
Party-Lines Newsletter for July, 2002

BackDrop Club Calendar for July and August 2002

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

Time and Event	Event	Are Reservations Required?	Limit to:	Open to nonmembers	Member Price	Nonmember Price
Saturday 8pm July 6 th	Open Dinner Party	Yes	20 People	Yes	\$25/Person	\$30/Person
Thursday 8pm July 11 th	"Pizza and a Movie"	Yes	15 People	No	\$5/Person	N/A
Sunday 2pm July 14 th	Master/slave Training Session	Yes	20 People	Yes	\$15/Person	\$25/Person
Sunday 2pm July 21 st	Advanced Leatherworking Workshop	Yes	15 People	Yes	\$15/Person	\$25/Person
Sunday 2pm July 28 th	Feminization: Forced and otherwise	Yes	20 People	Yes	\$15/Person	\$25/Person
Saturday 8pm August 3 rd	Open Dinner Party	Yes	20 People	Yes	\$25/Person	\$30/Person
Sunday 2pm August 4 th	Mistress/slave Training Session	Yes	20 People	Yes	\$15/Person	\$25/Person
Thursday 8pm August 8 th	"Pizza and a Movie"	Yes	15 People	No	\$5/Person	N/A
Sunday 2pm August 11 th	"People as Objects" workshop	Yes	20 People	Yes	\$15/Person	\$25/Person
Sunday 2pm August 18 th	"The Master's 61 st Birthday Party"	Yes	100 People	Yes	\$15/Person	\$25/Person
Sunday 9pm August 18 th	Slave Auction	Yes	60 People	Yes	\$25/Couple	\$35/Couple
Sunday 2pm August 25 th	Pony play workshop	Yes	20 People	Yes	\$15/Person	\$25/Person

Returning to the way I dreamed of living

The following is a story written by a Male Dom & his Fem Sub during the process of getting to know each other. Each time you see the paragraph start with *R* you are reading the Dom's writing. Likewise, when it switches to a writing headed with an *S* you are reading the Sub's response/addition. We hope you enjoy this work in progress and will join us as it continues....

R

YOU ARE BOUND (STANDING, KNEELING OR PRONE) BETWEEN TWO TREES. YOU HAVE BEEN THERE FOR QUITE A WHILE. YOU FEEL THE BREEZE ON YOUR BODY; HEAR THE SOUNDS OF NATURE. YOU HEAR NOISES IN THE BRUSH AROUND YOU, NOT KNOWING WHO OR WHAT IS THERE. YOUR MASTER MAKES HIS PRESENCE FELT BY GRABBING YOUR HAIR, FORCING YOUR HEAD BACK AND GIVING YOU A VERY LONG AND PASSIONATE KISS.

S

I am standing with my feet bare on the ground. The sounds in the brush startle me. I feel the demand in his grasp and the warmth of his lips. My body sinks against the ropes. My nipples tighten, and I feel the warmth of

pleasure on my thighs. I feel the wind caressing my body. I am surrendered to my Master, in the presence of Mother Nature. I am seeking his lips with my lips and teeth. The relief of his presence, the pleasure of his touch and the sweet, sweet pleasure of being allowed to bask in his Dominance overwhelm my body. I feel the moan coming from my chest as I hungrily beg for more of his kiss. My body is pressing against the ropes trying to touch him, to feel his hands on my body, his whip on my back.

R

MUCH TO HER SURPRISE, HE UNTIED HER FEET, FORCING HER LEGS TOGETHER. HE RELEASED HER HANDS, ONLY TO TIE THEM IN FRONT OF HER. HE GUIDES HER TO AN ALL-FOURS POSITION ON THE GROUND. HE WRAPPED, WHAT COULD ONLY BE DESCRIBED AS, A CHASTITY BELT AROUND HER WAIST. SHE THOUGHT EVER SO HARD --- WAS THIS A PUNISHMENT? HAD SHE DONE SOMETHING TO DISPLEASE HIM?

