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Chapter 12 EMILY

I came with a cry. My body convulsed as my pussy clamped down on nothing but air. My breathing was labored as the waves of pleasure washed over me.

My panties were soaked through, and all I could do was wonder how it was possible to come from just a dream, with no stimulation. I'd never experienced it before.

The light shined through the window, and the traffic outside was just as loud as it always was. Midday, I guessed.

Although I was happy to work as a bartender, I hated sleeping the day away. It felt like I hadn't done anything too useful in those days. What was worse was fixing my sleep schedule after every other weekend when I worked at Euphoria.

It was Sunday, and tomorrow I had a second job to attend, this one was a waitress job at a small family café.

Some days I just wanted to pull my blanket over my head and forget the world for a little while. But I couldn't, not if I wanted to save up money for my last year of college, so I didn't have to take too many shifts while studying.

Yeah, life was hard sometimes, but no one could call me lazy. That was something at least.

I had no plans today, no friends to hang out with-because they all were probably hungover-and no boyfriend to snuggle up to while watching a movie. All I had was frozen pizza and the internet.

When making dinner or anything that needed the oven's use, I had to open a window. If I didn't, the smoke detector would start peeing like crazy after a few minutes with all the smoke the oven made. It sucked in the winter times when it was already cold as hell in my apartment. It wasn't unusual for me to dress in both a thick jacket and a hat in that season when cooking.

The small desk by the corner was both my dining table and my study hook. This time I settled with googling all the BDSM clubs this city had to offer, which were surprisingly many.

Chewing the simple, cheap pizza, I read about one club not far from here. It looked promising until I saw the rating and reviews.

Took my wife to Club Phoenix, do not recommend. It was dirty, and the

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people who worked there were rude-Clara.

It was my first time visiting a dungeon (if you could even call it that). It was filthy with condom rubbers everywhere, dirt in every corner, and an unpleasant host. Will not return-Anonymous.

This club almost scared me off on trying to find a club for me to join. Right at the start, I saw that there was no structure, no rules upheld. The men were pigs playing at being dominants, though the women were better. It was more like an orgy than anything else. If you're reading this, stay away from Club Phoenix! -Roger

I didn't need to read any more, I was definitely not going there.

Clubs after clubs I searched, some were okay, and I wrote them down, but none measured up to DD. It was disappointing even when I had steeled myself for just that. Obviously, I couldn't find a club at that level within my price range, which was about five dollars because, let's face it, I was a student with school, food and rent to pay. But still, I had fucked myself over by going to DD first. Now, I knew what was out there, and I would have to settle for mediocre.

Slamming my computer-gently, because I couldn't afford a new one-closed, I sighed, looking out at the darkening sky. I'd spent hours and still only found a few in the "okay" list. I haven't seen a single one that was affordable that made my pulse speed up in excitement.

Maybe a trip to the store and buying a bottle of red wine would help with the letdown I felt.

I threw on the first pants I saw and a hoodie. Grabbing my key with a maze attached, I walked the short way to the small grocery store on my block. By the time I arrived, it was half-past nine.

"Emily!" The woman behind the counter exclaimed as I walked in.

"Claudia, how are you?" I smiled at her.

She owned the store along with her husband. I've seen her weekly as long as I had lived here.

"You know me, I'm always good. And you, dear?" She narrowed her eyes at me, trying to see any changes with me since I saw her a few days ago. "You're looking awfully thin," Claudia commented.

"I'm fine, just busy with work." I looked around the store, only seeing two other people inside.

"Do you eat enough?" She looked at me with worrying eyes.

Laughing I went to the isle with the wine. "I eat more than enough," I said over my shoulder, assuring her. If I didn't, I would wake up the next day to casserole outside my door. Believe me, it had happened once before, and I wouldn't ever tell her if I was low on food again. Her stew was delicious,

+120 Points at most

but I didn't want her to worry about me.

Claudia was like the neighborhoodgrandma, taking care of anyone who might need it and making sure everyone was okay. And damn if she didn't look the grandmotherly type too, with her kind hazel eyes and the smiles that made a person immediately feel better because they were just that genuine

And while she was taking care of us, we too were taking care of her. Last year, the windows to her store had been tagged with racist slurs, all because of her skin color. Luckily, she and her husband had been out of town that day, and those of us living on the block managed to clean it up so she didn't need to, though, not before taking pictures for evidence to show the cops. Of course, the cops did jack shit.

As I placed the wine on the counter, she gave me her standard disapprovingeyes, which I ignored. I might have enjoyed a few glasses of wine every now and then, but not so much that it was unhealthy.

"You know, people say red wine is good for the heart," I said as I paid.

"Hmph, fish is even better."

"Then both are even better than that," I bantered with a smile, teasing one out of her too, even though her eyes still narrowed slightly when I bagged the bottle.

