

The Electrician

By Denkira7

GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

Inside a small storage room, a female electrician is working over the malfunctioning fuse box. Her blonde hair is caught in a hasty ponytail and covered with a cap to keep away some of the sweat that's dripping on her tired face.

Emery is an attractive, 35-year-old single mother, even though it does not appear so at the current time. Her face is covered with dust, dirt and sweat from the unkept, unventilated closet room that the suburban house's electric controls are. Emery does not have neither time nor funds for make-up or any beautification.

Similarly, her slim, shapely body is preserved not by working out on a home treadmill or eating nothing but chia seeds and avocado toast, but from the constant, daily grind of a person struggling to get by, running from gig to gig. The fact she and her only son still live in a good, suburban neighborhood is only due to her divorce settlement.

The woman can faintly hear laughter and chatter through the other side of the thin wall. Seated around a round, dining table, next to the kitchen, Aurora, Jude and Marion are giggling like schoolgirls, gossiping about the neighborhood.

Aurora, a gorgeous, 5'11" tall, white brunette with long, dark-brown hair and awesome D-cup tits, is married to Jude, a hot blonde with an equally banging bod to her spouse, albeit in a smaller, more petite package, at 5'6". Her perky B cups are complimented by her fine ass, which she always keeps drum-tight with her daily Zoomba classes. Both lesbians are in their mid-to-late-thirties, residence of this house. The third of the group is their friend Marion, a pretty, heterosexual black woman with some puffy dark hair. Similarly to her two white friends, her bank account is as thick as her booty; amply.

The three women have created their own little book club, as one of their many past-times. Another brunch-meeting of it is underway, though gossip has been especially 'juicy' today, so not much literature discussion has taken place.

“What’s up with the coal miner over there?” Aurora half-whispers, pointing with her thumb at Emery’s general direction. “I know right? Would it kill ya to put on some foundation?” Jude agrees, not minding bad-mouthing the woman that’s working a few feet away from them. “And that awful onesie, yeesh! It doesn’t compliment her at all. Were some cute overalls too much to ask?” Marion joins in the mean gossiping, taking another sip from her vegan pistachio smoothie. All three women giggle, dressed in luxury brand clothing that Emery can only dream of owning.

Making fun of Emery’s rough looks and unfeminine profession was not a new occurrence for the pampered, arrogant trio. Whether in the stands during soccer practice or at school’s parent meetings, Emery had caught whiff of the three women’s ill-mannered remarks about her. She knew her job was traditionally masculine and that she couldn’t be the dainty princess the three rich brawds always had the time to be.

She didn’t care for their remarks one bit, and was subsequently very apprehensive and awkward in front of the rich women. But a job was a job, and so, when the pants-wearer of the household, Aurora, called, the financially struggling blonde had no choice but to stop by.

“All done” Emery walks in, wiping sweat off her forehead with the outside of her wrist. “Thank you sweetie...here, get the little one a treat” Aurora says, leaving an extra 20\$ on the kitchen counter, as part of Emery’s payment. A condescending power move than any actual display of care. “Uhm, thanks” Emery does not really know how to respond to this both demeaning and helpful gesture.

“Do you guys have a book club?” Emery asks, seeing a different copy of ‘Pride and Prejudice’ in front of every woman, on the table. “It...it’d be cool to join, I’m quite the book eater” the woman puts herself out there with newfound excitement, chuckling nervously.

“UUUUuuuuuhm, I don’t know, Em’. I don’t think you have theeee cultural background to appreciate classical literature like we do” Aurora shuts the woman’s inquiry down with an extremely pompous and insulting response, despite how much her high-pitched, smiling voice sugar-coats it. Both Jude and Marion do this pitying, nodding wince, in full agreement with Aurora’s ‘point’.

In reality, they don’t want this working-class peasant in their ‘exclusive’ lil’ group.

“Oh, I...I see” Emery says, deeply hurt, before quickly tossing her tool bag over her shoulder, grabbing her reward and heading off, holding back tears.



“Oh...hi Emery, what’s up?” a confused Jude opens up the front door to see the blonde electrician, in her usual blue jumpsuit, smiling with her tool bag in hand. “Hellooooo Jude, I realized I forgot one of my tools here the other day” Emery face-palms apologetically.

Jude very reluctantly lets Emery inside, walking gracefully in her summery sandal heels. Her shaved legs glisten with the skin lotion she’s rubbed on, under the woman’s pretty polka dress.

