

# Party-Lines Newsletter for July, 2004

## BackDrop Club Calendar for July and August, 2004

Time and Event	Event	Reservations Required?	Limit to:	Open to members	Singles Price	Couples Price
Friday 8pm July 9th	<a href="#">Slave Auction</a>	Yes	40 People	Yes	\$25	\$25
Saturday 8pm July 10th	<a href="#">Open Dinner Party</a>	Yes	20 People	Yes	\$25	\$45
Tuesday 2pm July 13th	<a href="#">Scenes without Toybags</a>	Yes	20 People	Yes	\$10	\$15
Sunday 2pm July 18th	<a href="#">Peer Bondage Workshop</a>	Yes	20 People	Yes	\$10	\$15
Friday 8pm July 23rd	<a href="#">Slave Auction</a>	Yes	40 People	Yes	\$25	\$25
Saturday 8pm August 7th	<a href="#">Open Dinner Party</a>	Yes	20 People	Yes	\$25	\$45
Tuesday 8pm August 10th	<a href="#">Flogging Workshop/Demo</a>	Yes	25 People	Yes	\$10	\$15
Friday 8pm August 13th	<a href="#">Slave Auction</a>	Yes	40 People	Yes	\$25	\$25
Wednesday 8pm August 18th	<a href="#">RCR-63: Robin's Birthday Party</a>	Yes	50 People	Yes	\$10	\$15
Saturday 8pm August 21st	<a href="#">Play Party Members &amp; Guests Only</a>	Yes	40 People	Yes	\$25	\$25
Sunday 2pm August 22th	<a href="#">Leather Making Workshop</a>	Yes	20 People	Yes	\$15	\$20
Friday 8pm August 27th	<a href="#">Slave Auction</a>	Yes	40 People	Yes	\$25	\$25
Sunday 2pm August 29th	<a href="#">Play Space 101 Introduction to Play Space</a>	Yes	25 People	Yes	\$15	\$20

To make reservations call 650-965-4499 or go online to [www.backdrop.net/calendar.html](http://www.backdrop.net/calendar.html)

### News From The Club Office

For nearly forty years, I have been at the helm of The Backdrop Club. During that time, I have watched the club membership wax and wane from a few dozen to several hundreds. We are, I feel, at another major turning point in our history.

I have appointed several of our Staff Members to key posts in the day-to-day management of the Club.

IsaBelle has taken on the task of Staff Manager; Ayla has been appointed as our Club Outreach Director; and

Elizabeth will be helping our Club as my Administrative Assistant. Each of these people bring unique skills to their posts, and will, I think, bring a new period of growth and expansion.

If you have not met this dynamic trio (or the other terrific people on our Staff) you should take the time out of your busy lives and visit the Club.

Also, for the next four Slave Auctions, (during July and August) we will hold an "Open Play Party" after the auction. Starting at about 9:30, we will allow people to use the BackDrop Play Space without attending the

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auction. (Price is the same & reservations are required.)

## **"Are you Lonesome tonight?"**

Reprint From Party-Lines Newsletter, 1991

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, and 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 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!

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**ASPHIXIA.INF**

**From: an1047@anon.penet.fi (Ol Sarge)**

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Given that the breath control has been mentioned again... Strictly speaking it's called asphyxiophilia, and seems to be a semi-common kink.

There are 2 different operations here:

(1) is cutting off the flow of air,

(2) is interfering with the supply of blood to the head and brain.

If you are going to play this way, play with someone that you \*CAN and WILL\* trust your life to.

**RULES:**

**DON'T PLAY ALONE!**

**DON'T PLAY WITH SOMEONE YOU DON'T COMPLETELY TRUST.**

### *Breath control Games*

It is easy to cut off the flow of air, crook your index finger (make a fist, then keeping the index finger folded straighten the knuckle joint), now hold the middle joint of your index finger against the bottom of your chin (where it joins your throat). Press, gently, up and back. Now try to breath, you may have to increase the pressure slightly, but it doesn't take much, does it?. Interesting wasn't it? You may wish to try this on your subject. Please note that unless they are securely bound, they will attempt to escape from the pressure (no matter how much sie wants you to do this) our reptilian brain's microcode is quiet emphatic about getting O2 into the lungs and hence to the brain (this is know in the computer biz as a Non Maskable Interrupt). This is why it takes either a person of improbably great will power, or fooling the bodies autonomic life support systems (not all that hard to do), to hold ones breath until loss of consciousness. It takes a fair amount of time to lower the pO2 to levels that no longer support consciousness, by that time the pCO2 will be so high that the subject will be panting (even if there is no air-path).

