

Thief in Training

Alexis Alexandra

~ ~ ~

Thief in Training

Copyright© 2019 by **Alexis Alexandra**. All rights reserved.

This story is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, business establishments, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental. All sexually active characters depicted in this work of erotic fiction are at least 18 years of age or older.

This book is for sale to **ADULT AUDIENCES ONLY**. It contains substantial sexually explicit scenes and graphic language which may be considered offensive by some readers. Please store your files where they cannot be access by minors.

Copyright License Notes:

This eBook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This eBook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each recipient. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your use only, then please return to your favorite eBook retailer and purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

Contents

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

After months of planning, Erica was finally ready to hit her biggest score ever. Parking her 2017 Kia Optima at a twenty-four hour Walmart, she grabbed the mostly empty backpack from the passenger seat and stepped out. Slinging it over her right shoulder, she quickly looked around to make sure no one was watching and then began walking in the opposite direction of the shore. In her denim shorts and white tank top she looked like any other young woman walking the street.

Cutting through a park half a mile down the road, she came out the other side on Aberdeen right in the middle of the most expensive part of town. Every house here worth seven digits, there was no doubt in her mind that she could steal enough from any given one to retire, but her eyes were on one in particular. Acting as if she belonged in the area – not a hard thing to accomplish for the attractive twenty-two year old blonde, she continued walking at a leisurely pace.

After a three block stroll down luxury lane, she turned onto a side street, walked another two hundred yards and then quickly ducked into some woods. Giving herself a few minutes so that her eyes could adjust to seeing only by moon and starlight, she cautiously proceeded down the narrow path ahead. Stopping, she stripped out of her shorts and tank top and put on a matte black catsuit that fit like a second skin and covered every inch of her lithe body from the neck down. Trading her tennis shoes for knee-high leather boots, she then took a few minutes to put her hair into a wig cap before wearing the feline hood that covered the top half of her head and face. Lastly, she put on a pair of skin tight black leather elbow gloves, slung the backpack over her shoulder and continued down the path – leaving the shorts and tank top for the return trip.

The path eventually opened up onto a well-maintained forty-something acre property with the most gorgeous modern Tudor she had ever laid eyes on. Easily five thousand square feet, the all-brick construction included four garages, two second-story balconies and a massive piano-shaped pool in the back she resisted the urge to dive into every time she scoped the place out.

The one light on in the living room did not faze her in the slightest as it was a common trick most people did to make it appear as if someone were home when they were, in fact, spending a month traveling Europe as was the case with this home's mega-wealthy owners, Stanley and Marina Hudson. The dark blue Lexus parked in the driveway was an added touch, but did not fool the self-proclaimed cat burglar as she had memorized the make, model and license plates of every car the Hudson's owned and the sitting a hundred yards in front of her was definitely one of them.

Moving along the tree line to the back corner of the house where, through months of casing the place and trial and error, she knew there to be a blind spot in the motion sensors she stuck low to the ground and closed the distance like a cat on the prowl. Pressing her back against the rough brick wall, she inhaled deeply through her nose and slowly let it out from her mouth in preparation for the next and arguably most dangerous part of the job. Keeping her back tight against the wall, she inched her way around the corner under the motion lights and sensors – going at a snail's pace to prevent the rough brick from tearing clothing and flesh.

Fifteen feet feeling like as many miles, she breathed a sigh of relief when she finally reached the second blind spot on the back patio. Fearing evidence of a biological nature was left behind, she took a moment to showcase her flexibility by reaching back and up. Feeling no rips or damp spots, she removed a set of lockpicks from the backpack and made short work of the

lock. Sliding the door open, she stepped into a spacious kitchen and stopped dead as the largest doberman she had ever seen bore down on her. Turning so leave she was greeted with a metal security gate falling into place and the sounds of footsteps thundering up from below.

Trapped, her mind frozen she stood there like a deer in headlights and watched the basement door open and a young woman of perhaps twenty-five wearing a red and black corset and mini skirt emerged with a gun drawn and ready to fire in one hand and two items in the others. "Move or make a sound and it'll be the last thing you do. Nod if you understand." When the intruder nodded, she continued. "I bet you thought you'd just march on in, rob us blind and then be on your merry way huh? Don't bother denying it. We've been watching you for months. Every trespass. Every rock and stick tossed toward the house looking for blind spots and testing the limits of their function. What's your name, thief?"

