

Cuffie Carrie

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Curious Cabbit Press

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All characters engaged in, witnessing, considering, or thinking about sexual acts are eighteen (18) years or older.

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Cuffing Carrie

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When Carrie smiled, her friends knew to be scared. She only smiled right before she pulled out black cuffs from her purse and made some innocent suggestion that one of them hold out their hands. No one could say no, even when she wanted them to wear it to the movies or to wait in line for the club. They all knew that no matter how hot they blushed from the stares and whispers, it was nothing compared to the inferno that burned between their legs. Every time Jenny, my finance, wore them, she would come home dripping wet and desperate for a good, hard fuck.

But, as much as Carrie cuffed her friends every chance she could, she would never wear them herself. She was the owner of the cuffs, the one who put them on, not the one who stood there with her wrist bound together. It was one of the unspoken rules as the queen of her clique.

The first time I suggested she try them on, she snubbed me for a week. I think it was the shock that anyone would question her. Jenny begged me to never ask again but I couldn't resist my desire to see the raven-haired Carrie squirming in her own handcuffs. A few weeks later, as she was ratcheting the black metal around Jenny's wrists, I hinted that Carrie could wear the other side.

The silence was deafening and distinctly uncomfortable.

Carrie took off the cuffs and made some excuse to cancel the night. It was a clear message: don't ever ask her to put them on. Even if I didn't figure it out, Jenny and the others made a point of getting me alone to beg me to stop pushing Carrie. But, I couldn't promise. I tried, but I simply couldn't. Every time I saw that smile on Carrie's lips, I knew that I had to see her in Jenny's place, with wrists

bound in front of her body and squirming in the back seat of Jenny's minivan. I wondered if she would have the same blush on her cheeks and soft, panting whimpers. But, the only way to find out was to get that black metal around her wrists.

I just had to wait for the opportunity.

About the Author

D. Sadie is a non-binary erotic writer who enjoys writing a wide variety of genres and settings. They love loving stories, filled with consensual people enjoying themselves, and with just a little spice with the occasional adventure.

Their writing can be found on their website, dsadie.com. Most of it is free to read and enjoy.

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About the Publisher

Curious Cabbit Press is a small erotic press located in the heart of the United States. They can be found at curiouscabbit.com or possibly at your favorite retailer.