
Party-Lines Newsletter for December 2002

BackDrop Club Calendar for December 2002 and January 2003

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

Time and Event	Event	Are Reservations Required?	Limit to:	Open to nonmembers	Member Price	Nonmember Price
Saturday 8pm December 7 th	Open Dinner Party	Yes	20 People	Yes	\$25/Person	\$30/Person
Sunday 2pm December 8 th	Mistress/slave Training Session	Yes	20 People	Yes	\$15/Person	\$25/Person
Thursday 8pm December 12 th	"Pizza and a Movie"	Yes	15 People	No	\$5/Person	N/A
Sunday 2pm December 15 th	Pony play workshop	Yes	20 People	Yes	\$15/Person	\$25/Person
Sunday 2pm December 22 nd	Bondage Safety Class	Yes	20 People	Yes	\$10/Couple	\$15/Person
Tuesday 8pm December 24 th	Christmas Eve					
Saturday 8pm January 4 th	Open Dinner Party	Yes	20 People	Yes	\$25/Person	\$30/Person
Sunday 2pm January 5 th	How to Meet Others Workshop	Yes	15 People	Yes	\$15/Person	\$25/Person
Thursday 8pm January 9 th	"Pizza and a Movie"	Yes	15 People	No	\$5/Person	N/A
Sunday 2pm January 12 th	Leather Making workshop	Yes	15 People	No	\$20/Person	\$20/Person
Friday 8pm January 17 th	Slave Auction See page 9 for info	Yes	40 People	Yes	\$25/Couple	\$35/Couple
Sunday 2pm January 19 th	Meet the Staff and Open House	Yes	40 People	Yes	Free	\$5/Person
Sunday 2pm January 26 th	Master/slave Training Session	Yes	20 People	Yes	\$15/Person	\$25/Person

Slave Auctions

You may attend the event as a single, but you will have a lot more fun if you go 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't 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 these events are held at 8 pm on Friday nights. 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.

New Club House

If you haven't heard by now, you should know that we

Party-Lines Newsletter for December 2002

have signed a lease on space for a new clubhouse. It is just under 2,000sqft, and we will be holding all events there unless otherwise noted.

It has three 10x10 rooms and another 25x40. It has two bathrooms, four walls <grin> and heat <bigger grin>

The Hive Mentality

©2001 by DollMaster

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

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

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

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

The exoskeleton had grown down on her, covering her sex completely. A long, thin tail grew out from her

abdomen. Her arms looked like they had been fused to her back and covered in membrane, and I could see wing buds forming on her shoulder blades. I couldn't look at her anymore, and glanced back at my own body.

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

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

That's when she appeared.

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

I felt the egg inside me move and grow. It pressed up against the sides of my womb and spilled into my vagina. It began to grow out of my vagina. It was rounded at the end, several inches long, and segmented. It filled my sex. I wanted to touch it. My hands moved through the membrane and grabbed the tail growing out of me. God, it felt so good.

Like all the sensitive parts had been attached to it. Just holding it caused an orgasm. It started to secrete a sticky, stretchy, black goo. It smelled sweet. I lifted a hand and forced a finger into my mouth. It tasted like honey. Oh, I wanted to put my whole hand in my mouth, but I had to breathe. I settled for the immense pleasure. Both hands held firmly around the tail, causing orgasm after orgasm. The membrane melted away, exposing my new organ to the rubbery air. My hands were drenched in the sticky goo, and it was hard to move my fingers. I didn't want to. It felt too good. The secretions became thicker, denser. They completely engulfed my hands and

Party-Lines Newsletter for December 2002

forearms. I couldn't move my arms, but I didn't care. It was too hard to care. It felt too good to care. The membrane around my upper body subsided, leaving only my head and breasts enclosed. The secretion oozed up my arms and over my shoulders. Then they stopped and hardened. Segments and plates formed around my shoulders. My new groin followed the curve of my entombed wrists, then under and back up my spine. A long, sharp tail sprouted from what were my fingers and grew long and shiny. The pleasure subsided. It had kept me from panicking, but now I took notice of what had been done to my body. I had no arms! God, what had these monsters done to me? Then, the membrane covering my breasts melted away and the tendrils released my nipples. My nipples were gone. Replaced by long rubbery sprouts. The skin around the sprouts peeled slightly away. They itched horribly, driving me mad. The sprouts grew longer, as long as my body. Joints and segments formed. Tiny hairs grew. I could feel the slightest movement of air around them. I had a new set of limbs. I looked like the woman next to me.

