

Party-Lines Newsletter for August 2003

August 2003						
Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
					1 Slave Auction	2 Open Dinner Party
3 Caning Wrkshp 7pm RCR begins (*see pg. 7)	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14 Pizza & Movie	15 Slave Auction	16
17 2pm RCR-62*	18	19	20	21	22 Private Party	23
24 Master/slave and Mistress/slave	25	26	27	28	29	30
31 Piercing Wrkshp Ropes & Knots Class					*Mark August 17th on the calendar! Join us for RCR-62, Our Founder's, (Robin Roberts) 62nd Birthday Party	

September 2003						
Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
	1 Labor Day Picnic	2	3	4	5 Slave Auction	6 Open Dinner Party
7 11am Brunch	8	9	10	11 Pizza & Movie	12	13 Lady's PlayNight
14	15	16	17	18	19 Slave Auction	20
21 Leather Wkshp	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30				

Call 650-965-4499 or go to our website at www.backdrop.net/calendar.html

Event pricing for singles/couples

- Open Dinner Parties \$25/\$45
- Slave Auctions \$25/\$25
- Workshops \$15/\$25

- Movie nights \$5/\$10
- Piercing Class Aug 31st **CANCELLED**
- RCR-62 Call for Information

SUBSCRIPTION INFORMATION

Party-Lines Newsletter for August 2003

Our Mailing Address is BackDrop, Post Office Box 390486 Mountain View, CA 94043-0486

(Please use this address for all correspondence related to Party Lines Newsletter or The BackDrop Club)

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I went to a Slave Auction? By Ms Annette

I went to a slave auction held at BackDrop this last month and really enjoyed myself! Everyone was given a packet of play money for bidding, and told the auction rules. After that bidding began, I was the first person on the block!

I went on stage offering to be someone's submissive for a half an hour. The bidding started and I walked around the stage showing off. After several minutes, I was sold to a fun guy for \$70,000! Next, one of our former ladies, Magdalena, went up on stage and really got the bidding going. People were shouting, in an attempt to out do each other. She sold for \$80,000! The ball was rolling and people were getting into the auction. Seats were traded and alliances formed to compensate with the increasing bids. It was a lot of competitive fun.

Ronnie, one of BackDrop's finest ladies, got up on

stage and started showing off her modeling skills. *(for more info on Ronnie, see page 7) She is a well-toned woman that can bend into uncomfortable looking positions and hold them for hours. The crowd went wild!

A couple went up on stage offering both as switches. I conspired with a fellow bidder to pool our money and buy the couple. A gentleman put a home-cooked dinner, a 45-minute massage and chocolate up for bidding. As soon as "massage" and "chocolate" were spoken all the women jumped into bidding. Three of us won, and ended up splitting the dinner/massage and chocolate. Then Lilith got up on stage and offered to cook dinner topless to anyone who was interested. She was wearing a shirt that showed off her beautiful breasts and made obvious that no one should pass up that opportunity! A man got up on stage and offered 2 tickets for anyone to go to a gentlemen's club and have dinner and partake of the festivities. Again everyone got together and started combining money to compete. At this point the excitement in the room was overflowing. People are laughing, yelling, joking and really getting into the auction. After the tickets sold, a beautiful Russian woman got on stage and offered to be a submissive to another woman. She was another flexible lady, which she showed off to the crowd's delight. Seeing this, Ronnie returned to the stage and they helped each other into several contortionist positions. Seeing the two of them was like watching live art. The bids went up so high people were borrowing money right and left. Bidding on the Russian woman came down to two people bidding everything they had and everything they could get from other people the bidding lasted almost 20 minutes! She was sold to Lady Sara who was very happy with her purchase! Later Sara went up on the block herself, offering a half hour session. Again bidding started and people were going crazy! Most people had already bought something, or collaborated with someone else on a purchase, so money was thinning out. Everyone was trying to convince other people that they MUST have Sara and they needed donations. Money was exchanging hands as quickly as the bids went up. Just when it seemed like bidding couldn't go any higher, someone would be passed more money and the competition would be off again! This went on for quite a while, everyone getting into the bidding and playing around. After the bidding was finished everyone had cake and soda and mingled, talking about the auction and getting dates and times set up with people they had bought. Everyone stayed at least an hour after bidding ceased. We had a great time and I can't wait to do it again!