Wishing her a good evening, I went home. I walked briskly, looking forward to unwindingwith a good movie and a glass of cheap cabernet Sauvignon.

I was just about to settle down on my bed, the movie ready to play on my computer, when my phone rang. Placing the glass on my nightstand, I eyed the phone, trying to see who was calling.

An unknown number showed on my screen, and I knew better than to answer, but at the same time, what if it was the school?

Fuck it, I answered. "Hello?"

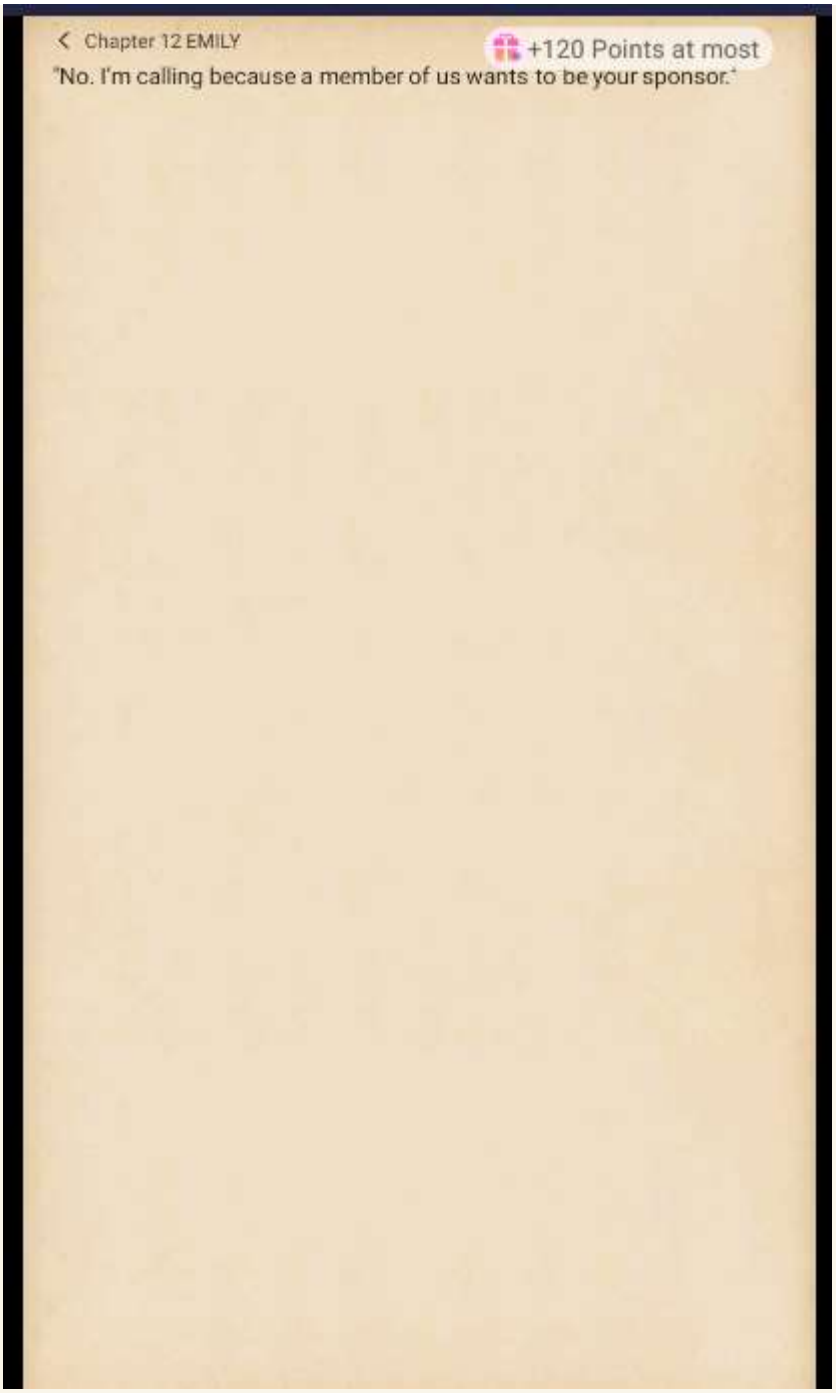
"Hi, is this Emily Fields?" A man was on the other line, and my heart stopped for a moment. The voice on the phonewas so familiar, I felt like I should have recognized it, but from where?

"Yes, this is her."

"Hi, my name is Chris Cross. I am the owner of Desire's Den."

Holy shit. I almost lost my phone from the shock of him calling. What in the hell could this be about? Oh god, I hoped I hadn't broken any rules when I was there.

"Is there something I can help you with?" I was surprised when my voice came out steady, especially when internally, I was shaking.


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"No. I'm calling because a member of us wants to be your sponsor."