**DON'T PLAY ALONE!**

Other methods of interfering with airflow are, a plastic laundry (dry cleaning) bag, with the hanger hole tied off, tied around the subjects neck, you can leave a largish volume of air in the bag to experiment with CO2 suffocation, or pull the bag tightly around your subjects face to produce a very quick reaction. In the latter case the bag allows exhaled air to leave, but doesn't allow any new air in. Gas masks can have their breathing openings closed and opened. Mouths very carefully taped can have nostrils pinched closed. Heads encased in tight discipline helmets that have sealed mouth openings can have air holes blocked (but since you cannot see the subjects face, take great care, as you might not notice loss of consciousness). Under conditions like this I might be best

to use a reassurance protocol here. e.g. have the bottom holding your hand and squeezing it on and off regularly. If that stops, or gets dangerously irregular, or it is squeezed very, very fast in succession (i.e. a gagged safeword call), then stop the scene.

**DON'T PLAY ALONE!**

### *Strangulation Games*

It is also easy, and more dangerous, to interfere with the blood supply to the brain, just under the point of the jaw (on each side) is the major artery (carotid) that supplies blood to the brain. Pressure applied to both of the carotid arteries will produce loss of consciousness in ~ 15 seconds. (This is what police choke holds are all about). This is rather boring to the victim (pop and you're out).

**DON'T PLAY ALONE!**

A different way, that is usually more interesting, is to apply moderate pressure to the entire neck, near the torso, with a soft scarf, a wide belt or a collar. Watch the face, as you apply pressure it will begin to turn a dark red (this is backed up venous blood, which is easier to block off). Your partner will probably have no trouble breathing (that portion of the trachea is quite strong) and will even be able to describe the sensations to you, if you \*slowly\* increase the pressure your partner will experience loss of consciousness. Note that this method of inducing loss of consciousness is likely to produce small hematomas in your partners eyes (little red spots where capillaries leaked under the increased pressure). The body senses a drop in pO2 in the brain and will attempt to raise the blood pressure in order to compensate.

**DON'T PLAY ALONE!**

Hanging games. (Be VERY careful here).

Rule 0. **DON'T PLAY ALONE!**

Rule 1. NO DROPS, not even an inch. Although the human neck is reasonably tough it can be severely damaged by the wrong types of pressures and strains.

Rule 2. PAY ATTENTION to your subjects state, a willing partner is difficult enough to find that you don't wish to loose one. If your subject looses consciousness get them down NOW, and make sure you loosen the noose (a proper hangman's noose is a locking knot, that means that you have to loosen it manually).

Rule 3. DON'T repeat **DON'T PLAY ALONE!**

### *Non-noose suspensions.*

Be careful when using a collar or other stiff neck item as a suspender, they can dig in where least expected. There are suspension collars designed specifically for lifting the body by the head, they are used in physical therapy.

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## *Knot placement.*

Initially the noose should be snug, if not already a bit tight. If the knot is at the back of the subjects neck, there will be pressure on both of the carotid arteries, this will probably lead to rapid loss of consciousness, also there will be enough pressure on the front of the neck to totally block off all air. If the knot is placed at the side of the subjects head (over the ear) and arranged so the running end goes behind the neck and then around to the front, there will be some flow through the carotid artery under the knot (the pressure will be on the other side from the knot), and there will be less pressure on the air-path, so that with some effort the subject will be able to open (at least partly) an air-path -this leads to some interesting gurgling and choking noises, and also to a much longer dance.

You don't have to actually suspend your subject to play these games, in fact these games work just as well, and last longer, if the subject actually has his/her toes on the ground (to take pressure off the neck).

## *Non-suspended Hangings*

One particularly rewarding method of play is to tightly bind the subject and arrange the noose (as above). Carefully pull the rope until your subject is up on his/her tiptoes, feel how much pressure is on the rope.