SENSING HER CONFUSION, HE BROUGHT HER UP TO A KNEELING POSITION. HE TOOK HER FACE BETWEEN THUMB AND FOREFINGER, FORCING HER TO OPEN HER MOUTH. HE KISSED HER, VERY HARD. "YOU ARE MINE, AND NONE EXCEPT THOSE I SAY, AND ONLY IF I WISH WILL HAVE ACCESS TO YOU.. THIS BELT WILL MAKE SURE YOU ARE MINE,

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AND ONLY MINE. DO YOU WANT ME TO ADD THE VIBRATOR AND DILDO AS WELL? SHE SMILED, A GIRLISH, SEXY SMILE AND SAID, "YES, MASTER, BUT ONLY IF IT PLEASES YOU ---"

S

She is shaking and her heart is pounding. She is close to tears at the mere idea of displeasing him, the relief of being wrong. She struggles with her will as he states his will and ownership. And then she feels tears on her eyes and cheeks. Releasing...knowing that this possession...being possessed brings her to feeling, knowing the greatest happiness, satisfaction, and peace within the world. Struggling against this is struggling with her fears. Fears that protect her greatest desire from being carelessly maimed and fears that also prevent her from attaining completeness. He has offered her a vibrator & dildo and she tentatively accepts the offer with hopes it will bring him pleasure. "If it pleases you Master--"

In her mind she wonders if he will truly be pleased, or is he testing her? She kneels with her face to the ground and her hands stretched out in front of her, framed by the ropes on her wrists. Her confusion is great. She is humiliated by the belt and yet knows that he has the right, which she gladly gives him, to demand anything of her. She is confused by the conflict within herself and hates it. She wants the reassurance of his touch on her cheek and neck. She shakes her head wanting to rid herself of the tear-soaked blindfold...to see him, and yet in her vulnerability, the blindfold gives her protection. It allows her to focus on the conflict, the words, sounds, smells & feels around her. She realizes with a start that she hears no sounds of him. She tilts her head, seeking to find him. She feels his hand striking her ass before she hears him. She bolts up onto her knees. "Did you really think I was gone? Do you think so poorly of your Master that you would imagine yourself free to move as you please?" She feels his hand on her neck, pushing her face to her knees. She melts into her knees, immensely relishing the warmth and comfort of his hand on her neck. She feels something cool and slick swirling over her ass cheeks. She feels the dildo parting her labia and moans as it opens her. She hungrily pulls her muscles to bring it further inside her. She struggles to remain still, having been given no permission to move....

R

HE EXAMINES THE CHASTITY BELT, ONE BELT SURROUNDS HER WAIST, AND THE SECOND IS CONNECTED NEAR HER SPINE, RUNS BETWEEN HER LEGS AND IS CONNECTED TO THE WAIST BELT NEAR HER NAEL. REMOVING TWO SMALL LOCKS FROM HIS POCKET, HE INSERTS

THEM THROUGH HOLES PUNCHED IN THE BELT AND LOCKS THEM INTO PLACE SHE IS GUIDED TO A STANDING POSITION BUT SHE MOVES SLOWLY TO ALLOW THE DEVICES INSIDE HER TO ADJUST, FLOW, AND THEN RESEAT THEMSELVES. HE TAKES A RUBBER BALL GAG AND FORCES IT INTO HER MOUTH, REMOVING ALL POSSIBILITY OF SPEAKING TO HIM. A PIECE OF CHAIN IS PRODUCED AND LOCKED AROUND HER NECK.

SHE HAS SEEN IT BEFORE, BUT IT GIVES HER CHILLS EACH TIME SHE SEES IT. THERE IS A PENDANT TAG, SHAPED LIKE A HEART, WITH HER SLAVE NAME ENGRAVED UPON IT. HER BODY BETRAYS HER, LETTING HIM KNOW HOW MUCH THE COLLAR EXCITES HER. HE CONNECTS A LEASH TO THE COLLAR, AND HER KNEES ALMOST BUCKLE BENEATH HER. REACHING INTO THE PICNIC BASKET THEY HAD BROUGHT WITH THEM, HE REMOVES A PAIR OF SMITH AND WESSON HANDCUFFS AND PLACES ON HER WRISTS, HER HANDS BEHIND HER BACK. TUGGING ON THE LEASH, THEY START BACK UP THE TRAIL THEY HAD USED SEVERAL HOURS EARLIER. SHE IS NUDE, COLLARED, HER HANDS BEHIND HER BACK, ON THE END OF HER MASTERS LEASH. AS THEY APPROACH THE PARKING LOT, SHE SUDDENLY REALIZES THAT HE INTENDS TO MARCH HER, LEASHED AND COLLARED, ALL THE WAY BACK TO THEIR CAR.

