An Inconvenient Call

Everybody was silent and the air was thick with anticipation. The only sounds to be heard were the low, well-oiled whirring of the machine, a gentle wet tearing from the spit’s leisurely progress and lastly, the occasional deep moan from the girl it was progressing into.
 Suddenly a ringtone shattered the silence, grating against the tense atmosphere. The naked guys looked around at the piles they’d made of their clothes in the yard. Finally they start realizing that the ringing isn’t coming from any of their phones.’Doo bee doo’ was coming from her purse.

“Oops, sorry about that. Could someone please get that for me? ”She wriggled her back bound arms to illustrate her point. The guys looked at each other “Pleease?” she added in a plaintive tone. One of them shrugged and started rummaging through her purse. After about a minute of searching, and more than a few grumbles about the reason defying inner dimensions of woman’s purse, he found it with a triumphant grunt. He then answered the phone and held it to the side of her face.

“Oh hey Stacy, how are you doing?”, silence for a while as ‘Stacy’ gives a lengthy answer, during which the spit moves a considerable length through the girl, forcing an occasional gasp from her. “Ah sorry, I’m not going be able to make that, I can’t really get away right now”, again silence while she listens to her friend. Her voice is shakier now and it nearly broke several times during the sentence: “Well you see, remember those frat boys that told me that their cookout wouldn’t be same the same without me?”. “Well that’s because I AM the cookout. So I can’t come because I’m being spitted right now and soon I will be roasting alive”. Another silence. “Well I guess you can have that. It’s not like I need it anymore” she said with a resigned smile. “Oops Stacy gotta go, I can feel the spit entering my throat. Ok kisses, bye”.
The guy disconnected as the girl started gagging. A few moments later the spit pushed its way out between her lips and kept going until it was about two feet out. The machine went quiet. The guy knelt back down before the impaled girl, then moved a finger back and forth in front of her face. He nodded in satisfaction when her eyes followed it. Still alive and aware of what was happening to her. That always made the roasting more fun to watch.
Then he looked thoughtfully at her phone. He snapped a picture of the spitted girl, then sent it to the latest caller with the text: “ Feeling up to joining your friend for dinner?”. A few minutes after the phone cheerfully announced a text. It read; “As a guest or seconds?”. He looked pensively at the phone with pink cover for a moment, then replied:
“Your call”.
The end.