+120 Points at most

Chapter 15 EMILY

Between serving the customers and getting verbal pushes from Kevin to accept the offer, the rest of the shift passed in a blur.

As I walked back to my apartment, I reminded myself about the reason why I wanted to join a BDSM club in the first place. I craved so many things: The excitement, the pain with the pleasure and the loss of control – which for me, was the most intriguing one. I was hesitant in bed, always overthinking every move I made, wondering if I was good enough. It took all the pleasure away, and I couldn't enjoy myself. But by having someone else call the shots, I could let go in a way I haven't been able to do before.

In a way, I was taking control by letting go of it.

My mind was working overtime, trying to find out what I should say to Chris when I called him. It was even more nerve-wracking than when I was ordering takeout.

Hi, Chris– Nope, I couldn't start the conversation like that.

Mr. Cross, I would like to accept your offer. Was that too formal?

Hi, It's Emily Fields calling. What if he didn't remember me?

Hi there... God, no.

Ugh, I sucked at this.

By the time I got home, I had decided to fuck it and just call him. No need to overanalyze everything. I had saved his number from when he called me yesterday like I knew I would say yes even when I thought I was going to say no.

It rang three times before he answered.

"Ms. Fields, so glad you called. What can I help you with?" My heart still jumped a beat at the sound of his voice. Once again, I tried to place where I might have heard him before, it sounded so familiar, but the answer kept evading me. "Do you have any questions about the membership?"

"I've decided." Just those two words.

"That's good, so will you join us as a member?" It was almost as if he sounded hopeful, but that couldn't be right. I must've misheard the slight rise in his voice.

"If the offer still stands, then yes, I would like to become a member." I

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swallowed, developing a sudden dry throat. My heart was beating a little faster as I waited for him to reply.

"Great. I'll have my secretary take care of your membership so we can get that fixed as soon as possible. Are you able to swing by the club this week?"

It was all happening so fast, but damn if my stomach didn't feel like it was holding a hundred butterflies.

"Sure. I can come tomorrow after my shift. It ends at four, so I can be there at five-thirty pm if that works?" Oh shit, I was actually doing this– I was becoming a member of a BDSM club. Eighteen-year-old me would be stoked to hear it.

"That works perfectly. Ask for Marcus at the front desk, and remember to take with you your ID when you come in. I hope you have a great time at Desire's Den."

"Great. Thank you, Mr. Cross," I said sincerely before we said our goodbyes and hung up.

Drying my clammy hands on my dress, I let out a relieved breath. The conversation had gone great, and I could see now that I hadn't needed to worry.

After a quick shower and change of clothes, I went to the kitchen to make my dinner. Just as I was cutting up the onion, I remembered that I hadn't asked if I needed to wear something dress coded or not for tomorrow. I then remembered that I probably should buy some new lingerie and other outfits for when I attended the club. I did have some money saved for emergencies...

Grabbing my phone, I dialed Kevin. He already knew about my involvement with DD, and I figured he would be the perfect person to help me.

"Can't get enough of me?" Was the first thing he said as he answered the phone.

