

Criminal Submission

Crimson Rose

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Staring across the street at the cameras positioned atop an eight foot tall stone wall, a young woman dressed head to toe in black slowly exhaled. "Are you sure this is the place you want to hit?" she asked the large black man to her right. "Don't get me wrong, I'm sure there's a lot of expensive stuff inside, but we have to hop a wall while being recorded to get to it. Assuming we can even get in."

"That's what the ski masks are for," the man replied. "As for getting in, there are several doors and windows. I'm sure one of them is breakable so let's see what we can get while the coast is clear."

"Okay." Not one to argue, the young woman sprinted across the street and with the grace of a gymnast scaled and hopped over the wall landing silently on the other side while her partner in crime grunted and stumbled several steps before regaining his balance. Grabbing a small metal case from her pocket as she closed the distance to the enormous two-story brick mansion, the young woman's shoulders slumped when she not only saw an electronic keypad with a Medeco M3 cam lock, but a Medeco Maximum Security deadbolt as well. "These locks are way beyond my ability to pick even if I had the right tools – which I don't by the way, so if you insist on breaking in then try the windows."

"You've never met a lock you can't pick so stop whining and open the damn door!" her partner in crime shot back.

"We've robbed shitholes, not mansions where the owner can afford the best in security. Speaking of which, is there a security system beyond the cameras on the wall?"

"I didn't see any signs of a security system." Grabbing a roll of duct tape from the pack he brought with him, the man quickly placed a few strips on the window to the left of the door to muffle the sound of glass breaking, drew his right hand back, and then punched. Knuckles landing, he immediately jerked back while stifling a guttural groan of pain as the window won. "Motherfucking bitch! Are you kidding me?"

"I can't pick these locks and you can't break the damn windows so let's get the hell out of here before the police show up to arrest us."

"We're not going anywhere until this fucking place has been emptied!" her partner growled angrily. This isn't the only window and door. Go check the others while I check the windows."

Saying nothing, the woman walked to the four car garage and began checking doors. Locked. Locked. Pulling up, she stepped back in shock as the third raised. "Psst!" Catching her partner's attention, she waved him over and the two entered the dark garage and then closed the door before turning on a small flashlight long enough for them to locate a light switch. "What are the odds?" she smirked.

"Her stupidity is our gain," the man said as he walked up the three steps to another closed door which he quickly opened. "Come on, let's get moving before the cops arrive."

"I thought you said there was no alarm?"

"I did, but we should still hurry as if there were."

"Did you actually case this place or take one look and tell yourself you wanted to rob it?"

"I did my fucking job and if you ever question me again it'll be the last thing you do. Now start filling bags before I stuff you in one," the man said as he began yanking duffel bags from the backpack he wore.

Taking two of the bags, the woman rushed out of the kitchen if only to get away before her partner did something they would both regret.

Speed walking past several very expensive decorations including crystal vases and artwork, she went down a hallway and poked her head in doors looking for anything small and of value that could easily be carried and pawned.

Meanwhile, the man opened another door in the kitchen and descended into the basement where he was greeted by a fully stocked bar with an 85-inch TV hanging on the far wall and enough seating to comfortably host a party of thirty. Grabbing a \$5,000 bottle of The Macallan 30 Year Double Cask Old Highland Single Malt Scotch Whisky, he pushed another door open and then stepped into a massive bdsm dungeon. Eyes darting from toys and furniture, to machines and other equipment he stumbled back out into the bar, opened the whiskey, and then took a long drink.

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Alerted to trespassers the moment the man and woman scaled the wall, Robin Maxwell watched with calculated interest as they broke into her house through the garage door she purposefully left open just for this occasion after having seen a strange man on camera multiple times in the preceding weeks. Watching them looking around the kitchen through the internal camera system, she waited with bated breath as they opened every cupboard and drawer before splitting off to search separately. With the woman in her bedroom and the man in the dungeon, she remotely activated the home's full security measures. With a few clicks of the mouse, she grinned as the female intruder screeched and scrambled out of the room as heavy-duty metal shutters slammed down over every window and door making it impossible to leave, while the man sprinted up the stairs to see what was going on just in time to run into his partner.

With a few more clicks, the homeowner was speaking through an intercom to those that dared break into her home while she was trying to enjoy her vacation halfway around the world. "You dumb asses picked the wrong house to rob. I mean, how stupid do you have to be to think I forgot to lock that one garage? Seriously, do you have a brain cell between you?" she said as the man looked for a way to pry open the shutter covering the door leading to the garage. "They're designed to withstand small firearms and as you can see run inside the wall to make prying them open impossible so you might as well save your energy."

"Open them right now or I'll burn this fucking place to the ground!" the man raged as he slammed his fists against the metal barrier.

"Good luck burning brick. God, you really are an idiot aren't you, Marcus Sullivan?" The couple stopping at the sound of the man's name, the homeowner smirked. "You apparently know nothing about me or you never would've stepped foot on my property so let me fill you in. My name is Robin Maxwell, daughter of Police Chief Nathan Maxwell and Judge Lidia Maxwell. And while my current situation might lead one to believe I come from wealth; I worked my ass off for everything I own including the custom built home you dimwits decided to break into. I've spent years living in the worse places imaginable. I've been robbed multiple times so when I started getting ahead and eventually got to a place I could build my dream home, I swore the next time someone broke into my house I would catch and teach them a lesson they would never forget."

"I'm sorry," the woman said as tears formed in her eyes. "I'm only here because he demanded it."

"And yet here you are, Brooke Sullivan. That's right, thanks to your husband being incompetent in every conceivable way I know everything about both of you. He has fifteen

convictions for everything from assault and drug possession, to B and E and pimping. And you have eleven convictions ranging from prostitution and dealing drugs, to DUI's and fraud. And don't even get me started on the idiocy of getting pregnant after losing custody of your other nine children."