Then if the subject works some slack into the rope (by tightening the noose via a momentary loss of balance or knee buckling) pull out just that much (in other words keep your subjects on their toes). Of course while one hand is busy with the rope, the other should be busy with your subjects Wabbily Bits (tm). Remember when subjects orgasm they usually loose control of their legs and foot pushing up muscles, now is NOT the time to let go of the rope, after all this is what they've been working towards all along :-).

## *Actual suspended by the neck hangings*

If you are going to suspend your subject do it by hoisting them SLOWLY, or by slowly lowering what they are standing on. Ensure that the system can hold the subjects weight, if you weigh as much or more than your subject, grab the rope and dangle from it your self, if not have your subject do it, kick your feet, HARD, a lot. You don't want this to slip and then suddenly stop (see RULE 1). MAKE SURE that there is a cut able segment of the suspension line in reach, and that you have a SHARP knife on your person. In addition a quick release arrangement (pull to release toggles or such like) is desirable. Any quick release device should be tested under load, several times, before you hang anyone from

it. But ALWAYS have a cuttable segment of the rope within your reach, and a sharp knife on your person. Your subjects life, (and subsequently your continued

freedom) depend on this. Make sure that there are no knots that will have to pass through pulleys or Eye bolts when the line is released, they can and probably will jam at just the wrong time.

Suspended subjects should probably have had their Wabbily bits thoroughly worked over BEFORE suspension is started, and a major manipulation should occur as they are being suspended.

As in the paragraph on non suspended hangings the subject could be brought to their tip-toes with a tight rope, and then at the appropriate time the box or stool that they are standing on could be removed. A movable (on wheels) stairs is good for this, but it's relatively simple to put some wheels on a small, strong box and to have the subject stand on this (or these if the subject is to have their ankles spread by a spreader bar. Note that unless the spread legs are kept from swinging from side to side, it is likely that one foot may be placed on the floor. Swinging may be stopped by attaching a line between the center of the bar, and the floor directly below it, or by tying a line to each ankle and having it go outwards to the floor or wall.

One should probably bind the subjects feet together, or spread them with a spreader bar or secure them in some manner, as approaching a hanging person close enough to manipulate the Wabbily bits is liable to find you with some legs wrapped around your body, as the hanged one tries to climb up for some air. Additionally, tied feet cannot kick too hard and endanger the neck.

I would strongly recommend against actual physical sex with a person being hung, you will probably become very involved with your own passions and may just miss a important clue as to the well being of your victim.

## **DON'T PLAY ALONE, I say again, DON'T PLAY ALONE!**

Brain damage begins to occur around 4 minutes after the brain is deprived of O2, brain death occurs around 10-15 minutes later. Please note that heart stoppage will probably occur before this.

The largest number of fatal cases (conceivably all but a few <that really were> murders) of autoerotic asphyxia \*seem\* to be caused by people playing at this alone. The physiological warnings that 'time is short' (tunnel vision, ringing in the ears) can be followed in only seconds by loss of consciousness. If the warnings come at a time when your 'aware' self is busy with other, uhm... more urgent matters (orgasming for example) you can slip away and then, if things are NOT arranged in a FAILSAFE manner, you will DIE!.

Best bet: If you are going to play this way, play with someone that you \*CAN and WILL\* trust your life to.

## **DON'T PLAY ALONE!**

As the Sainted Lt. Murphy said, 'Failsafes don't always'.

Constants aren't, variables won't, and I only changed

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one line.

## **DON'T repeat DON'T PLAY ALONE!**

The Old Sarge, hang in there.

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### **Turning Bob into a Ponygirl**

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Bob walked into the club and up to the bar. After ordering a drink, he surveyed the surroundings. The bar dominated the room, which was long and narrow. THE DUNGEON was decorated to resemble a long lost ship's brig, with skeletons in chains hanging from the wall. "Cute" he thought to himself. It certainly added to the atmosphere. As he stood at the bar, two young girls walked up to him and asked if he wanted some company.

"Sure", he said as he surveyed the two beauties.

"Bring the ladies a drink" he told the bartender. The group settled back for an enjoyable evening of drinks and laughter. A couple hours later, Bob told the girls he was leaving.

"Well, have one more drink with us," one said.

