MY MASTERS

Chapter 1 - Emily

For the first time in my life, I was pushing myself out of my comfort zone. My heart was beating like crazy, both from excitement and nervousness. I was on my own, having told no one about this, and I didn't know if that was a good thing or a bad thing as I stared ahead of me.

The door in front of me looked dark and ominous, but I knew exactly what was behind it—hot and delicious danger.

My skin was clammy under the coat, the only outward sign of my nerves. I stood straight and proud, but on the inside, I was a wreck.

I couldn't believe I was doing this. It wasn't too late to turn around; I hadn't entered yet. But I knew I wouldn't. This was something I had wanted to do for a long time.

Having lived my whole life in a little town in Greenport, NY, I hadn't had the opportunity to do this until now. Well, that might not be entirely accurate. I moved to New York two years ago, as a transfer student, but it was only now that I had worked up the nerve to come here.

Most of the time, I was a pussy. I could admit to that much. I had never been the go-getter, do-what-I-want, fuck-everyone's-opinion, and fuck-the-consequences kind of girl. The never-stand-out, calm-and-quiet, never-push-myself kind of girl? Yeah, that was definitely more me.

Right now, though, I was saying "FUCK IT" in big block letters, and I was proud of it.

The bouncers looked at me, no doubt wondering if I was going to go in or not. Probably time to move my ass along, I had been standing here for far too long.

As I stepped forward, one of the men stopped me with his hand. "ID."

I took out my student ID, making sure to give it to him with a steady hand. I didn't want them to find out how nervous I was.

A minute later, he gave me the card back. "Did you follow the dress code?" he asked.

"Yes, I did." It had been tough to decide what to wear, but at the last minute I found an outfit I'd gotten as a gag present from a friend. She probably didn't envision me using it for this purpose.

"I need to confirm it," the bouncer said, nodding at my body covered in a long coat.

Fuck, I wasn't prepared to let go of my cover so soon.

With my shoulders poised, I unbuttoned my coat, slowly revealing the black lingerie underneath until it was all out in the open. The corset was tight, like a second skin, showcasing my hourglass figure with respectively large breasts and ass, and a smaller waist. A garter belt pulled the attention to my slightly big thighs. And the open toes stilettos made my legs look longer, more sensuous.

The men were polite, only taking a quick look before turning to open the door for me. I didn't know if I was disappointed or not when I walked away from them. Wasn't I pretty enough for a second look? But then again, I was sure they were used to seeing girls' bodies and it was a part of their job not to freak out both current and possible members.

It felt forbidden to cross the threshold into the club, as if I was entering an entire new world, and in a sense, I was.

I could hear the slow beat of music—seductive and provocative—over the murmur of people talking. My heart was beating a mile a minute, but still, I didn't let it show. I am a confident, sexy woman who takes control over my desires. If I told myself that enough times, maybe I would begin to believe it.

Since I first started my sexual awakening, I had been timid and unsure, and definitely not confident. More like an awkward girl who didn't know what to do. With zero boyfriends, and only drunk hookups, I struggled with being comfortable to let go enough to enjoy myself.

Now was my time to seek out what I found thrilling, and something I had fantasized about from the time I knew I wanted something more than vanilla sex. Which was why I now found myself at a BDSM dungeon. Even with the tension, I still felt tingles of excitement.

My curiosity overruled any nervousness I might have had.

"Welcome to Desire’s Den," said the tall brunette behind the check-in desk, her eyes flicking up from the iPad in front of her.

She was stunning—lean, polished, with high cheekbones and a sleek ponytail—but her gaze on me wasn’t warm. In fact, it felt like she was trying to scan every flaw in my existence.

"Hi, I heard you had an open house today?" I asked, hating the slight tremor in my voice.

Her eyes narrowed, and something unreadable flickered across her face. “We do.” Her tone was clipped, polite on the surface but cold underneath. “I didn’t see your name on the guest list.”

“I—I found the invitation online,” I explained quickly. “On a kink site.”

For a moment, she just stared, her smile thinning. Then she gave a slow nod, like she was checking off a box labeled ‘poor, clueless, and pretty.’

“Of course,” she murmured. “We’ve had a few... randoms come in that way lately.”

She reached for a hanger. “I’ll take your coat. We enforce the dress code strictly here, so I hope you followed the guidelines?”

“Yes,” I said, heart pounding as I loosened the buttons. Her expression didn’t shift, but I caught the way her eyes swept over my lingerie-clad form—black corset, garter belt, heels.

A beat passed. Then two.

She gave a short, humorless laugh. “Cute. I imagine that outfit has a certain audience in mind.”

I stiffened, unsure if she meant that as a compliment or not. Before I could ask, she continued.

“I’ll take your phone, too. Club policy. We don’t allow photos or videos. We value our members’ privacy.” Her words were technically correct, but she said them like a warning rather than a guideline. “Some people... don’t realize what’s expected at a place like this.”

As I handed her my phone, our fingers brushed, and I could’ve sworn I saw something flicker in her eyes—surprise? Or maybe annoyance?

“You’re lucky tonight,” she added coolly, slipping the phone into a locked drawer. “The owners are actually upstairs observing the open house. They don’t always show up. I’d... try not to attract the wrong kind of attention.”

Her eyes shifted briefly toward the balcony above—where I noticed, for the first time from the glass window, the vague shapes of suited figures in the shadows.

Then her eyes cut back to me. "Follow me. I’ll hand you off to Mistress Claire. She can... explain the basics." The way she said “basics” made it sound like I was a charity case.

I swallowed hard and followed her down the stairs.

I didn’t understand the chill in her tone, but it was clear: she didn’t like me.

And somehow, I had the feeling her reasons ran deeper than just my outfit.

She led me down the stairs and through a corridor. The music grew louder with each step I took, and with it, my heart raced even faster.

I was really doing this, I thought as I followed the brunette beauty. I couldn't believe it, it felt like a dream. My heels clicked to the rhythm of my steps; it was the only sound I made.

The corridor wasn't that long, and it was sparse of any furniture, although it did have some intriguing photos on the wall. At the end of the hall was another door, this one made of the same dark oak as the one to the entrance. As the woman knocked once, twice, thrice, I had to lock my knees to keep them from shaking.

This Is it, the first time I would see with my own eyes a real dungeon.