
Party-Lines Newsletter for November, 2002

BackDrop Club Calendar for November and December 2002

You can call 650-965-4499 to make reservations, or you can go online to www.backdrop.net/calendar.html

Time and Event	Event	Are Reservations Required?	Limit to:	Open to nonmembers	Member Price	Nonmember Price
Saturday 8pm November 2 nd	Open Dinner Party	Yes	20 People	Yes	\$25/Person	\$30/Person
Sunday 2pm November 10 th	Meet the Staff and Open House	Yes	40 People	Yes	Free	\$10/Person
Thursday 8pm November 14 th	"Pizza and a Movie"	Yes	15 People	No	\$5/Person	N/A
Sunday 2pm November 17 th	Master/slave Training Session	Yes	20 People	Yes	\$15/Person	\$25/Person
Sunday 2pm November 24 th	How to Meet Others Workshop	Yes	15 People	Yes	\$15/Person	\$25/Person
Saturday 8pm December 5 th	Open Dinner Party	Yes	20 People	Yes	\$25/Person	\$30/Person
Sunday 2pm December 6 th	Mistress/slave Training Session	Yes	20 People	Yes	\$15/Person	\$25/Person
Thursday 8pm December 10 th	"Pizza and a Movie"	Yes	15 People	No	\$5/Person	N/A
Sunday 2pm December 13 th	Pony play workshop	Yes	20 People	Yes	\$15/Person	\$25/Person
Sunday 2pm December 20 th	Bondage Safety Class	Yes	20 People	Yes	\$10/Couple	\$15/Person
Tuesday 8pm December 24 th	Christmas Eve					

The Hive Mentality

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I was groggy, disoriented, when I awoke. I was not in my room, but somewhere unfamiliar. I remember the fetish party last night at the club downtown. I still felt the cool, tight rubber boots encasing my legs. My other senses were dulled, like I was in some sensory deprivation state.

I tried to see, but my eyelids would not open. They felt glued to my face. I felt hands on my body. Smooth, rubbery hands picking me up and setting my down on something soft and liquidy, like a giant balloon filled with gelatin. Something wet was splashed in my face, and the glue dissolved away. I opened my eyes.

Everything was black around me. Glossy black: polished rubber black. The air had the smell of polished rubber, silicone mixed with baking chocolate. The balloon beneath me quivered, and a translucent black membrane swiftly, silently crept over my smooth, hairless crotch up to my neck. I tried to scream, but my lips had also been glued together. The sound died in my throat. The membrane over my breasts inflated themselves until I thought it might break. Tendrils from the balloon, it was really more like a pod, wrapped themselves around my rubber-covered ankles and around my torso. Two other tendrils pierced the top of the inflated membrane and attached themselves to my nipples. It felt good, so good. Two larger tendrils enveloped my arms and drew them behind my back, like a tight binder. Then the membrane began to fill with a thick liquid, inflating my breasts further and push the lower member out and down, forming an insectoid

Party-Lines Newsletter for November, 2002

abdomen. The idea was absurd to me, but that's what it looked like.

My eyes slowly got used to the low light, and I could see other women in similar predicaments to mine. I tried to stay calm. Making a scene would not help me. It might even be detrimental. I looked around. The woman next to me was in worse shape than I. Her membrane has condensed into hard, shiny, rubber plates, like...like an exoskeleton. The whole insect analogy was starting to concern me. Her head was enveloped by the membrane; forming a smooth ovoid. I could barely see her features through the colored film. Long, feathery antennae grew from her nipples.

The exoskeleton had grown down on her, covering her sex completely. A long, thin tail grew out from her abdomen. Her arms looked like they had been fused to her back and covered in membrane, and I could see wing buds forming on her shoulder blades. I couldn't look at her anymore, and glanced back at my own body.

The membrane around my torso felt tighter, and I could tell it had thickened some. The membrane moved again, almost instantaneously. I blinked, and my head was encased. The membrane was warm and wet. It clung to my nose and mouth. I felt the glue on my lips melt away. I panicked for air, struggled. Another tendril, thicker this time, snaked above my rubber-encased body and inserted itself into my mouth.

Suddenly, I could breathe again. The pod released my arms and I grabbed the breathing tendril, sucking in all the air I could. The membrane expanded to include my arms. The tendril retracted, leaving a short, snaking tube between my mouth and the membrane. I relaxed and breathed.

That's when she appeared.

Her body was so altered I don't think she was human anymore. Her head, except for her mouth and chin, was a single, hard, shiny ovoid of rubber. Her entire upper body had been altered. Her arms looked like the front legs of a praying mantis. Solid plates covered her torso, and a new set of legs grew from her oversized breasts. She carried an egg sac from her lower abdomen, making her look very pregnant. Twin tails dragged behind her. She looked down at me and clicked rapidly. The membrane around my sex parted and a tube from within the egg sac emerged and penetrated me. I watched and felt as something round and black was deposited inside my womb. I began to worry more now. The tube retracted, and the insect woman clicked again. The membrane closed and she walked away.

I felt the egg inside me move and grow. It pressed up against the sides of my womb and spilled into my vagina. It began to grow out of my vagina. It was rounded at the end, several inches long, and segmented. It filled my sex.

I wanted to touch it. My hands moved through the membrane and grabbed the tail growing out of me. God, it felt so good.

