+120 Points at most

Chapter 7 CHRIS

The smell of tobacco mixed with a hint of cognac filled the air as Gideon puffed. I wasn't much of a smoker, but I liked to enjoy a good cigar once in a while. Gideon, on the other hand, could smoke with the best of them, cigars, cigarettes, pot... though, he preferred simple Marlboro.

With my drink in hand, I waited in the quiet company of Gideon. He wasn't a fan of filling the silence with unnecessary talk, so I kept shut. My leg bounced restlessly as the clock ticked.

Finally, the door opened, and a grim-looking Mat entered.

"Well?" I prompted him as soon as he got inside, anxious to know more about this woman.

"It was her first time visiting a dungeon of any kind. She said Emily was a submissive, and definitely not a slave." Mat went to the table and grabbed his empty glass. Glancing at me to see if I needed a refill as well.

I shook my head in answer and swore. "How did she know that?"

"She asked. Apparently, Emily didn't like the thought of being a slave, at least not by the look on her face when Claire asked her. She had expressively answered that she was just a submissive. Also, she won't become a member either." He filled his glass with more brandy before plopping down in his seat with a sigh. He looked disappointed as he chugged down his drink in one big gulp.

"Why not? Isn't my club good enough for her?" The thought pissed me off, and I hoped that wasn't the case. I lived and breathed this club, and no other club in New York could measure to this one. It wasn't that I was biased; it was merely a fact.

"She couldn't afford it. Supposedly, Jennifer forgot to mention the price as well."

Fucking Jennifer. She'd worked here for a year, and this was the first time she'd fucked up, not once, but three times. Which led me to believe she had done it on purpose, but why?

"I'll fix it." Somehow, I would get Emily as a member of my club.

Neither Mat nor Gideon asked me how I would do that. They knew me well enough to know I could do it, even if I had no idea where to start — yet.

"Does it really matter? She's not a slave. That's what we're after," Gideon

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commented, looking angry, but when didn't he? That man could look angry even in the bliss of an orgasm. No wonder he stuck to us; everyone else was too intimidated by him to get too close. Women got turned on by his moody looks, but they were only there for a quick fuck before they left with their tail tucked between their legs.

"Maybe she hasn't considered it before? Being a sub is a good step in that direction. Maybe she just needs someone to show her how amazing it could be? I mean shit, outsiders have no idea what it actually entails to be a slave. They all have some misguided views on it. She's new to the game, so she's still considered an outsider," Mat argued, and I couldn't help but agree with him. There was a lot more to it than those outside of BDSM culture knew.

At two at night, both men said their goodbyes while I stayed behind. I had a lot of paperwork to finish before I could hit the hay. Fuck, I was tired. The open house was good for business, but it always brought on more work for me.

I loved my job—no objections there, but aside from my best friends, that was all I had. I'd longed for a slave for so fucking long, and I wasn't a fan of waiting. The thought of sharing a part of my life with someone was intoxicating. I had control over my workers, but it was something else to control someone else's life—complete and entirely.

The guys and I did a few sessions now and then, and it felt good for those few hours, but after, we went back to being masters without our slave. It felt empty like I was missing a part of myself, and I knew the guys felt the same.

The thing was, we were picky as fuck. No one we'd met felt right. If we hadn't been that picky, I was sure that we would have already found one a long time ago. But I had a picture in my mind of how it should be, and I wasn't letting that go. The woman we would choose was someone who fit with each of us, complimenting our personality—the perfect slave to our masters. One who I could laugh with, relax with after a long day at work. And dominate.

We all started out as dominants but soon noticed it wasn't enough. We craved control, not just for a little while, but constantly. As for the desire to share... all of us were busy with our work and wouldn't have enough time for our slave as she would need. We figured if we shared, we could give our slave the attention she deserved. But it wasn't just that. It turned me on to see a woman with hazy eyes full of desire as she gave herself over to my friends. I liked to see them handle her, take charge of her while I watched. A tiny woman made even tinier by the company of the guys...yeah, I didn't hate that imagery.

After getting my paperwork done, I left the club, trusting my manager to close up when the open house was done.

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There were still people downstairs, and probably upstairs as well, though I couldn't see them. It had dwindled down some since I went to my office, but the drug of BDSM was hard to quit, wanting to continue until the warning bell rang.

"See you tomorrow, boss," Michael, one of the bouncers, said as I exited my business.

"See you, good job tonight." I nodded back, walking straight to my car just outside the building—

My black Porsche was one of the few cars parked here. Not many of my members liked to bring their vehicle to the dungeon, not wanting to be recognized. I had many well-known people as members; actresses and actors, hotshot lawyers, successful business owners... When Jennifer "forgot" to make Emily write a confidential agreement, I wasn't just pissed because I wanted to get her information details. It was also because of who I had to protect. If the list of members ever got out to the public, I was done for. No amount of money could ever fix my reputation if that happened.

The apartment was dark when I got there, another reminder that I was alone, always fucking alone. I always envisioned what it would be like coming home to a lit apartment, a home cooked meal, a movie to relax if it wasn't too late at night, and a wet pussy to keep my dick warm. I'd never been able to picture exactly who would welcome me home, but now... now all I could think of was long blonde hair, easy to grip and pull, and an hourglass figure that made me want to hurt it and bring it to unimaginable pleasure.

I hadn't even seen her face, but fuck if I didn't want her already.

My body hungered for more than food, but I settled for yesterday's leftovers—the other thing was unavailable, but hopefully not for long. After sending a quick text to my private detective, I dug into the cold, dry pizza, not bothering to heat it.

Tomorrow.

Tomorrow I would figure out a plan to get Emily back to my club, but for now, I would eat and then sleep.

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