

Party-Lines Newsletter for October 2003

October 2003						
Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
			1	2	3 Slave Auction	4 Open Dinner Party
5	6	7	8	9 Pizza & Movie	10	11
12 Master/slave Training class	13 Columbus Day	14	15	16	17 Slave Auction	18
19 People as Objects Class / Demo	20	21	22	23	24	25 SS-31 Birthday Party of Ssarrah (Call for more info)
26 Flogging Class / demo	27	28	29	30	31 Halloween Party (9pm until ...)	

November 2003						
Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
						1 Master/slave Dinner Party (See Page two)
2 Scenes without a toybag	3	4	5	6	7 Slave Auction	8 Open Dinner Party
9 Leather Making Class / Demo	10	11 Veterans Day	12	13 Pizza & Movie Night	14	15 Ladies Play Party
16 Mistress/slave Training class / demo	17	18	19	20	21 Slave Auction	22
23	24	25	26	27 Thanksgiving	28	29
30						

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

Event pricing for singles and couples

- Slave Auctions \$25/\$45
- Dinner Parties \$25/\$45
- Workshops \$10/\$15
- Movie nights \$5/\$10

- SS-31 Call for Information

Attendance to **BackDrop Club** events is open to members and their guests only.

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INFORMATION

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)

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Any change of address information should be directed to our Subscribers List at the address shown above. Please allow four weeks advance notice. Returned copies should be sent to the same address.

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EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE,

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THIS YEAR'S HALLOWEEN PARTY

We will hold this years Halloween on Friday night, October 31st. Yes, we know some of our members will want to take their kids out trick-or-treating, so we decided this party will start at 9pm to allow for those people with children. Price for tickets is fifty dollars per couple; singles may attend by purchasing a couples ticket. We will limit attendance at this party to seventy-five people, so call the office early for tickets or for more information.

Master/slave and Mistress/slave Dinner Party

During the past few months, and usually just before a MASTER/slave party, we get deluged by people wanting to know all about our party procedures. In order to help you understand what is going on, and also to help us answer questions, we are going to re-print our Party Procedures. They are guidelines only. You are not

expected to adhere to them %100. You may also add things of your own if you so desire, but please talk to me first. You all know the club rules, so please abide by them.

Before we extend an invitation to you, we would like you to know what is expected of you and yours. We ask that you be able to meet our requirements.

These parties are scheduled on Friday nights on a regular basis. The cost to attend is twenty-five dollars for couples. This event is open to members and their guests only. (If you are not a member, you may ask one of the staff members about sponsoring you and your guest The following is a scenario used at one of our recent parties:

MASTER/slave PARTY PROCEDURES

Since you have received this invitation, you are a Master or a Mistress. For convenience, the term Master as used in these procedures refers to persons, regardless of sex, who have the ownership or use of a slave.

Because you have this type of relationship, our club would like to invite the two of you to a Master/slave Dinner Party.

As Club Director, I usually act as host. Should you decide to accept this invitation, please confirm your reservation at least twenty-four hours before the party. You may reach me any weekday before 8 pm. You should also visit the clubhouse before the party. In this way, you can take a look at the facilities and perhaps drop off any special equipment that you may want to use on the night of the party. Your visit will also allow you to know our exact location. (It could prove very embarrassing for you and slave to show up at the wrong location, and even worse if the slave is in bondage.)

In order for this party to be a complete success, there are a few simple rules that we ask you to follow. These rules are guidelines, they may be changed slightly on the night of the party, but only if the majority of those present agree to modify them.

1. Your slave should be costumed in an outfit that will enhance their role.
2. Prior to leaving your home, your slave's wrists should be bound. You should use leather cuffs, metal handcuffs or any material fitted with locks. You may wish to lock them in front during your trip if you must travel for any length of time.
3. You should plan to arrive at the house between 7:45 and 8:30 the evening of the party.
4. Drive to the designated parking area and place a blindfold on your slave if it has not already been done.
5. Lead your slave into the house. Assistance will be provided if you desire. Place your slave in the place allocated. Give your slave the command to "STAY". You may want to use ankle restraints or similar equipment.

