



SLIPPERS & CHAINS:

# SUGAR DUST

RAVEN  
SHADOWHAWK

BP



# Sugar Dust

Slippers and Chains, Book 1

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Sugar Dust  
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Dedication  
To my Funk Master. You were right after all.



# CHAPTER ONE

Karen tried to kneel taller, but succeeded only in knocking her head against the top of the four-foot cage. Hair cushioned the blow, but the sensory echo of the impact lingered along the top of her skull for long seconds afterward. The physical reminder of her captivity and helplessness sent tingles racing from her toes to the tips of her fingers. Her heart fluttered.

*I can't wait much longer. I'll explode if he doesn't touch me...*

Pulling her sore knees to her chest, she peered through the thick, metal bars. "Please." The begging note in her voice gave her the verbal weight of a ten-year-old.

Brown eyes gleamed and one hand massaged his crotch as Dan stalked closer. A slim lock of hair tumbled down over his forehead like a curl of salt and pepper silk. A sharp toss of his head flicked it back and showcased the subtle ripple of muscles across his neck and shoulders. "Please, what?"

"Please, Sir, let me come."

“No.”

She whimpered at his deadpan tone. Frustration fired up her blood and mingled with the thrill over his control. His denial of her need. His absolute power.

“You need to earn it.” He unfastened the top button of his jeans and gave a wide smile. That smirk spoke of wicked pleasures in a language Karen knew well. She yearned to cross her legs to give pressure to the delicate button high between her thighs that throbbed at the thought of *earning* her reward.

“Come here,” he murmured.

Obedient and eager, Karen lowered her knees and clumsily rocked herself into a kneeling position. It took several tries with the spreader bar between her ankles. She had added difficulty with her wrists chained at the small of her back; her hands were of no use. The chain from the handcuffs pooled on the small of her back then slipped down the crack of her ass. Its metallic touch tickled like a cold, teasing finger. She shivered and sucked a deep breath through her open mouth. She reached back, fumbling for the bars of the cage. Pain spasmed across her overextended shoulders. Her fingernails scraped Dan’s thigh.

“I can’t reach like this,” she whined.

“Why bother with all that yoga if you can’t bend a bit?”

“Screw you.”

“You wish.” His eyes narrowed. The look stole the breath from her lungs. He wouldn’t really leave her hanging would he?

Dan’s voice roughened as he ordered, “Try harder.”

Karen strained until her shoulders shrieked for mercy and her fingers found the coarse curls of Dan’s pubic hair. She yanked a few strands, winding them around her finger in tightening coils.

“Hey,” he yelped. “None of that.”

“It’s difficult when I can’t see.” She bit her lip, hoping her lowered eyes and soft voice would work as well here as those times when she conveniently “forgot” to wash the dishes after dinner. “I didn’t mean it.”

“Bullshit. Get over to the other side. I want your mouth.”

The words sent another pulse of pleasure through her stomach. A trickle of moisture oozed from her hypersensitive pussy lips, warm and slick on her skin. Smirking, she shimmied over and met Dan in the far corner. He dropped his pants on the way around. With a slight grunt he kicked off his boxers and stood before her naked.

Karen froze, mesmerized by the sight of his skin. It was unblemished and perfect except for the faint red lines across his thighs and knees, all angled towards the juncture of his legs. Her fingertips itched to touch him again and to add more nail marks to the fading collection.

He pressed his hips to the side of the cage, and whispered, "Suck me."

Extending her tongue, Karen licked a glistening, pearly smear from the tip of his cock then closed her mouth around him. The warmth of him, the salty muskiness made her moan. She wished her hands were tied in front.

He groaned and began to thrust, long, slow motions that occasionally stroked the back of her throat. "Good girl, Kaz. Just stay there."

She longed to suck him in and never let go. Breathless need consumed her. She braced herself. His hot length slid deeper.

The phone rang. Karen flinched, but Dan continued thrusting, eyes closed as if to shut out the intrusion. Three seconds after the ringtone stopped, it rang out again.

"Damn it!" he roared.