SHE WOULD LATER FIND OUT THAT HER MASTER HAD ARRANGED TO HAVE A POLICEMAN FRIEND OF HIS DIVERT ALL TRAFFIC ENTERING THE PARKING LOT. HER BODY AND MIND WERE FILLED WITH ALL SORTS OF FEELINGS. SHE COULDN'T TELL WHICH EMOTION WAS THE MOST OVERWHELMING, BEING EMBARRASSED BY BEING NUDE AND BOUND IN PUBLIC, OR BEING PROUD TO BE SERVING HER MASTER.

S

Her breathing is rapid. She struggles with the different emotions. The ball gag reminds her that her pleasure is secondary to her Master's. The collar, the leash and the opportunity to serve her master fills her with so much joyful pride that she is glowing. Her skin is flushed and hot to the touch...her chest is pushed forward as much by pride as by her arms cuffed behind her back. And yet, she is on a public trail leaving the relative safety of the wilderness behind to walk into a parking lot. A place where people converging is expected and privacy is very unlikely. She is embarrassed at the thought of a car pulling into the parking lot and seeing her for who she is. A slave: exposed skin and heart. A willing participant and thus, she is most assuredly a pervert. She reminds herself that she is here with her Master. She has been given an opportunity to serve him. She doesn't have to be here...she wants to be here. Her Master notices her hesitancy. He pauses momentarily to study her and then tightens the lead. She feels the chain tug at her neck. She drops her head and follows him.

She feels her heart pounding in her chest, the ground

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under her feet. She feels her breath moving around the ball. They are walking thru the parking lot. Her eyes dart back & forth from under her hair as she listens intently for the sound of approaching cars. As each step brings them closer to the car, her pride grows. He stops short of the car and turns around. He tells her to stay and then takes a few steps back from her. He crosses his arms, leash still in hand and stops to examine her. They are standing exposed in the middle of the parking lot. Her eyes betray her confusion and fear of discovery. He seems so calm and unhurried. He smiles as he looks at her, and then after a minute of silence she steps towards him. She instinctively raises and tilts her chin, exposing her throat to him. Acting in the way of an animal in the wild, signaling submission by exposing her throat to the Dominant's jaws. He brushes his hand against her breast. Running down to her hardened nipples, which he kneads between his fingers. "Whom do you belong to? Hmmm? Tell me!" he demands of her. She tries to signal that she can't speak, and then realizes he is fully aware of this. The thoughts "Think. What has he taught you? How can you speak without saying a word?" run thru her head. And then she grins. She grows very still, looks him directly in the eyes for several seconds, and drops her head while still maintaining eye contact with her Master. He smiles and rewards her by working her nipples harder. She feels her knees buckling and her body swooning. She rolls her head back and tries to make her body even more available to his touch. No longer even aware of standing in the middle of a parking lot....

R

HE TIGHTENS THE LEASH AND GUIDES HER TO THE REAR OF THE CAR, OPENING THE TRUNK. HER HEART BEGINS TO POUND, REMEMBERING A TIME WHEN HE PLACED HER IN A DARK CLOSET, ALONE AND AFRAID. SHE FEARS BEING PLACED IN THE TRUNK, AND EVER SO SLIGHTLY MOVES BACKWARDS. SENSING HER FEAR, HE SNAPS THE LEASH AND PULLS HER TO HIM. "ARE YOU AFRAID?" SHE QUICKLY SHAKES HER HEAD IN THE AFFIRMATIVE.

"YOU WILL DO WHAT YOU ARE TOLD, THOUGH. WON'T YOU?" SHE LOOKS HIM STRAIGHT IN THE FACE, STANDS TALL, AND SHAKES HER HEAD YES. "AFRAID OF THE DARK, OF BEING ALONE?"

SHE COCKS HER HEAD IN QUESTION, AND THEN SHAKES HER HEAD NO.

HE REACHES INTO THE TRUNK, TAKES OUT A CAPE AND PLACES IT AROUND HER SHOULDERS, ADJUSTS THE HOOD AROUND HER HEAD, AND CLOSSES THE TRUNK. TAKING THE LEASH, HE GUIDES HER TO THE PASSENGER SIDE OF THE CAR AND OPENING THE DOOR, INDICATES SHE SHOULD GET IN. SHE ENTERS THE CAR, AND HE CLOSSES THE DOOR.