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6. At this time, please return to the parking area and move your car to an assigned parking space. In this way other Masters and Mistresses will be able to use the concealed parking space.
7. Upon returning to the house, sit anywhere, with your slave at your feet if you wish. Sit back and relax. Enjoy the fellowship of the others in attendance.
8. Formal introductions will be made by your host once all guests have assembled.
9. After introductions, your host will ask each of the guests to introduce and display their slaves. Your slave may be asked questions, but it is up to you if they will reply.
10. Dinner will be set up in the serving area on a sideboard. You will be asked to view the food provided. In that way, you may instruct your slave in the way you wish your food served, and in what quantities.
11. Once the Masters and Mistresses have been served, the slaves will be allowed to serve food for themselves. (At the time you place your dinner reservation, you may wish to inform me of any special food requirements for either Master/Mistress or slave.)
12. After we have enjoyed dinner, there will be an opportunity to relax while the slaves clear the dining table.
13. We will set aside a time for discipline sessions. Perhaps keeping a small notebook of offenses during the week preceding the party might be a good idea. If you do not wish to avail yourself of the time, please wait for others to do so. (Private discipline areas can be arranged by advance request.)
14. There may be a few of the Masters and Mistresses who may wish to exchange slaves. Please remember that most Masters or Mistresses spend quite a lot of energy in training their slave to their own requirements. Take the time to find out what limits and techniques are used. (You should obviously ask the Dominant!)
15. Drugs of any kind are definitely prohibited. We also ask our guests to please refrain from alcoholic over-indulgence.
16. Tape recorders or photographic equipment are not allowed without prior permission and agreement of everyone present.

This type of party is for all of the Masters and Mistresses to enjoy. The slaves may or may not enjoy themselves; at their Masters' or Mistresses' discretion.

The Fifteen Rules for a Slave in Session

A long time ago, in a city faraway ----

Back in the mid-seventies, I was asked about a long-term session (forty-eight hours) that I had done with a couple

and another lady. I was the Master, the other three people were slaves in the session. As part of the session, I developed a set of rules. Hope you find them enjoyable!

1. You will remember that you are in state of slavery at all times. All persons will referred to in a state of reverence.
2. You will be required to know and understand and obey these rules.
3. When you are in the same room as your Master, you will not allow your mouth to be completely closed, nor will you allow your knees to touch each other.
4. You will not touch any telephone unless so directed. You will not be allowed any incoming and/or outgoing calls without expressed permission of your Master. You will not touch or use any key, of any form, without verbally expressed permission or order.
5. You will cut cigarette and coffee consumption by one half, and abstain from all alcoholic consumption and between meal snacks.
6. You will be allowed to use the bathroom four times daily: before breakfast, before lunch, before dinner and before retiring for the night. If you wish to use the bathroom at any other time, you must request permission, but an act of reverence may be required for disturbing the Master or his delegate.
7. You will express gratitude to any person who offers correction to you, in any way, whether they use words or implements.
8. You will speak only when spoken to. Answers should be short but concise. You will not hold conversations with anyone without permission from your Master.
9. If any person has been named as a delegate by your Master, you will be required to do whatever they tell you to do, regardless of your desires.
10. You will be required to keep all living spaces clean at all times, and to act as a servant to your Master and his guests.
11. If you are in your Master's apartment and hear a knock on an outside door, you are to go to the bedroom and wait for instructions. If you are in your Master's session room and hear a knock on the door, you will stand facing the door. Upon hearing a second knock, you will kneel on the floor facing away from the door.
12. You will wear any clothing or makeup prescribed.
13. You may rest upon the floor if you have completed all other assignments. You will not seat or rest upon a bed or sofa, except during darkness, without permission.
14. You will be required to learn the Six Rules of Subjective Behavior, the meanings of HOPE, FAITH and CHARITY, as well as other material ordered by your Master.
15. You will keep a diary (or log) of this entire

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experience.