“What’s going on?” Aurora inquires, coming from another room, dressed in a high-waist pair of skin-hugging jeans and a knitted crop top. No one else is around the house. Their teenage son is gone to a friend’s house, where he’ll sleep-over.

As Emery explains the situation, Jude realizes that the blonde has actually done herself up. Her always ‘bare’ lips have this nice soft red lipstick, her ‘trouble’ spots have been perfectly covered with make-up, her cheeks have a nice, discreet rouge on and her eyes have expertly drawn mascara on and are surrounded by with discreet, soft-purple eyeshadow. Even her eyelashes have been brushed, looking amazing. The woman’s blonde hair is, for one, washed, brushed, and untangled, with a beautiful glow to them. Though her ponytail look is still there, this time it looks...purposeful and tasteful. There’s not a baseball cap awkwardly smooshing them.

The woman’s prettied appearance seems almost like a wordless statement to the two women’s degrading comments the other day.

Regardless, the couple is visibly not thrilled that the penniless chump has disturbed their peaceful dusk. Their friend Marion will be over in a couple of hours and they were just about to start the Margarita mix. “It’ll just be a second” Emery gives Aurora the same wide smile she gave Jude earlier.

As soon as Aurora turns her back to Emery, the electrician takes a small plastic rod out of her jumpsuit’s pocket and sticks it against the woman’s exposed lower back. Its tip produces a spark and an electric crackle and instantly, the woman drops limply to the floor before she even realizes the shock.

“Wh...what!?” Jude’s widens her eyes and mouth in shock, distracted by scrolling on her phone while sitting at their kitchen bar/counter, missing the moment of her lover got tased unconscious. It was the audible zap and the thud on the floor that averted her gaze towards Aurora.

“Pl..please...NO!!!” Jude tries to leave her high-stool, not the most agile in her slowly building panic. She sees a determined Emery, making a fast-walking, B-line for the arrogant cunt, her polite smile quickly replaced with a stern, cold and focused expression.

Before Jude can get far, Emery runs the last few steps to tackle the bitch and drop her on the floor, pining her 5'9" body over the smaller woman's. "Nnnno...MMFFFFFFFFF!" stuck under Emery's body, Jude gets silenced by a chloroform-soaked rag, being roughly applied over her face. "Shhhh...just breathe it in... *sweetie*" Emery keeps a firm hold of the rag over the rich cunt's face, as she's flailing her arms trying to reach Emery behind her, with no success, breathing in debilitating fumes.

Very soon, Jude's pretty, blue eyes roll to the back of her head, her squirming dies down and the woman falls limp to the floor, a few feet from her knocked out partner. Emery is finally able to relax her hold on her.



“Mnnnff...mnnngg...” a dazed Aurora tilts her heavy head from side to side, as she slowly comes to her senses. Her jaw feels taut and stretched wide and her groans are muffled by something in her mouth, in firm contact with her tongue. It feels smooth, round and hard on the front end while ribbed and metallic on the back.

What she’s feeling is a light-bulb, tightly tied onto her tongue, by the twisted and crushed copper wiring of two cables. The orange/red wires are wrapped around her tongue and the bulb’s bronze base, binding the two together. A wide, steel ring-gag is keeping the woman’s jaw spread. The wider, round part of the glass bulb is sticking on the outer side of the ring, the thinner base trapped on the other side, inside Aurora’s mouth.

Furthermore, multiple rounds of black electrical tape are wrapped around the brunette’s lower face, further muffling her attempts at speech. Only two tiny holes on the corners’ of the bitch’s sealed lips, are there for the two cables, one red, one black, to pass through. The tape, making a snug seal all around the glass bulb and over Aurora’s lips, presses down on her beautiful brown hair as it wraps around her head repeatedly, trapping them underneath.

As Aurora shifts her completely undressed body, she realizes the level of her complete nakedness and bondage, the same as her wife’s. All their luxurious, fashionable clothing, shoes and underwear currently on a pile at the other side of the living room. The milfy lesbians are each strapped down to one of their own wooden, open back chairs, with plenty of electrical tape. The tape is wound around the women’s wrists and elbows, forcing their arms uncomfortably together, behind the chair’s backrest.