Karen arched one eyebrow and flexed her jaw as he pulled away. His expression in that moment reminded her of their first months together and the disappointment in his gaze each time she left his bed. She watched him snatch his cell phone off the dresser and wondered when exactly he'd stopped reaching for her body in such an eager and passionate way.

"What? Sorry, I...no, Mum, of course I'm glad to hear from you."

Sighing, Karen sat down and leaned in the corner. She extended her wide-spread legs before her. With her eyes closed, she prepared for the emotional hurricane otherwise known as Maxine Scotney.

"I'm great, thanks. Just spending some time with Karen—yes, *the one with the afro.*" He grimaced.

The apologetic look he shot her way only fanned the flame of irritation. Why couldn't he—wouldn't he—defend her? Why did he always have to be so weak?

"My girlfriend," Dan continued, pacing around the cage in a large circuit which included the bed against the far wall, the bookcase and drawers opposite, and the wardrobe on the right.

Karen watched him move and gnawed her lower lip. Still naked, his body drew her eye like paperclips to a desk magnet. She drank in his strong strides and narrow hips with a slight paunch around the belly button and remembered his words of praise as he gobbled down the latest of her “experimental” dinners.

The memory of his praise and rewarding caresses almost made her forget who was on the other end of the phone. Then the whine in Dan’s voice dragged her back.

“I’m in the middle of something right now. Yes, she’s here with me.”

Karen tensed and drummed her fingers against bars. “Tell her to get lost!” she said, in a half lowered voice.

Dan placed his index finger against his lips. His eyebrows knitted almost into one. She hated being shushed.

Her body ached, left over promises of pleasure still tingled along her flesh. Yet again, she wished her hands were tied in front. She lifted her knees and rubbed her breasts against her thighs, the friction offering minimal relief to the tightening nubs of her nipples.

Above the chest of drawers, the wall clock marked each stolen second of play with a doleful click.

“Mum, this isn’t a good time.”

“You’re right. We’re meant to be playing.” This time when she spoke, she didn’t bother to lower her voice. Something inside her gut warmed at the thought that Maxine might hear that her presence was unwanted. It might finally force Dan to tell her where she stood.

Dan slapped the handset against his chest and raised a finger in warning. Gone was the playful look of mere moments ago, replaced with a furrowed brow and eyes dark with worry.

His expression freed a wave of shame within her that swelled and swallowed her pleasure. It left Karen cold and uncomfortable, shifting against her restraints. When the chains jangled against the cage bars she froze.

Dan glanced at his watch. “That’s twenty minutes away. Why didn’t you call sooner?” He waited. His shoulders slumped. “I’ll come get you.”

Karen sat upright and her mouth hung open. Before she could object, Dan hung up the phone. She stared at him, abruptly aware of her harsh breathing. “What the hell?” An involuntary spasm

twitched through her hands and she fought to keep them steady. The battle was lost before it even began. The warmth of anger replaced that of pleasure.

“Mum and Dad are on a train. They’re already at Market Harborough now.”

“We’re a bit busy.” Rolling her eyes, she jangled the handcuff chains. “Can’t they get a bus? Or a cab?”

He avoided her gaze, staring instead at the corner of the cage. “You know what Mum’s like.”

She rolled her eyes again. Of course she knew what his mother was like, but did he?

Instead of asking, she steadied herself with a soft breath then spoke in a low, calm voice. “Did you know they were coming?”

“No.” Dan reached into the cage bars and stroked her head. Before she could enjoy the sensation, he pulled away and retrieved his boxers. “I have no idea what she wants, but it’s better if I just go.”

Karen ached to shake him. She wanted to grab his shoulders and shriek in his face like a deranged harpy. Instead she glared at the floor. “It’s been weeks since I had you to myself. Why does she have to spoil this?”

“What about Monday?”

She thought back to the sweaty tangle of bodies earlier in the week. She recalled the sensation of many hands gliding over her skin and the insistent thrust of a tongue in her mouth while another lapped her clit. Though the memory filled her belly with threads of heat, she shook her head. “I said *myself*. I don’t want to share you with the rest of your Library every time we play.”