Christina

At dawn Christina was roused from a sleepless night. Her mind was in a whirl after her shocking abduction. It was all so swift and smooth -- the men had come at dusk when she was alone in her secluded home, and had grabbed her and handcuffed her. In a second she was forced to show them her room, where they gathered up her prettiest dresses and underwear, and stuffed them into suitcases. They also took a quantity of her mother's brassieres, panties, corsets, and hose. Then it was away in a van, as it got dark. She was strapped on to a mattress, gagged and hooded. No chance at all. It was pitch dark as she was hustled into a house, and quickly stripped of her jeans, T-shirt and thongs. She was thrown on to a bed in a darkened room, still bound and gagged. A leather collar was tightened round her neck, and chained to the bed.

Now as dawn broke, with heart pounding she felt the strong arms of a captor release her neck chain, and raise her from the bed. Terror and a certain thrill surged through her bones. Although she was used, of course, like all American girls, to appearing in public in rather revealing bikini swimsuits, she had never stood before a man in her underwear. The farthest she had gone was to let her boyfriend unbutton her blouse and caress the smooth fabric of her bra. But she did not feel embarrassed -- just very apprehensive.

She was taken to a punishment room next door. Her wrists were still bound behind her back, and the uncomfortable ball gag held her mouth wide open. Her captor took her to a spot in the room where iron rings were mounted in the floor, and here he made her kneel down. Quickly he fitted leather ankle cuffs, and locked them to the rings in the floor so her ankles were close together. He had forgotten to remove her bikini pants, so he did the job with a knife. Christina shuddered and began to perspire in horror as her nakedness was exposed. Next he unhooked her brassiere. She felt cool air on her beautiful round breasts. How often at home she had stroked and admired the lovely maidenly bosom with which nature had richly endowed her, wondering who would be the first to be dazzled by her naked charms.

Her captor, who seemed to be an Arab by his dress, seemed to agree with his young victim, for he could not resist feeling the firm globes with his coarse hands. He went to the wall, which was hung with straps, chains, harnesses, and various instruments of chastisement unknown to the young American girl, and brought back a thin leather harness. Carefully he draped this round her breasts, crossing over the shoulder straps at her back, and securing them tightly to the cross strap that went under her arms. Then he lifted Christina's wrists and locked

them tightly to the breast harness, so that she had to bend forward to ease the discomfort. Next he fetched a discipline helmet. As soon as he loosened the ball gag, Christina gasped and started pleading for mercy. But in reply he slipped the ugly black helmet clean over her pretty face. Through zippered openings her nervous eyes peered out.

Through the mouth slit he proceeded to insert a big rubber dildo gag until it filled her mouth. The girl struggled as best she could against this indignity, but he forced it well in until he was able to snap the zipper shut. Gag and blindfold were then tightened with straps at the back of the head. Lastly, he brought down a chain from the ceiling and locked it to a metal ring on the top of the helmet. The chain was tightened, drawing the slim body into an uncomfortable erect position.

After what seemed like hours, Christina felt hands adjusting her straps. The cruel helmet left her in total darkness, her mouth gagged with the big rubber gag, her ears blocked to all sounds, and tears and sweat in a hot sticky mixture all over her face.

But at last her ankles were freed from the floor, and strong arms raised her to her feet. The chain at the top of her head slackened, and she felt the cold links touch her bare shoulder. Then it was removed. But, more restraint was to come, and worse. The Arab led his slave captive to a post, and proceeded to stand her back against it. She leaned forward because her arms were still secured high behind her back with the breast harness. She felt her ankles being tightly strapped to the cold iron post. Then her knees; then her thighs; then her waist. She had to take a deep breath to accommodate the tight strap. Then her wrists were unshackled, and were drawn up behind her and above her head, and again secured behind the post.

