

Party-Lines Newsletter for January 2003

January 2003						
Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
Sunday events are at 2pm unless stated otherwise	All other events are at 8pm unless stated otherwise		1	2	3	4 Open Dinner Party
5 How to Meet Others Workshop	6	7	8	9 Movie & Pizza "The Image"	10	11
12 Leather making workshop	13	14 Show, Tell & Play	15	16	17 Slave Auction	18
19 "Meet the Staff & Open house 2 -5pm"	20	21	22	23	24	25 Private Party
26 Master/slave Training Wrkshp	27	28	29	30	31	

February 2003						
Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
						1 Open Dinner Party
2 Mistress/slave Training Wrkshp	3	4	5	6 Movie & Pizza "DeSade's Justine"	7 Slave Auction	8
9 Bondage Safety Class (Suspension)	10	11 Show, Tell & Play	12	13	14 Valentine's Day Play Party	15
16 Sensory Deprivation Class	17	18	19	20	21 Slave Auction	22 Private Party
23 11am Brunch	24	25	26	27	28	

To make reservations call 650-965-4499 or go to 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
- Valentines Day Play party \$25/45
- Open House Free

With the New Year, events (and the clubhouse) will be

open to members only. To accomplish this, we have established a new class of membership called "Associate Member". Dues will be \$10 for thirty days. Your name, address, etc., will not be added to our permanent membership roster or our mailing lists.

You will be given a membership card with a unique number printed on it. You will have to show your membership card each time you attend an event. If you

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lose your membership card, you will have to purchase a new one.

1 January 2003 has brought some rather interesting changes at BackDrop – a new clubhouse, new events and a new look to our newsletter. I hope the New Year finds you in good health, brings you joy and prosperity.

We look forward to serving you, and being served!

Girl Talk

Nicola Hulme lifted her briefcase out of the car and fumbled for her front door key. It had been a hard day at the office and she was glad to be home, although tonight she'd only have the boys for company as their daddy was away on a business trip.

In the hallway she was surprised not to be swamped by two loud, energetic seven-year-olds. She put down her bag and listened intently. From upstairs came the sound of children crying and...surely...yes, the unmistakable noise of a smack-bottom in progress.

She climbed the stairs, and the racket grew louder. The door of the master bedroom was slightly ajar. Nicola passed quietly, and put her eye to the crack.

She had not been mistaken. In one corner of the room was Adam, nose to the wall, his shorts and pants around his ankles. The crimson blush on her son's fat little backside left Nicola with no illusions about the severity of the smacking he had received not many minutes ago.

As for Jamie, his lower garments had also been yanked down and at that very moment he was lying across a shapely feminine lap. The lap belonged to Rachel, the Hulmes' nanny. Her tousled red head was turned away from Nicola, intent on the target of Jamie's naked bottom. Her hand was flattened and as she raised it to her shoulder, the palm showed an angry red to match the little boy's seat. Then down again.

SLAP! Adam was sobbing bitterly in the corner and Jamie was yelling his head off but Rachel said nothing as she continued to spank. Nicola was in the habit of admonishing the boys when she punished them but clearly the nanny felt the time for talk was long past.

The mother did not interrupt. Obviously the boys must have been extremely naughty and Rachel had permission to tan backsides when they were. Both Nicola and her husband were firm believers in corporal punishment and had already bought a junior school cane against the day when something more salutary than mummy or daddy's hand would be needed.

Nicola watched Jamie's smacking proceed with interest. He was getting it hot and strong...while his mum suddenly felt warm somewhere entirely different. How beautiful Rachel looked as she went about administering the punishment! She had rolled up her blouse sleeve on her smacking arm, which was smooth and muscular. She

had quite a small hand, but judging from the yelps it was coaxing from her charge, quite hard enough. A few beads of sweat from the exertion had formed on the nanny's forehead.

Finally, Rachel seemed satisfied with her work. She pulled Jamie to his feet and, with a final smack to his bottom, sent him to the other corner. Nicola cleared her throat and entered the room.