Like all the sensitive parts had been attached to it. Just holding it caused an orgasm. It started to secrete a sticky, stretchy, black goo. It smelled sweet. I lifted a hand and forced a finger into my mouth. It tasted like honey. Oh, I wanted to put my whole hand in my mouth, but I had to breathe. I settled for the immense pleasure. Both hands firmly around the tail, causing orgasm after orgasm. The membrane melted away, exposing my new organ to the rubbery air. My hands were drenched in the sticky goo, and it was hard to move my fingers. I didn't want to. It felt too good. The secretions became thicker, denser. They completely engulfed my hands and forearms. I couldn't move my arms, but I didn't care. It was too hard to care. It felt too good to care. The membrane around my upper body subsided, leaving only my head and breasts enclosed. The secretion oozed up my arms and over my shoulders. Then they stopped and hardened. Segments and plates formed around my shoulders. My new groin followed the curve of my entombed wrists, then under and back up my spine. A long, sharp tail sprouted from what were my fingers and grew long and shiny. The pleasure subsided. It had kept me from panicking, but now I took notice of what had been done to my body. I had no arms! God, what had these monsters done to me? Then, the membrane covering my breasts melted away and the tendrils released my nipples. My nipples were gone. Replaced by long rubbery sprouts. The skin around the sprouts peeled slightly away. They itched horribly, driving me mad. The sprouts grew longer, as long as my body. Joints and segments formed. Tiny hairs grew. I could feel the slightest movement of air around them. I had a new set of limbs. I looked like the woman next to me.

I looked back over at her. Her ovoid head had condensed, erasing her face. Two large insect eyes stared upwards. Her mouth had been replaced by a long tube that curled up on itself. Just above was the hint of her old nose, covered in smooth, hard, shiny rubber. Antennae spotted from the top of her head. Her wings had grown in, transparent venous wings. I cried for her, for myself, for all the women here. It was horrible what had been done to us.

The membrane around my head condensed. I wanted to scream, but the tendril in my mouth forced its way into my throat. No sound. The membrane retreated from my mouth and cheeks, but solidified from my nose up to the crown of my head. I felt the thick secretion cover my face and harden, and the world went dark. Then I could see again. Everything became multifaceted. I could see better. I tried inhaling through my nose. Air entered. I

Party-Lines Newsletter for November, 2002

felt my hair graze against the back of my still-human neck. Twin, feathery antennae twitched as I sensed the environment. The pod released me, and I stood for the first time in hours. Blood filled my new wings, and they expanded to the length of my body.

"Hello?" I called. I could still speak. This gave me comfort. I looked around. Dozens of women were in various stages of metamorphosis. I saw a man completely entombed in a plant-like pod, dangling from it like an overripe fruit. On a wall, insect women fed from tubes inserted into the same kind of rubber plants. Honey? I thought. I walked over to a plant and knelt before it. This plant's tube extends from where two thick stems fused at an angle. I realized this had once been a man, though any trace of humanity was long since erased by smooth, hard, shiny rubber and bizarre plant forms. I opened my mouth and the tube inserted itself into my orifice. I sucked. It gave me sweet nectar in exchange. My new nipple-limbs played across the surface of the plant. I could feel it tremble. This excited me. I sucked harder, and the nectar came with a gush. I pulled myself away from the nectar plant and smiled. I stood and the mantis-woman met me. She clicked rapidly and motioned with her mantis arms for me to follow her. I walked, rubber booted feet squishing softly on the rubbery floor. I passed rows of metamorphosing women and men becoming nectar plants. I was led into a small chamber. The light was dim, making it hard to see.

There before me was the queen. I know this because Her body was the most changed of anyone I had seen. Shiny, black insect legs disappeared into long rubber boots, attached to her body on the sides of her waist. She would have been 8 or 9 feet tall had she stood erect. Another pair of limbs sprouted from the shredded elbows of opera-length glove encased arms. Her carapace extended all over her back and front, exposing only her breasts and butt. In fact, those were the only parts of her that were still human. Her tail extended for many feet behind her, erasing her sex and anus. Her head was totally insectoid, with large, shiny eyes, mouthparts, and two very long antennae. Her neck was barely bigger than her upper arm, and was protected by a high collar of hard rubber.

The queen clicked at me and felt of me with her antennae. I felt at peace suddenly. I wanted to kneel. I fell forward, my front limbs breaking my fall. I stood on all fours while the queen caressed me with her antennae. There was an itching at my waist. Two more legs sprouted and quickly grew. They touched the ground and supported me. The queen walked around behind me and stood over me. I felt small, submissive. Her tail caressed mine, causing wonderful pleasure. Our antennae played. My will drained away. I wanted to serve her. I felt the

skin begin to split away from my carapace in back and in front. I was molting. Hard, shiny rubber appeared under the receding skin on my torso. The molting continued up to my neck and stopped. My breasts were hard rubber mounds.

I wanted it. I wanted to serve my queen. My scalp on the back of my head peeled away from my shiny, smooth ovoid head. The last of my hair was gone. I didn't care. The queen pleased me more, breaking my resistance. Then mouthparts forced their way out of my mouth, splitting my lips apart. The skin fell away. I looked done at my old lips. I didn't care. I would serve the queen. She clicked at me. I responded, finally able to speak the insect language. I was happy now. I was beautiful. I was more like the queen. I would serve.

Paid or Free?

I was at a munch a few days ago, and was taken quite aback when I heard that, "since *Castlebar* had closed, *The Scenery* was the only venue left in the San Francisco Bay Area."

While *The Scenery* definitely fills a specific need and market niche, it seems to me that *Fantasy Makers*, *The Power Exchange* and *BackDrop* are still very much open, operating, alive, and well.

True, *The Scenery* meets the needs of many of us who wish to play on weekend evenings. *The Power Exchange* meets the needs of many in the gay community. *Fantasy Makers* and *BackDrop* provide both professional sessions and classes for the community. Although many people have had their first experience at an *Odyssey* event, many, many more have had their first experiences at the hand (or foot) of a Professional Dominatrix or SubFem who take the time to show their client the ropes.

During the past few weeks, I keep hearing that we should help support *The Scenery* so that they can survive. I think that people should support the other groups as well.