"Well, one more." Upon finishing that drink, Bob staggered away from the bar. The girls moved to support him. Together, they staggered out to the curb where the girl's car was parked. After sliding Bob into the back seat, they sped off into the darkness.

Bob was having trouble keeping his thoughts together. It was more difficult with one of the girls running her hands over him, and seeming to remove his clothes. He was powerless to resist, and was soon naked in the seat.

What was she doing now, putting his clothes back on? They seemed to have a different feel however. More silky, closer fitting. After several minutes of pushing and tugging, she was finished.

Bob felt restrained, but could not see much in the darkness. Was she holding his hands behind his back? His mind, clearing from the effect of the drink, began to realize his predicament... He was bound by handcuffs, and seemed to have on a miniskirt with hose & heels!! The car then turned down a small dirt road and continued for approximately 5 miles. It finally stopped at a large house set back from the road. Attaching a leash to the collar he had not yet noticed, the girl tugged him from the car and pulled him to an entrance door.

"Prepare to meet your new owner!" she said. As the door opened, he looked upon a figure in black. Bob knew his life was about to change forever... "Well, I see you've brought me a new specimen.

He looks like he'll do, though he is a bit soft around the middle.

I'm sure he will soon be in shape though! Take him to C3." The girl from the car led bob to a set of stairs. Going down was difficult in the unfamiliar heels. Turning down a long hallway, Bob saw several doors on each side of the hall.

Not allowing him to pause, the girl half dragged him to the far end of the hallway and opened a narrow doorway. Inside was a number of sinister devices. bob was led to

wooden device, where he was soon strapped by ankles and bent over the device, with wrists attached to the legs on the other side.

"This will keep you secure till the Madam is ready to view you."

She left, locking the door securely behind her. bob was now alone, wondering what was going to happen. It seemed like hours later when the door opened and the Madam walked in. She spent considerable time running her hands over bob's body, squeezing, probing, and giving training instructions to the girl at her side. After some time, she left and the other girl stepped into the room. The two girls proceeded to remove bob's clothes and attached a leather harness to his body. He was then lead to a washroom where the girls proceeded to remove all body hair. A head harness was then put on him, with a leather bit in his mouth. Leading him out the long tunnel, he was taken outside into the bright sunlight where a carriage awaited. A new girl assisted in attaching bob's harness to the shafts of the carriage and reins were attached his "bridle".

"You will earn your keep now hauling wood from the fields until you are in proper shape to begin your slave training." The whip sailed through the air and bob jumped against the traces. Straining hard, he pulled the wagon along the trail his driver directed him.

For the next three weeks, bob pulled the wood carts and performed other exercises. He found his breasts becoming sensitive and swollen. It was apparent his food contained female hormones, causing odd changes in his body. Due to the work, exercises, and daily care from his caretakers, bob's body was lean, smooth, and stretched. Soon the Madam came to inspect him. She directed him back to the large house to begin phase 2.

After being bathed and freshly shaved, bob was taken to a new room. Here he was outfitted with a maid's uniform. The uniform was very revealing and contained some new accessories to keep him restrained. Each day bob was made to serve the Madam and her guests. Everything had to be perfect - dress, makeup, mannerisms, and service. Punishment for mistakes was quick and sure, always fitting the crime. For speaking when not spoken to, a gag was used. For spilling a drink, bob was tied under a cold shower stall. And for dressing slovenly (hose seam was crooked), he spent two days in the dog kennel cage.

One day, the Madam had two new guests arrive. They were to stay and visit for several days. Madam and her staff had been working to plan the entertainment for several days. bob was called to the library where the Madam and her guests were enjoying their morning tea.

"My guests have a wonderful idea for a game. We will play hare and hounds, where you are the hare and we are the hounds chasing you". bob was taken to the "horse paddock" where he was stripped of all clothing and

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outfitted with a new leather harness, headpiece, and attachments. The outfit held him such that he could only crawl on hands and knees, with his ankles pulled up to his thighs. The only parts touching the ground were palms and knees. The attachments on his arms kept his elbows from bending, so he was held very rigidly. His head was held by a wide collar, and his view was blocked by side blinkers, so he could only see straight ahead and it was hard to turn his head without turning his whole body. He was then loaded into a cage in the back of a truck, which soon was traveling down a dirt road.