Rachel looked up at her boss, who was smartly dressed in a business suit, her bobbed black hair framing her attractive hazel-green eyes.

"Hi."

At this the boys turned around and would have come over to her, but Rachel's voice halted them in their tracks.

"Did I say you could come out of the corner? Stay right where you are!"

"I take it they've been naughty boys, then?" said Nicola, as much for her sons' benefit as Rachel's.

"Yes. I caught them in here stealing chocolates out of that box on your bedside table."

"Oh boys," their mother reproached them, "how could you? You only had to ask and I would have given you a chocolate - after your tea, of course."

"Well, they won't be getting any of that either," said Rachel, "or any sweets for a month. Come here, you two! Pull up your pants and say sorry to mummy."

The lads duly shuffled forward, heads hung in shame, and obeyed.

"I should think so, indeed," said Rachel. "Go and get your 'jamas on."

I'll be in presently to hear you say your prayers. Now go! And mind you brush your teeth properly. I'll bring a ruler in with me and if those tushy-pegs aren't clean there'll be smacked hands as well as bottoms!"

The boys scuttled away, and the two women were alone. The spanker's skirt had ridden up from having accommodated two wriggling bottoms and Nicola's eyes were glued on her employee's thighs. There was an awkward silence - the younger girl finally broke it.

"You don't think I was too hard on them? They're only little boys, after all."

"No, you did absolutely the right thing. Stealing's serious, and I would have warmed their bottoms just as much myself."

Rachel raised her smacking hand and put the reddened palm to Nicola's face. "You sure about that?"

The hand was still scorchingly hot, or so it seemed to Nicola as she shared the warmth that had just been imparted to her children's buttocks. She wondered what it would be like to feel that fire across her own bum. Meanwhile, Rachel showed no sign of removing the hand.

Their gazes met, wide open with honest lust. The

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nanny stroked her employer's cheek. "Smooth as a baby's bottom," she laughed, "and I should know, shouldn't I?" Nicola's mouth was bone dry. She couldn't smile, couldn't speak, couldn't look away. Rachel smiled kindly, and began to sing softly, all the while staring deep into the older woman's eyes:

"The baby needs a smack, the baby needs a smack, e-i-addio, the baby needs a smack."

Another pause. "You do, don't you, baby?"

"Yes, nanny." The reply came from Nicola's mouth but it felt like someone else saying it. "I'm a naughty girl." What the hell was she saying, addressing this young woman, whose wages she paid, as if she were a child herself? But she couldn't help it.

Rachel stood up and smoothed down her skirt. Then she took the young mother by the hand and sat her down on the dressing table stool. "I'm going to tuck the boys up. If you want to be smacked like a little girl, I suggest you take off all that make-up and jewelry, because little girls aren't allowed to wear any of that."

"Rachel, I..."

A voice hissed in her ear menacingly. "You will call me nanny from now on, and if you don't get busy I shall take you up the corridor with me and you'll get your arse tanned in front of those two precious brats of yours. I daresay they'd like a good look at their mum's bottom, wouldn't they? Not to mention a glimpse of her fanny..."

"Please! Please, no! I'll do as I'm told..."

"Then when I come back I expect to find you in that corner over there, facing the wall, with no make-up or jewelry. Start now."

With that she left the room, and Nicola started to remove her rings, then her earrings. Then she began to gently remove all her expensive make-up. The years seemed to roll away as she did so, and after she had washed her hands and face she looked in the mirror and felt utterly nude. That done, her steps took her inexorably towards the naughty corner. She knew that she didn't have to, that she could simply turn around and sack the girl. The truth was, this was what she wanted. She knew it. And she was shamed by it.

The minutes squeezed past and she listened to the even, muffled tones coming from the children's bedroom. There would be no bedtime story tonight; just a lecture, then the boys would have to fall asleep on their tummies.

