+120 Points at most

Chapter 6 CHRIS

My mind was going amok with thoughts of how to find this woman—. I had to call my private investigator, that was for sure, I couldn't find her on my own.

How could everything change in a blink of an eye? I wasn't saying that she was the one, fuck, that would've been ridiculous. But... I couldn't just let her go either, not without getting to know her, to see if she would fit in with us. The whole "what if" was what stuck with me. She stole my attention as soon as I saw her. That had to count for something, right?

Maybe, after waiting so long for a slave, I was getting desperate—we were getting desperate. That was more possible than her actually being the one for us. Maybe what happened was, we saw a beautiful woman, and that should have been that, but desperation... man... that could fuck a person up.

Even if she could end up being another of the hundreds we'd met that didn't suit us, I still needed to meet her. I wouldn't rule anything out until then.

"Hey... where did Gideon go?" Mat asked, looking around.

I turned around, but I couldn't see him anywhere. For such a big man, he could be quiet as a mouse whenever he wanted. I hadn't even noticed him walking away, though I knew he had followed us out here.

"He w-went outside," Jennifer pointed at the door.

Casting an annoyed look her way, I stalked to the door. Just as I reached for the handle, it opened, revealing Gideon's brooding face.

"Office," Gideon said just as quietly as he always did.

My office was on the second floor, away from the music and people. It was spacious, with a comfortable sitting area, a desk, and a private bar filled with only our drink of choice; rum and coke for me, straight whisky for Gideon, and brandy for Mat.

They both settled on my leather couch while I went to fetch their drinks and mine.

"None for me. I got a meeting early tomorrow," Gideon commented, grabbing a cigar from the table and lit it up.

"Where did you go?" Mat looked at Gideon, waiting for an explanation.

"Talk to the bouncers." Gideon was a man of few words; I'd never heard him talk more than two sentences continually before. I wondered how he

10:20

+120 Points at most

managed meetings and work.

"Why would you talk to them?" Mat seemed puzzled.

Understanding dawned on me. The bouncers must have seen her ID, and I was sure they wouldn't have forgotten her. How could they? I saw her from a distance, and I was already hooked. They got to see her face to face, and I knew she would look even more beautiful up close. I didn't know why I hadn't thought about the bouncers, but it was good someone did.

"What was her name?" I asked right after Mat, making him even more puzzled.

"Emily Fields, twenty-two. She's a student, but they forgot which school she studies at."

"Oh, of course." Mat grinned, finally understanding what we were talking about.

Twenty-two, you say? That's not bad..."

"Fuck yeah, that's bad. She is young. She might not appreciate the big age difference," I disagreed.

Seriously? Mat damn it. He had a thing for thinking with his cock rather than his head. But for once, I was happy someone argued for it, even as I argued against it. Because, while I could see reason, I didn't want to, not this time.

I was the voice of reason in our little group. Mat was practically the opposite. Gideon... he just went along with whatever, most of the time.

"Twelve years isn't that bad. Well, thirteen in Gideon's case. Maybe she'd like someone with experience," Mat argued, and I wanted to believe him.

As much I wanted it, I still had to play my part and see which side won. This was why the three of us worked; we discussed both the good and bad before jumping into anything. "And then the three of us, who wouldn't be scared by that? Being shared isn't for everyone, and like I said before, she's young. It might freak her out. We can agree on that at least —"

"What if she's a sub? Just a sub?" Gideon's voice cut through our discussion. Fuck, I hadn't even thought of that.

"We could change that..." Mat looked at us hopefully. "You guys know how many subs have fallen at our feet, even when they knew we were masters."

I shook my head. "Hell no, that's where we draw the line. We won't convince anyone to become a slave. That will always be a free decision for anyone to make themselves without our influence."

Mat knew that, but I understood his eagerness. It wasn't often one of us —let alone all three of us—found someone who stirred our interest.

+120 Points at most

Gideon hadn't said much about any of this, but that wasn't unusual. I figured he would protest if he wasn't in.

"Fine, let me go talk to Claire some more and see if she had any more information on that girl." Mat took one last swallow of his drink before walking out the door.

If Claire actually knew anything, Mat was the guy to get the info. He could sweet-talk himself into any anything he wanted—even talk himself out of anything as well, if the need arose.

Emily... We did have several young adults as members living off of daddy's money, but most here were in the beginning of their thirties, self-made millionaires. This club wasn't just for BDSM; it was also a place to connect with influential people.

What was Emily? A brat spending daddy's money? Self-made? Or maybe she had a sponsor...? Whatever it was, I wanted to know as much about her as I could. I said to Mat that we wouldn't influence her choice in becoming a slave, but that didn't mean I didn't want her here as a member. Maybe—just maybe—she would surprise us all.