HE STANDS OUTSIDE THE DOOR FOR A MOMENT, WATCHING HER, PROUD OF HER. HE WALKS TO THE DRIVER'S SIDE AND GETS IN. SHE IS SITTING; STILL AND FACE FORWARD, AWAITING HIS COMMAND. SHE IS AFRAID, PROUD, EMBARRASSED, AND JOYFUL ALL AT ONCE. HE PLACES HIS HAND AROUND THE BACK OF HER NECK AND SQUEEZES FIRMLY. SHE IS AT ONCE SEXUALLY EXCITED AND ANTICIPATORY.

USING HIS HAND, HE TURNS HER FACE TOWARD HIM. SHE LOOKS INTO HIS EYES, WAITING THE NEXT MOMENT IN A SERIES OF MOMENTS OF A LIFETIME. HE PULLS HER HEAD DOWN, AND PUTS IT IN HIS LAP. SHE LAYS DOWN ON THE CAR SEAT, AND ADJUSTS INTO A "NEARLY COMFORTABLE" POSITION. HE STARTS THE ENGINE, AND SHE SNUGGLES, CATLIKE, IN HIS LAP. "WHEN WE GET HOME, YOU WILL PREPARE YOURSELF." SHE HAD NO IDEA WHAT TO PREPARE HERSELF FOR. WHETHER IT WAS PLAYTIME, BEDTIME, DINNER, OR A SHOWER, SHE KNEW IT WOULD BE EXQUISITE ---

TO BE CONTINUED???

More than likely!!!



Pleasing a Goddess

Dear Female Goddess:

Below, I have taken the liberty of describing one possible lifestyle scenario that you might find pleasing. I offer the following as a plan for how you might graciously allow a male to serve and to please you at the same time:

I (the male slave) am completely responsible for all household duties. When you come home you always find the place be in tiptop shape and whatever special requests you have left for me accomplished. If you want to inspect the place, you may have me get down on all fours and you may ride me around. From atop my back you look for any dust or any signs that I wasn't thorough enough in keeping your place royally clean. If you found anything not to your liking you might kick or stomp me until you felt satisfied that I had been corrected. You may also choose to enact more creative discipline scenarios if you feel the slightest whim. Or you could simply threaten to deny me the servitude that you know I crave intensely.

At this point you might have me take off your shoes and socks to lick, kiss and massage your feet while you read your mail or whatever. Sometimes at this point you want to be eaten for a little while, so you just stand up and say, "I think I would like to freshen up a bit before dinner". I know what this means and I get **REALLY** excited knowing that I will soon be orally gratifying you. I unbuckle your jeans and unzip you, but my hands are trembling with anticipation and I am making little whimpering noises. I manage to pull down your jeans and reverently lower your panties, as my eyes actually sort of glaze over as I see your pussy and I sort of zone out for a few seconds. You laugh. I quickly recover, but my speech is slowed and distracted, as I cannot take my eyes off the sight of you.

You sit down and lean back, but before anything happens you grab me by the chin and stare into my eyes, beaming your instructions "Now, don't go animal on me. Remember what I taught you – go slowly around the edges reverently for no less than 15 minutes. THEN you can go inside with strong up and down motions, but you must change directions and find something new to do in there every minute. Got it?"

You lean back and say "Begin". I move my mouth forward and begin to lick delicately around your lips, finding all your favorite spots. You can see that I am tense and want to go wild, immersing myself in your pussy but I am trained to follow your instructions. After 15 minutes of delightfully stimulating you around the edges I look up at your eyes and you nod at me. I then begin to thrust my tongue deeply into you, going up and down, first on one side

and then on the other. I am now involuntarily gripping you on the hips now and you can feel all my muscles tense as my arousal from serving you fills my entire body. Knowing that you will make me stop if you get bored, I constantly come up with new tricks to do with my tongue, remembering what makes you whimper and what combinations have made you come in the past. Eventually you come and cover my face with your juices, which causes me to lose in and to scream in delight. But you say nothing, so I know that I am allowed to keep going. I know that you want to come again, so I must be increasingly vigorous and creative with my tongue to justify this added time in your pleasure palace. Finally, after coming three times, I hear you say "Enough" which is my sign to start winding down as I came in, moving out slowly and then again circling around your sensitive lips as you pat my head for a job well done. Finally, you say "Okay" which is my sign to stop and get up.