Subject: New Story - Cast Fetish
From: (RB56132)

Angela knew it had to happen. The day had started out

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too perfectly. The sun was shining in a totally clear sky, and although she knew the temperature was going to climb quickly enough, in the early morning hours that she chose to ride her bike, it was still cool.

She was very content this summer; she had just received her Master's Degree from university and had an offer to start working with a local advertising firm as soon as she was available. Instead of diving right into the workplace, she decided to take a month or two off and relax after her mad dash to finish school a year early.

This was her first day off with nothing to do and nowhere to go, so she had decided to take a long ride through the hills toward the ocean, enjoying herself completely for the first time in years. She dug her bicycle out from behind her roommates camping gear, pumped up the tires and headed out.

No sooner had she made it down the driveway and out into the street than she heard the squeal of brakes behind her and felt herself being pushed from behind. She flew over the handlebars and rolled on the pavement a short distance before coming to rest against the center divider. Immediately she stood up and limped over to the side of the road. She noticed that there was a dull throbbing in her hip and the toes of her left foot seemed to be tingling, but all in all, she was amazed that she hadn't been hurt that much worse. With that thought, she sat down on the curb and passed out completely.

The ensuing events went by in a blur. There seemed to be lots of running feet. Angela vaguely recalled being loaded into the back of an ambulance, and the sound of the siren as she was taken to the hospital, but the rest of the trip was blank.

What she definitely remembered was the emergency room, and the feeling that her whole left side was on fire. As the paramedics moved her off their gurney and onto a hospital cart, every slight movement sent spasms of pain up and down her side. A doctor's face suddenly loomed large in her view. He pushed a black mask over her mouth which quickly started to grow and cover her nose and eyes and ears and...

Angela finally awoke, slowly opening her eyes and looking around the empty hospital room in confusion until she remembered where she was.

The sun was shining through the window, casting long shadows across the room and she knew that she had been out for most of the afternoon. As she looked around and saw that she was alone, the events of the day started coming back to her, and she realized that the excruciating pain that she had felt earlier was mostly gone, replaced by a relatively minor throbbing. She was immediately relieved; apparently she had not been hurt as badly as she thought.

Still in a haze from whatever drugs they had given her, she tried to sit up in the bed and prepare to leave, determined to spend as little time in the hospital as possible. She had a moment of dizziness as she struggled

up onto her elbows, and became vaguely aware that something seemed to be pushing against her lower stomach, holding her against the bed. More annoyed than alarmed, she pulled back the sheets that covered her and stared down uncomprehendingly for a moment before it registered that the entire lower half of her body was covered in a thick, fiberglass cast.

Fighting to think clearly, she pushed herself up into the best sitting position that she could, pulled the skimpy hospital gown back and continued to stare at herself in disbelief. The cast started above her hips and extended downwards, covering both legs in a thick layer of fiberglass. Her right leg was left exposed from the knee down, the cast only encasing her thigh, but the fiberglass covered the entire length of her left leg, stretching all the way to the end of her foot. Her left knee was held slightly bent and her foot pulled down with the ankle extended. A fiberglass-covered bar that ran diagonally between her legs, attached to the cast above her right knee and at her left ankle, held her legs in an embarrassingly wide spread-eagle position. She tried to move her legs within the cast and discovered quickly that she was unable to move a single muscle. She could obviously move the unencumbered lower part of her right leg, but she was unable to move a single muscle of her left leg and the rest of her lower body. Only her toes, barely visible where they protruded from the end of the cast, would respond to her bodily commands.

Soon she gave up trying, putting her back on the pillow, curious to find that for some reason her heart was racing. As she lay there staring at the ceiling, she was surprised at the mix of feelings that she was experiencing at being so completely immobilized. She was amazed that she was actually becoming physically aroused by her predicament.

She reached down to feel the crotch that had been left exposed by the cast and was amazed to find that she was totally wet.

Just then, the door to the room opened and in strode the doctor that had attended her in the emergency room. Angela became acutely aware that with her legs spread apart by the cast, she was baring it all to the doctor. She quickly pulled the sheets back up and tried to sit up again as the doctor came to stand next to the bed. With no regard for her modesty, he pulled back the sheets again and started examining her.

He put his fingers under the edge of the cast around her hips, apparently to check whether it was too tight, and then moved to the area of the cast around her crotch. Instinctively, she tried to press her legs together, becoming frustrated when the cast prevented her from doing so.