"E-Erica. Please, I'm sorry I..."

"I don't want to hear what I'm sure is a well-rehearsed apology. You premeditatedly broke into my home and by law I have every right to shoot you where you stand, however, I'm not a violent woman. That being said, I'm going to give you two choices. One, I call the police and have you arrested for trespassing multiple times, breaking and entering, burglary and anything else my high-profile attorney father can make stick and you can spend the next decade in prison. Or two, you do exactly as I say when I say it and after my boyfriend and I have our fun you'll be free to go. Now, I only want to hear one word out of your mouth. One or two?"

Weighing her options and liking none of them, Erica gulped back her fear and washed it down with what little remained of her pride. "T-Two."

"Good girl. Catch," the woman who was definitely not Melina Hudson said as she tossed something in Erica's direction.

Erica caught the object and as she raised it to eye level she found herself staring at a penis gag. The way behind her blocked by a locked metal gate, the way ahead barred by a woman with a gun and a dog that looked as if he ate women such as herself for breakfast, she placed the long rubber cock into her mouth and gagged as she buckled the straps behind her head.

"Not gonna lie, you look even sexier gagged. Damn, where are my manners? I'm Melissa and I'll be housesitting for my parents while they spend the next month traveling around Europe. And down in the dungeon is my boyfriend Kyle." Seeing Erica's eyes go wide, she smirked. "Trust me, this ain't your fifty shades bullshit. We're into some kinky stuff and you're going to spend the next month as our plaything. Nod if you understand."

Having read the books and watched the movies, Erica had a pretty good idea what she was in for, or at least she thought she did when she reluctantly nodded her head.

"Now these," Melissa said, tossing a pair of handcuffs across the room. "Behind the back and make 'em tight. Any sudden moves and it won't be the police I call." Taking her meaning, Erica cuffed her hands behind her back as tightly as possible. Before we head down I'm going to go over the rules. First and foremost, this entire property is wired with cameras which is how we saw everything you did despite your best attempts to remain hidden. The dungeon is no exception. Two, you will sign waivers and consent forms giving us permission to post everything you do for the next month on our personal website. Three, from this moment forth you will call me Mistress and my boyfriend Master. You will also obey every command as it is given. Failure will be met with swift and severe discipline. Four, for the next month you are in training to be a sex slave. That means no limits and no safe words. Nod if you understand."

With little choice in the matter, Erica once again nodded.

“Good girl. Five, since you are obviously a flight risk, you will wear specially modified shock devices from a place called the Domination Farm that will zap the fuck out of you the second you attempt to leave the property. And lastly, when we go down to the dungeon I’m going to ask you some questions. Answer then truthfully or the deal’s off and you go to prison. Understood?” After Erica once again nodded, Melissa took a few steps to the left and motioned to the open door. “After you.”

Heart pounding. Butterflies in her stomach, Mind racing for a way out and finding none. Erica descended the stairs. Ahead she saw a small laundry room that looked as if it had never been used. Turning left, her eyes nearly popped out of her head and had she not been gagged her gasped would have been one of shock. Partly from the huge amount of toys and equipment, but mostly at the well-fit naked man strapped to a spanking bench while an enormous dildo attached to a machine pounded in and out of his ass like a jackhammer.

“Don’t be shy. Go on in and we’ll get started.”

No sooner was Erica in the room then Kyle turned his head and smiled. “So...you’re the crook...uhn...everyone’s been talking about,” he grunted between thrusts.

“It is,” Melissa replied. “We’ll get started on your training right after I place the shock devices and remove the gag,” she added as she made her way across the massive open room Erica was certain she could fit her entire house into. Opening a cabinet, she pulled out a small metal box which she carried back and sat on a table. Lifting the lid, she withdrew a sleek black metal band which she placed around Erica’s neck. I really hate to ruin a good catsuit so I won’t. Taking hold of the zipper, Melissa slowly lowered it and then peeled the form-fitting material back and down as far as the cuffs would allow.