The door clicked. No word, hardly a sound, but Nicola knew she was back in the room. She dared not turn around. The bed creaked.

"Come over here, Nicola."

She turned around and saw Rachel sitting where she had spanked the boys. Now, she knew, it was her turn. Her stomach turned to water as she walked the short distance to the bed.

"So, baby, looks like you're in need of a little time over nanny's knee?"

Nicola nodded, unable to look the girl in the face.

"Take your skirt off."

Fumbling desperately with the zip, Nicola eventually managed to obey.

Rachel took it off her and folded it neatly, placing it on the bed.

Meanwhile, Nicola had looked down and saw what she knew would be there - a large damp patch on the front of her white cotton knickers.

Rachel noticed it too. Nicola shuddered as the girl wiped the side of her hand against the crotch, bringing it up briefly to her little button nose.

The nanny's voice was soft again. "So what have we here, Nicola?"

"I...I've wet my knickers."

"Let's have a look, shall we? Pull them down, young lady."

Nicola put her thumbs to the elastic and slid them down to her ankles, revealing her black pubic bush. She wanted to die. Oh please, God, take me now...

Rachel put her head down to examine the pants, and Nicola felt her flow get heavier as the nanny's shock of red hair brushed against her naked bottom.

"Mmm. Very wet. And a few little brown skid marks, too. You need to wipe more thoroughly, young lady. Step out of them!" Nicola obeyed and Rachel scrunched them in her hand, standing up. "You know, I used to look after a little girl who wet her pants now and again, and do you know how I punished her?" A shake of the head. "I used to take her pants off her, then rub her nose in them, just like a naughty puppy."

Suddenly Rachel grabbed a clump of black hair and Nicola felt cotton against her face. She smelled her own arousal, drowning in the humiliation.

Satisfied, Rachel threw the soiled pants on to the floor and sat back down. "Enough of this nonsense! Get your backside over my knee!" She drew back her skirt and tapped her thighs. Nicola, caught halfway between ecstasy and loathing, almost threw herself into the nursery punishment position.

There was no preparation. She felt a strong-arm coil around her middle and seconds later her backside was on fire, a businesslike spanking; firm, brisk and above all, hard. The flattened palm found every inch of the mature, slightly pear-shaped bottom, right up to the small of the back (very painfully so), around the sides and across the cleavage, down to the tops of Nicola's thighs.

And she cried. God, how she cried. Her face was buzzing with the salty tears that flowed uncontrollably, all her guilt and desire bursting free in one mammoth flood. She wanted to cry, it felt good to cry and her

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bottom was throbbing so much that she had every reason to cry.

At last it was over. The weeping woman felt herself being lifted off the lap of punishment. "Go and look at your bottom in the mirror. See what a naughty girl you've been!" Nicola felt like a newborn, so unsteady were her legs. She looked at the marks, her white buttocks a relief map of red handprints.

Then she felt something soft hit the back of her neck. She turned around. A pair of white, wet pants. But these were silk, not cotton. She picked them up. She sniffed. She walked back towards the bed.

"Are you Lonesome tonight?"

Reprint from *Common Bonds Magazine*

This article will look like an editorial. It is. I feel compelled to respond, again, to a problem.

During the past few months, I have heard a lot of negative comments about:

- 1) the number of single females that want little to do with a number of the single men in this club;
- 2) several of the staff members hold the keys to several collars at a time; and,
- 3) a lot of "professional dominants" attend our parties.

I think that it is time that we address some of the comments and maybe give you a little better insight into yourself.

It seems that most of the people who join BackDrop enjoy the fantasy of finding their "ideal mate". The dominant male is looking for a virginal, young, beauty to become his willing slave, who will let him teach her his slate of rules. The submissive male is looking for a beautiful, Amazonian, experienced Mistress who will force them to do those things that they really want to do anyway. The dominant female is looking for a boy-child who is virile and strong and will fetch and carry and take care of their Mistress. The submissive female is looking for a Patrick Swayze-type who will sweep them off their feet and turn them into love-slaves who never get out of bed.

