

# **Caught in the Act**

**Faye Valentine**

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Dressed head to toe in black, Daisy knelt a dozen or so feet into the woods and patiently watched the large house across the street. A car approached, slowed and then pulled into the long driveway. Looking down at the barely visible screen of her phone, she grinned. *Right on time.* A horn echoed in the night. The front door opened. A woman walked out and got into the car which then pulled out and drove off. Daisy waited five more minutes before sprinting across the dark road and up the driveway, stopping only when she reached the front door. Knowing that the locks had been changed since her last visit, she put her lockpicks to quick use and with practiced ease the door swung open. Spinning left, she punched some digits into the terminal next to the door and the alarm was deactivated.

Taking a mental note to thank her boyfriend for finally coming through on something for a change, she breathed a sigh of relief and took a good long look around for more valuables to steal. Her eyes glanced over expensive pieces of art hanging on the walls. *Too big and hard to fence.* Knowing from experience that she had about ten hours before the owner returned from her weekly night out with friends, she decided to take her time and enjoy herself. And she knew exactly where to go to do it. In the kitchen she opened a door and descended into a fully stocked basement bar. She thought about pouring herself a drink, but alcohol and robbery rarely mixed so she went to the heavy metal door set into the left wall.

As with her previous two trips the door was unlocked. A shiver of excitement shot up her spine as she pushed it open and stepped into the massive, well-furnished dungeon. Pushing the door shut behind her, she was just about to pull her top off when the disembodied voice of a woman nearly stopped her heart.

Sitting in her panic room, Phoebe watched everything and though this was the first time she had ever seen the woman's face she knew she was the one that had robbed her twice in the last month. "Hello thief," she said, her voice calm for someone whose home had just been broken into. "Don't bother running. I've beefed up security since your last visit including a remote lock that can only be opened from the outside. I've also installed cameras in every corner of every room as well as outside in case you decided to return for a third time. Thanks for making me so God damned paranoid. I see that you brought a gun with you," she said as she focused on the hilt of a pistol sticking out of the waistband of the burglar's pants. "Now you can be charged with armed robbery. I hope you like the idea of spending a few decades locked in a cage because that's where you're headed just as soon as the police arrive."

Torn between the anger of her home and personal security being violated for a third time and the attraction she felt for the absolutely stunning young woman now trapped in her dungeon, Phoebe let hormones win out over common sense. "The jewelry you stole the first time you robbed me was a priceless family heirloom that has passed down from mother to daughter for eleven generations. Thanks to your greed that precious cycle has been broken. How much did you get for my family's treasured memories?"

"Fuck you bitch!" Daisy shouted as she drew her gun in panic and a sense of self-preservation. "Let me the fuck out of here or I'll shoot my way out!"

"Good luck shooting through concrete blocks or a steel door with the few bullets you've got. Hope you're good at dodging because unlike Hollywood, in real life bullets actually ricochet. I get stealing the jewelry and cash and even the silverware, but tell me, why on earth would you steal my sex toys? Don't bother answering. I'm guessing it's for the same reason you beelined straight for the dungeon."

“Stop fucking talking and open this god damn door!” Daisy shouted as she desperately wiggled the handle that would not budge.

“The only way that door is opening is when the police arrive. Or you can save yourself decades behind bars by accepting an alternative punishment.”

“W-What are you talking about?”

“I may be a three-time victim of your greed, but I am not a vengeful woman. You’re still young. There’s plenty of time for you to change your thieving ways, but you have to want that for yourself.”

“Get to the fucking point, lady!”

“My name is Phoebe, but I’m guessing you already know that. And you are?”

“The one with the gun!”

“Who’s also locked in a room. Gun or not, I’m holding all the cards this time. Now, can we have a civil conversation about your future or should we just skip to the part where you’re arrested, found guilty of armed robbery and are sentenced to twenty years behind bars?”

“D-D-Daisy,” Daisy stammered as the gun lowered.

“How old are you Daisy?”

“Nineteen.”

“And already such a seasoned criminal. Such a waste. Is working for what you want really so bad that you’d rather take from people that have earned it?”

“You don’t know a damn thing about me so get to the fucking point. What do you want from me?”