Each leg is forced spread by being bound to the chair’s front legs, tape tethering them around the top of the shins and ankles. To further humiliate her specifically, Emery has wrapped the base of the Aurora’s luscious, D-cup tits with more electrical tape, making them bulge into separated round pieces of very ‘fapable’ breast meat that stick out from her chest, already purple from the squeezed circulation.

As Aurora’s eyes gain focus, she’s coming to the sight of Emery’s back, hunched over a seated Jude, wearing rubber gloves and having her shoes sealed in plastic bags, taped to her ankles over her jumpsuit, the electrician is fixing the last details of Jude’s elaborate gag, patting the tightly-wrapped black tape on the moaning woman’s cheek.

“Don’t worry, princess, the electrical current will lick your pussy just as well as your wifey does. Sparks will fly!” Emery’s words are dripping with enjoyable cruelty, referring to the electrodes gripping onto Jude’s sex-lips.

“GNNGGHHHNNNG!” the blonde cunt protests, not sounding intelligible. “Try not to drool on it, it’s not safe” Emery ‘advises’ the bound blondie with straight-faced sarcasm. Jude cannot help that her tongue

is already involuntarily coating the bulb's base and wiring with her saliva, giving it a conductivity 'boost' against her will.

At the same time with her tape-induced incapacitation, multiple sources of sharp pain coming from different 'intimate' body parts become awfully apparent to Aurora. Sharp-toothed, metal alligator clips have been snapped on various parts of her body, from her sensitive earlobes, to her delicate nipples, to her ripe, clean-shaven labia lips. Each clip bites down relentlessly hard on the tender flesh, offering no peace.

Each of her big toes has also been wire-wrapped at its base, the wires twisted then plier-crushed to offer a secure grip, just like with the couple's tongue bondage. From each wire or clip spring long, plastic-coated cables, a red and a corresponding black one for each pair of electrodes. With the pair currently nesting inside her mouth, Aurora and Jude currently have 5 pairs of electrodes hooked on their naked, chair-tied bodies.

All the cables end on a mysterious black little adaptor, secured with more black tape wound around each of the women's flat bellies. Each cable's male AUX plug is plugged onto the many ports of the belly-strapped adaptor.

"Had a nice nap, my dear? I wouldn't want you feeling tired during our book-club meeting" Emery turns to Aurora. "HMMMMMMFF!" Aurora groans, mean-eyeing her uninvited captor with enraged helplessness. At the same time she's bobbing her hips up and down her seat (at least as far as her tape bondage will allow, which is very little) trying to dislodge the ominous things clamped on her most intimate place, with no success.

"Hey, hey, easy now. We don't want to disturb our peaceful neighborhood now do we?" Emery warns referring to the same folks the two women never had a problem spewing filthy rumors about.

"MMMMMMMMMMNNGGH! MMNNG!" Aurora shakes her head frantically, trying to break through the four coils of tight electrical tape, a ring-gag and a light bulb with her scream alone. She instinctively wants to go against anything Emery will say to her right now. The spoiled brunette never had anyone tell her she can't do something.

Emery just shakes her head in disappointment, squatting over on the floor to grab a small, flat rectangular controller, which is located next to a much larger box, already hooked to the women's fuse box with a long extension cord and resting on their floor. The controller has two red knobs, which can be turned along the marked line from left to right, from zero to max. One corresponds to Aurora's adaptor and the other to Jude's.

With the controller in her hand, Emery turns Aurora's knob up to about a fourth of the way.

"NNNNNNNNGGG...!" the chair-tied damsel cries out as her whole nude body tenses up from an immediate rush of electricity! A constant stream of painful shocking runs through her curvy body. Her earlobes, tongue, nipples, pussy-lips and toes are the centers of this horrible sensation.

Thanks to the electrician's handy configuration, the power box she has on the floor is drawing current straight from the couple's home and transfers it through the adaptor strapped to their bellies, right to their 'snappy' electrode-clips and wiring.

"Will you be a good girl?" Emery asks as patronizingly as Aurora was to her last week, her pretty face up close to Aurora's tape-wrapped one. "MMM! MMM!" Aurora desperately nods with needy eyes, regretting butting heads with Emery. She simply wants the horrible pain to stop!

"Good" Emery says with a satisfied smile, returning the knob to zero. Aurora's muscles visible relax as the bound woman sinks back down to her chair.

"Now that I see the setup works, we can begin" Emery utters as the brown-haired lesbian breaths heavily through her nose, recovering from this sudden awful pain. The pampered slut was never accustomed to pain of any sorts. A shocked (pun intended) expression decorates Aurora's pretty face, as well Jude's. This bitch is not kidding.

