MY MASTERS

Chapter 2 - Emily

Someone opened the door from the other side, and with a few extra steps, I was inside.

Following the receptionist, or whatever she was—welcoming committee?—further in, we walked towards another woman standing off to the side, talking to a man. This woman was older, with leather everything. Thigh high boots, in leather. A body suit, in leather. Gloves, in what also looked like leather.

"Mistress Claire, I have a new one. Would you show her around and inform her on how we do it here?" The brunette spoke with respect, but as she turned to look at me, her eyes once again showed signs of judgment.

Why? What could possibly judge me off? It couldn't be because I was considering joining, not with her working here. That would've been double standard.

"Of course, Jennifer. I'll take good care of her." Claire, or Mistress Claire, looked at me with warmth, the complete opposite Jennifer had. It immediately put me at ease, or at least, a little.

Jennifer gave Claire a nod before moving back to the door, and out of sight.

"Hello dear, what's your name?" Claire asked, the man I had seen her talking to was long gone.

"Emily, Mistress?" I didn't mean for it to sound like a question, but I was unsure as to how to refer to her as.

"Mistress is completely fine," She chuckled. "Is it your first time at a BDSM club?"

"Yes, I'd always wanted to try, but I've been gathering up the courage," I admitted as I looked around, taking in all I could see from here—not wanting to miss a single thing.

"Completely understandable to be nervous your first time, everyone is. It can be a frightening thing to step out of your comfort zone and try something new. Some come with their friends or partner, which helps them explore while also having someone to 'hold their hand' so to speak." She started walking, and I went with her.

"I don't... I'm not really open about my sexual desires with my friends, and I don't have a partner." The den was dimly lit with a reddish glow, I could still see everything clearly,

but it made the setting more... sensual, as if it offered a sense of privacy in the midst of a crowd. I could hear Claire speak, without the music drowning out her voice.

As I took in the view, I couldn't help but feel giddy. The nervousness was temporarily forgotten. We went by someone in the middle of a play, with people standing around to watch. A man hung from a cross, like many I had read about, while a woman circled him with a whip. I could hear the smack as she hit him, and his groans of either pleasure or pain, but probably both. He was completely naked, and from where I stood, I could see red marks on different parts of him. His dick was hard and leaking of precum.

"It's called a scene. Those are two of our frequent members, they love the cross. As you can see by the marks on him, there's places she won't hit. Kidneys, among other things, because it can bruise them. You never want to have a dom who doesn't know his stuff, or he or she could cause you serious hurt." I must have stopped walking, because she had to backtrack a little as she explained what was going on.

I tried not to stare at the scene in front of me, but I couldn't help but look. It was pornographic, and interesting to see. I couldn't help but feel aroused at the show they were putting on for the silent watchers.

"I forgot to ask, are you a dom or a sub, or maybe a sex slave?" Claire asked as I motioned for us to continue our walk.

"Definitely not a sex slave," I gasped, unprepared for the mention of being a slave. "I'm a sub, at least, that's what attracted me when it comes to BDSM. I want someone to take control of me in bed. Only in bed." My eyes scanned the room, wanting to see everything at once.

Claire chuckled as she led me to another section. This one had a woman on a pedestal, her hands and feet hogtied, with the rope attached to the ceiling. She was completely naked, except for a blindfold over her eyes. It was weird to see another woman in the nude in real life, but not as weird as I thought it would be. I couldn't help but envision myself in her position, tied up and helpless while the man could do whatever he wanted to me. I could feel slick wetness seeping from my pussy, soaking my panties as I continued watching. The scene was the most erotic thing I'd ever seen, not even my favorite porn could measure to seeing the real thing.

I was jealous as the dom by her side used a feather to stroke her inner thighs. Her stomach clenched from the sensations. Fuck. I wanted to feel what she felt, to do what she did. I wanted to be her.

This was why I was here, to experience it for myself. And I hoped I didn't have to wait long until I could participate in this kind of delicious kink.

"There's nothing wrong with being a sex slave, but it's not for everyone. I wouldn't advise anyone new to the community to try it out right away. Start with something less...

intense. Ease yourself into it." She nodded towards the scene in front of us. "New beginners might see this as something easy to start with, but it isn't always so. It takes a lot to let someone tie you up and place a blindfold on you. You have to trust your dom and know he or she would do what you could handle and nothing more. It can take a while to build up that trust. Right now, he's teasing her senses. A stroke of a feather can be felt more clearly when your sight is taken away. The same can be said for taste. You don't know what to expect, so your body is more attuned to that feeling or taste," She explained. I could understand what she meant, and I found the thought thrilling; I wanted to try that out.

God, there were so many things I wanted to try out. I couldn't wait to start.

"Whenever you're ready, I'll show you where we have the bar. I remember how exciting it was the first few times I watched scenes, so we didn't have to hurry." It seems that she meant it and would happily let me watch a while longer, but I didn't mind going. I could always come back if I wanted to see some more, and I had a feeling I would come back. I wanted to see more. More of everything.