

# Careful what you Sext

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## GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

The smell of sweat and sex has taken over from the musty and muddy smell of the closed space. Her dress is stuck on her skin, her pussy is on fire. It's almost completely dark. Only thing that can be seen is a green light. It momentarily disappears, before appearing just as quick. Light and darkness, alternating fast. Rhythmically. A seemingly endless dance of green light, flashing on and off. A distinct clicking sound breaks the monotony of the machine's humming, followed by a soft moan, and the light suddenly flickers at a quicker pace. She has no idea it's only Saturday morning.

Christine was a 41-year-old, accomplished engineer, whose marriage to her husband, Rick, was going through some turbulence. She loved him to death and was trying to make it work, but lately he seemed distant. At nights, he'd go right to sleep, saying how he was exhausted after work. Something was wrong. Rick was a few years younger than her, a fact that always roamed around Christine's mind. As much in love as she was, she was also extremely possessive, and was afraid that as the years passed, some young slut might steal him away from her. She kept herself in shape, going to the gym daily and dressed up for him regularly, but that fear never left her.

Unfortunately for Christine, that fear became a reality. As her man's returns from work were occurring later and later each week, Christine took the opportunity to rummage through his phone-texts, one time he was in the shower. She sat there reading all this written filth, between her husband and Tanya, a girl working on Rick's associate company.

i bet i can fit the whole thing in my mouth xxx

i love how fast you drill my pussy

that clueless wife of yours doesn't know what a good cock she's missing :P

i would ride your cock for hours non-stop, baby

Friday night. If you were here, we would go on for the whole weekend! xxx

Those were some of the dirty texts Christine found on Rick's phone. Her eyes were then drawn to the small thumbnail, next to a full name: Tanya Jerebko. Christine looked at the photo, showing a young, eastern European blonde, with a sexy smirk on her face. She clearly knew how to drive a man crazy with lust. Pain and anger were manifesting themselves inside Christine, how could she not be hurt?

But, she was determined. Slowly these feeling gave way to an idea. The more Christine molded it in her head, the more sense it made.

"Honey? Honeyyyy?" Rick's voice snapped Christine from her thoughts. "Yes, love?" she quickly put the phone back in its place. "Can you get me a towel? We're out of clean ones here".

"Off course, my love", she replied. As she went to bring him the fresh towel, a twisted smile was stuck on her face. She knew what she had to do. She would get her beloved husband back and also make this bitch pay for trying to steal him away.

For the next few days, Christine called in sick to work. She needed time to prepare what she would need, but also to spy on the unsuspecting woman. It wasn't hard after knowing her full name, to look her up on social media. The careless girl even had her address online. Christine saw it was a house in the suburbs, a perfectly peaceful region for what she had in mind.

Browsing through Miss Tanya's social media wall, she found a picture of what was her old, unused, basement, with a "# spooky" caption. It had two wooden columns on the center, with metal rings screwed at their sides. Her eyes lit up, this would be easier than she imagined.

Next, she needed a scapegoat. She had found it in one of her coworkers, Jim, an introverted, passive guy. Your typical wimp of a nice guy. She had heard from work that he frequented dating sites. Christine made a profile as Tanya Jerebko, using her copied-and-pasted profile pics, and quickly begun chatting him up. He, of course, responded with enthusiasm, without knowing the real Tanya had no idea of his existence.

Most of her time, Christine spent in her workshop, designing and crafting her creation. There were 2-3 components that needed to work in unison. Rick didn't pay much attention to her secluded work. For what he knew, she was probably working on something for the company or just messing around.

Come Friday, everything was in place. It was about 6 in the afternoon and Rick had just arrived from work. His wife brushed her fingers through her long, dark hair with her fingers, as she waited for Jim's response on the instant messenger. She was fake-flirting with him every day since, and had him all wrapped up.

"Sure, 8 o'clock sounds great, I'll see you then!" he replied in a second. It was too easy, Christine thought. She went and dressed, in her full-red jogging tracksuit. Making sure no-one was around, she unloaded her creation in the trunk of her car. While her husband was taking his after-work-shower, Tanya grabbed his phone and texted Tanya the following:

I told her i'll be on a business trip for the weekend, i'm coming over right now. Make sure no one bothers us until Monday!

And another thing, put on the sexiest dress you got. I'm in the mood for a weekend full of fun and games!;) )

Christine hit "send" and immediately erased it from the phone's memory. She told Rick she was going for her usual jogging session and left home.