"I say we start without Marion. She'll be here in what... an hour and a half?" Emery waves her hand dismissively, enjoying the surprised, wide-eyed look her victims shared.

How does she know they've scheduled to meet and with such accuracy of the time she'll get here?

The truth is Emery knows much more than the black woman's buddy-date. Her knowledge and access are what will help with her plan of pinning all of this mess to the unsuspecting third wheel of this arrogant group.

All it took was for the woman to sneak into Marion's backyard and cut one of the wires she used for her outdoor lights, then conceal the cut with some matching color tape and hide it between the other, functional wires.

She then waited for Marion's husband to inevitably call her to check the 'problem with the outdoor lights', during which the woman found the opportunity to unscrew the house's internet router and install a hacking chip inside it (which she found on the dark web), before screwing the little box back together. That chip granted her anonymous access to the entirety of Marion's accounts and internet activity, from seeing the woman's private messages with her two buddies to making online orders under Marion's name, without the wealthy housewife having the slightest clue.

Through this, she acquired everything she needed and bribed a random homeless man to go pick the package up from the store and hand them over. With her face never seen by any employee, all there was to link these items to anyone was a digital receipt with Marion's full name on it; Proof of the woman's guilt.

All that was left was the motive. For that, Emery did not even need to hack any network. It was pretty common knowledge in the community how much Aurora and Marion bickered over the position of the head of the local school board. With their sons going to that same school, Emery often witnessed the petty fights that would rise between the two during the parent-teacher meetings. It went without saying, that Jude always defended Aurora, and did not shy back from tossing a few unflattering adjectives Marion's way in the process. It was rare that a parent conference meeting didn't include some tension between the three women. Their rivalry in this matter was not a secret to anyone.

It was the kind of drama only three privileged people with too much free time on their hands would partake in. Silly catfights over the faintest position of power; a rich housewife's past-time.

But enough to convince the authorities of Marion's nefarious motives and get revenge on the three bitches in one swoop.



“I don’t see your books out, but we can use my copy” Emery announces, grabbing a cheap-looking copy of “Pride and Prejudice” out of her duffel bag. It’s not the hard cover, limited edition that the rich soccer moms have. It’s rather thin-paged and flimsy, like the ones sold at touristy kiosks.

Pacing leisurely in front of her chair-bound, wired (in more ways than one) listeners, Emery opens a marked page and starts reading:

“Vanity and pride are different things, though the words are often used synonymously. A person may be proud without being vain. Pride relates more to our opinion of ourselves, vanity to what we would have others think of us.” Emery reads from the book, Aurora and Jude busy worrying about the latest shock (one received, the other witnessed) to pay much attention.

“Now, I think that’s pretty interesting, don’t you agree?” Emery closes the book, grabbing the power box’s controller in her hands, as she slowly approaches the two damsels.

“For example, you two cunts may think you’re proud, but in actuality, you’re two sadly vain bitches that only care about putting people down to raise themselves up...” Emery says in a poisonous tone, enjoying the sight of the two, tape-wrapped lesbians writhe and shake their heads rapidly left and right, moaning as they beg for forgiveness with their eyes quickly alternating between Emery and those two red nobs on her palm.

Their eyes scream how this is all a misunderstanding, how highly they value their neighbor, how sorry they are. All bullshit, an act driven only by selfish survival instincts.

“...and I’ll gladly administer some helpful humility to you...” Emery’s smile increasingly widens with every word of that phrase, as she turns both nobs, this time to about a third of the way.

A new, stronger wave of electricity begins its instantaneously fast trip, from the house’s power outlet, through the power box and up the cables to the electrodes attached to Aurora and Jude, zapping their conductive bodies with some hefty voltage. The living rooms lights flicker from their ‘juice’ being stolen by Emery’s new ‘toy’. Their tongues, sushi-wrapped by the thin wires, are agonizingly electrocuted. Some of that current is also travelling to the bulbs, taped securely in their mouths, which are now flashing with a weak, flickering light of moderate brightness, proportional to the amount of current coursing through the two uppity sluts.

If they miraculously get out of this, the two lezzos will have a tough time going down on each other tonight, with numb, senseless tongues.

The two women involuntarily writhe on their seats, this time without any breath to utter any muffled scream, their lungs frozen by the electrical current. A fully incapacitating pain courses through their bodies, with the centers of its intensity concentrated on their metal-bitten (and wrapped) body parts.