It seems to me that all four of these groups have a minor flaw in basic formulas. They are all looking for someone who has never been involved with anyone else. They are all looking for virgins. A little bit of quick math. The average adult is involved sexually three to five times a week. That means that this same average adult has sex, conservatively, about 6000 times (four times a week multiplied by fifty weeks multiplied) during a period of thirty sexually active years. How many times out of 6000 times can a person be a virgin. One in six thousand, right? RIGHT! If you dated six thousand people, you will have found one virgin. The same odds would appear to be true. And that one will be scared,

ashamed, and they will NOT know what to do next.

One of the reasons that I have a lot of "followers" is that I end up being the local "doll hospital". It seems to me that most of the ladies that I have gotten involved with over the years have had one thing in common with each other. Almost every one of them was just "escaping" from a bad relationship. They were physically, emotionally, spiritually or intellectually abused. I have picked up these wounded souls from many places. I have listened to their problems. I have fed and clothed them. I have given them shelter.

It is real easy to get involved with a person who has a nice wardrobe, a nice smile and a pleasant personality. In some cases, the ladies came to me with nothing but the clothes on their back and an empty stomach. Some had broken bones, burn marks, broken teeth and, even worse, broken spirits.

Some showed up with a drug or alcohol dependency. I have stayed up nights nursing them back to health.

A RELATIONSHIP is a situation where both of the people have respect, love, caring and feelings for the other person. They are willing to give everything, then give a little bit more. Think back. I am sure that we, every one of us, remember someone who has helped you. Maybe that is why so many of the members, both male and female, remember that I have helped them. I have challenged them to get off their ass, stand tall, make decisions that concern their own lives. Being submissive, like being a Master, is a conscious decision. It is not done by default. It is a person who should sit down and take stock of their lives and decide.

Maybe you are alone tonight. Maybe you feel like you want to go out and party. Would YOU be willing to stay home with a sick friend, or maybe visit someone who is in a hospital. If you are not willing to do that for someone else, why should they visit when YOU are under the weather. If you were a little more willing to help someone else in their time of need, maybe you would have someone who would party with you when they are feeling better.

And now for the number of Professionals at our events. Dominant females (and professional submissives) provide a valuable service to our community.

A lot of the people who have "come out of the closet", have done so at the urging of a professional. If you remember back, I am sure that it was calling and talking to someone on the phone that first got you to open up to the idea that maybe you weren't sick and perverted. That, maybe it was ok to fantasize about sexual activities. More importantly, they talked you into opening up to other people, if it was in a one-on-one situation to begin with.

How does that person get paid for the thousands of

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hours of telephone counseling. Some are volunteers, like here at BackDrop. Some are professional physicians, psychologists, psychiatrists who work in licensed clinics. Some are professional sessions people who charge for their services. But even the volunteers need to have a building to work within.

Even if they don't receive a salary, the rent on the building must be paid. We do not grant "fee passes" to the professionals. They pay for the events just like you. They attend BackDrop events because they want to have fun.

They want to communicate and exchange ideas with their peers. They are here to find that special someone in their lives, just like you!

Chastity Belt Frequently Asked Questions

Composed by Dirk M

Most of the questions asked here pertain to the stainless steel male chastity belts manufactured by Tollyboy of England and La Ceinture De Chastete of America. Some will also be applicable to their female chastity belts. All addresses should be able to supply belts for either gender, unless otherwise noted.

Some of what follows are my opinions. Your mileage may vary.

Q: What is a chastity belt?

Broadly defined, it is any locking appliance that prevents the wearer engaging in sexual intercourse. I've seen some buckling leather straps and shorts that purport to be chastity belts, but without a lock you may as well define button fly jeans as a chastity belt.

Q: How much do they cost?