After traveling some distance, the truck pulled up at a gate. bob was unloaded and taken inside the gate which opened onto a large field. The Madam and her guests were waiting there.

"I see our hare has arrived. Well, the rules of this game are the hare will be released and we will wait one hour before we chase after it. Whoever captures the hare will be its new owner." The guests clapped with delight, yelling "Let it loose, let it loose!"

Bob started off across the field, struggling in the bonds, knowing that as slowly as he moved; one hour start time would not give him much of an edge. His first goal was to reach some wooded area where he would have a chance to hide in the underbrush and make his way back to the big house. But it was not to be. While he prolonged the hunt for some time, he was inevitably caught by one of the guests. She exclaimed with glee as she hooked a leash on his collar and led him to the group's rendezvous point. On the way, she described to bob what fun she was going to have with his body.

And she was true to her word. After having him transported to her house the next day, she began preparing bob for life in her domain. The first order of business was the permanent implant of certain "implements" in his body. Being very fond of rings, she had nipple rings inserted into bob's breasts, the ears pierced, and a new chastity belt attached to his lower body. bob was then instructed in his duties as her personal secretary and an appropriate wardrobe established. To the casual observer, bobbie was a female secretary devoted to her employer. To the trained observer, of which there were many around the new mistress, bobbie was a trained slave, who new that punishment awaited any mistakes.

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## **Mandrake Gestures Hypnotically and...**

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I work at a large computer company. About eight months ago, we hired a new programmer. Short, with broad hips, a baby face, and a massive chest. I watched her constantly. I wanted nothing more than to put my hands under her blouse and play with those tits—to squeeze them, to rub them, to bounce them up and down, to stick my head underneath her blouse and suck on them, to rub my cock between them until I came!

Unfortunately for this, I'm married, which restricts my

non-wife sex life. However, a solution arrived.

I first studied hypnotism back in college, when I would help other students who had trouble concentrating on their studying. After putting the student into a light hypnotic state, I would tell the student that the phrase "study time" would put them into a state of intense concentration until they were finished with whatever they were studying. It worked well with most people; it helped them avoid distraction. Of course, the student was only in a very light hypnotic state, and always aware of their surroundings.

About a month ago, a happened to be attending a party given by a girl who works down the hall from me. It was fun, with lots of people, and good stuff to drink & smoke. About 12:30, my wife (who was pretty wasted) suggested that I should hypnotize some people for a laugh. She told our hostess about it, and I got talked into it. I wasn't very good, but a lot of the people were in a pretty mellow frame of mind, so it had a chance. Our hostess called for volunteers, and got: herself, my wife (whom I've never been able to hypnotize), two guys, and my baby-faced friend (I didn't know she was there at all). I got the music turned down, and did my best.

My wife was, as usual, unhypnotizable. I think that our hostess went under, but she might have been faking. Miss Baby-Face went under quickly (she'd been smoking a \_lot\_, that probably helped), as did one of the two guys.

I had them do the usual hypnotism-party-tricks, like making your arm stiff, perching between two chairs, etc. Most of these are physiological tricks to convince the subject that they're really hypnotized. After those, I had them sing, pretend to be animals, and that kind of stuff. I suggested to them that the guy's cock had become four feet long, and watched to subject girls pretend that they weren't looking. One of them sat down next to him and put her hand on his "cock", about at his knees! I told the girls that their tits became enormous, like two feet in diameter, and had them juggle them, which was fun to watch.

When the show was about over, I told them all that when I said "complex" to them, they would relax and fall asleep again. I told those that had SO's to be particularly good to them that night (you should have seen the grins in the audience!), woke them up, and sent them back to their seats. After about a minute, I loudly said "complex", and they all fell asleep in mid-sentence. This was good for a laugh; I woke them back up and told them to enjoy the party.

Well, the temptation was too much. I cornered Miss Baby-Face in the kitchen when nobody was watching, and said "complex" to her.

I suggested that we should go for a walk around the block. During the walk, I reinforced the suggestion, told her that she would trust me, and suggested that, after I woke her up, that she should invite me over for lunch

tomorrow. I woke her up, and on the way back to the party, she invited me to lunch at her apartment the next day.