You then allow me to serve you the dinner that I have cooked according to your specifications. You usually have me attend to your feet while you enjoy the dinner. When you are done you get up which is my sign to clear the dishes and then to kneel before you awaiting your instructions.

Sometimes you like an after dinner bath. This I dutifully prepare as follows: 2 cups of Epsom salts to draw out muscle soreness, 1 cup baking soda for puffiness and toxins, milk and honey to even out and soften the skin, rosemary oil to stimulate your adrenals and circulation, plus juniper oil and lavender to lift the spirits while eliminating fatigue and water retention. You like to have me naked while you bathe, and I am allowed to use your special sponge to clean you all over while you relax. Your favorite music is on. I know exactly how you liked to be bathed, and I have the microwave set to warm you softest fluffiest towel to dry you with when you emerge from the tub. I am allowed to lovingly towel you off, drying every inch of your soft warm body.

You like to get into bed at this point and you usually like to ride me again so that your soft clean feet don't have to touch the floor. We get to your bedroom and it is impeccably clean. As part of my training, I know that if you take off an article of clothing and drop it on the floor I am supposed to take it and hand launder it that day, along with yesterday's sheets. So everyday you have your favorite things to wear and you have soft clean new sheets on your bed. Sometimes when you get in bed you turn over on your stomach and softly murmur "My ass". This tells me that you are going to allow me to lick your ass, which again drives me wild with excitement. I begin by kissing all around your buttocks gently, lightly massaging your crack before gently spreading your cheeks and savoring every inch as I work

towards your hole. I then lick even that lovingly while you purr contentedly. Sometimes you then turn over and have me return my ever attentive tongue to your pussy, still sensitive from the pre bath workout. By this time, my devotion is worked to such a frenzy that I come up with new and ever more creative ways to stimulate you. Usually, by this time, having been bathed, fed and warmly in bed, you are in for a little fun, so you lie back, spread your knees and say to me "Okay. Go crazy." I then climb up and you can see that my rock hard throbbing cock is ready to explode with excitement. Nevertheless, I maintain control as I enter you slowly, savoring every minute. As I get in, though, and worrying that I am about to lose it, I start to pump harder and harder, trying to generate the most pleasure I can before I explode. You are enjoying the all the energy and lust displayed by your slave as he is allowed to completely satisfy his beloved mistress.

Finally I explode yelling and screaming, as all the attention that I have paid to your divine body is too much and I cum gallons. You also come with your fourth orgasm of the night, although it does not last quite as long as mine. You return to reality to see your slave still gripped with the extreme pleasure he gets from serving his Mistress.

Then, I know that my job is not done until I give you a complete body massage, starting with each toe and working my way all the way up to your neck. As I massage each part of your body, all remaining tension is released and you focus solely on your own breathing. By the time I reach your neck you are completely relaxed and feel like nothing more than a warm, breathing goddess wrapped in soft warm sheets. You use your last bit of energy to say "Hold me" which is your instruction that you want my warm body next to yours and holding you all night.

The First Lady's Punishment **By Dave Caracappa**

The occasion is a formal reception for the English Ambassador: a cocktail hour, to be followed by dinner, and then entertainment. It is the first State reception for the handsome young President and his beautiful wife. As the guests enter the reception room, the first lady, dressed in an elegant ivory strapless floor length gown, is standing in the center of the room with her hands clasped behind her back. At the beginning of the reception, the President stands next to her and shakes hands with the guests as they enter, while she makes conversation with them. When the guests have all arrived, the President begins to circulate through the crowd. Throughout the reception, however, the first lady never moves from her location, nor does she change her position or even turn to face a different direction. The guests all must

make their way to the center of the room to talk with her.