"Fuck you, bitch!" Brooke shot back in humiliated anger. "Why don't you come out and say that to my face?"

"If I wasn't in Australia right now I'd do just that, but seeing as how I'm thousands of miles away I'm going to give you two options. One: I call my Police Chief father and he sends a team of officers to arrest you and we use the video evidence to prosecute you to the fullest extent of the law. Seeing as how you're repeat offenders you're facing a decade or more behind bars where, frankly, you both belong. Or, you can spend the next five weeks as my playthings obeying every command without question or complaint after which you'll be free to go. Ten years in prison, or five weeks as my sex slaves. You have ten minutes to decide."

"I saw your fucking dungeon and there's no way in hell I'm going back in there," Marcus stated matter of fact. "Besides, my lawyer will beat the charges and as soon as I'm free I'm coming back to bury your fucking ass six feet under."

Watching Brooke nervously fidgeting told Robin everything she needed to know about the couple's power dynamic and she did not like what she was seeing. "What about you, Brooke? Would you rather..."

"You talk to me, not that worthless cunt!" Marcus cut in.

"The only worthless cunt I see is you," Robin shot back. "Open your mouth again without permission and I'll make sure you get a cell with someone that enjoys turning hard asses like you into sissy little bitches. Brooke, you've made some dumb decisions in your life starting with marrying an abusive asshole that would rather pimp you out to gangs of men and rob houses than get an actual job. I see the way you cower and cave to his every command but you don't have to. You're an adult capable of making your own decisions and this is the single most important one you'll ever make. Years in prison with no chance of ever getting your kids back, or a few weeks learning several very humiliating and degrading lessons with a promise from me to do everything I can to get your life back on track?"

"Right, like you'd help someone that broke into your house."

"Tell me right now that you'll be my sex slave and that you'll divorce his dumb ass and that's exactly what I'll do."

"If I even mention that word he'll kill me."

"And then I'll kill you for putting the idea in her head," Marcus seethed.

"That's twice you've threatened my life. One more and I'm calling my father no matter what you decide."

"Go ahead and I'll kill him too!"

"Are you high or just stupid?" Robin asked, unable to believe any sane and sober person would talk such nonsense. "Seriously, I'm genuinely concerned for your mental well-being. Perhaps prison is where you belong."

"You're holding us here against our will so you'll go to prison with us!" Marcus huffed.

"You're clearly too far gone to reason with so we're finished. The police will be there shortly to arrest you." And with that, Robin stopped talking.

"WAIT!" Brooke cried out. "I don't want to go to prison! Please! You promised to help me and I'm begging you to get me away from him and to get my children back! Please! I'll do whatever you ask," she said, dropping to her knees in tears. "I know what we... what I did is

wrong, but... you heard him. You know his record. Saying no to him is a one-way ticket to the morgue. I... I'll probably be dead before the cops get here."

Ignoring the intruder's pleas, Robin dialed her father. "Hey dad, trouble in paradise," she said, using the phrase meaning something was wrong at home. "I've got two intruders in the house and you'll never guess who they are."

"Marcus and Brooke?" Chief Nathan Maxwell replied.

"Got it in one. They broke in several minutes ago. Marcus not only threatened my life, but his wife's and those of the officers coming to arrest him so expect anything from him. That being said, I have a strange request and I fully understand if you can't do it, but I have to ask. I made them an offer which he refused and she accepted. She's clearly there because he threatened to kill her if she doesn't comply and from what I saw and heard I believe her. I want him arrested and for her to be left alone. I promised to help get her life in order and that's exactly what I intend to do. Can you do that, dad?"

"Why would you want to help someone that broke into your house?"

"Because it's the right thing to do and I genuinely believe the only reason she's turned to a life of crime is because he forced it on her. Please dad. I will instruct her on where to hide so that your men can't find her if I have to."

"Tell her to hide and I'll take care of the rest, but if this comes back to bite you in the ass I won't hesitate saying I told you so."

"Thanks dad. I'll keep monitoring the house and when will open the shutters once police arrive." Hanging up, Robin once again spoke through the house intercom. "Police are on the way. Brooke, I need you to go back to my bedroom. Marcus, if you step one foot out of the kitchen I'll activate the remote trigger gun hidden in the corner. Am I supposed to have it? Absolutely not, but that's just one of the perks of being the Police Chief's daughter. Go on, Brooke, hurry to my bedroom."

"O-Okay." Getting up expecting to be knocked back down, when the punch did not come Brooke ran out of the kitchen and to the bedroom at the back of the house.

Switching to the bedroom intercom only, Robin continued. "Listen carefully, I told my farther that I wanted to help you but in order for that to happen the police cannot find you in the house so go into the closet and close the door behind you. You'll see a rack of shoes on the back wall. Find the purple heels on the third shelf and press beneath the left one. A door will open. Step into the panic room and pull the door shut behind you. Is that understood?"

"I don't know why you'd give me a chance, but thank you. I swear I'll do whatever you command without question," Brooke said as she followed the given instructions.

"I'm helping because I don't like your husband and I honestly believe you're only doing this because of him."

"I am," Brooke sighed. "I hate it, but I have no choice. Even if I got away he promised to kill my parents and my kids and I'd rather be a criminal than let that happen."

"Do as you're told and I promise you'll never have to worry about him again."

"T-Thank you. I know you think I'm the worse mother ever, but there's nothing I won't do for my babies. I love them more than life itself and there's nothing I wouldn't do for them."

"I believe you," Robin said as she watched Brooke step into the small, very well concealed panic room. "The room is soundproof but you'll want to remain silent just in case. I'll let you know when it's safe to come out."

"Thank you."