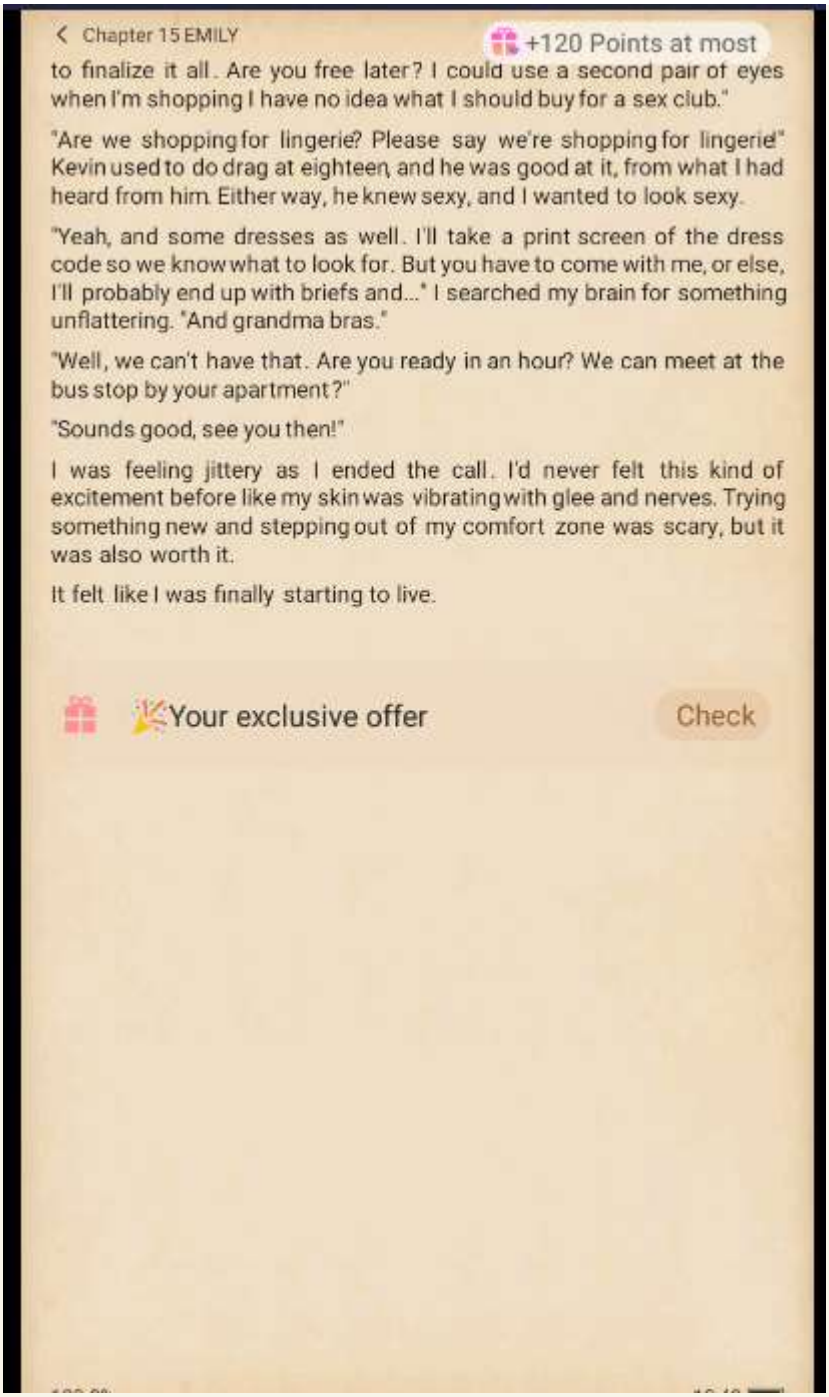
"Could you help me with something?" I sniffled, trying my best to not dry my teary eyes with my hand.

"Hey... are you crying?" I could hear the worry, and I laughed.

"I'm cutting onions," I explained as I swept the onions into a bowl.

"Oh, good." He sounded relieved. "So, what do you need help with? Did you call that guy and accept the membership? Tell me, you did. I'm living vicariously through you, which I never thought I would ever do. No offense."

Chuckling I moved my phone to rest between my shoulder and ear so I could wash my hands. "None taken, and yeah, I did. I'm going in tomorrow


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to finalize it all. Are you free later? I could use a second pair of eyes when I'm shopping I have no idea what I should buy for a sex club."
"Are we shopping for lingerie? Please say we're shopping for lingerie" Kevin used to do drag at eighteen, and he was good at it, from what I had heard from him. Either way, he knew sexy, and I wanted to look sexy.
"Yeah, and some dresses as well. I'll take a print screen of the dress code so we know what to look for. But you have to come with me, or else, I'll probably end up with briefs and..." I searched my brain for something unflattering. "And grandma bras."
"Well, we can't have that. Are you ready in an hour? We can meet at the bus stop by your apartment?"
"Sounds good, see you then!"
I was feeling jittery as I ended the call. I'd never felt this kind of excitement before like my skin was vibrating with glee and nerves. Trying something new and stepping out of my comfort zone was scary, but it was also worth it.
It felt like I was finally starting to live.
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