A more curious visitor might notice that the first lady's hands remain clasped behind her back because of a thin ivory leather strap holding her crossed wrists together. Only a select few know why she remains standing in one place and facing in one direction: she is impaled on a steel pole, topped with a hard plastic dildo tilted at a slight angle. It took only a few minutes of preparation an hour or so before the guests were to arrive to place her as she is. The pole was inserted into a hole in the floor, and lowered a little way into the floor. Then her Secret Service man escorted the first lady, tossing her head like a pony, into the reception room. She was already in her gown, leather wristlet and stiletto high heels, but also wore a black hood locked on over her head, as she always did when escorted by the Secret Service. It was known that she hated the hood. When one of the maids lifted her skirt and petticoats, all in the room could see that her pudenda was completely bare: no panties; only her bush of curly auburn hair and nude-colored thigh-high stockings held up by a garter belt. While the maid held her skirt up, the butler raised the pole up, spread her legs, gently parted her nether lips with two fingers, and slowly inserted the dildo into her vagina. He raised the pole until her legs were straight, together and hugging the pole, then tightened the set screw in the floor fitting with an Allen wrench. Then the maid released her skirt, and arranged the folds so that they hung straight and pretty. The first lady stood there, hooded, for the final hour of preparations. More than once did she feel a hand on her breasts, her bottom, or her mons; and once even got a spank on her bottom, which elicited a little yelp.

As with all things in the White House, the pole was made to the order of the new President. Careful measurements had been taken of the first lady to determine the exact length and width of the dildo, and the exact angle necessary for the dildo to tilt from the vertical to allow the first lady to stand upright, in her heels, while impaled, without undue discomfort. Several fittings, each including an hour or so of standing in heels had been made to ensure accuracy. A few minutes before the guests were to arrive, the hood was unlocked and removed by her Secret Service agent, and the beautician repaired the damage to her make up and hair caused by the hood.

Throughout the cocktail hour, guests made small talk with the first lady, and gave drinks to her as one might give a drink to a toddler: by placing their glass at her lips, and tilting it up. The drink would have spilled on her gown if she had refused to drink, so she drank. One young man brought over a strawberry, which he fed to her a bite at a time. A little of the juice dribbled down her chin and into her

cleavage, but he graciously and very thoroughly dabbed it away with a cocktail napkin, but other than that, no food was delivered to her. She once politely tried to refuse a drink, but the profferer ignored her protests, and raised the glass to her lips anyway. She drank. By dinner time, she was a little tipsy. After all the guests had departed to the dining hall, the butler loosened the set screw, lowered the pole, and, without loosening her hands, escorted the first lady into the dining room. He then seated her to the right of the President, and fastened her into her seat by a leather belt which buckled in front around her lap. She was hand fed by the President on one hand, and the English Ambassador on the other. At one point, a drop of soup dropped on her bodice, and the Ambassador, attempting to blot it up, exposed one of her breasts, which remained exposed for the remainder of dinner. She also was fed many glasses of wine. By the time the entree was served, she was quite drunk. Some cream sauce from the Stroganoff dribbled out of her mouth and onto her gown, and the President exposed her other breast when blotting it up. When she started to babble drunkenly, the President signaled the butler, who fitted her with a beautifully tooled ivory leather head harness in which was a big red ball gag. She passed the remainder of dinner drooling onto her exposed breasts and mewling through the gag.

After dinner, all the guests retired to the performance hall. Only when all the guests had left the dining room was the first lady released from her chair by the butler, who, without removing her gag, covering her exposed breasts, or releasing her pinioned hands, escorted her, staggering, though back halls of the White House to the entrance to the backstage area of the performance hall. The main curtain was drawn when they entered. He delivered her to center stage, where he fastened her over a whipping bench in the middle of the stage. The whipping bench looked like an oversized sawhorse with a well padded horizontal bar. The butler lifted her up, and placed her face down over the whipping bench with her waist atop the padded horizontal bar. He spread her legs apart and enclosed her ankles in a set of ankle cuffs attached to the set of legs on one side of the padded bar. Then he released her arms, pulled them down on the other side of the whipping bench, spread her arms to either side, and enclosed her wrists in a set of wrist cuffs attached to the legs of the whipping bench on the other side of the padded bar. Then he walked to the wings. The whipping bench, too, had been fitted specifically for the first lady at the request of the President. The wrist and ankle cuffs stretched her across the padded bar to the utmost, allowing only her wrists and ankles a modicum of motion, but holding the rest of her motionless. When mounted on the

bench, her wrists and ankles were held about a foot off the ground. She could touch the ground with neither her toes nor her fingers.

