+120 Points at most

Chapter 13 EMILY

Silence. Complete and utter silence.

At first, I didn't know what to say. What did all of it mean? And how were they able to find me? I hadn't exactly written down my number when I was at DD.

With clammy hands, I gripped my phone harder, afraid it would slip, and I'd drop it. Taking a shaky breath in, I opened my mouth to speak, but no words came out.

"I can understand the confusion, and I know you have a lot of questions. Do you know what having a sponsor means?" He sounded calm and in control, and in this conversation, he had all the power. Which, to be honest, was fine by me; I was too dumbstruck to say anything.

"N-no." And fuck my voice for soundingso small, stammering like a damn insecurechild.

"Well, it means that someone wants to sponsor your membership at Desire's Den for the first three months," he-Chris-explained.

My brows scrunched up. "B-but why? What does that person get out of this?" Who in the hell would pay for my membership? A quick count in my head and I realized we were talking about a hundred and twenty thousand dollars that someone had offered to pay for me. That was a shit ton of money.

"Your sponsor wants to stay anonymous and doesn't want anything to help you out. You won't have to talk to her or interact with her in any way, shape, or form. The reason we got from her was that she could see herself in your shoes. DD means a lot to her, to be able to experienceher kinkin a safe environment with practiced people and wants others to get the same opportunity."

Yeah... no. When something seemed too good to be true, it usually was. My stomach tied into knots as he talked. I didn't like it one bit. The thought of beinga charity or a pity case wasn't appealing to me.

"I appreciate her consideration, but-"

"The thing is, B-Ms. Fields, is that this woman won't know who you are either. She came to me last week and set upa fund for three months and told me if I found someone who would benefit from the money, I would give it to that person. The membership wasn't for you specifically, just someone in your situation. When I talked to Claire after the open house, she told me about you and that you'd left her a good impression To be

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clear, you won't stand in debt to anyone, and no one will know the membership went to you."

I was left speechless as I listened to him. What could I possibly say to that? I wanted to believe him, and I didn't see any reason why I shouldn't. Chris Cross was a successful businessman. He had no reason to fuck me over; I was insignificant in the eyes of someone like him. This was simply a business deal for him. I mean, he would make a hundred and twenty thousand dollars from this.

"Listen, you don't have to decide anything now. If you could give me your email, I can send you all the details and give you time to come to a decision."

I nodded until I realized he couldn't see me. "That sounds good, thank you." I rattled off my email, and then we said our goodbyes.

After the conversation, I was left in shock. Had this really happened, or had I imagined it all? My first reaction was to say no, but it couldn't hurt to give it some thought, right?

A ding from my computer brought me back from my spinning thoughts.

That didn't take long, I thought as I clicked on the mail. True to his words, there was an email from Chris.Cross@Cross-inc.com

Ms. Fields, here is some information you might need to make your decision. It contains a legal agreement, rules of the club, and information about the club.

Hmm, I wondered what the legal agreement was. I continued reading.

First of all, I want to mention that there are many known cases of others having sponsors at Desire's Den. Usually, it's when another member knows of someone who wants to join but can't afford it. You won't be under any obligations besides that of every other member of the club.

That was comforting to know, and while it helped make me feel less like a charity case, I was still on edge on whether I should decline or not.

Desire's Den was created to let people embrace their sexuality in a safe and protected environment. It is discreet, with safety measures in place to keep it that way. All members and visitors are required to sign a nondisclosure agreement. This is to protect the members' identity.

I would imagine that there would be several well-known people at the club, especially since it was so expensive. Not many "ordinary" people could afford it.

For everyone's safety, we have a set of rules and guidelines for all members and visitors.

1. Consent is the law. Respect it.

2. Only two drinks per member. We don't want any mistakes to happen

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while in a scene.

3. Do not touch anyone without their consent.

4. Always negotiate your role before you enter a scene.

5. Always negotiate your limits with your new dominant/master.

6. Safewords are non-negotiable. Every submissive or slave must have one.

7. Do not interrupt any scenes you're not a part of.

8. Do not interrupt anyone who is in aftercare.

9. Do not touch anyone's toys without permission.

10. Follow the dress code.

11. If unsure of anything, contact a dungeon monitor. They are there to help if it is needed. They will have a lanyard marked "DM" on them at all times.

12. Always be respectful. We do not judge.

If any of these rules are broken, your membership will be terminated immediately. If that happens, you will not be paid back the cost of the membership for that month.

Scrolling down, I found the legal agreement. It basically said that the sponsorship would remain a secret from the other members. It also said that I would be treated as any other member with no other rules or obligations than what the other member had.

I was left even more uncertain as I read the email. I had been pretty sure I would decline the offer, but everything in that email sounded so perfect, so safe. After the clubs I'd found earlier... it appealed more to accept the sponsored membership than to settle for one of the clubs in my "okay" list.

Desire's Den it was...well, perfect. It was classy, yet safe. It felt like a place where I could explore my own sexuality without being afraid.

It was like I'd been handed a golden ticket to something I had wished for, but I was too scared to pick it up and use it.