That depends on what kind you want. You can spend anywhere from \$50 for a very simple leather one to \$400 and up for a top of the line high security model. For specifics, see the next question.

Q: How can I get one?

When friends ask me what kind of computer they should buy, I tell them to first figure out what they're going to want to do with it. To carry the analogy to chastity belts, how are you going to want to use this belt? Is this something you're going to wear only as part of a scene? How important is security? Is the key-holder going to be present? Do you need to be able to use the bathroom without unlocking it? The shower? If you're

looking for something to lock on over a pair of jeans, try Chastity, USA. They make several styles of chastity belts for women and men. Basically, they're just a leather shield with straps in the back. Some fasten with locking tabs, like on a suitcase, and some use mini padlocks, also suitcase issue. They're fairly minimal in security, but they are nice looking and pretty reasonable. Prices vary from \$50 to \$70.

Chastity, USA
2350 West Third Street, Suite 100
Los Angeles, CA 90057
1-213-385-5524 (inquiries)
1-800-305-5525 (orders)

Also in the low security, but inexpensive line is Water Hole. Their goods won't stop anyone who wants out, but it should make tampering obvious. Last I checked, the price range was about the same as Chastity, USA and you can supposedly urinate in the male version of their chastity device, assuming you've got good enough aim to hit a small hole and don't go too quickly. Personally,

I'd be hesitant to try urinating in it; you could easily end up getting good and damp.

The Water Hole Custom Leather Inc.
982 Main St
East Hartford, CT 06108
203-528-6195

If you're looking for something with a little more security and that black leather SM sort of look and feel to it, try Fetters/Mr.S of San Francisco. They market mainly toward the gay male, but I know they used to advertise chastity belts for women as well. I expect that if asked they would gladly accept a custom order. I bought one from them a few years back. Expect to pay anywhere from \$100 up (and prices have doubtless risen since then). Although these are sharp looking, more secure and meant to be worn against the skin, they do share a problem with their cheaper cousin; you can't perform bathroom functions in them. (They used to sell a drainage sheath, basically a condom with a hose on the end, that was supposed to let you urinate while wearing a belt, but it never worked for me. All it ever got me was a belt full of urine.) This means the key needs to be handy. I've seen their new product, the cock cuff (a bent piece of pipe welded to a handcuff) and I can't help but think that it'll probably slip off when you go flaccid. Also, I can't see how it could be worn under clothing. Consider most of these as in-home or in-dungeon toys only.

Fetters/Mr.S

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1779 Folsom St
San Francisco, CA 94103
1-415-863-7764

The most secure (and most expensive) alternative is a stainless steel chastity belt from La Ceinture De Chastete or Tollyboy of England. These are the finest examples of chastity belts I've encountered so far. Meant to be worn against the skin, they're lined in neoprene to prevent chaffing. They employ specialized high security locks that cannot be cut off. The manufacturer claims that it would take engineering facilities and assistance to cut one off. They're about as secure as you can get today. Since each one is custom made, delivery time is six months. Cost for a basic male chastity belt is \$400. Cost of the basic female chastity belt is \$300. I recommend at least the optional secondary front shield for the female version, which kicks the price up to \$360.

Selective is where I got mine. The service was excellent.

Selective Publishing, Inc.
PO Box 4597
Oak Brook, IL 60522

Constance sells a catalog showing the Tollyboy belts and with ordering information for both Tollyboy and La Ceinture De Chastete. I believe the catalog sells for about \$20.

Constance Enterprises
PO Box 43079
Upper Montclair, NJ 07043

In England, try:
Tollyboy Products
PO Box 27
Dronfield
Sheffield S18 6DN

Q: In the messages several belts were discussed - which company would you say produce the most durable, solid and most effective belts?

Definitely the La Ceinture De Chastete or Tollyboy belts for being durable and solid. I'm hardpressed to think of anything more durable than steel. As for effective, anything that keeps the wearer in and/or someone else out could be considered effective.

Q: How long will it take from the order to receive the

belt?

