

Reassured by Your Loving Girlfriend

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 - ❖ **Tags:**
[F4F] [neko listener] [human speaker] [GFE] [comfort] [affirmations] [Valentine's Day]
 - ❖ **Date:**
03 February 2023
 - ❖ **Words:**
1,401 spoken words
 - ❖ **Summary:**
It's Valentine's Day, and that means that you and your girlfriend have a date planned for this afternoon. You were able to get the day off from work, but she had to go in for the morning and just got home. When she tells you about what her boss said about your relationship just because you're both women and you're a neko, you feel guilty about the situation and feel that your girlfriend deserves someone better. She disagrees, saying that she's never loved anyone more than she does you.
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- ❖ **Usage:**
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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:

- **Viola (speaker)** — The listener's girlfriend, Viola is a human who works in some sort of management/supervisor role in a corporate setting, outranking most of her colleagues. She's intelligent and capable, displaying confidence and dedication. She's generally agreeable and cheerful, but she's not afraid to take a stand on an issue she's passionate

about. Around her girlfriend, she also shows a soft and very affectionate side, Despite the way that society views same-sex or cross-species relationships, Viola is open and proud about her relationship with the listener.

- **unnamed neko listener** — Viola's girlfriend, a neko who also works full time (but who has the day off). She's generally calm and level-headed, but she's also sensitive and tries hard to not be an inconvenience, which leads her to feel guilty (if also appreciative) when Viola spoils her. Despite a general sense of confidence, she can be shy and bashful.

Formatting Guide:

spoken text (Viola)

(tone marker)

[...] = a short pause

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

« example listener dialogue, not intended to be voiced »

[Home, as shared by Viola and the listener, early afternoon on Valentine's Day. The listener sits on the sofa on her phone; Viola returns home from work.]

(brightly, calling out) **Hey, sweetheart! I'm home!**

« Hey. Welcome back. »

[Viola notices the listener in the living room.]

Oops, sorry. I didn't mean to be so loud. I didn't see you in here.

« It's fine. Don't worry about it. »

[Viola takes off her shoes and her coat and goes over to join the listener on the sofa. Once she sits down:]

Ah... Even if it was just a half day at work, it's nice to be back home with you.

« Was it a busy day? »

Um... It wasn't super busy, I guess? I don't know.

(patting the sofa next to her) **Come here. Snuggle up with me while we chat, and I'll pet those cute little of ears of yours, hm?**

(giggling) **You'll warm me up in exchange, right?**

« (playfully) H-Hey! I'm not just a heater, you know. »

(laughing) **I'm sorry, I'm sorry! I can't help that it's cold outside and that I'm always cold anyway. Or that you, sweetheart, are really hot—in both senses of the word.**

« (playfully relenting) Fine, fine. It's still a good deal. »

[The listener slides over to lean against Viola, who begins to pet her.]

(contentedly) **Mm... It's almost unfair how soft you are. Does this feel nice?**

« Mhm. It does. »

Good...

[There's a momentary lull before Viola continues.]

But yeah, it wasn't super busy. The office was pretty quiet, actually. A handful of people, including that one annoying girl I complain about a lot, had taken the day off.

« (quietly, annoyed) You had to go in, though. »

Yeah... But I'm the only one in my department who is qualified to do the mid-month reports. Normally, they'd be due tomorrow, but since February is short, the mid-month mark is today, the 14th.

I tried to request today off, but I had to fight to even get the half day. *(annoyed)* My boss didn't even want to approve that. *(mockingly)* "You'll have to be here anyway to do the reports. Might as well stay and let people who actually need the day off have it."

« *She actually said that?* »

Yeah, she did. She's always been... a bit indirectly dismissive of our relationship? Weird little comments here and there that have just enough plausible deniability that I'm never really sure if she means anything by them, but... yeah.

I didn't manage to get out a response before she walked away, but I put in the request anyway. She... sort of had to approve it since I put it in something like five weeks in advance, before any of those people she thinks deserve it more than me.

« *I bet she didn't like that very much.* »

No... She didn't, really. Though, as much as she tries—and fails—to hide it, she doesn't really like me. But to my surprise, she approved the request without saying else about it.

« *That's that good at least.* »

Mm. *(hesitantly)* Well, except...

« *Hm?* »

(hesitantly) Well, a couple of days ago... apparently, one of the other girls in the department tried to request today off, and my boss was trying to tell me that I would have to stay to cover her shift because we couldn't both be out... *(sarcastically)* and it's not like there was anyone else she could have asked.

I told her—in no uncertain terms—that I was already compromising with her by only taking a half day, which she'd already approved weeks earlier, that I'd obviously already made Valentine's Day plans with my lovely girlfriend, and that if she was going to continue discriminating against the two of us, then she was welcome to accept my immediate resignation.

« *What happened?* »

(giggling) Well, I'm here now, hm?

« *(quietly, half-mumbled)* I guess that's true... »

But it was the final straw for me, so I did submit my two weeks' notice anyway, meaning that she'll have to find someone else to do the end-of-month reports.

[There's another short lull in the conversation. The listener's ears fold over in a combination of shame, guilt, and sadness, and she wordlessly curls into a fetal position against Viola. Viola, of course, notices.]

(concerned) **H-Hey... Are you okay? You seem pretty upset all of a sudden...**

« *(weakly, unconvincingly)* Yeah, I'm fine. »

(gently) **Sweetheart, you can't really expect me not to notice that your ears are folded over when I'm petting them, nor that you've curled into me in that way that you really only do when you're upset about something.**

[The listener doesn't respond.]