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Tanya was very excited. Finally, a whole weekend with Rick. She always pushed him to dedicate more and more of his time for her. Her sister had plans of visiting her this Saturday, but Tanya cancelled them with some casual "feeling sick" excuse. A different weekend was ahead. She'd have him all to herself, now.

She wore a skimpy, black bodycon dress with silver, sparkly strips running down its length and black, long heels. The dress ended just under her butt-cheeks and had a generous cleavage that showed of her DD breasts. With her blonde hair parted on one side, and bright red lipstick, she was oozing sex. To put the icing on the cake, she had a little surprise for her lover. She was going to greet him without any panties on.

It was about 7:30 and the sun was almost gone when she heard the doorbell ring. "That must be him!" she thought, and rushed to the door with clicking heels. The sight of a strange woman, wiped the seductive, mischievous smile she had on her face. "Uhm...hello, really sorry for bothering you", the girl saw a slim brunette in a red tracksuit, her hair caught up in a ponytail. "I was just jogging in the neighborhood and run out of water. Since i don't see any stores nearby, could i trouble you for a glass?"

Tanya recovered from the surprise. "Eehm, of course, come in", a still bewildered Tanya let Christine inside. Turning towards the kitchen sink, Tanya never saw the woman pull out a chloroform soaked cloth from her pocket. She did not stand a chance against the stronger Christine, who jumped her from behind.

A brief struggle later, the woman's shadily-clad, limp body was laying on the floor. Christine took a hold of the girl's cellphone and deleted the message received from Rick's phone, along with all the previous ones from her husband. "Done with that", she thought. No one could suspect Rick now.

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Tanya slowly regained her senses. She tried to move, but couldn't. She was still in her outfit, but felt her arms pulled in opposite directions, along with a stretching pain between her legs. She was standing between the two wooden columns of her own, dirty basement, straddling a sybian machine, with a large dildo forced inside her pussy. Her hands were tied with rope to each metal hook on each pole, pulling them diagonally upwards, towards each wooden pole. Her legs were bound as well, tightly secured by two metal rings, manually screwed in the back of the machine, securing her ankles, and another two in the front of the sybian, binding her knees. With her thighs open like that, her slutty dress now did nothing to hide her ass and crotch, riding up her hips.

"Thanks for going commando for me, honey. It was a busy day and i appreciate any help." Christine was standing in front of her, with the look of a spider seeing a fly caught in her web. "Who the fuck are you? And what do you want from me?" the blond girl yelled, trying to sound angry, but her cracking voice betraying her fear.

"I'm here because you tried to steal my husband. And i'm not forgiving to bitches who take people's husbands" the woman replied with a cold stare.

As soon as she heard that, the girl's tough-act was already over. She started begging teary-eyed for forgiveness, promising how she would leave Rick, how it meant nothing, how Christine would never see

her again, if she just let her go. None of her attempts mattered. Christine walked behind the girl, who was now pulling on the rigid ropes on her wrists, full of panic.

She was holding a device, it looked like a rubber penis gag, its length was about 8 inches and its girth was pretty generous. But what made it unique was a different feature. The rubber cock's base was attached to a metal bar, which poked from either side of the base. Along each side of the wearer's face was a metal zip line. They were like two cable ties, only much sturdier. The edges of this base-bar were connected to these zip-lines vertically.

But the best part was the next one. Where the two bars and zip-lines connected, were two tiny motor-gears, which could be wireless triggered via Bluetooth to rotate, thus moving the bars across their zip-lined path, one tooth at a time. The gear's teeth interlocking with the metal zip-line held the bar (and therefore the gag) not only in place, but also from sliding back to a previous tooth.

Tanya looked at the weird device with a mixture of horror and confusion. "HEEEEEEmmm..." her scream was smothered by Christine's hand over her mouth. "Quiet, now. I know this is a basement and all, but someone still could hear us. We don't want anyone spoiling your perfect weekend, do we?" As soon as she removed her hand from Tanya's mouth, she shoved the mean gag inside it and harshly pulled on the two leather straps. Tanya gagged and coughed, with more than a third of the phallus past her lips, but Christine paid no attention, working quickly to buckle the thing snugly behind the girl's head.