Mine took six months. I've heard that's about the standard time. Each one of these is custom made to precise measurements for just one person.

Q: Is it visible at all under normal clothing?

It depends on how tight your normal clothes are. There is a definite bulge at the crotch, but in loose fit Wranglers (tm) I've had no trouble.

Q: I can't imagine exactly how they look.

First you have the waistband; this rests in the narrow point below the bottom of your ribcage and above your hips. It is a solid band that flexes enough to be able to get in and out of it. There are three pins at the front of the belt and the waist belt closes over these pins. The groin plate attaches at these pins and is held there by a lock which fits over two of the three pins. These extra pins prevent the groin shield from being able to swivel. The groin shield terminates in two flat chains which split in a V, leaving the anus clear for defecation. The chains go up over the cheeks and are permanently fastened at the back of the waistband. Inside the groin shield is a sheath; a steel tube that the penis rests inside. The sheath locks to the groin shield with the same kind of lock that secures the waist band.

The female belt is the same except there is, obviously, no penis sheath. Instead there is a slit, which lines up with the labia lips.

Q: As those belts are designed individually, is it very difficult to get the right measures? Do they exactly describe how to measure?

Both Selective and Constance have a measuring form with very precise notes describing in each case exactly what you are measuring and how to do it. You cannot take your own measurements; someone else must do them for you. Make sure the measurements are accurate. Double-check everything. If you screw up the measurements they'll charge you extra to fix it and you'll end up waiting even longer for your belt.

Q: Are they really safe? Wouldn't it be possible to cut them off with normal tools?

The lock rests behind a steel flange. There is no way to get to the lock to cut it off. The waistband is 1.25 inch 16 SWG steel. Even if you could get a tin snips in there, I

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can't believe they could cut it. The only hope I see would be to attack the attaching rivets, but taking the heads off those with standard tools could be hazardous to your health. Remember, this thing rests tight against your skin. The best you're likely to accomplish is to make a sharp edge where you'll cut yourself, or to slip and stab yourself. No, unless you've got a machine shop and someone who knows what they're doing, I wouldn't try it.

Q: Is it okay to shower in, or will the lock get rusty?

In their literature, the manufacturer claims you can shower in it. I asked the same question of the people at Selective and was told there had been no problems reported. The locks are brass.

Q: Is it bearable for long terms?

It is designed with long term wear in mind. The longest I've personally worn mine is three days. The people at Selective told me the known record is nine months. Unfortunately, no chastity device is 100% perfect or absolutely comfortable, but this one is very good. It takes some practice to wear for longer periods, but once you get used to wearing it, sitting, moving around, etc., it is quite tolerable.

Q: Is hygiene a problem?

I noticed showering took longer than usual, as did toilet functions, probably because of unfamiliar procedures. Urination requires a handful of toilet paper to sop the drops from the inside and outside bottom end of the groin shield. I once made the mistake of leaning forward while defecating and the ring at the tip of the shield (which the cheek chains attach to) caught the stool as it was coming out and scraped a groove in it. The mess wasn't too bad, but what a smell!

Q: Will you have any trouble with metal detectors at airports?

Absolutely. You'll set them off. I saw a post from one fellow who simply told the security people he was wearing a chastity belt. He got through without much trouble. One fellow I spoke with actually started to show them his belt and was waved through very quickly.

* _ * _ *

Thanks to Mortice Deadlock of the UK for his advice and support.

If you've encountered any secure chastity devices not covered here, I'd be interested in hearing about them and where they can be purchased. Any corrections to the above should also be addressed to me. If you have any further questions I'll do my best to answer them. I don't make or sell these devices. They've been an interest of mine since puberty so consequently I've read a lot about them and have experienced several as well. I doubt that makes me an expert, but I'd like to give something back to the BDSM community.