The doctor was older and not very good-looking, but it didn't seem to matter to Angela: the touch of his fingers against her skin, and her inability to move or even flinch was driving her crazy. It didn't help that she was

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normally extremely ticklish. She closed her eyes and tried to control her breathing until the doctor was finished examining that part of the cast. He continued examining the rest of the cast, giving no indication that he noticed her discomfort.

The doctor finished by examining the toes of her left foot. It was almost more than she could bear. Her toes had always been very sensitive; over the years she had resisted the offers by men to massage her feet because it would almost certainly set off a cycle of excitement that she knew she could not control. Now, she had no choice but to allow this virtual stranger have his way with her toes. She gasped when the doctor began squeezing each toe, innocently testing for proper circulation and completely unaware of the anguish that he was causing her. She quickly converted the gasp into a cough, gripping the edge of the bed until he was finished.

The doctor made a note on his chart and then leaned against the opposite bed, explaining that she had fractured her femur, the largest bone in the body, and what he had had to do to set the bone and describing that she was in a "spica" cast and although it was cumbersome and almost impossible to walk in, it was what was necessary in order to keep the fracture site appropriately immobilized...

He could have been talking about kumquats in Cameroon for all Angela heard of him. A small part of her mind that was still functioning recognized that the lingering effects of the drugs was probably the blame for all the strange sensations that she was experiencing, but it did little to help her plight.

Her ears perked up a little when the doctor said that she would be in the cast for at least four months. She knew that she probably should be concerned about that, but as he went out, the feelings of excitement that she had been barely able to hold in check were back in full force.

Closing her eyes, Angela put her head back on the pillow, becoming aroused again by the feel of the cast on her body. She focused internally and began a mental exploration of the cast, sensing the way it encircled her waist, closely hugging the shape of her hips and following the curve of her rear before separating at her crotch to wrap around her thighs. She tried again to move her legs together, this time enjoying the thoroughly helpless feeling when she failed. She could feel herself getting moist but she resisted the temptation to touch herself, instead desiring to wait and savor this moment for as long as possible.

As Angela continued her exploration, she was almost annoyed that the cast did not cover both of her legs. A confirmed "picture-straightener" to the core, she did not like the lack of symmetry that came from having her lower right leg exposed. She did find that she very much liked the feel of the cast on her fully encased left leg. The way it held her knee firmly locked and immobilized the

muscles of her calf. She found that she was most excited by the cast around her foot. She liked the feel of it pushing against the sides of her ankle, holding her foot in a gentle arch, caressing the ball of her foot, but leaving her toes exposed almost as a reminder that she was really inside there.

Without opening her eyes, she pulled the sheets back and, pressing her un-encased right foot flat against the bed, she tilted herself up a little and lifted her body off the top of the bed, excited even more by the feel of all her joints and muscles moving as one. She relished the fact that she accomplished the same results whether she strained to move inside the cast or relaxed her muscles completely; the cast prevented any and all movement. She settled down on the bed again and then reached down

to touch the surface of the cast, admiring the rough feel of the fiberglass and taking a strange satisfaction in knowing that it would not come off.

She could wait no more. She reached and started masturbating furiously, throwing her head back as she climaxed time and time again, her toes clenching and unclenching, her hips writhing and straining to move within the rigid confines of the cast.

Finally, exhausted and bathed in sweat, she drifted off to sleep, content with the knowledge that she would be in the cast for quite some time.

My Massage by Robin Roberts

It was about four o'clock and I had finished with all of my appointments for the day, so I drove back to my room at The Hotel. I had been here almost a week and was still

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in awe at the courtesy and politeness of everyone on the Staff. I picked up the phone to have a bottle of wine delivered when I noticed that number for Room Service (#77) was only one digit away from Personal Services (#76). Odd, by I hadn't really given "Personal Services" as a title much thought until now. With no small amount of curiosity, I picked up the phone and punched up the number for Personal Services. After only one full ring, a very melodious female voice answered with, "Personal Services, this is Helen. How may I direct your call?" Now I was stuck. "Helen, this is Room 124. I noticed that your number was listed on the front of my phone, but I have no idea what kind of 'personal services' you offer or render."

"Well, Sir, we are here to provide any service you desire, no matter how big or small, any time day or night. Your wish is, quite literally, my command. There are no limitations placed upon your requests, other than the availability of Staff personnel to carry out your desires. We are very discreet, and no one will ever know what you have requested. We want to make sure that your stay with us is everything you may have dreamed it would be."

