}* Wow... that was some kiss... But no. I'm still not cute.

*{concerned}* What do you mean, a change of tactics? What does that have to do with anything?

I mean, yeah, you can sit down. Something tells me I'm not going to get back to reading for a-

*{shocked}* Whoa! What are you doing?

*{plaintive}* I figured that part out. Maybe a better question would be *why* are you pulling me on your lap?

How am I supposed to concentrate on reading when I'm sitting on your lap? You're a very distracting presence.

*{hesitant}* I- okay? You promise?

All right. That's your promise. I'm holding you to that. You're not gonna try and distract me, babe.

*{tentative}* All right, I'm opening the book...

I'm looking for my page...

Babe? Why haven't you done anything yet?

Of course I expect you to! You said you were going to change tactics and pulled me on your lap!

How else am I supposed to take that?

Okay, then, I'll start reading...

*{silence for a bit. maybe a page turn}*

*{whimpers}*

*{strained}* There it is...

No, that definitely qualifies as- *{small whimper}* a distraction.

Kissing my neck makes it *very* hard to focus, baby.

Ah...

Okay. Okay. I can concentrate through this. I can- mmph! I can keep reading, I can ignore your- your lips on my neck. This is doable. Yeah.

*{silence for a bit, interrupted by the occasional whimper or gasp}*

*{desperate, quiet}* Babe... please...

No... don't stop...

Please... I can't think straight... Please kiss me more...

*{short kiss sfx}*

And call me your good girl again? Please?

*{hurt}* What? How am I not your good girl?

But- but I'm all flustered and cute for you! Just how you like it!

What do you mean? You can't not kiss me! Please, please I need to you to kiss me right now, please, I'm desperate-

*{desperate}* All right, fine, I'll admit it, I'm cute. Can you kiss me now?

Yes! I'm your cute, precious, adorable, blushing good girl. Please, baby, haven't you made me say enough?

*{long kiss sfx}*

Yes, more, more-

Huh? My chin? Why are you-

*{flustered again}* Eep! How are you still making me blush?

I think this is the most embarrassed I've ever felt. *{much quieter}* It might also be the happiest.

Please never let me go.

*{worried}* Whoa, whoa, whoa, hey, why are you standing up? I'm-

*{content}* Oh. You're princess-carrying me. This feels nice. Where are we going?

What? Babe, it's the middle of the day!

*{kiss sfx}*

All right, then. I'd love to show you what a good girl I can be.