The women's earlobes feel like their being pressed against red-hot iron, as Aurora and Jude shake their taped heads furiously at the brain-melting shock. Their firmly clamped cunt-lips appear to be sizzling, thanks to the closed circuit they are a part of. Their zapped toes are only the entrance that leads electricity up their lean legs. The pretty women can only endure the current coursing through them unopposed.

Their clamped nipples are being jolted senseless, their 'free' titties swaying and shaking with their instinctive jolt (Aurora's a bit less so, due to their extra wrap-job). Both tape-bound damsels tense their bodies in so many different ways and directions, due to the many different sources of electric misery. Movements that cancel each other out by their strict bonds.

It's like watching many invisible forces pulling them apart at once.

After about 5-6 seconds, Emery returns the nob back to zero, watching her two test subjects, presumably auditioning for Sexy Frankenstein's Monster, plop down on their seats, seizing their chair-bound 'dancing'. Both hotties try to catch their breaths from this awful sensation, much worse than the first. Air is flaring their panting nostrils, since their gaping, taped mouths don't allow any. Their attractive boobs heave up and down in their fatigued breathing, Aurora's less 'freely' due to their bondage.

While previously the couple was worried of what the psychotic bitch might do to them, they had a slight hunch that this might all be an elaborate scare prank gone a bit too far. This scenario is out the women's windows, now. Windows that have their shutters fully closed, to prevent any indiscreet neighbor peeking inside.

"MMMNNghghuughffnnnng!" Jude moans, trying to curse at her captor, sounding utterly incoherent through the tight, black tape-wraps around her face. "Uh-uh-uh, don't interrupt me until I'm finished with my notes" Emery scolds Jude with a wholesome tone, before turning the corresponding nob to the right again, at the same volume as before. No talking out of turn is allowed in this book-club meeting.

"Tsk, tsk, so impatient to chime in" Emery watches with folded arms as Jude writhes again, this time alone, like a waterless fish on her seat, under more debilitating electrocution.

When that second wave of electrocution stops, Jude is not that 'chatty', only looking at Emery with terrified, furred eyebrows and heavy, audible, gagged panting. Aurora is doing the same, not wanting to 'trigger' Emery or her little remote in the slightest.

"Good..." Emery lets the orderly silence linger for a few seconds, before continuing her 'thesis'.



The electrician has some more fun roleplaying the book club meeting she was never invited in, zapping Aurora and Jude any time she deemed they aren't 'paying enough attention'. Marion will be there in about an hour, so there's not much time to waste.

"For what do we live, but to make sport for our neighbors, and laugh at them in our turn?" Emery reads another passage from Jane Austen's work. A very apt 'passage', given the circumstances. "Any comments on that, ladies?" the electrician asks her unwilling 'audience', who appear much more worn and lethargic than earlier.

"MMMMMMMMMMGNNN!" Aurora is shook from head to wire-bound toe by an unprompted zap, coming from Emery's controller. The mean blonde only turned at one third volume, but still, the shock is immense enough to almost knock an adult out. Aurora's eyes are stuck close, her neck titled behind by the invisible shock wave of the current, as she's shaking entirely on her chair bondage. The spot where wire makes contact, meaning her earlobes, nipples, pussy-lips and the base of her toes, all have a strong red color, from the woman's cream-adorned and wealthily exfoliated skin cells being burned with electricity.

"Yes, Aurora?" Emery asks, puppeteering her victim to appear as if she requested to add her perspective. Aurora eyes the blonde electrician with daggers in her eyes, finding it difficult to endure further shame. The light bulb taped between her lips flashes as if she's a game-show contestant, buzzing in.

"Oh, my bad, I thought you had something to add" Emery jokes, enjoying the woman's innocuous hatred coming her way. She then subtly tweaks Jude's nob to send an electric shock blondie's way. The poor woman bucks like a reanimated (albeit bound) doll, just like her wife, her muffled moans coming out heavily stifled. It's like someone is sitting on her chest. Her face is red from the involuntary strain the current brings to her nervous system and her blue eyes are bloodshot.

Just like with Aurora a moment earlier, the bulb taped to their mouths is flickering along with their shocking treatment.