The captor removed the breast harness, and stepped back admiring his work. He seemed well pleased. Her full rounded breasts were drawn up to full prominence by her stretched arms, contrasting with her slim waist and flat tummy. He examined and tweaked her nipples. Christina dreaded what was to come. When she was restrained in a kneeling position, uncomfortable though it was, at least, she thought, her knees protected her private parts. Now she was nakedly open and totally defenseless as never before in her young life. Even the tight straps, gripping her legs close together, were a source of comfort in her terrible situation. Christina wriggled as best she could to see if there was any loosening of her bonds, but the Arab had done his job expertly. She sobbed and sobbed in despair.

Meanwhile, unknown to the forlorn stretched figure at the post, another Arab had come in. He prepared Christina for the next operation. He brought a table and a box of instruments, a hypodermic needle, and two small shining stainless steel rings.

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Christina spent a fitful night. Every time she turned or stretched, she was painfully aware of her wrists chained to her new nipple rings. As before, a short chain held her leather collar, which she was quite unable to reach with her chained hands, to the head of the bed. Further, she could feel her two breasts chained together with a loose festoon of chain with a larger link in the middle, and from this across her body and legs presumably to the foot of the bed. The original ball gag replaced the helmet, so her pretty mouth was now sore and distorted from the various gags she had worn.

After what seemed like many hours, her captor came in and untied her bed chains. He explained that His Serene Highness the Sheik of Abu Nessary, her new Master, was ready to see her. He washed her tear-stained face, removed the gag, and combed her long blonde tresses. She must keep her hands clasped in front of her under her breasts, and must kneel and kiss the feet of His Highness. The she must kneel upright and look him in the face while he told her of her fate. She must say nothing except "Yes, My Lord."

After these brief instructions, he grasped the two chains of his charge, and with a riding crop in his right hand, propelled the terrified female down some corridors into a room of great luxury. Seated on a sort of dais was the sheik. It was difficult to see much of him due to his Arab headdress, black beard, and dark glasses. The trembling teenage slave knelt and did as she was bid, while the slave master held her chains as if she were a dog.

His Highness began: "My servant will have told you who I am. After much search I have chosen you to be a slave in my harem. No white girl has yet had the honor to fulfill such a role. You are now totally my captive and under my control, so I want you to put away any thoughts of escape or release. We find that the discipline helmet and restraints that you wore yesterday are most effective for reminding a slave of her total lack of freedom, and of her absolute dependence upon her new master.

It was necessary for you to undergo the short, sharp shock of strict bondage to get you to quickly realize that you have suddenly left once and for all the carefree, affluent life of an American teen. But you have not suffered yet, except perhaps a little soreness in the nipples. We find it wiser to put our new captives asleep while we insert the elegant steel rings into their breasts, but you will soon be proud to wear this adornment and the brass chain joining the rings, as an honorable mark of slavery in my kingdom. Let me say that the rings and chain are a happy addition to your already considerable feminine charms. Also we have taken the precaution of fitting you with one of my special chastity belts, because you are entirely mine and only mine. No one will take your virginity until I am ready to do so, and I do not want to place my servants under undue temptation, obedient though they are. A pretty young blonde American girl with a beautiful figure is quite rare in our desert kingdom, you understand, especially when she is unclothed!

"Now I cannot train slaves properly in this country -- it is illegal to own slaves, as you know. My dungeons in my desert palace in north Yemen are well equipped for the purpose, and it is there that you are to fulfill your chosen role: a position of high honor as Slave of the Royal Bedchamber and of Sexual Rituals and Delights. Moreover we must leave the country at once. So we fly to Yemen this evening in my private Boeing 707, and you will never see this country again, or have any contact or communication with your family or friends.

You will be out of reach of any would-be rescuers, who will have no idea whatsoever of your whereabouts. And so you will be able to devote yourself whole-heartedly to learning the disciplines and arts of Arabic slavery. You will go to the airport in a crate marked "Antique Furniture -- Handle With Care," along with twenty other similar crates, each containing a genuine antique. For an hour or so, it will be extremely uncomfortable for you, as you will be very tightly strapped in a seat in the crate, and heavily gagged. But we will give you a drug so that you can relax. It is necessary to conceal your presence while the customs men measure up the crate. But once away from the United States, you will be released, and will be able to enjoy the 14 hour flight to my desert

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kingdom.