Christine moved a step back from her captive to inspect her toy's function. Tanya shook her head left and right violently, trying to dislodge the intruder. She tried to push it out with her tongue. None of this worked. Her dick-gag wasn't going anywhere.

Satisfied with the progression of her plan, Christine then pressed a button on top of a small signal receiver, which Tanya had not noticed until now. It was propped on a chair, a few yards in front of her bound form.

As Tanya was protesting her objection to all of this, through quite a mouthful of rubber dick, Christine moved again in front of her to show her the last piece of her device. It was a light tracking device, placed on the same height as the sybian's dildo.

"Step out of that dildo for a second", Christine said. Tanya was puzzled but still obeyed her assailant reluctantly, straining to push herself out with her feet. But she was so helplessly tied, with her knees spread, her ankles attached to the sex machine, and her toes unable to push her off the floor, she was

not getting out of this predicament of her own volition. The only way she could move was with her hips and glute muscles, imitating the same motion as that of a woman, riding her lover's cock.

Finally, and without the help of any lube, she strained enough to half-raise herself from the same, 8-inch dick replica as the one in her mouth. She saw green light emanating from a ring around the phallus. The light took most of the dildo's surface, about two thirds of it, starting from the base. It was a strong, almost mesmerizing light. Christine briefly explained how the light was tracked by the receiver in front of Tanya, which could in turn send signals to her gag.

"I read all these sexy messages you sent him. All about fitting whole shafts in your mouth, and how fast you like to be fucked, and how you'd ride him for hours. So, i thought i put that to the test. Can you really fuck for an entire weekend, slut?" She asked the girl, with a smile. Tanya's wide eyes showed she didn't like the answer to that question.

"I figured a proper slut like you should be able to take a dick at at least 100 BPMs. That receiver needs to see the whole lit surface, so you won't be cheating on your pumps. A true slut feels the shaft at every stroke, right?" She got no response from the petrified girl, so she kept explaining.

"Basically, the receiver must see the light flash at 100 BPMs or faster. If it doesn't see that pattern, or sees a slower one for 5 seconds straight, it triggers the mechanism on the gag by a click. Each click will move the gag deeper by 1 millimeter. But those clicks add up. So, you better fuck that dildo well, cause that gag will really restrain your ability to breath, after a while. Of course, if you can take all 8 inches down your throat, who am i to judge?" Christine shrugged her shoulder sarcastically. Tanya was frozen in disbelief.

"Let's do a test, so you can see. I'd hate to be seen as unfair to you. After all, you have a reputation to prove here" she kept twisting the knife with her comments. "Oh, i almost forgot", she said and clicked the sybian's remote at high. It sprang to life with a buzzing sound. "HMMMMMMMM!!!" Tanya let out an instinctive squeal. This thing was driving her insane with its unyielding sexual stimulation.

Without another warning, Christine turned the receiver on. Tanya just stood there, almost taken aback from the vibrations in her pussy, until she heard a small click coming from her hag then simultaneously felt the penis-component shift a bit deeper down her throat.

"GGgMMMMmmmm?" Tanya moaned worried at Christine, probably cursing her out, and something about letting her go, but Christine couldn't understand her with a mouthful, which threatened to become a

throatful. Another click was heard and Tanya realized she had to do something other than nothing. Blushing with shame, she started reluctantly, bouncing up and down the green shaft, first slowly, and when she realized with a third click it wasn't enough, faster. The plastic cock's head was already laying on the back of her tongue.

"You'll get the hang of it", Christine mockingly encouraged the girl, after watching her satisfied for a good minute. "Good, i have to go now. My husband will be worried if i'm late for dinner. I guess on Monday, people from your work will probably start looking for you when you don't show up. I don't suppose anyone will come by here sooner." she told Tanya. Both women knew it was the truth.

She left the machine's design plans, with her company's logo on them. That would turn the police where Jim worked, and when they'd see his non-existent alibi regarding his Friday night whereabouts and his online chat history, it would be pretty much case closed.

"Don't go having too much fun!" Christine grabbed the girl by a tuft of her hair, gave her a kiss on the forehead then just as quickly threw her head down, roughly. She made her way towards the basement stairs. Tanya's pitiful eyes followed Christine, the girl multitasking by moaning pitifully while also half-bouncing on her new sex toy. Another click on her phallic gag was heard.

Turning for a final victorious look down at her victim, Christine closed the basement's lights and the door on her way out.