"I really like this one..." Emery says as soon as she lets Jude 'free' of the agony of her zapping. "Do not give way to useless alarm...though it is right to be prepared for the worst, there is no occasion to look on it as certain." Emery reads, as she leisurely takes a side-ways seat on Jude's lap (without asking). She holds the book with one hand, angling it so that Jude can presumably read too (as if that's her concern), while casually wrapping her other arms around the blonde's shoulder.

"Phmmm, mm mmhh gghu..." (*please, let us go*) Jude implores with rare puppy eyes, barely understandable. Emery ignores her plea. "I know your predicament looks pretty fucking dire, and I can assure you it is..." Emery explains to a despairing Jude from practically kissing distance, their eye-lines almost on the same level.

“...but in life you should try to be optimistic...Hey are you listening here?” Emery catches Aurora trying to work the tape off her ankles, instead of listening to her uninvited book-club mate. With the controller not leaving her jumpsuit’s pocket, she promptly treats the inattentive whore a dose of Voltage.

“MMMnngg...mmmmmmmm!” Aurora twitches in her zapped state like before. Her pussy has lost all its sensation, overcooked by the metal biting her meaty labia. Her sex is not a source of pleasure now, only pain. After 8 seconds of ‘frying’, Aurora does not take her tired, defeated eyes away from her captor, anymore.

“I gathered you bitches were illiterate from today’s failure of a book club meeting, but this is just pathetic” she drives the metaphorical test screwdriver deeper, angering the taped bitches more.

“As I was saying...” the lap-seated Emery turns to Jude again. “It’s different to know that you two bitches will kick the bucket soon, and another to just sit there and accept it. You should try to maintain a positive attitude, ya know?” she says, ‘booping’ the top of the light-bulb, sticking half-way out of the damsel’s mouth, with her rubber-gloved finger; the woman eyes her petrified.

“YYUU GGGNNN pMMM FFHH HHHuhhh!” (*You are gonna pay for this!*) Aurora angrily moans, using her second wind to try to appear intimidating. “Oh now that you said ‘pay’...” Emery’s reminded of something, as she picks up her fellow soccer mom’s difficult to decipher, ‘gaggish’ language.

Hoping off Jude’s thighs, Emery pulls the 20\$ bill Aurora had tipped her the other day. “I wanted to return you this. Didn’t feel good overcharging you” she says whilst taking out a lighter and lighting the bill on fire in front of Aurora’s eyes. Leaving the piece of paper to turn into dark ash on the table, Emery then scoops the ashes into a tiny, cylindrical plastic vial, not a centimeter wide.

“Mmm....mmmng!” Aurora worryingly protests, slowly putting two and two together, as she the smirking Emery approach her with the vial of hot ash. “MMMNNG!” Emery pulls the brunette cunt’s hair, tilting her head backwards just enough so that she can shove the vial through Aurora’s nostril and dump its contents inside, ‘returning’ her tip. She pinches the other nostril shut, letting the squirming Aurora’s one-way inhaling involuntarily suck the 20\$ bill’s ashes up her nose. “Gmmff! Gmmf!” Aurora’s hair is roughly tossed forward, Emery leaving the bitch to cough in her gagged state, tasting her own burned money in the back of her throat.

“My...my, look at the time. Marion will be here in less than an hour” Emery checks her watch. “I have to hook you guys up” she says, more acting hurried than being. The ‘fried’ women don’t really know what that means. With all the wired and cables attached on them, they appear pretty ‘hooked’ as it is.

Not bothering to fill them in, Emery walks over the fuse box on the couple’s little storage room. She takes out a little transistor-like gadget and attaches it behind the control panel, hooking it to the cables operating the light switches that are located on the left of the entrance door. The convenient switches someone would reach to open the lights upon entering a home. Just like Aurora and Jude’s.

“Ok girls, listen up cause I’ll only say it once” Emery claps her hands to get her bound, gagged and physically drained victims’ attention, as condescendingly as a 3rd grade teacher rounding her class up.

“Once turned on, the device will draw any electrical current running through these wall-switches over here” she points to the ceiling light switches by the house’s only front door. “It will then lead the electricity through my power box and finally to your fancy bling-blings” Emery waves her finger, pointing to the couple’s flesh-hooked electrodes and wires.

“Let me just fix this...” Emery mumbles as she turns the currently inactive remote controls on the two knobs to the maximum setting. A certainly deadly voltage.