(sighs) **I mean, I obviously won't pry if it's something you don't want to talk about, or aren't ready to... But you can talk to me about absolutely anything. I'll be here to listen... You know that, right?**

« *Yeah, I know that... and I really appreciate it.* »

Good. And again, I won't pry for details, but... are you okay? Did I say anything or do anything that made you upset?

« *No, you didn't do anything, really.* »

(sighs, relieved) **Okay. That's good.**

« *Mhm. But, it's just... (sighs) I don't know...* »

(gently) **And that's okay. If you're aren't ready to talk about it, then that's totally fine. I mean, you don't even have to tell me at all if you don't want to. It's just... I love you, and I'm worried about you, you know?**

[The listener nods wordlessly.]

Would you like me to keep giving you headpats and scratches while we sit here?

« *(nodding, quietly)* Yes, please. »

(giggling) **I knew you wouldn't be able to resist.**

[Viola continues to pet the listener.]

You're the most affectionate, cuddly person I've ever met. You know that?

(giggling, teasingly) **The insatiable cuddle monster with her enchanting warmth and softness, her fluffy tail that wraps around you and traps you against her, her loud roaring purr, her shy yet assertive demeanour that's far too cute to resist...**

But I guess that cats are predator creatures, so maybe I shouldn't be too surprised that my sweet little neko girlfriend who acts all cool and aloof out in public is secretly such a diabolically adorable little cuddle monster, hm?

« (after a moment, quietly) ...That's what I'm upset about, actually. »

(gently, concerned) **Hm? What was that, sweetheart?**

« (still quiet, yet audible) That's what I'm upset about. »

(confused) **What do you mean, "that's what you're upset about"? You're upset about being the cuddle monster? (quickly) I'm sorry. I was just teasing. I didn't mean—**

[The listener shakes her head.]

« Nn. Not just that. I just... (sighs) I feel like you do so much more for me than I do for you... And I'm a girl... and a neko, and I know you deal with a lot of judgment for being with me, and— »

(gently, yet firmly) **Nn, don't say those sorts of things about yourself, sweetheart... Okay?**

Maybe I do a lot of things for you, or I indulge you, or whatever it is exactly that you feel guilty about, but listen: that isn't any kind of burden to me. You make me happy, and I just want my princess here to be happy. And seeing your smile, or the way your ears perk up, or any of the many other ways you brighten my day..

[Viola leans down and kisses the listener.]

That's more than enough for me, okay?

Besides, it's not like you don't do things for me, and regardless, I'm very much not interested in "keeping score" or anything anyway. That's what contracts are for, not romances.

« ...Aren't marriages a sort of contract? »

I mean... I guess so, kinda? But even even if we were married, I don't think that marriages are the same sort of contract, you know? And... And even if they were, I still don't want that. That's not at all what a relationship is about for me.

« I guess that's fair. I don't want that either. »

Mhm. (gently) And either way, have I ever told you, darling, that you're too much, or that you're high maintenance, or anything like that?

« ...No, you haven't. »

Exactly. And sure, sometimes I'm busy and can't do something at that exact moment, but I always try to make it up to you when I can, you know?

I get to set my own boundaries, and if I want to spoil my precious little princess, then...
(chuckling) well, you're going to get spoiled, but... (slightly sadly) Sweetheart, you shouldn't be worried about crossing some boundary I haven't even told you about. That wouldn't be fair at all, would it?

« ...No, it wouldn't be fair, but... »

Right. I'd tell you if there was an issue, okay? Just like I hope you'd tell me if there was anything I was doing that made you upset.

(chuckling, lightly) Oh, and I think you're forgetting that I enjoy cuddling and petting you just about as much as you do.

« You do? How...? »

Mhm! Of course I do. You're warm and soft and fluffy... You make me feel safe and loved and relaxed...

(lightly) I mean, you can't actually be surprised that I like spending time with my girlfriend, can you, princess?

« (lightly) Nn, I like spending time with you too, of course. »

(warmly) Ah, there's that cute little smile of yours again. That's what I like to see. Are you feeling better now?

« Yeah, mostly. But... »

Hm? "But"...?

« I'm still worried about what other people, like your boss, say about you... All those people who don't approve of our relationship or don't see it as valid because... we're both girls, or because you're human and I'm... not... »

(gently, softly) Listen, sweetheart... I know that people say things about me, about us... That two women can't be together, or that humans and nekos—or other hybrids, for that matter—can't be together, or whatever.

And, yeah, I do get frustrated about that, not because it's directed at me, but because quite frankly, I don't think whom I'm dating is any of their business. Regardless of whom they're saying it about, they shouldn't be saying it. Why do they even care, anyway?

(gently, firmly) I don't love you despite you being a neko... I love you, princess—all of you—more than I've ever loved anyone else. That's what's important to me, and if this is the price for the honour of being your girlfriend, then it's a price I'll pay without any hesitation because you are absolutely worth it to me.

« Thank you. I love you too. More than I could ever say. »

So... Are you feeling a bit better now? (teasingly) Hopefully I didn't fluster you too much?

« Yeah, I'm feeling a lot better. »

Good... Do you want to start getting ready for our date, and then we can head out? I was thinking about wearing that cute little dress I have that we both like.

« Sure, that sounds good, »

Yeah? Perfect.

[The listener doesn't move.]

(giggling) I know I'm comfortable to lay on, but you're going to have to get up if you want me to be able to get dressed, silly.

« (giggling) I know, sorry. »

[The listener gets up. Viola gets up and kisses her again.]

Good girl. Come on, let's go get ready.