In the meantime, on the other side of the curtain, the President climbed the stairs to the stage and announced that the first lady had embarrassed the English Ambassador, the United States, him, and herself by drinking too much at the cocktail party, by spilling food over herself at dinner, and by behaving abominably, becoming drunk and babbling drunkenly at dinner. This was to be punished. Because the English Ambassador was the one most insulted, he was asked to the stage to administer the punishment. The curtain opened to reveal the first lady bent over the whipping bench. The English Ambassador mounted to the stage to the polite applause of the audience. Once on stage, he took off his coat, and rolled up his right sleeve. At the same time, the butler brought out a fagot of birch switches from the wings and took the Ambassador's coat from him. The Ambassador selected one of the birch switches, and, with a stern countenance, swished it experimentally around the air like a swordsman in old movies. In the meantime, the butler raised the first lady's skirts, exposing her bottom and legs, released her stockings from the garters and pulled them down to her pinioned ankles. Her breasts, still exposed, hung down below her bent torso. Then the butler bowed respectfully to the Ambassador and retreated into the wings. The Ambassador was told that because the injury had been done to him, he was to continue until he alone was satisfied that the injury he suffered had been fully compensated.

The Ambassador initially stood to the left side of the first lady, and, with all the strength he had in his bared right arm, brought the switch down on her bottom. The first lady jumped and shrieked in pain through her gag. A red line was immediately and clearly visible to all in the audience. After a few seconds elapsed, the Ambassador switched her again, just above the first welt. With an almost measured tempo the Ambassador switched the first lady with the birch switches. When she wasn't screaming at a blow, she was wailing or sobbing in pain. The Ambassador switched her on her bottom, on the backs of her thighs, on the back of her knees, and on her calves. Sometimes across both legs, sometimes only on one leg. He moved from her left side, to her right, and switched her backhand. He stood directly in back of her and whipped downward, leaving vertical marks. And he made one, and only one upstroke between her legs, which expended its energy on her pouting nether lips, and nicked her clitoris. The scream from that one blow exceeded all others. He also switched her shoulders and arms. Nor were her breasts neglected. Each received several strokes, some landing directly on her nipples. He switched her with all the

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twigs in the faggot, until they were broken or frayed beyond further use. The first lady was striped red on her shoulders and arms, all over her bottom, and down her thighs to her ankles, with isolated stripes on her breasts. When the Ambassador finished, the audience broke into a roar of applause, and the President bounded up the stairs and, with a big smile, shook his hand enthusiastically.

After the punishment was completed, the first lady was left, still bound and gagged over the whipping bench, on stage. The guests were invited up on stage after the chastisement was complete. Through the haze of pain and alcohol the first lady could feel the hands of most of the guests rubbing her burning behind, and cupping her breasts, and heard one matronly lady tell her she should be ashamed of herself. One curious finger even sought her maimed slit. She remained stretched over the whipping bench long after the guests had left, while the staff was cleaning up. She soon slipped into a pain and alcohol induced stupor. The cleaning staff had close looks and feels of the well-striped first butt. After the staff had finished their work and left, only the butler remained. He finally released her from the whipping bench, but only after making a most complete exploration of the first lady's bottom, pubis and



breasts. It took fierce pinching of her nipples, and a bucket of filthy, greasy water from the kitchen over her head, to rouse her from her drunken stupor. He did nothing, however, but release the clip holding her left wrist fetter together, then left to go to bed himself.