“...Make sure that Marion’s entrance is *OHMAGOD, SO...SHOCKING...*” she mocks with an over-the-top, spoiled valley girl accent that the trio often uses unironically. This new, ominous setting on their electrocution-dealing remote controls is not missed by the distressed couple, who shuffle and softly moan in their gags, trapped in their chair-bonds, which have remained as unyielding as when they first were put on them.

More worried than ever, Aurora and Jude can only watch as Emery packs her stuff back into her duffel bag, including her book. “Mmmm....MMMMMM!” their inquisitive moans gradually turn to louder, more needy and worried ones, both ‘harmonizing’ a heavily gagged plea towards the electrician who doesn’t pay any attention to them. The woman doesn’t neglect to stuff the women’s piled brand clothing and expensive jewellery onto her duffel bag. They ought to earn her a hefty ‘paycheck’ on Craigslist or other shady platform. “I think I’ll keep these for myself, they look really nice. Good taste on you!” she ‘informs’ the bound and gagged Jude, dangling her 1000\$ sandal heels in front of her, before shoving them in the bag. The blonde simply huffs through her nostrils at another jab to her ego.

Emery then closes all the lights in the living room, turning the whole house into an almost completely dark space, thanks to the closed blinds everywhere. The slightest moonlight can pass through the blinds and curtains, though not enough to illuminate the two naked, bound, gagged and firmly seated forms. Using her phone’s light, Emery approaches the big power box and flicks the switch, activating her dangerous little addition to the women’s fuse box.

“I’ll leave the keys outside, wouldn’t want to keep Marion banging on the door aimlessly” Emery says with a devilish grin. “MMMMNNGGHGG! NNNNNNGGH!” Aurora and Jude struggle and moan as pleadingly as possible, testing their bonds resilience as they see their captor place the key on the outer keyhole of their own door.

A visit from their good friend is the last thing they want right now. And not because of their humiliated, scantily clothed state.

“I’ll leave you with this one, which is one of my favorites” Emery turn to them, with one foot out the door:

“Think only of the past as its remembrance gives you pleasure” she quotes ‘Pride and Prejudice’ one last time, remembering this line from the book by heart. She’ll certainly remember this day fondly.

“Toodles!” the blonde closes the door as she wiggles her gloved fingertips goodbye, leaving Aurora and Jude’s inside a deathtrap comprised of their very own home.



A husband and wife are having dinner. Their peace has been disturbed from the persistent moaning coming from the house next door. "Jesus Christ! Don't they have a kid?" the woman rolls her eyes, unable to not address the pair of constant female moans, coming from her neighbor's house. "They must be getting advantage of some alone time" the husband chuckles, not mentioning to his wife how he's picturing the two attractive women going at it, presumed by their loud, intense moaning.

"It's like they're ripping at each other!" the wife doesn't share his amusement, very annoyed at this shameful breach of their privacy by their neighbor's wild, lesbian sex.

"MMMMMMMMNNGN! HHHHHHHHLLP!" Aurora and Jude try their hardest to alert their suburban neighborhood to their peril, but no one comes to their rescue. Then again, maybe no one should come, except if they happen to be Daredevil and have no use for house lights.

Over the past 40 minutes, the two women's efforts at release have proved fruitless. Their chairs rather shuffle back and forth in Aurora and Jude's scooching, essentially remaining in place, instead of making any sliding movement along their pristine marble floors. Their ankles taped to the chair-legs make using their feet impossible. Any attempts at unplugging the wires of their electrodes from the transmitter box taped to their bellies, is also impossible, thanks to their arms and hands bound far away from it, behind their and the chairs' back.

Both lesbians pant through their noses, the extra sweat they got going today (they had some during their morning gym visit) from their desperate struggles not appearing to be paying off. The extra pound they might have lost in their struggle-workout is not gonna matter if their shapely bodies get crisped beyond recognition.

Suddenly, their hearts simultaneously sink, when they hear Marion jiggling the keys on the other side of their door. Couldn't she have cancelled on them last minute like she's prone to do?

"MMNnnggg! NNNNGggg!" the two damsels try to notify the black housewife to not open the lights, but all that comes out is needy, distressed, unstructured moans. Their bound, cabled forms are out of the way of the sliver of light that's entering the house as Marion opens the door. Two pitiful pairs of eyes do not glisten enough to alert Marion to their peril.

"Why is it so dark in here?" the woman utters annoyed and naturally, mindlessly, moves her finger towards the light switch on the wall, ready to flick it on.