“I want to give you a chance to turn your life around before it’s too late. I want to give you the opportunity to make something of yourself, to become a productive member of society instead of a drain on it. Let’s start with why you turned to a life of crime in the first place.”

“Really? Are you fucking insane, lady?”

“Maybe, maybe not. Either way I want to know why you commit crimes and why you chose me to rob.”

“I turned to stealing because it’s better than selling myself!” Daisy snapped back. “And I picked you because you have the biggest, nicest least protected house in the area as well as the most predictable routine!”

“Selling yourself? You’re nineteen. You should be in college earning a degree. Why on earth would you need to sell yourself?”

“Maybe because I live on the fucking streets and it’s one of the few ways someone like me can earn fast cash!”

“I see. Why do you live on the streets, Daisy? Don’t you have family or friends that can help?”

“No,” Daisy answered, her voice barely a whisper as her cheeks flared red.

“Go on.”

“I’m not telling you my life story!”

“You can tell me your life story, or you can go to prison, your choice. Why don’t you have anyone to turn to for help?”

“Please just let me go. I swear I’ll never step foot on your property again.”

“I’ve already told you, Daisy, the only way you’re leaving that room tonight is under arrest. Is your story so bad that you’d rather go to prison than tell me?”

Shoulders slumping Daisy sighed. “After years of mental, physical and sexual abuse at the hands of my own parents I ran away when I was fifteen and have been living on the streets ever since.”

“And your parents?”

“In prison where they belong.”

“Good. I want to believe you’re telling the truth so I will for now, but I cannot discount this as a ploy for pity so will confirm everything later. For now, however, I want to know why you stole nearly seven thousand dollars’ worth of sex toys, where a homeless person would keep all of them and why you went straight for my dungeon tonight. Be honest.”

“I stole them hoping some pervert would want to buy them. And they did but only after seeing me using them. I felt cheap and dirty but I needed the money.”

“What about the money you made from the jewelry?”

“I figured that’s the first thing the police would look for so I haven’t sold it yet. Just the silverware and toys. And definitely not for seven thousand dollars.”

“If you didn’t sell my family heirlooms then where are they?”

“In a safe deposit box. What do you want from me? What is the alternative punishment you mentioned before?”

“Tell me why you came straight to the dungeon and I’ll tell you.”

“I came to the dungeon because it’s a cool room and I like fucking myself on all your weird machines and toys. There, you happy now?”

“There’s nothing wrong with enjoying sex. As for what I want, well, now I feel bad even mentioning it especially if what you said about your family is true.”

“Just spit it out already!”

“Alright, before I interrupted it looked as if you were going to strip and make use of my dungeon. I propose doing just that, but on a more long-term basis. Here’s my deal. The way I see it you’ve got two choices. One, I call the police and you’re arrested for grand theft and armed robbery and you spend the best years of your life behind bars. Alternatively, you can accept ten years as my sex slave during which time you also go to college, earn a degree and become a productive member of society.”

“So, you want to pick up where my parent’s left off, is that it?”

“Not at all. I’m not going to force you into anything, Daisy. I’m just offering you an alternative to ruining your life. The choice is yours to make.”

“And what’s stopping me from accepting and then just running off?”

“You’ll be fitted with a powerful shock collar that will knock you on your ass the second you attempt to leave the house. And then there’s this video of you confessing to being the one responsible for the previous two thefts as well as this one clearly showing you coming in with a gun and threatening to shoot up the place.”

“Why? Why would you want me as a sex slave?”

“Honestly? Because you’re damn attractive and I’ve always wanted a sex slave. Don’t get me wrong, I’ve trained many a submissive, but never a slave. If you want to go to prison then go ahead and start firing your gun. If, however, you’re willing to swallow your pride and spend the next decade as my slave while learning and earning a future for yourself then drop the gun, strip naked and then lock yourself in the cage in the corner. You’ve got...” Before she could finish the sentence, Phoebe watched Daisy’s long-sleeved shirt hit the floor. Smiling, she watched the gorgeous young woman strip completely naked, walk across the dungeon and then step into the seven-foot-tall, three-foot-wide cage in the back left corner of the room and close the door

behind her. Taking the padlock off the bar next to the door, she placed it through the eyeholes and snapped it shut, locking her inside until her captor decided to let her out.

“N-Now what?”

“Now we begin ten years of training and rehabilitation.”