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

The membrane around my head condensed. I wanted to scream, but the tendril in my mouth forced its way into my throat. No sound. The membrane retreated from my mouth and cheeks, but solidified from my nose up to the crown of my head. I felt the thick secretion cover my face and harden, and the world went dark. Then I could see again. Everything became multifaceted. I could see well. I tried inhaling through my nose. Air entered. I felt my hair graze against the back of my still-human neck. Twin, feathery antennae twitched as I sensed the environment. The pod released me, and I stood for the first time in hours. Blood filled my new wings, and they expanded to the length of my body.

"Hello?" I called. I could still speak. This gave me comfort. I looked around. Dozens of women were in various stages of metamorphosis. I saw a man completely entombed in a plant-like pod, dangling from it like an overripe fruit. On a wall, insect women fed from tubes inserted into the same kind of rubber plants. Honey? I thought. I walked over to a plant and knelt before it. This plant's tube extends from where two thick stems fused at an angle. I realized this had once been a man, though any trace of humanity was long since erased

by smooth, hard, shiny rubber and bizarre plant forms. I opened my mouth and the tube inserted itself into my orifice. I sucked. It gave me sweet nectar in exchange. My new nipple-limbs played across the surface of the plant. I could feel it tremble. This excited me. I sucked harder, and the nectar came with a gush. I pulled myself away from the nectar plant and smiled. I stood and the mantis-woman met me. She clicked rapidly and motioned with her mantis arms for me to follow her. I walked, rubber booted feet squishing softly on the rubbery floor. I passed rows of metamorphosing women and men becoming nectar plants. I was led into a small chamber. The light was dim, making it hard to see.

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

The queen clicked at me and felt of me with her antennae. I felt at peace suddenly. I wanted to kneel. I fell forward, my front limbs breaking my fall. I stood on all fours while the queen caressed me with her antennae. There was an itching at my waist. Two more legs sprouted and quickly grew. They touched the ground and supported me. The queen walked around behind me and stood over me. I felt small, submissive. Her tail caressed mine, causing wonderful pleasure. Our antennae played. My will drained away. I wanted to serve her. I felt the skin begin to split away from my carapace in back and in front. I was molting. Hard, shiny rubber appeared under the receding skin on my torso. The molting continued up to my neck and stopped. My breasts were hard rubber mounds.

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

Party-Lines Newsletter for December 2002

The Nurse

I have to tell you a story of what happened to me about three nights ago, an event that will change my life forever!

First of all, I'm 26, 5'2, blond, and a good-looking woman. My measurements are 36-23-35, and I workout everyday to keep my figure. Men have always told me how much they like my body, and I have no trouble attracting them. I love sex, and love to have it frequently. In high school, I fucked about half my class, and dozens of others in other grades, as well as a couple of teachers. After high school, I went to college and got my degree in nursing. It was a lot of work, but it paid off and I did well. I didn't have a lot of time for men, and my sexual appetite reduced. I still love sex, but now I go for quality, not quantity.

After college, I worked as a nurse in a hospital for a while before landing my present job at a medical clinic. The hours are better, no late night duty, the work's not as heavy or as demanding, and the pay is good. This is where I met Lee, the man who has rearranged my thoughts about sex.

Lee started here about a month ago. He's a doctor, about 29, over 6 feet tall, dark hair, and very handsome. He's everything a girl could want in a guy, smart, funny, and a real hunk.

Anyway, we both work what they call the late shift, from one to ten, when the clinic closes. Sometimes, things get hairy, but not often. Past nine o'clock, the place usually gets pretty dead. If a person has a runny nose, or their back hurts, they wait till morning. As a result, there aren't many people working past eight. About a week ago, we were alone at closing time. The other doctor left early, and the senior nurse asked if I would help Lee close up. Of course, I accepted. Who wouldn't want to be alone with this handsome doctor!

Sure enough, after we had locked the doors and shut the place down, Lee started making passes and flirting. I responded enthusiastically. He wrapped his arms around me and kissed me so passionately, my knees almost went out.