"Upon arriving in my palace, you will continue your training under my chief slave trainer, who is keen to start his work. Your training will enhance your charms, talents, and skills, but your proud and independent spirit must be broken. By day, you will sometimes be able to wear pretty western clothes, exotic underwear, and so on. You will learn to speak Arabic, to understand the Moslem religion, to belly dance, cook and play music. But above all you will learn to display your body and charms to me at any time of day or night, and to any of my visitors and friends that I choose -- with the same sweetness and docility that I will myself expect. "On arrival, you will receive a few more days of strict bondage in my private dungeons, to get used to the heat and the smells of Yemen. Then next week you will be initiated to the program of flagellation, which is necessary to make, you tough, willing and submissive at all times.

"The first few days you will receive the spanking paddle on your posterior, just 15-20 strokes a day at first, quite mild, until you gradually get used to the discipline and ecstasy of pain. You will, of course, be suitably restrained to present your buttocks as a convenient target. We find it is wise to gag the slaves at first, as they otherwise are apt to use up all their energies screaming -- and moreover may be tempted to scream obscenities at the whip master, which only prolongs their agony. He is very experienced, and has reduced over a hundred females, Arab, Indian, Israeli, and African, to complete willing subservience in a few weeks of treatment.

"Then you will have a week of the rhino-hide cane. This will hurt you more, but you will be more accustomed to pain by then. He is unlikely to cut your flesh, but it will raise beautiful wheals that you will delight to feel and see, and which I hope you will be proud of.

"Then after your training with the cane, by which time you will be more accustomed to our 120 degree heat, flies, and other creatures that inhabit our dungeons, you will be trained with the dog whip. Although you will be well used to pain by this time, you will find this rather terrifying at first. You will be strung up by your arms, quite naked or in a very exposed position. Of course all of our whipping stations are carefully chosen to expose a slaves pretty flesh to the hot kiss of all the chastisements we design for you. The whip master usually finds this task too exacting to be carried out in ordinary Arab dress, so he wears black rubber from head to foot -- rather fearsome. And he will not just work on your posterior as hitherto. You will see him raise the big black whip; you will hear the whistle as he curls it round your exposed body; but you will not know where he will strike. This is part of the fun. You have to guess! I like to come and watch this myself, and sometimes I wield the whip

myself to keep in shape, though I do not have his muscles or skill. But wherever it lands it will hurt and leave its mark, as you will see. Oh no, you will not soon forget the kiss of the lash.

"By the end of what we call the dog whip week, it will be time to test your pretty young self with the cat o'nine tails. I expect you have heard of this delicious instrument of torture. As before, you will be strung up, quite exposed, and will be able to play the game of guessing where the tails will land. It makes a delightful singing sound as it flies through the air, and believe me; my dear young slave, and each tail will do its work on your soft young flesh. The weals will be uncountable, and will be visible for eight weeks after the ordeal. But you will learn to stand up stiff and straight (of course the chains and thongs will prevent your collapsing) under this onslaught, which happens with increasing severity for seven days. After that, we will see how willing and ready you are for the work of Special Slave to the Sheik of Abu Nessary. Perhaps more discipline will be needed -- we'll see. In any case, the chief slave trainer likes to see his pupils back for refresher training every few months, if only because some of my guests like to see the stripes on the slave assigned to entertain them, and of course they like to see a young slave girl soundly whipped. I even allow my closest friends and family to do the work themselves, which is why I keep a strong harem of the finest slaves girls in the east."

The exalted ruler waved his scepter, and the quaking teen slave was jerked to her feet by the chains. She again kissed the feet of her new owner, turned and followed the slave master to the packing room. The new piece of antique furniture would be well packed.

