MY MASTERS

Chapter 5 - Chris

Years. We'd been trying to find the perfect slave for us for years. I was tired and bored with all the searching. You'd think owning a dungeon would help the cause, but no one caught our attention, at least, not all of ours. It happened that either Matt or I found one we wanted to give a try, though that person rarely held our interest for more than a couple of fucks.

I rubbed my neck in frustration, looking down at the sea of people, not really registering anything or anyone.

"Are you guys coming to the wedding this weekend?" Matt asked, dragging me out of my thoughts.

"Huh?" I turned towards him, disregarding the people downstairs. I should probably go down there and make sure the open house went smoothly, but that's why I had people working for me, so I didn't need to.

Matt was the most charming man out of the three of us. With his dirty blond hair, warm blue eyes, and easy smile—he was a hit with the women. People always gravitated towards Matt; they couldn't help themselves. He had a calming presence. Matt always looked relaxed, but I knew it was only a facade. Sure, he was more carefree than Gideon and me, but he could shift his demeanor by the snap of a finger. Not many saw that side of him.

"My dad's wedding, are you coming? Please don't leave me to suffer alone. Jennifer will be there." Matt shuddered at the mention of Jennifer. He tried his best to avoid her, but it wasn't so easy when she worked at DD and was his sister's best friend.

"What is it, his fourth wedding?" Gideon's gruff voice was low; I could almost not hear him. He didn't like to talk, but when he did, it was always in a whisper. Being a mountain of a man, with tattoos on almost every surface of skin except his face, his voice constantly came as a surprise to the people lucky enough to hear him talk. It didn't match his appearance. His calm was like that of the calm before the storm; you could just sense there was something violent underneath.

"Fifth," Matt corrected. "I'm twenty-two-year-old this time." He looked disgusted, like the thought repulsed him. His dad was fifty-nine.

"Damn, that pig gets around. It pays to have money," I joked. Matt wasn't close with his billion-dollar worth of a father. The only family member he was close to was his sister. Neither knew about his devious sexual side, and he wanted to keep it that way.

"Yeah, tell me about it..." He trailed off, staring down at the people below. His whole body froze as his breath left his lungs in a rush.

"What is—" I followed his gaze, landing on a woman I'd never seen before. Her long hair, the color a dark blonde, and a skin so white it looked like porcelain. She looked like a doll; beautiful and delicate.

I couldn't see her well from our position, but what I saw, I liked—a lot.

The woman raised slowly from her chair at the bar, revealing a deliciously sinful body. An hourglass figure meant to tease every man crossing her path, leaving them panting as she passed. She hid nothing with a tight corset, and damn, she even wore a garter belt, making me want to see what it looked like on her naked—with nothing but that belt and her heels. Yeah, the heels would definitely stay on too.

"Who the fuck is that?" Matt kept staring, tracking her every move. Looking to my other side, I confirmed Gideon also looked at her, his hands clenched into fists.

"I have absolutely no idea. Maybe someone is looking to join?" I guessed, and God, I hoped that was the case.

But when we kept looking, my hope slowly dwindled. The woman said something to Claire before rushing out—her steps were hurried like her ass was on fire.

Before my friends said anything, I was on the move, walking purposefully down the stairs and towards the bar. I didn't need to turn around to know both Matt and Gideon were following me.

"Hello, Master Chris, Master Matt, and Master Gideon," Claire greeted us. She was a beautiful older woman, not our type, but I could see the appeal. Her makeup was flawless, hiding her wrinkles of age.

"Mistress Claire," I responded. "Who was the woman you were just talking to?" Right to the point, I didn't like to beat around the bush; it took too much time.

Her brows shot up; surprise written on her face. "Emily?" She asked for clarification.

"How would I know? Was that the woman you just talked to? The one who rushed out here so fast you'd think she saw the devil." My voice was unnecessarily harsh, but I needed to know. I didn't know why, just that I did.

"Yes." She nodded, "That was Emily."

"Emily, what?" Matt asked, clearly not happy with being left out of this conversation.

"I..." Claire blinked, stunned by our persistence. "I don't know. She didn't tell me her last name."

Fuck.

"Fuck." Matt echoed my thoughts. How the hell could we find out who she was now?

"The guest lists!" Matt exclaimed, his eyes lighting up as he found the answer to my silent question. Everyone who visited Desire's Den was required to write down their name and contact information. It was mostly for security reasons, in case we needed to track them down if they breached our rules, by taking photos and videos in particular.

Matt crossed the space to the door fast, with Gideon and me not far after. It seemed like I wasn't the only one who needed to know this woman's name.

We went across the corridor in a hurry; the photos hanging on the wall passed in a blur.

"Jennifer, give us the guest list!" Matt commanded as soon as we reached the front desk. Even though I was the one who owned this club, my friends took the liberty to make themselves at home. The same way I did whenever I visited Gideon's nightclub.

Jennifer jumped at the demand, obeying without a second thought. As soon as she took out the guest list, she looked at Matt so intently it made me uncomfortable.

She had an unhealthy amount of interest when it came to Matt, and some in Gideon and me as well.

I let Matt search through the book, trusting him to know where to look. Instead, I focused my eyes on Jennifer when she wasn't looking. Neither of us liked having her work here, but it was as a favor to Rebecca, Matt's sister.

It gave me the creeps, seeing how fixedly she was taking Matt in like she was devouring him with her eyes—She scanned every part of him, once, twice, thrice. She only stopped at specific body parts she liked the most: his thighs, arms, hands, and chest. She couldn't see much of him with his suit on, but it was clear he was muscular. We all were. Though, Gideon had us both beat.

"It's not here. For fuck's sake." Matt slammed the book closed, almost seething as he looked at Jennifer.

She flinched slightly as his eyes connected with hers. She was a smart girl, knowing when she was in trouble. And now, she certainly was.

"Why isn't Emily's name here?" He spoke carefully, but I knew he was wrestling with impatience.

"Who?" Jennifer's brows scrunched up.

"Emily, the woman with long dark blonde hair. She left a few minutes ago."

At the mention of Emily, Jennifer tensed before slowly relaxing again, looking smug for some reason. "I must've forgotten."

"You know any visitors need to write their name in the guest list, it's protocol. This is ground for elimination of your position here at DD," I threatened, no longer content with letting Matt steer the conversation.

Jennifer's eyes widened. "I'm so-sorry, I didn't mean t-to," She stuttered, looking frightened at the thought of getting fired. She looked at Matt for support, but she wouldn't get any from him.

"Did you get her to sign a confidential agreement then?" I somehow knew before I asked that she hadn't, and she confirmed it by shaking her head.

"Do you want to lose your job?" I was beyond pissed, not only because we couldn't find the name of our mystery woman, but also because it was her damn job to secure a confidential agreement with everyone who stepped a foot into my building.

I was at a loss, and I was never at a loss. Fucking damn it. One look at that woman—from a distance no less—and I wanted to know more about her, to see her again. Scratch that, I needed to. No one had caught my attention like she had just done, and for that, I had to find her.

But how the fuck could I do that with only knowing her first name?