Now I was REALLY stuck. "Ummm, if I were to ask for something a little out of the ordinary, you could fulfill it?"

"Yes, Sir. There is nothing you could ask for that would shock me. There is no wish that would not be granted given enough time and resources for us to put it together," was the immediate answer from the handset.

My mind went blank, and my mouth and tongue simply quit functioning: I was speechless. Her voice woke me from my somnambulistic trance, and after a moment of mental babbling and total brain shutdown, I muttered, "I want a massage."

Helen asked if I had any preferences and I said no: I was almost afraid to make specific requests. Helen said I would have someone at my door in moments. She was right about that. It seemed as though the person outside my door had been listening in to my conversation with Helen, and was just waiting for me to hang up the phone so she could ring the doorbell to my suite. (In hindsight, that probably is wrong. My body just wasn't functioning, so I hadn't noticed the passage of time!) The female who was on the other side of the door was wearing what looked like leotards, a short skirt, heels and a collar. Attached to the collar was a pendant embossed with "Jillian 4". She was attractive: just the right amount of make-up, brown hair pulled back off her face, and I would guess her age to be low-twenties. She was carrying a portable massage table and an overnight bag. Jillian stepped past me and into my room, and with a very deft movement, opened the table, placed a sheet on top of it and patted the top of it, indicating that I was to lie on top of it. When I made no movement, she came to attention, looked at me and asked if I preferred a

"straight, dominant or submissive massage".

I told her that I was dominant, but that I didn't know the difference between the three as types of massage. She replied that since I didn't know the difference, she would start with a straight massage, but at any time I desired, it would be okay to change. Not wanting to get myself in over my head (and not wanting to look like a complete fool) I told Jillian 4 that I was interested in a straight massage.

She had me lay on a massage table, face down and she began her magic-fingers routine. During the 60-minute massage, we discussed just about everything. She told me about her "escapades" as a submissive masseuse. Her clients would have her start a massage, and then have her bound and gagged by the end of the hour. I asked her what she enjoyed most when giving a "submissive massage". She must have spent twenty minutes describing how one of her clients had blindfolded and gagged her; placed her ankles in hobble-cuffs and had tied a rope around her neck as a leash. Since she was sightless, he guided her hands and her body for about the first half-hour. He then tied her wrists together behind her back, removed the gag, and had her lick all the

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massage oil from every part of his body and then use her long hair to dry his body. I thought that this was an excellent idea, and that I would have to try it personally. She said that she would like to do the same, but it would have to be another time: our hour was up.

I decided that Jillian 4 and I would have to get together as soon as possible.

I called "Personal Services" and booked two hours with Jillian 4 for day after tomorrow. That would be more than enough time for me to get to a hardware store for some "goodies" before our next meeting.

For Saracat {Ff}

Inzachiko considered the chamber; the proportions were good, spacious enough to be grand, without being so large that formality was enforced by it's seating. In all, a good place to start intrigue with the oh-so lovely, oh-so melancholy, oh-so decadent people of this place. Inza' looked last upon the uburo alcove; she had fretted a while over this courtly necessity. Everywhere in this city of beautiful people these alcoves sat like malign beasts, waiting for their prey of unwary arts to come fill their pretentious maws. Art. Feh. The current rage was for kebana, and although Inza' enjoyed the efforts of others, she was not well suited to this pursuit. Granted, the inevitable crushed chrysanthemums and bruised peony blossoms gave her a certain perverse pleasure, but this was not at all suited to her needs of the moment. So. Calligraphy it would be. Gazing upon the ebon torii gate frame, she smiled, thinking that although her letters may not be the most finely formed, her verse was always good, and the paper would certainly be flawless. With a cracking like wood breaking,

