MY MASTERS

Chapter 3 - Emily

"It's fine, we can continue." I gave her a grateful smile, happy about how understanding she was. She made me feel welcome.

"Alright. Where were we? Oh yes. Not every scene is staged here. As you can see, we have several doors that lead to rooms, both private for those who don't wish for anyone to watch them and others for members who want to watch. We also have private viewing rooms, where you can see a scene undisturbed behind a one-way mirror. No one will be able to see you, but you can see them." It was a lot to take in; I almost felt dizzy from the amount of information I was getting.

I didn't know much about Desire's den, only that it was exclusive and that they didn't have much information made public. The website had also mentioned that it was a cross between a dungeon and a sex club, seeing as public sex was permitted there, while a dungeon normally didn't allow it. I honestly didn't know why I chose this club when there were many others available in New York, but the anonymity of DD drew me in.

"Here's the bar. We have another one upstairs, but it's only for VIP members," Claire explained further. I had noticed that dark oak was a recurrence at this place. First, with the doors, and now with the bar. It was perfect for the sensual setting. As we stepped closer to the bar, I saw padded benches in the same type of oak.

Claire held out a hand, showcasing this side of the building. "This is one of the sitting areas. I'll show you the other in a minute. If you want to socialize with other members, this is the perfect place to do so. It's a great way to get to know others in this community."

There were several people here as well, some in groups and others with just two. Even if I was as prepared as I could be on what to expect at the club, it still shocked me when I saw a woman sitting on the floor with a collar. A leash was attached to it, which another woman sitting on a bench held. She sometimes tugged at the leash, but I didn't know what that meant.

"We have several rules in place here at Desire's Den to assure the safety of our members. A two-drink only rule is one of them. Drunk equals mistakes, and we can't allow that to happen. If anyone disregards our rules, they are kicked out at once. There's no second chance."

I nodded along as Claire filled me in on how their club worked. I could understand where they were coming from, and it made me feel protected if I ever decided to choose this club, which didn't look that improbable.

She moved through the bar and further in; towards a door I hadn't noticed. "In here is another sitting area. This is used for aftercare when doms take care of their subs after a scene. If you're ever in here, you don't interact with anyone besides your Dom. It's important to be quiet so the Subs can be brought down gently after a scene." I'd read about that, the aftercare. It seemed to be a vital part of BDSM and one that intrigued me. I wondered how it felt to be taken care of like that.

Claire didn't go in but instead showed me the door before turning around again. "We don't need to go in there; you'll see it if you decide to become a member."

Through the entire tour, I'd been so engaged that I had forgotten about my own state of nakedness. When we sat down on one of the bar stools, I jumped a little at the feel of the slightly cold leather against my bare thighs. While a huge part of me felt self-conscious when I got reminded of my lack of clothing, another part of me felt freeing. There was something that could be said about owning and accepting the body you were born with.

Looking around from this new advantage point, I could see most of the floor. On my right side, across from me, were the sections with the different scenes. It was six in total; four I hadn't even seen when Claire showed me around. A little away from the sections were the doors, which I hoped I could explore sometime. I saw the stairs going to the upper level, with a man at the bottom, presumably making sure only VIPs got up.

I could feel eyes on me, and when I turned, I saw the man behind the bar sizing me up. He was classically handsome, with short blond hair and blue eyes. I blushed as I looked away. The man wasn't my type, but he still looked good.

"Want a drink? This one's on me," Claire smiled, tapping her hand leisurely on the bar top.

"I would love one," I accepted, smiling warmly back. I really liked this woman.

"Chris," She turned to the man serving the bar. "Could we get a gin for me and...?" She looked quizzically at me.

"Scotch on the rocks, please."

"And scotch on the rocks for this pretty lady?" Claire finished our order.

Chris walked up to us, stopping close by me. "Of course. But first, who's this?" he asked Claire while he looked at me so attentively it made my heart beat a little faster.

"Chris, this is Emily. Emily, this is Sir Chris, although he only wishes to be called sir by his submissive."

"A pleasure to meet you, Emily. I hope you like what you see?" His voice was slightly deep, with just enough of a bass to make my pussy clench.

After everything I'd seen today, I was beyond horny, and I was desperate for relief. My body apparently wasn't as picky as my mind was.

See? Oh, he probably meant the club.

"Yes, very much," I answered politely. He seemed pleased by my answer and went on to make our drinks.

"Really?" Claire said as he left, lifting her brow at me, looking surprised. "I took you more as a Margarita kind of girl."

I laughed. "The first time I ordered a drink at a bar, scotch on the rocks was the only drink I knew. It was my dad's go-to, and it also became mine." Truth be told, I usually struggled in social settings. At first, I didn't like the taste of Scotch, but it was the only thing I felt comfortable ordering. I would've just stumbled over the names of other drinks if I ordered them, so I didn't. With time, it became my favorite as well.

"To each their own, I guess. So, now that I have shown you what we have to offer, do you have any questions?"

If I had questions? I was nearly exploding with them. "You mentioned rules. I would like to know what they are."

"Well, we always give out a list to all of our new members. But yes, we have several in place to protect both the dominants and the submissive. I've told you about the drinking and the aftercare. We also do not allow anyone to touch another person without consent. Consent is our law; we live it and breathe it. You also don't touch anyone's toys without permission. Always negotiate your role before you enter a scene. Safewords are non-negotiable; every submissive needs to have one. Don't interrupt any scenes you're not a part of. Follow the dress code, which I see you have no problem with. By the way, I love your outfit. It's very sexy."

At that, I blushed. I'd never been comfortable in my own body. Whenever I had sex, the lights were turned off. I wanted to shed that and learn to love it. I hoped coming here today, walking around with little to cover my body with, would help with that.

"Thanks, I was a little unsure if this was okay," I admitted. The invitation on the kink site I visited only said something sexy and black. Lingerie was suggested, though, among other things, like leather.

"Nonsense, you nailed it. Trust me, I saw at least ten people eying you as soon as you stepped into the room."

Wow, I didn't know that. I'd been too nervous to notice.

"Back to the rules. You are only allowed to do acts of play and nudity in the assigned areas. There are a few others, but you don't need to know them now."

"That sounds reasonable. What about..." I trailed off as something caught my eye. At the upper level, by the railing, stood three men, all dressed in suits. I couldn't see them clearly, but that didn't keep me from staring. They were tall, with muscular bodies hidden beneath the well-fitted suits—that much, at least, I could see. Two of them had dark hair, somewhat short in length, while the third had shoulder-length light brown, maybe blond hair.

There was something about these men...this aura around them that stole my attention. When I looked around the room, I saw several others gawk at the men as well.

Evenfrom so far away, I could feel their power. These men were not to be trifled with.