The next day, I showed up at her apartment and wasted no time putting her under. I suggested to her that I was her lover who had come back to her after being overseas for a year, and she wanted nothing more than to make me happy. She showered me with kisses, and told me how happy she was to have me back. She pulled her cotton shirt over head, and revealed those lovely tits. I asked her to remove her bra. She reached around and unclasped her bra, letting her beautiful tits spring out. She pulled my face down to her nipples. I kissed, sucked and licked them for about twenty minutes. They were mine, at last! Eventually, I told her to take my cock out. She did, licking it as it sprung out. I took the rest of my clothes off, pushed her gently down on the rug, and mounted her tits. They were slippery from being licked and sucked. I pushed my cock between her tits for a few minutes, while she held them tight around my cock. She smiled and said how much she'd missed me, and how she wanted my cock in her pussy. I soon came from the rubbing that her tits were giving me. To clean up, I stuck my cock (covered with come from her tits) in her mouth, between those sweet baby-face lips, and she licked it off.

I spent a half-hour or so recuperating by sucking on her tits some more, and then we put her on her hands and knees on the bed and I rammed her into her pussy from behind (I've had a vasectomy, so no problem there). I suggested to her that she would come when I did. The sight of that beautiful bottom, those big tits swinging back and forth, and hearing her moaning and calling my name soon did it to me. I told her that I was coming, and so did she. Once again, she cleaned off my cock between her baby-face lips.

I wanted to have her ride me, with those gorgeous big tits bouncing in front of my face, but I was spent for the moment. I had to get going, so I suggested that she would forget all about the fact that I had visited her at all, which she did.

I now have her about once a day at work now. I call her on the phone, and say our secret signal. This tells her to meet me in a little-used bathroom in the basement. When we get there, she removes her blouse & bra, drops to her knees, and wraps her baby-face lips around my cock and sucks on it until I come into her mouth. I then suggest to her that she will forget all about this, and that she will go back to work in a few minutes.

Occasionally, when my wife goes out of town on business, I will suggest to my baby-faced slave that she should spend the weekend with me. Sometimes, I suggest that I am her husband, or sometimes we are Sultan and Harem Girl. Whatever situation, we sleep every night with my face between her big tits or with her baby-face lips wrapped around my cock.

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## Sisters in Slavery 1

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By an54317@anon.penet.fi (tomahawk)

Karen and her 15-year old sister, Tracy, returned home from a walk in the park. As it was a warm summer afternoon, both girls were wearing loose fitting shirts, shorts and sandals.

As they rounded the corner, the unexpected happened. A dark van screeched to a halt slightly in front of them and four men leaped out. Before Karen could scream, both girls were overpowered, drugged, and loaded into the back of the van. They were both taken to an abandoned building on the other side of town.

When Karen regained consciousness, she realized, with a groan of dismay, that her wrists were chained to the wall inside a small, damp, dimly lit cell. The girl had a thick piece of cloth tied tightly between her lips, preventing her from screaming. Question after question went through Karen's mind. Why had she been brought here? What were her captors going to do with her? Would she ever escape alive? For that matter, would she ever see Tracy again?

As if in answer to her question, the door to her cell banged open and two men wearing dark ski masks entered. The men released Karen from the bonds that held her and forced her to her knees. Producing a short piece of rope, he securely bound Karen's hands together in front of her. Next, he removed Karen's gag, threatening to harm Tracy if she screamed. Fearful for her sister's safety, Karen obeyed.

"What is your name, " he gruffly asked her.

"Karen, " she meekly answered.

"How old are you? "

Karen ignored the question and made a very big mistake. Her captor produced a small whip and lashed her across the face, leaving a fiery stream of pain and humiliation. Again, he asked for her age.

"Sixteen," Karen tearfully answered.

Satisfied with the answers he had been receiving, Karen's tormentor regagged her and dragged her to her feet. Still sobbing, Karen was led from the room.

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Her wrists tied tightly above her head, her toes barely touching the floor and the back of her shirt rolled up, Tracy received lash after lash of the whip on her back. Her captors tormented her indefinitely. The girl had been made to remove her sandals and hold the straps in her mouth. Then, she was given fifty lashes across her back. Every time she screamed in pain and dropped her shoes, fifty more lashes were added. Several times, Tracy was humiliated when her tormentors slapped her with her own sandals. Sometimes, her sandal was stuffed into her mouth and she groaned as her sandal was pushed deeper and deeper into her mouth.