Dirk M

Fire Hall Show

It's a hot, humid day again, with a persistent drizzle. The boys at the fire hall were getting so bored of just sitting around; they almost wished a fire would start, just for the excitement. Then you walk in, wearing a red raincoat tied at your waist and coming down to mid thigh, where your sexy legs continue down to the red pumps with four-inch heels on your feet.

"Hi, could I have a tour of the station?" you give one of the guys your most winning smile, and a glimpse of your cleavage inside the unbuttoned raincoat.

"Uh, sure. Do you want to start with the trucks?" From the way he has his hands shoved in his pockets, you can tell he has a hard on already.

"However you usually do it, thanks." You flash him another smile, this time running the tip of your tongue over your parted lips, subconsciously. Or at least it could be subconsciously; it's really a well-calculated tease.

The fireman opens the door of a pumper for you, "Hop in." It's a big step up to the running board, and you expose most of your thigh as you pull yourself up and swing around in with your legs slightly parted. Parted just enough that he imagines that he can see..., but he's not sure.

He pulls himself in beside you and starts showing you all the controls while you sit there, looking him straight in the eye, and running one hand over the big stick shift so seductively e can't even imagine it's subconsciously this time. He's starting to stumble a little in his descriptions of the pumper. "I'll show you upstairs n-next."

You give him a nearly full view of your breasts as he helps you out of the truck, and then gestures you ahead of him up the stairs so he can follow behind you and enjoy the view you know how to enhance so well.

"Here's where we spend most of our time, waiting for a fire, or an emergency rescue call." The half a dozen guys lounging on their bunks or playing ping-pong give you a good looking over. One gives you a wolf whistle at the same time as another makes a cat call.

"And this it the pole we slide down to get to the trucks

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in a hurry." You step over to the edge of the hole, "I've always wanted to slide down a big pole like this, can I?" "Uh sure. Do you want me to go down to catch you at the bottom?" "No, that's ok, but could you hold my raincoat for me?" You pull your raincoat off your shoulders and stand there stark nude, except for your red pumps. Every jaw in the place drops, and you hear the sound of the ping-pong ball hitting the floor.

"Thanks." Folding your raincoat over your guide's shoulder, you wrap your legs around the pole, pressing your bare pussy against the cool brass, and hugging it between your breasts. You slide gracefully to the bottom, look back up and wave "Bye".

You turn and walk out of the station, crossing the street fully exposed to passers by and get in the car where I am waiting. Looking back you can see all the guys staring out of the station as I pull away. Your guide is standing there in the doorway with your raincoat over his arm.

You look at me expectantly. "No, you may not cover yourself up for the trip home. Put your hands on the neck rest." As you quietly do so, I deftly clip them to a pair of handcuffs there. You spend a lot of time on the trip home blushing and looking down as passing motorists get a good view of your tits being pushed up and out in front of you from having your hands tied up behind your neck.

When we get home, your hands are released from the neck rest and re-cuffed behind your back before you are whisked inside. Grabbing one of your nipples between a thumb and forefinger, I lead you behind me straight to the bedroom. I undo one handcuff and point to the bed.

When you lie down on your back, I lock your hands together to the headboard. Then your legs are brought up and your ankles locked to the sides of the headboard, leaving your pussy fully exposed and vulnerable. You feel my fingers probing the wetness there. "You're drenched, my sweet. Of course I didn't have to check to know that, I just like to."

I bring my moistened fingers to your lips so you can smell and taste yourself. You are just aching to come. You see me slip the keys to your cuffs into my pocket. "I'm going off to a conference now, my sweet. I'll leave the telephone next to you, for when you want to get up. I've programmed the speed dial button for the fire department. They have bolt cutters that can get you loose, if they want to use them. Have fun."

As I leave the house and you hear me drive away, you can't help wondering how long you can bear to stay like this. How long will it take before you work up the nerve to call the fire department and have the men come over to let you free? If you remember, you could ask them to bring your raincoat.

Just a story, of course. I wouldn't tear the boys in red from their duty just to replace me in one of mine. :-)