I was a goner. Within ten minutes, we were naked on an examination table doing a 69, with me on top. His cock was just like the rest of him, tall, strong and handsome. I hungrily sucked on it as he licked my clit. In about five minutes, I felt myself about to come and started to squirm my ass around and moan. He knew it and really went to work on me. I came hard, almost screaming while I still pumped him.

When I finished my climax, I moved off of him and continued to work on his cock. He lay back moaning as my warm, wet lips moved up and down his hard shaft. It

only took a couple more minutes before he told me he was about to shoot, and did just that. His cum tasted so sweet I had to swallow every drop. He came so much, I didn't think I could take it all, but I did.

After he stopped shooting, he pulled me up to him and rolled me onto my back. He then started to kiss me all over, paying extra attention to my nipples. Within a few minutes, I was excited again and he was hard. His dick slipped into my wet crotch and started to slowly fuck me.

His stokes were slow and smooth. I found myself floating on a cloud. With each forward motion, my head spun around. With the passing moments, he moved faster and faster until he was pumping me like a wild animal. I wrapped my legs around his waist, and his manhood penetrated me even deeper. Again I was about to climax. I thrashed under him, moaning like a baby. He too, was about to cum. our moans mixed together, echoing through the clinic, as I felt his hot jism shoot inside me as I released my own climax. It was wonderful, cumming together like that. He rested on top of me for a few minutes, passionately kissing me. We then decided to get dressed. We didn't need for someone to come back, or a client to drop in on us. We turned off the lights and went to our separate homes. That night, I had wild, exciting dreams about Lee. Of him fucking me hard, slamming into my cunt over and over, demanding my body as his hands held my breasts against my chest, his groans filling my ear, and his breath hot on my neck. I came in my sleep, waking myself up with my loud cries.

The next night, we didn't get the chance to repeat our enthusiastic encounter. The clinic was busy, and the other doctor locked up. The following night, we again had the chance, but during office hours. We snuck into an empty office, and grabbed a quickie on the desk, me leaning over onto the desk, gripping the chair, while he held onto my hips and fucked me from behind. It was exciting, and very sneaky, but not as fantastic as the first night.

It was almost a week later before we could chance anything again. The other doctor told Lee he would have to lock up the next night. Getting the other nurse out early was easy enough, since she liked to leave early anyway.

So we planned to have another encounter the next night, if all went well. I went home and thought about how I could do something for him special. I didn't have to think long. Some exciting undees would make it a night to remember. I picked out my outfit, and went to bed. I wanted to be well rested for a long night tomorrow.

The next day I got ready for work and put on my lingerie. It was a matching set of white lace bra, panties, garter belt and sheer white stockings. When I put on my uniform, you couldn't tell anything was amiss, except if I

Party-Lines Newsletter for December 2002

sat down and let my hem ride up my leg. I packed a few things in a duffel bag, put on my little nurses hat, and went to work. Lee was there, and I could tell he was thinking about later. I was getting wet thinking about it myself. It was hard to work so close with him and not erotically touch him.

Finally, Ten o'clock came around. When everybody had left, I slipped into the back room, and traded my sneakers for four inch white high heels. Somehow, sneakers didn't go with garter belts. I looked in a mirror at myself. Normally, nurses don't walk around too much wearing heels. I looked like I was about to step into a porno movie about a horny hospital. But I didn't care, I was horny, and felt very sexy.

Well, I went back into the clinic and met Lee there. He had shut off most of the lights, and locked the doors. We were completely alone. When I walked in, his eyes almost popped out of his head. I stood in the doorway, giving him a very sexy pose, and asked him if he liked what he saw. He eyed me up and down for a moment, before telling me yes. I told him that tonight was his night, and I was his to do what he wanted with. I was his to control. He looked at me slightly crossed, then asked if I was sure that I wanted him to control me. I said yes. I didn't quite know what he meant at that moment, but I soon found out.

His attitude changed a bit, more authoritative. He told me to come over and sit down on a stool. We use them in the examination rooms for the doctors or family to sit on. I did as he asked, crossing one leg over the other, showing the tops of my stocking from under the hem of the uniform.

He then pulled out a black doctors bag and set it on the bed. He asked if I was ready to be controlled and dominated. I said yes, but wondered if I had said the right thing.

He opened the bag, reached in, and pulled out a bundle of white rope. I almost went into shock when I saw it. I just sat there and watched him go to work. For a moment, I couldn't move or think. That was all the time he needed, for in a flash, my hands were tied behind my back, my ankles were tied together and to the foot bar on the stool.