THE PRICE THEY PAID

With a "Gubernatorial Recall": in progress here in California, I thought it might be interesting to review a little bit of history. Have you ever wondered what happened to the 56 men who signed the Declaration of Independence?

Five signers were captured by the British as traitors, and tortured before they died. Twelve had their homes ransacked and burned. Two lost their sons in the Revolutionary Army, another had two sons captured. Nine of the 56 fought and died from wounds or hardships of the revolutionary war.

They signed and they pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor.

What kind of men were they? Twenty-four were lawyers and jurists. Eleven were merchants, nine were farmers and large plantation owners, men of means, well educated. But they signed the Declaration of Independence knowing full well that the penalty would be death if they were captured.

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Carter Braxton of Virginia, a wealthy planter and trader, saw his ships swept from the seas by the British Navy. He sold his home and properties to pay his debts, and died in rags.

Thomas McKeam was so hounded by the British that he was forced to move his family almost constantly. He served in the Congress without pay, and his family was kept in hiding. His possessions were taken from him, and poverty was his reward.

Vandals or soldiers or both, looted the properties of Ellery, Clymer, Hall, Walton, Gwinnett, Heyward, Rutledge, and Middleton.

At the battle of Yorktown, Thomas Nelson Jr., noted that the British General Cornwallis had taken over the Nelson home for his headquarters. The owner quietly urged General George Washington to open fire. The home was destroyed, and Nelson died bankrupt.

Francis Lewis had his home and properties destroyed. The enemy jailed his wife, and she died within a few months.

John Hart was driven from his wife's bedside as she was dying. Their 13 children fled for their lives. His fields and his gristmill were laid to waste. For more than a year he lived in forests and caves, returning home to find his wife dead and his children vanished. A few weeks later he died from exhaustion and a broken heart. Norris and Livingston suffered similar fates.

Such were the stories and sacrifices of the American Revolution. These were not wild eyed, rabble-rousing ruffians. They were soft-spoken men of means and education. They had security, but they valued liberty more. Standing tall, straight, and unwavering, they pledged: "For the support of this declaration, with firm reliance on the protection of the divine providence, we mutually pledge to each other, our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor."

Notes:

They gave you and I a free and independent America. The history books never told you a lot of what happened in the revolutionary war. We didn't just fight the British. We were British subjects at that time and we fought our own government! Perhaps you can now see why our founding fathers had a hatred for standing armies, and allowed through the second amendment for everyone to be armed.

Frankly, I can't read this without crying. Some of us take these liberties so much for granted.

We shouldn't.

The Interview

"It hurts to be me."

"Why?"

"Because I don't think there is anyone like me."

"What makes you say that?"

"I feel things...want things that people say I shouldn't."

"What sort of things?"

"I want a girl to love me."

"That's not so bad is it?"

"No..."

"But?"

"But I want more."

"What kind of more?"

"I want her to do things to me."

"What sort of things."

"I want her to touch me...down there."

"Why be so shy with words? You can say them to me. You want her to touch your pussy?"

"Yes..."

"Can you say the word?"

"No. Not like this."

"How, then? How can you ask her to do it if you can't say the word?"

"I need..."

"What?"

"I can't say it cold like this. Even to myself."

"How can you say it, then? How is the girl you love to wring your desires from your lips?"

"Ow..."

"What? Why are you in pain?"

"I put a clothespin on my nipple. It hurts. It's what I want her to do to me. I want her to give me pain to make me tell her about me."

"Go on..."

"OW!"

"What now?"

"The other nipple. Another clothespin. I'm thinking it is her putting them on me. Making me hurt for her. Telling me it will get worse unless I tell her."

"Tell her what?"

"Tell her I want to be touched by her...on my ...pussy. I want to touch her, too. I want to be...made to hurt until I...beg her to let me lick...her. Oh, god, she twists them. OH!"

"You are twisting them like you want her to do?"

"Yes. To make me beg to lick her pussy. I want her to call me names."

"Like what?"

