MY MASTERS

Chapter 4 - Emily

"They're not for you," Claire commented.

I wrenched my gaze from the men, looking guiltily at the glass which Chris had placed in front of us. Had I been that obvious in staring at them? "What?" I murmured, embarrassed about being caught.

"Them." Claire nodded in their direction. "They're not for you. They don't seek a... submissive."

Scrunching my brows, unsure of what she meant. "What do you mean? Are they looking for dominants?" That couldn't be true, not from the immense authority they each expelled.

"No. They're looking for a slave," She answered casually as if she was talking about the weather.

Wanting someone to dominate you, I could understand, but wanting a master? Having someone to control you not just in the bedroom, but everywhere? At all times? That, I couldn't envision anyone wanting. But clearly, someone did want that; it just wasn't me.

"There's no point in speculating, either way, they're the most goddamned pickiest men I've ever met. They've tried finding one for years, but none is good enough for them. Ahh, I wish they were regular dominants." Claire waved her hand in front of her face as if she was warm. "Even I would consider joining the ranks of the submissive if it meant having them ordering me. Damn, they're fine."

I kept listening until I wasn't. My mind stuck on two words, finding one. Did that mean one for each of them or one for them to share? If I weren't wet already, I would be soaked now. Just the thought of what not one, but three men could do to me... I was almost about to ask Claire to clarify, but I kept my mouth shut. As she said, they weren't for me. I wasn't looking for masters, and they weren't looking for a submissive.

"Anyways, was there anything else on your mind?" Claire's question forced me out of my thoughts and into the here and now.

"Yeah." I sorted through my mind, trying to remember everything I wondered about, but came up short. I'd had so many questions but couldn't recall any but one. "At the website

where I found your invitation to your open house, I didn't see much information. Could you tell me more about the club in general?"

"That's correct. We don't have much information out there for the public. Let's see—We're a very exclusive club, and not everyone who can afford the membership will be accepted. Truth be told, our members expect the best, and we offer it to them. One part of that is beautiful people. You won't see someone here who's not... above average, to put it mildly." At the mention of beautiful people, I realized she was right. I hadn't seen someone unattractive, not one. When I took in the news, it made me uncomfortable. Maybe this wasn't the place for me after all... I've never seen myself as "above average" when the lights are off while having sex.

And then, I registered everything she had said. Afford the membership. Fuck. As I looked around once again, I saw what I hadn't seen before. This place was dripping in money, from the crystal chandelier hanging from the ceiling to the bar's liquor. There weren't any top shelves because they all cost insane amount of money; I should know, I was a bartender after all. Thank God Claire said she would pay for mine, or else I would eat noodles for the rest of college.

"How much does it cost?" I had to force the question out, not really wanting to hear the answer. I knew it was way beyond my paygrade.

"Jennifer didn't tell you? The front desk should always disclose the price before allowing them inside."

I just shook my head, heart pounding as I waited.

"It's forty thousand a month for regular membership and seventy-five for VIP membership."

The only thing I heard was forty thousand, and then I blacked out momentarily. Shit, no way could I ever afford that. Suddenly dizzy, I was glad I already sat down; if not, I would probably have ended up on the floor.

"Oh, that's... yeah. I should go." I felt embarrassed as I slowly raised up from my stool after I'd regained my strength.

I couldn't believe I even went to this club, thinking I could just join. Of course, they would be expensive, what did I really think, coming here? These people were several leagues ahead of me, and I would never be at their level. And I hated it, knowing how this place worked, so perfect for me... all the other affordable clubs, preferably free, would never amount up to Desire's den.

"Is something wrong?" Claire looked at me with confusion.

"I can't—" I shook my head once again, feeling stupid. "I can't afford it," I whispered.

Claire's eyes dimmed with sudden understanding. "I'm sorry," she said sincerely. She must've realized how much this place meant for me, and before I could even enjoy it, it was ripped away, leaving me standing on the side watching my dream disappear.

Because this was my dream. A sexual one, but a dream, nevertheless. I had a craving so deep, it was etched in my bones, and now when I found the perfect place... fuck.

"Thank you, Mistress, for showing me around." My voice shook slightly. All I wanted was to get out of here.

"I hope you find what you're looking for, Emily."

I Left the same way I came in, back straight and staring proudly ahead. But on the inside, I was embarrassed and ashamed.