I finally came to my senses saying I didn't know if this was right. He reminded me that, by my own words, he was in control, and that I was to do as he said. He wound rope around my knees and tied the ends tight. Another rope was wound tightly around my chest and arms, keeping them from moving. He stepped over to a drawer and pulled out a pad and roll of surgical tape.

I struggled in my ropes, trying to free myself. But he knew what he was doing the ropes were too tight to escape. He came back over to me. I told him this wasn't

what I had in mind, and that he should release me so I could show him. He chuckled and said that this is what he wanted, and that soon I would learn to enjoy it too.

He said that slaves were meant to be seen and admired; not heard. He then shoved the pad into my mouth. Before I could spit it out, he placed a long strip of the wide tape over my lips. Two more strips help cover and keep it in there.

He sat down in a chair and watched me struggle in my ropes. At first, I was mad at the bastard. How dare he tie me up and gag me, especially since I did all of this for him! But as the moments went on, I noticed the huge lump in his pants, and how turned on it was making him. Before I knew it, I was getting hot between my legs, just waiting for what he was going to do next.

Party-Lines Newsletter for December 2002

He began to talk to me, telling me why we were doing this. He told me that for years he had a recurring fantasy. Ever since med school, he had wanted to place a beautiful nurse in bondage, to do with what he wanted to her for hours, even days. To drive her wild with passion and lust, giving her orgasm after orgasm, then to use her for his pleasure. Tonight, I would help him fulfill that fantasy. He then sat in silence, watching me melting into my bonds.

His plan was working on me. After several minutes, he untied my ankles and legs, and led me over to a recovery bed. He untied the rope around my arms and my hands, but kept my gag in place. He then unzipped my uniform, and let it slide down my body. I wanted to throw my arms around him and screw him on the spot. But I stood at attention as he walked around me looking over my lingerie-covered body.

He then ordered me to kneel in the center of the bed. I did as he said. He then pulled my arms through a pull-up bar. A pull-up bar is a metal triangle that hangs over a bed so patients can pull themselves up to a sitting position. With my arms through the triangle up to my shoulders, he tied my wrists together and tied rope around my elbows, pulling them close together.

He then made me spread my knees apart, but crossed my legs at the ankles. He tied my ankles together tightly, crisscrossing the rope around them and my heels. Then for good measure, he tied my knees to the bed rails forcing them wide apart. Thus, I became very immobile, and slightly uncomfortable, but plenty open and available for whatever he wanted to do.

He removed the tape from my mouth and pulled the pad out. Before I could say a word, he again gagged me by shoving a knotted cloth between my lips and tying the ends behind my head. I again had to struggle against my ropes in silence.

I found myself getting more and more excited. I could feel myself getting hotter and wetter by the moment. He could do whatever he wanted, whenever he wanted, and I couldn't do a thing about it. I knew that sooner or later, he would have his pleasure on me and fuck my brains out. The anticipation of when it would happen just made me more excited. He was right, I was learning to enjoy it. In fact, I loved it.

For several minutes, he watched me struggle. I couldn't move much, and I could only grunt and moan through my gag. He was getting really turned now, for the lump in his pants was growing even bigger.

He then came over to me, slowly caressing my body all over. His hands were wonderful, sending chills throughout my body. Then, with a flick of his fingers, he unhitched the hook on the front of my bra and slowly pulled it behind me. My nipples were standing at

attention, excited from arousal. He played with my tits for sometime, holding, caressing, squeezing and pinching them. Now I was really turned on, and wanted desperately to come.

He then slowly untied my body, but again kept my mouth gagged. My arms were aching a bit, but it didn't matter. My crotch was wet, and I was hot. He took me over to an examination table, and made my lay on my back. The head of the table was elevated slightly, and there was a pillow for my head. He looped a long length of rope under the table. Then, with my hands at my sides, he looped the cord around my wrists, and wrapped the rope over my body. The rope went around both the table and me three times before being tied off. Each time it went around, my wrists were looped and knotted.

He slowly reached up and pulled my soaked panties down my legs. He sniffed them for a minute, and waved them under my nose. Lee then pulled the metal leg stirrups we use for examining maternity patients out from the table. He placed my feet into them, my heels through the openings, and tied my ankles to them.