"I want her to call me...ouch!"

"What? What does she call you? What is she doing to you to make you talk?"

"Clothespins...two. On my inner thighs. High up. Close to my pussy. I haven't put them on it yet. I want her to do

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that to me. For real. She is making me tell her what I am. I am her slut. I'm her little pussy lick.

I am her little lezzie slave."

"What else? ... Answer me!"

"She's watching me. Slow typing one handed. Watching me play with myself as I lick her. Make me beg her to come on my face."

"Is it good, playing with your pussy thinking about this?"

"Good. But..."

"But what? You are getting close to cumming, aren't you?"

"Need. Need her. Need her to give me pain. Make me feel more pain."

"Go on. Are you still there? Did you just cum?"

"Snapped pins off of nipples. Off of thighs. Come hard from pain."

"Did you enjoy it?"

"Not enough. Good. But not enough."

"You are weird. That much pain. You need help."

"Now you know. It hurts to be me. It hurts not to hurt enough."

Lay Me Down To Sleep

The room is sparsely lit, furnished only with a four-poster canopy bed in the center of the room. Lying on the floor next to the bed are a few lengths of rope, a knife, candles, a vibrator, and a book of matches. Atop each of the posters is a pulley. Lying on the bed is a woman wearing nothing; my slave. Taking three lengths of rope, I straddle her, about the waist, and pull her arms to me. I slowly bind her wrists together. When I feel they are secure, I take the remaining two lengths of rope and tie one end of each around each thumb. I run these two ropes behind the headboard and through the pulleys so that each end dangles above her breasts.

I kiss her softly on the lips, as I blindfold her with the scarf from around my neck. Getting off the bed, I move to the foot of the bed with four lengths of rope. I bind each ankle to the corner post, so that her legs are spread wide. I then wrap the ends of two lengths of rope around each toe, and in the same manner run them through the pulleys so that the other ends dangle just above her knees. I take the last length of rope, and slide it under her ass, crossing the rope as I run it over the center of the canopy so that the ends hang over her crotch. I then wrap each of the ends around a candle. When I am done, I lie next to my slave, and as I stroke her hair, I whisper, "You asked to be tucked in...so let me explain how this works my pet. Poised over your body, are six candles.

There are two choices available to you...You can lie as still as possible, and endure the wax dripping on you all night long, or....you can move as much as possible, and

hope that the candles will burn out faster. The choice is yours."

She says nothing, but I can feel her tremble next to me. I light all the candles and pause for a moment admiring the sight.

When my eyes have been satiated, I pick up the knife from the floor and kneel between her thighs. Gently I press the flat of the knife against her clit, and watch her shiver slightly as the cold touches her body. The candles shake a bit and I smile as small droplets of wax hit her body. Her back arches, causing the candles to sway even more. With the blunt edge of the knife, I trace along her inner thighs, kissing softly each place where the metal has touched. I set the knife down for a moment, and teasingly brush my lips across her pussy, flicking my tongue against her clit a few cruel times. She moans, and I watch her arms twitch, releasing more wax onto her body. Picking up the knife again, I move to her breasts, and this time with the blade, I just barely pierce the skin, and trace slow circles around each nipple. When the circles are complete, I suckle her, tasting her blood. I can feel her muscles, tense under my efforts, as she struggles not to move. Her voice hoarse as she cries out. I step away from her again, setting down the knife, and picking up the vibrator. I move back between her legs, and slowly slide into her wet pussy. I bite down on her clit once, hard, and switch the vibrator on. I run my hands up her body, and kiss her one last time, as I whisper, "Sweet dreams, my love." I slowly leave the room, letting her hear my footsteps, and close the door forcefully, leaving her to the night.

B & D for Fun and Profit

Observed at Market and Castro in San Francisco: A guy asked "Can you spare some change for a handcuff key?" Sure enough, his hands were cuffed together. He explained that the man next to him had locked him in handcuffs and wouldn't let him go until he panhandled enough change. It probably was just B&D for fun and profit.