After her whipping, Tracy's wrists were tied tightly in front of her with rope and a gag was stuffed into her

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mouth. The wounds on her back were washed out with a solution of salt and vinegar. Her captors were pleased by the look of agony on her face.

Tracy was then led to a small room and was tied to a bed. Like Karen, she wondered whether she would ever see her sister again.

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Karen was led from the cell into another room. Here, she was relieved of her belongings. At gunpoint, she was made to remove her clothes and to put on a blue colored gown. Her clothes were then burned before her very eyes. The girl was then led into a large room which was barely furnished save for a table, several wooden chairs and four cots.

"This will be your living place for a while. Get to know your roommates. They could be the last people you would probably meet," her captor told her cruelly. Her gag was then removed.

Several minutes later, a young girl with long blond hair entered. She was followed by three other dark-haired girls. Karen saw, to her horror, that these four girls were whipped, as red welts were seen crisscrossing their slender legs. Their faces, too, were not spared, as two of the girls sported red marks on their cheeks. She noticed, too, that all the girls were wearing sandals and that their hands were tied in front of them.

"Hi," the blond haired girl greeted Karen, "I'm Francine."

"I'm Karen," Karen replied.

"I see that you're new here. My companions are Jennifer, Joanne, and Arlene. I'm going to have to tell you where you are and why you are here."

Karen listened with horror. She had learned that she was going to be sold into slavery. She also learned that the reasons why she was brought here were simply because she was young, pretty, and wore good-looking sandals. She learned from the other girls that the buyers usually looked at their footwear first, for some reason, before looking at their physical qualities. The treatment of kidnapped girls was very cruel, especially now that there were four future slaves.

With tears in her eyes, Francine told her story.

"Jen, Joanne, Arlene and I were actually part of a group of twelve girls. These monsters kidnap girls between the ages of sixteen and twelve. Anyway, the twelve of us were in a mall one night and it was nearly closing time. When we walked out onto the parking lot, we were suddenly surrounded by these men, who forced us to get into a van. They drugged us and brought us here. We've been here for four months when two of our number died as a result of poisoning. We were forced to eat stew made from boiled sandals!" Francine broke down. Jennifer placed her arms around her friend and reassured her while Arlene took up the tale.

"Francine is the youngest among us so she gets

emotional from time to time. But, then again, who can live through the kind of torture we received? Anyway, the rest of us lasted for about another week until six of us were sold to a man who lives in the woods a long way from here. Before you came, it's been nothing but whipping and more whipping. At night, before we go to bed, we're given fifty lashes across our backs. Then at dawn tomorrow, we're all going to be whipped across the legs. Sometimes, they flog us with our own sandals. It doesn't hurt as much but it's humiliating to be whipped with your own things."

Arlene broke off as their captors entered. The girls were ordered to lie face down on the cots. Once they were down on their bellies, their hands were tied to the cots and the back of their gowns were rolled up. Producing a thick leather whip, the girls were flogged one by one. Karen had never screamed so much in her life, it was the first time she had ever been flogged before. Francine, on the other hand, did nothing but whimper throughout their beating. The men then gagged the girls and left, but before leaving, one of them, obviously the leader, spoke.

"Sandal stew for breakfast tomorrow."

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Tracy lay on the bed for several hours before her captor returned. Tracy was dragged to her feet and led from the room and taken to an adjoining room. There, Tracy was made to turn around. Her captors then tied her wrists behind her. They took particular delight in making her bonds painfully tight. Tracy's ankles were bound together with rope and her gag was removed.

"Give me your name and age. Don't try to lie or we'll harm your sister. We'll kill her in the most painful way you can ever dream of and we'll make you watch!"

"My name is Tracy and I'm fifteen. What do you want with me?"

"We want your shoes. Take them off!"

"How can I unbuckle my sandal straps when you've tied me up like this?! Take them off yourself."

The next thing she knew, she was being whipped across the face and legs. Tracy screamed and squirmed in pain as each lash left a fiery pain across her face. Before losing consciousness, Tracy remembered one of the men attach a leather collar around her neck.