Inzachiko set her ink cases at the foot of the alcove dais. As though on cue, the sound was immediately followed by the sliding of wood upon wood and the susurrus of sixteen layers of silk brushing it's way into the chamber. Oh yes, art indeed, Inza' thought, as she turned to regard Hana. Certainly her best effort yet, she mused, as she watched the beauty of the woman entering the room. Inza's first effort towards annoying and fascinating this silly court of two-legged flowers was to woo and win this creature that had held them in thrall. Although it was the fashion to abhor the human form, Hana would have been the exception to such fashion in any place in time; a perfection of white translucence and rosy human tone, wrapped around a dancer's supple body, framed in an unlikely wash of unraveled, inky silk that swept the floor a meter behind it's occupant. That hair. Like most people seeing Hana for the first time, Inza' saw the hair first and everything else second. Typically prosaic, Inza's first thought was "how can she dance amidst that fibrous snare?" and her second thought was not prosaic at all, and had a great deal to do with

why this woman was here, instead of gracing some Heian dandy's chambers. "So, my white moon of delight, do you still agree to this little entertainment of mine?" Inza' watched Hana's body carefully, looking for betraying tensions. An insidious passion aside, Hana was her friend and co-conspirator, and she wished her no pain without pleasure and consent. "Of course! After an ageless year of being pursued by Yohito-who-will-not-hear-no-and-go-away, the pleasure of knowing his discomfort at seeing me exposed but untouchable will be worth nearly anything. Besides which, Inza-chan, you are worth everything. I shall enjoy it." Having so spoken, Hana broke her stillness with a vulpine grin that would have appalled the dandy in question. Inza' was the only person in this city to see that smile, ever. She savored this thought, which brought an answering wolf-smile to her own lips. "Well then, oh pearl of Inzanami, into the alcove with you!" Giggling at the sound of Yohito's favorite simile, Hana swept up the dais and folded bonelessly between the torii pillars. Weighing the composition a moment, Inzachiko followed behind, wrapped her arms about Hana, and with a practiced tug, loosened her obi, causing the many layers of silk it held to start opening like petals.

"Arms out of sleeves oh jewel of the night." Allowing her discipline to wither a moment, Hana quivered with amusement, hearing her lover carry on in the voice of this evening's unsuspecting guest. Drawing her arms out voluminous sleeves, she rested her hands in her lap.

Quick as thought, Inza' swept her hands along Hana's arms, lightly scoring them with her fingernails in the process. Capturing Hana's hands, she raised them up to the top corners of the torii gate. Working with the cords knotted there, Inza' secured Hana's hands. Slowly drawing her hands along Hana's arms and down her breasts, Inza' pulled the bound woman into her arms and the space between her knees. Letting her hands go where they would, she left a constellation of little red crescents across Hana's chest, breasts and belly. Claw kisses.

Tiring of that, Inza' caged Hana's breasts in each hand, quickly pulling her fingers together with an audible snick of fingernails as they drew crinkled nipples and the slightest trace of blood after them. Feeling Hana resettle herself atop her feet, Inza' drew back, noting that Hana was now comfortably sitting on her left heel, and making no effort to hide the fact. Laughing silently at this little artifice, she decided to allow it. Such diversion would keep Hana better entertained through the evening, and Yohito would be sure to notice it and wish he could so blatantly seek relief. Businesslike again, Inza' gathered up her lover's mane, parting it into two handfuls. Working carefully, she draped each over Hana's shoulders, and one side at a time, looped it about and around Hana's arms, ending in fanciful knots at her wrists. This done, Inza' arranged the pool of silk the other woman was sitting in, so that the multicolored layers of

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silk sat in a ripple of black, white, mauve and vermilion. Happy with the result, Inza' stepped back from the top of the dais in the alcove. Opening the lacquer case, she set to work rubbing the stone paddle across the block of ink, slowly adding tiny amounts of water. When the ink reached the exact shade of Hana's hair, Inza' selected a brush, let it drink up ink and thought about her first line.

"Moon white perfection-

Becoming still within, Inza' let the brush become an integral part of herself, allowing the characters flow from the brush to be as a ripple of wind on water.

paper and ink hold my thoughts

Continuing in the meditation of wind on water, Inza' was pleased to see the bottom of the character "hold" pool in a dimple next to Hana's spine.

as blood holds desire."

Surfacing from the other where of meditation, Inza' gave the verse critical review. The calligraphy was very good, and formed well for it's media: the characters made a smooth interplay with the rise and fall of Hana's breath. The verse itself was not a thing of great style, but was suited well to its setting and intent. Having approved it. Inza' picked a curious object out of the lacquer box. It looked like a flower base, but the pins were set in the pattern of Inza's chop, and were -very- sharp. The smith who made it for her thought it was meant to arrange flowers, and was charmed by the conceit of using one's signature for the pattern. Murmuring wordlessly, Inza' placed one hand flat on Hana's belly, held the little pin tray flat in the other, and pressed it into Hana's skin, to the right of her spine just above the sacrum. Careful not to push too hard, Inza' let it sit for a moment, and then pulled it free with an audible pop. Watching, Inza' saw the blood bead up, flow together and stop, perfectly forming her chop.