He pulled on his pants and gave a lop-sided grin. “Come on, you loved it. Hannah and Rebecca did too.”

Karen risked meeting his eyes. Though several responses came to mind, none of them fit the whirlwind of frustration, anger, and sadness tearing through her mind. “I’m sure they did,” she said at last, “but why is it always us *and* someone else?”

“It’s fun.”

“Yes, but—”

“What’s the problem? It’s not like you don’t benefit from my Slave Library.” Dan searched the floor, picking his way through the plethora of toys. “All those pretty women...”

“What are you doing?”

"I need the key," he sighed. "You need to get dressed."

His shoulders slumped and Dan "The Dom" left the room. Playtime was over.

Karen made one last attempt to coax him back. "Don't you want your mum and dad to see me in your favorite outfit?" She smiled and kicked out until the spreader bar clanged against the bars. "You never know, they might like it."

He chuckled. "I should spank you."

"Please do. I'm begging."

Dan picked up a coil of rope and ran it through his fingers before tossing it on the bed. After scanning the floor one more time he put his hands on his hips. "Shit," he hissed.

"What now?" She knew that look and tone of his voice. "They don't want to stay the night too, do they?"

"Yes, but remember we used to joke about you living in the cage on soup?"

Karen snorted. "Messing with my food is on the black list, Sir."

A frown wrinkled his brow. "I can't find the cage key."

"Where's the spare?"

"I'm not sure."

A bead of sweat trickled down Karen's spine. "How can you *not* be sure?"

"It used to be in that cup on the dresser, now it's not."

"How the hell do I get out?"

Dan tapped his chin. Then, as he tugged on a shirt he said, "I have an idea." He snatched up his phone and swiped the screen with his thumb. "Stay there." He left the room, calling over his shoulder.

"Ha-bloody-ha."

Karen slumped. The fading thrill of being controlled, trapped, and restrained left her cold. Without Dan's warm hands or the promise of his attention, the sensation of cuffs around her wrists went from sexy to irritating. The rough collar around her neck chafed her skin. The ache in her overstretched thighs crawled up to encompass her hips. She just needed to be free.

A rumble from the heater reminded her she wore nothing but leather and metal. She shuffled toward the side nearest the jets of warmth.

When Dan returned, he wore a jacket and shoes.

"Dan, please don't leave me."

“I have to pick them up.”

“What about me?” Karen clenched her fists. “You don’t have to run every time mummy calls. You’re not her baby anymore.”

His eyes narrowed. “Steady, Kaz.”

“Look at me! I’m naked—wearing a spreader bar—in a cage.” She twisted against the bars. “What do you think she’ll say when she sees me?”

“She won’t. Pete’s coming.”

“And what’s he going to do?”

“Find the key.”

“And you?”

“I have to go.” He stood in front of the cage and slid a hand through the bars. “I’m sorry.”

Karen jerked away, unwilling to let his gentle touch fog her thinking. Not this time.

“Don’t be like that.”

“What do you want me to say, Dan? I’m fine in here naked while you pick up your folks?” No way. At least uncuff my hands, or untie my legs.”

Dan glanced at his watch again. Sighing, he plucked a single small key from the dresser and slotted it through the bars into her hand. “Here, I’ve got to go,” he said and ran out.

The door slammed shut. Karen winced at the sound. Her body shook, though not with cold.

“Stupid, fucking asshole,” she cried, venting her frustration to the empty room. She sighed and tossed her head back to calm herself. Then Karen shut her eyes and concentrated on unlocking the cuffs by feel. The key slipped around the lock for several seconds before sliding from her grip. It hit the floor, bounced, and then sailed through the bars of the cage and beneath the chest of drawers.

“No, no, no!” She wiggled round and craned her neck just enough to see the faint gleam of silver amongst the clumps of dust and empty condom wrappers.

Goosebumps prickled up her arms and thighs. She opened her mouth to call out and heard the front door slam. Silence descended on the house.

“Fuck!”

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