The fetter was a hospital type, and didn't release by itself. In addition, the first lady was a little disoriented from the pain and the alcohol. It took her a while to figure out how to unclasp the fetter. When she finally was able to release her left wrist, the first thing she did was pull the bodice of her gown back up over her breasts, and push the skirt back down over her legs. But she knew as soon as she did it that it had been a mistake. The fitted bra cups abraded her striped breasts, and the starched petticoats, which she hadn't noticed before, did the same to the raw skin from her waist to her ankles. She pulled her bodice back down again to relieve the pain on her breasts, but could no longer reach her skirt. Her left hand gently rubbed the welted skin of her breasts to try to comfort the stinging. The second thing she did was fiddle with the three buckles holding her in the head harness and gag with her left hand. In her drunken haze, she couldn't undo them with one hand. So she contorted her body to bring her left hand to her right wrist and release that cuff. Then, before straightening out, she attacked the buckles on her head harness with both hands. When her fumbling, drunken fingers finally undid those buckles, she spit out the foul-tasting, and now smelly rubber ball, sodden with her stale saliva and the mucous, which was running from her nose, and had been running since she had begun sobbing during her whipping. When she had done that, she straightened up, and tried to stand. But her ankles had been fastened to the legs of the whipping bench so that her feet didn't touch the ground. When she tried to stand, her feet were held above the ground and she collapsed backwards to a sitting position, crushing her bruised bottom into her abrasive petticoats, and she screamed again in pain. Only by lying on her back could she find any relief. She realized that she could reach her ankle cuffs while remaining on her back by twisting her body sideways. She finally contorted her body to reach and unlock both her ankle cuffs and she was free.

She unbuckled and kicked off her heels, pulled the stockings off her ankles, and gathered her skirt up around her waist to protect her red bottom and legs from chafing. The performance hall was dark and had only emergency lights were burning. She had to find her own way back to her quarters. She longed for a black hood, and a nice strong Secret Service agent as she awkwardly crawled up the long marble stairs barefoot, with her breasts exposed, and holding her skirts around her waist, to her chamber.

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www.BDSM-Resource.com and others

One of the most enjoyable tasks that I have is telling you, the members of things that are new and interesting around the club. Beginning with the new fiscal year, July first, 2002, we have implemented a major change in our approach to providing information to our members, and to the world.

I have registered four new exciting domain names/websites: bdsm-archives.com, bdsm-history.com, bdsm-info.com and bdsm-resources.com and I will be moving all of the resources lists and guides to this new site during the next few months.

The first site that will be fully operational will be the new bdsm-resource.com site. You will be able to find businesses, clubs, event calendars and all kinds of information that will make it easier to find people, places AND things near you.

We plan to make the bdsm-resource site one of the biggest and best site in the world. Unfortunately projects of this scale have costs: money, time and priorities. The money issue is the easiest to solve: we get some. We can print it, we can charge the people who use it, or we can charge the people who benefit from it. Well, the last I heard, printing it

is illegal, so that option is gone. To try to charge the user would appear to be counter-productive. Charging the people who benefit would appear to be the most reasonable, but that would seem to be an even better way to kill this project. So another idea comes to mind: how about we take donations from people who can afford it. We will be asking a \$15/year donation from those people whose names appear on our Resource List. It is a very small (and reasonable) price to pay to be seen by thousands (if not hundreds of thousands) of people annually. For a donation of \$15/year, your company, club or website can be listed on our pages. Looking at what we pay for a four column-inches of space in just one magazine (over \$300 per issue) this is probably one of the best bargains ever. More information will be in next months' newsletter!!!

Slave Auction – August 18th

You may attend the event as a single, but you will have a lot more fun if you attend as a couple. It is advisable that if you attend this event, you write a short note describing yourself; explain what you will do and restrictions, if any. This will help the "auctioneer" sell your services. It may be written in a serious or fantasy style, that is your prerogative.

There is usually more than one auction in any one given night. One will be for those people who enjoy the fantasy style. We "capture" a slave from another country or world (John Norman's "GOR"?) and enjoy interaction with a slave who can not speak our language. The period of sale is for the duration of the first auction only. We then have a short intermission, during which the slaves "miraculously" relearn English.

The second auction is for the more serious devotee. As each person arrives, he or she is given an envelope containing play money. Each envelope has a random amount of money in it, just to make things more interesting. Anyone can place their slave (or themselves) on the block. You can sell a block of time, or a service, as either a submissive, a Dominant, or switch. The auctioneer will introduce you, explain what you will or will not do, and then open the bidding. Upon completion of the sale, you get the purchase price. (You might want to tip the auctioneer.) Depending upon the size of the group, it is possible to be bought and/or sold more than once in the course of the evening.

Please note that this event is scheduled at 9 pm on Sunday the 18th of August night. The time is scheduled to give you plenty of time to get home from work, shower and get ready for an entire evening of fun at our Clubhouse.

The cost to attend this event is twenty-five dollars per couple. Singles may attend but must buy a couples ticket. Reservations are required to attend this event.