The end result being my body was naked except of garter belt, stockings, heels and my nurses' hat. My wrists were tied down and restrained out of the way, my body was held down on the table, my legs were up in the air and spread apart, and my cunt was wide open. A really neat job. I wondered how long he had been thinking this one up.

Lee pulled something out of his bag, came up to me holding a wide black strap in his hand, and showed it to me. It had a small flesh colored thing on the one side that looked like a penis. I wasn't sure what it was, but I soon found out. He told me it was a penis gag as he pulled the cloth gag from my mouth, shoved the penis between my lips, and strapped the thing behind my head. It felt like a penis, and I immediately started to suck on it like it was a hard cock between my lips, about to come.

What he did next really surprised me. He went and put on a surgical gown, mask, and a pair of rubber gloves. At first, I thought he was going to operate on me, or something. But then I realized, I was about to get the most erotic examination of my life.

He started with a thermometer. Instead of my mouth, he put it in my wet pussy. He held it there, while slowly playing with my pubic hair. He played it straight, while he was getting me really hot in the process.

After my temperature was taken, he proceeded to give me a breast exam, listen to my heartbeat (which was going a mile a minute), then my pussy, which he said was calling for relief. Then finally he decided to probe me. First, he shoved one then two fingers up into my cunt, moving them around and fucking me with them. I started moaning like a baby, squirming around as much

Party-Lines Newsletter for December 2002

as I could. He then greases up a finger, and shoved it up my ass. I felt so wild, especially when he then played with my clit at the same time. I came within a minute, screaming like I was dying. My muffled scream seemed to please him, for he said he had found the problem. When I had finished, he pulled off the gloves. He then raised the head of the table, so I was sitting at a 45-degree angle. He played with my tits for a minute, getting me excited and horny all over again. I continued to suck on the plastic cock, wishing it were Lee's real dick between my lips.

Again he probed my clit with his fingers, to find the right spot he said. He then moved down between my legs, pulled his mask down and dove in to eat out my pussy. He started out fast, getting me going. His tongue flicked over my clit and plunged deep into me. He sucked on my clit, and lapped up my juices.

Then, just when I was about to come again, he slowed down, knowing just how far to push me until I couldn't hold back. After a minute, he sped up again, getting me back to a climax level and holding me there. Again and again he did this. I thought I was going to die. I moaned and groaned, and the sweat poured from my body. But he just kept doing it. At last, he took pity on me, attacked my swollen clit and brought me off. After having it deprived for so long, I exploded into the most intense orgasm I ever had in my life. I kept coming and coming, while Lee just kept lapping me up.

When I was finally done, and I thought I could take no more, he stopped and let the head of the table down, only to pull the penis gag from my mouth. I lay there for a few minutes, breathing very heavy. He let me rest before we moved on to the final act of his fantasy.

Lee untied me from the table and led me back to the recovery bed. There, I lay flat on my back as he went to work. He pulled the bed rails up into the locked position. He then tied my right wrist to the bottom rail with rope. My left wrist was tied on the opposite rail. He tied a rope around my waist, while the ends were tied to the rails, to keep me from moving very much. I figured he would do the same with my legs as with my arms, but he added a twist. My legs were spread and my feet were fed between the bars of the rail so that they were tied to the top rail on the outside of the bed. Thus my legs were up again, but spread wider than they could have been on the inside of the bed. Then the gag, with a twist, he placed a wadded cloth into my mouth. Over my mouth, he placed an oxygen mask and taped it in place. The tank just had air in it, which he opened the valve just a crack, so I had a fresh supply of air to breath. The wadded cloth was the real gag, the mask just helped to hold it there, plus add a different look.