After placing more bands around her new sex slave’s biceps and waist, she grabbed the cuffs and lifted. To minimize the pain, Erica bent at the waist. “I’m going to remove the cuffs and you’re going to finish taking your clothes off so I can place the rest of the bands. Make any sudden or stupid moves and we both know what happens. Got it?” Erica nodded and Melissa unlocked the cuffs fully expecting her to do something she would regret. To her surprise, however, Erica complied and several minutes later stood before her completely naked save the gag and metal bands.

“I just have a few more bands to place to ensure maximum effectiveness should you decide you would rather go to prison than be our sex slave,” Melissa said as she grabbed another from the case. It went around Erica’s left wrist and was followed by more around her thighs, just below the knees and finally the ankles. Next, she picked up a small remote and tapped the backlit screen a few times. “And so you know I’m not full of shit...” Tapping ACTIVATE, she watched Erica drop to the floor as every muscle in her sexy naked body seized. “That is level five.” She tapped the screen. “Six.” Tap. “Seven.” Tap. “Ten.” Looking down, she watched Erica writhing in agony – the wonderful properties of electricity preventing her from screaming even though she wanted to. Tap.

The agony blissfully ending, Erica lay face down on the floor breathing heavily through her nose wishing for the first time in her life that she were dead. Besides its tendency to cause muscle constrictions, electricity has another property in that the recipient is usually fine only a few seconds after being shocked. Albeit with some residual numbness.

The bands are activated now and will deliver a level ten shock if you wonder too far. And no, I will not tell you where the boundary is. You should also know that the Domination Farm doesn’t fuck around when it comes to magnetic clasps. The ones in the bands you’re wearing require upwards of two thousand pounds of pressure to open without a special tool so good luck

getting them off. Anyways, get up and compose yourself. I have some questions to ask and you have honest answers to give. You may remove the gag but remain silent unless answering a question. Go on, don't just lay there like a log. Get on your feet. Unless of course you want another jolt."

No sooner were the words out of Melissa's mouth then Erica was on her feet unbuckling the gag. Not knowing what else to do with it, she held it in her right hand and waited.

"First question. What is your full name, address and date of birth?"

"My name is Erica Shaw, I live at seven-ninety-two Sycamore Street and ii was born July fifteenth, nineteen-ninety-seven, Mistress."

"Are you here in this dungeon of your own accord?"

"No Mistress."

"No? Then why are you here?"

"To stay out of prison, Mistress."

"Care to elaborate on that for the hundreds of thousands men and women that will see this on the internet?"

"I broke into your home with the intent of robbing you blind and you gave me a choice, Mistress. Have the cops called and go to prison, or spend the next month as your sex slave. I chose to be your sex slave."

"So then you are here of your own accord."

"I..yes Mistress."

"You said you agreed to spend the next month as my sex slave. You understand that means I may do whatever I want to you whether you like it or not and that you will not have the use of safe words or the ability to leave this property for an entire month, right?"

"Yes Mistress."

"I also means obeying every command when it is given without hesitation or complaint and failure to do so will result in swift and severe discipline. Do you understand and agree to that?"

"Yes Mistress."

"When we made this arrangement you also agreed to serve my boyfriend for the same amount of time and with the same rules. Is that still the case?"

"Yes Mistress."

"Honey, how long have you been holding back for me?"

"Nearly four hours, Mistress," Kyle replied.

"Then I bet you'd really like to go, huh?"

"Yes Mistress."

"Erica, as your first test to prove you're going to be an obedient slave I want you to get on all fours, crawl over to my boyfriend, take his cock in your mouth and swallow everything that comes out of it. Spit or spill a single drop and you'll be disciplined."

No stranger to eating semen, Erica dropped onto her hands and knees and crawled across the concrete floor to where Kyle lay on the bench getting his ass reamed out by a huge dildo. Moving into a kneeling position, she fished his dick free and managed to get about half of it in her mouth when the warm acrid fluid hit the back of her throat. New to drinking pee, she desperately wanted to spit, but if the horrible electroshock bands were any indication of the discipline that awaited her for failure she wanted nothing to do with it and used that fear to force it down.