Ah, the benefits of practice. Seeing that Hana had retreated into a meditation of her own, Inza' tidied up, gave the room one last appraisal and went off to bathe and change. It would be a wonderful evening.

A "Meet the Staff" Profile

Veronica/Ronnie

I am a Gemini - the perfect switch. Watch me work both sides of the play with powerful seduction.

Imagine a solid spanking, followed by your good-boy reward of cookies, fed from my mouth to yours. After you have dutifully worshipped my size 10 feet and 5"9" Dancer's legs, I may just drape them across you while I feed you candy from your lap.

I especially like play that engages all our senses, and scenes that work the roll-play aspect. Be my pampered pup, gently pony in training, young man with a naughty nurse, truant schoolboy, amorous boss or employee, diapered infant or exploring your feminine side. For punishment scenes I am firm but will not be cruel --my torture comes from a psychologically reptilian place. I shall have my strong and silent way with you and then ignore you a bit; perhaps stocked or tied, gagged and blindfolded, simply left to listen to all that I am doing without you. I will happily deliver NT and CBT, but with a sensitive hand hoping to stimulate your pain into pleasure. If it is hard, physical torture you need, you will get what you need from another of my sisters. I will push your emotions and sensations, but I will not push your body.

I will show for you, a whole scene or incorporated into another one. I am a fierce tease with a supple and pliable 36-27-37 torso. I will take most forms of worship but not reciprocate.

If we switch, I can take it pretty heavy. I am very willowy and silent, but remain proud and untouchable. I delight in heavy restraint. I will take light to medium

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corporal, but absolutely no canes or marks. Try to humiliate me, just try. My master cannot, so you don't stand a chance...

I welcome ladies and couples. I will happily co-top with a sister, or co-sub with you. There is so much to learn within the realm of our senses; I look forward to the opportunity to share that learning experience with open playmates.

The Great August Festival By Robin Roberts

My birthday falls on August 18th, but the "Celebration" usually runs for the entire month of August. Due to the large number of friends, family and acquaintances (and the wide variety of interests) it pretty much impossible to get everyone together and hold one single event with a single theme. My scene family has very little in common with most of my relatives, and vice-versa. Scene people, for the most part, can communicate with my geek friends, but nothing in common with, well you can see the problem. For that reason, we hold events throughout the entire month of August.

One very special group of friends is my extended "RR" family and the BackDrop Staff. (Multiple years ago, when I first started Master/slave training, I took a page from a book I had read about names and adapted it for my training purposes. Names should be easy to pronounce and easily identifiable. I decided to have each name seven letters long and to include my initials in their name. Each year, I change the first letter of slave names to establish lineage.)

On the 3rd of August, ssaRRah, loRRett, Veronica, Annie, Jennifer officially kicked off RCR-62: the celebration of my 62nd birthday. I met them at the BackDrop clubhouse where we started by going to a dinner at one of our local restaurants. (I had the Salmon with avocado and hollandaise sauce; delicious!) We went back to the clubhouse for Birthday Cake, champagne and "goodies". Shortly after 8pm, I found out loRRett had a special surprise set up for me. A stretch limo to Oakland's Lake Merritt! Once there, we spent an hour on Lake Merritt in an authentic Venetian gondola, complete with gondolier singing Italian love songs. Me, five very pretty ladies, at dusk and a quiet lake, love songs... well you get the picture. As one of our Staff People was heard to say, "This job definitely has perks!

Coming back from the lake, the limo was stocked with whipped cream hand-whipped by the girls. The cream magically appeared on someone's breasts, and as the "Guest of Honor", I was asked if I would mind licking it off. (Oh, the things one must do for his friends!) Later, I found myself lying down in the back of the Limo, with five females giving me a massage. (Well it had been a hard workweek.) What a great surprise kickoff to an even

greater month!

Other planned events are:

- Quentin (Our first member!) will be arriving from Las Vegas for a five day stay
- A "special Edition" Slave Auction on the 15th
- The "major episode" in RCR-62 is August 17th - a Birthday Party for BD Members at the clubhouse.
- The 18th will be a dinner with immediate family.
- A private Party on the 22nd
- And finally, on the 30th, a dinner party with belly dancing and ----