He then turned off all the lights in the office. He turned

on the examination light that was hovering over me. It cast a single eerie beam of light onto my naked and trussed body. I couldn't see a thing outside the shaft of light, while the light didn't leave a single area of me unexposed. I couldn't see him, but I knew he was standing there, watching me squirm in my bounds. He was driving me nuts, for I knew that sooner or later, he would plunge his hard shaft deep into my wanting cunt. I wanted him, like I never wanted anyone before. My moans and groans pleaded with him, and my squirming body called out to him. But he still didn't show himself. Just when I couldn't stand it anymore, he appeared in the light, stripped naked, with his hard manhood standing before him. I looked. It was bigger than the other times, and it seemed to be pulsating with power. He said not a word, but climbed on the bed, positioned himself over me, and rammed his cock deep into my box. I gasped as he slammed it in, then moaned with each hard, fast, deep stroke he plunged into me. He worked like a machine; each stroke was just as hard and deep as the last, with a perfect sexual rhythm. He pumped like crazy, slamming his hips against mine. I built to a climax, hoping he would explode at the same time. I came hard, moaning loudly into the mask, and my whole body tensing up with the thrill of my orgasm. Every part of me tingled, from my bound hands to my roped feet, especially my well-stuffed cunt. It was even better than before. Lee didn't miss a beat. He just continued to ram into me, his hard shaft filling me with each stroke. He continued for a few more minutes before I knew he was about to shoot. He made a soft moan, closed his eyes, and gave one final thrust into me, forcing himself in as deep as he could. His hot cum shot into me, filling me up with his sweet jism. He pumped gallons just Cumming and Cumming. At last, his balls were drained and he slid out of me. He left the shaft of light on me for a few minutes while recovered. He then returned and untied my drained body from the bed, and removed the mask from my face.

He asked me if I enjoyed his fantasy as much as he did. I truly did, and told him so. To show how much, I pushed him down on the bed, opened his pants, pulled out his cock, and started to suck him off. The penis gag had made me want his cock in my mouth all night. He was hard instantly, and within ten minutes, he was shooting another load of jism down my throat.

I was allowed to dress again. We talked for a few minutes, and I told him how exciting the night had been. I asked him where he had gotten the ideas for all the positions. He smiled and pulled out a magazine. It was filled with women, tied in various positions in different settings. One set showed two girls tied up on a hospital bed with lots of rope. One of them was kneeling on the bed with her arms through a pull-up bar, just like I had

Party-Lines Newsletter for December 2002

been. Another set of pictures showed a high-heel clad nurse tied to a hospital bed, with a mask taped to her face. The only difference between her, and myself was that she was still wearing her uniform, but with her chest exposed. Another scene showed her tied topless to an examination table, with her feet in the stirrups, like I had been. Too bad Lee didn't have a camera and take pictures of me. I would have liked to see how I would have compared.

As I looked through the magazine, there were other photos that were just as exciting. One girl was tied spread eagle to a bed, with ropes on her waist, chest and legs to keep her from moving. The caption said she didn't know why they tied her down, but she was glad that there were three men there, because it took all three of them to satisfy her. Another set showed two topless girls tied up, one on a wooden wheel, another hanging by her feet.

I must admit, it turned me on to think that Lee might have other ideas, or would like to try out a few of the ones pictured here. I wanted to find out more, and try all sorts of things. But the night was getting late, and we figured we'd better leave. We kissed passionately, and he gave me a length of rope to remember the night by. I drove home a tired, but satisfied and curious woman.

The next day, Lee and I met before work to talk about the prior night. We talked for about an hour. I told him how much I enjoyed the night before, and that I was curious to explore more about bondage. He told me that he really enjoyed the night before, and wanted to show me things, and try things with me.

He then suggested that we spend the weekend together at his place. For the entire weekend, I would be in bondage. He could do whatever he wanted; however he wanted, whenever he wanted. He promised not to hurt me, nor do anything I didn't want to. I quickly accepted the offer, but made a condition that I would do it so long as he would also take some pictures of me while I was tied up. I was really interested in seeing myself all tied up and immobile. Lee agreed saying he had an instant camera (and a video camera too, to get all the action on tape)!

Well, that's my story. Today is Friday. I have a bag all packed and ready to go, but there's not much in it. There is only a toothbrush, makeup, hair items, and lots of lingerie and high heels. Lee likes it when women wear those kinds of things. Of course, I'll be wearing my nurse's uniform too. So, I'm going to appeal to his desires. A whole weekend in bondage, at the hands of a handsome master, I can't wait. Should make for yet another interesting story.

BDSM: Paid or Free?

I was at a munch a few days ago, and was taken quite aback when I heard that, "since *Castlebar* had closed,

The Scenery was the only venue left in the San Francisco Bay Area."

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

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

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

One of the best ways YOU can make sure that BDSM venues stay open is to support them by paying dues and attending events, rather than decrying the fact that another one has closed!!!