

A Fan

By Bernie Roehl

(The setting a mostly-vanilla party at someone's home)

She: Hi, I'm monica.

He: I'm Derek.

She: I know. I've heard a lot about you.

He: Don't believe everything you hear.

She: Oh, everything I've heard has been good.

He: Like I said... don't believe everything you hear.

(she laughs a little, then looks nervous)

She: I saw you at the Debbie's party a couple of weeks ago. Was that your submissive, that girl you were with?

Man: I'm single.

Woman: Oh. Well, I saw you with someone that night.

Man: And did you enjoy watching me?

Woman: Very much. Very, very much.

Man: What was I doing at this party?

Woman: You had this girl... she was blindfolded, and naked, and you had put your fingers inside her, and you were pulling her around that way... all around the room, letting everyone touch her. And you had written things on her, in her own lipstick. I remember the word "slut" across her breasts.

Man: And how did watching that make you feel?

Woman: I wanted... I wanted to be her. I wanted to be... your slut that night.

Man: And did you think about that afterwards?

Woman: Yes. That night. When I got home.

Man: Tell me.

Woman: *(hesitating)* I.. touched myself. And thought of You. And thought of... being that girl. Of feeling your fingers inside me... all those people... And I came, thinking of that.

Man: And that's why you're here, talking to me now?

Woman: Yes.

(he pauses, thinking, while she looks uncomfortable)

Man: Monica, I want you to touch yourself the way you did that night.

Woman: *(pausing)* Here? But... everyone will see.

Man: Not if you're careful.

Woman: I.... I can't.

Man: Then our conversation is over.

Woman: No...

(she looks around, then positions herself facing towards him, and the wall behind him)

(she slips her hand under her skirt, and begins to masturbate)

(she brings herself close, but not quite over the edge)

(after a few moments, he grabs her hair and pulls her head back sharply, and her free hand goes to her mouth and she bites down on it to keep herself from crying out as she comes)

(a long pause)

Man: Very good.

Woman: *(shaking and gasping)*

Man: Adjust yourself and get your coat. It's time for us to leave.

Woman: *(still gasping)* Yes, Sir. And... thank You, Sir.