

Party-Lines Newsletter for July 2003

July 2003						
Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
		1	2	3	4 Private Party	5 Open Dinner Party
6 11am Brunch	7	8	9	10 Dessert & a Movie	11	12 Private Party for Inner Circle Members
13 How To Meet Others Workshop	14	15	16	17	18 Slave Auction	19
20 "People as Objects" Workshop	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31		
August 2003						
Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
					1 Slave Auction	2 Open Dinner Party
3 Caning Workshop	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14 Pizza & Movie	15 Slave Auction	16
17 Open Party RCR-62	18	19	20	21	22	23
24 Master/slave Class	25	26	27	28	29	30
31 Piercing Workshop					Mark August 17th on your calendars!!! Join us for RCR-62, Our Founder, Robin Robert's 62nd Birthday Party	

To make reservations, you should call 650-965-4499 or go to ww.backdrop.net/calendar.html

Event pricing for singles/couples

• Open Dinner Parties

\$25/\$45

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- Slave Auctions \$25/\$25
- Workshops \$15/\$25
- Movie nights \$5/\$10
- Valentines Day Play party \$25/45
- Open House Free

Event Times

Unless otherwise specified, the following times will be recognized for BackDrop events. Please note: these are event *beginning* times, and it is advisable to be a little early to socialize and make yourself comfortable.

- 8pm – Parties, Dinners, etc. Mon.-Sat.
- 2pm – Sunday Classes / Workshops
- 11am – 11am Brunch

New Membership Opportunities!

Events (and the clubhouse) are now open to members only. To facilitate this, we have re-vamped our membership procedures. We now have two classes of membership available. The first is our “*Full Membership*.” Annual memberships dues are \$20/year for singles and \$20/year for couples. Membership is required to attend any/all events at The BackDrop Club. Your personal information will not be added to our permanent membership roster or our mailing lists.

The other is our “*Inner Circle Membership*”, a new BackDrop order available only by special invitation. Annual memberships dues are \$150/year for singles and \$150/year for couples. Inner Circle membership includes Newsletter, free attendance to two workshops, free attendance to two Slave Auctions, invitation to “Inner Circle Private Parties” and a jacket with BackDrop Club logo. Inner Circle Membership also requires being sponsored by a Staff member or another Inner Circle member.

We have new events coming in all the time! We’re still in the process of rebuilding. The library, though not entirely unpacked, is operational again, and we should have a new cross up within the month. Come check out all the changes. We look forward, as always, to serving you, and being served!

Booby Trapped

After retrieving her bag from the back seat and chirping her alarm, Jeanette got her bearings and started down the block toward 6323. The dilapidated condition of most of the houses along the street seemed strange juxtaposed with the expensive-looking new cars that lined both curbs and filled the driveways. She walked up the driveway to 6323 Dos Pescados.

A young Korean woman with candy apple-red hair answered the door. She wore her hair in two short pigtails. Jeanette noted her sort of punk outfit with bafflement: jeans raggedly cut off at clam digger length, a thin black dog collar around her throat, and a belly shirt bearing the cryptic slogan “Exact Change Only.”

“Hi, are you Jeanette? Lissa’s upstairs, come on in,” she said with rapid-fire delivery. “I’m Sunie,” the girl said,

leaning backward against the bar that separated the kitchen from the living room. She gestured over toward a young guy lounging on the large couch. “That’s Brian.” Brian, a scruffy-looking grunge-type, waved briefly, then returned his attention to the TV, which was showing some sort of game show or extreme sports competition, Jeanette wasn’t sure.

“Hey Lissa!” Sunie yelled. “Your friend’s here!” She turned back and smiled at Jeanette. “Drop the bag, stay awhile.”

Jeanette laughed and put her bag on the counter.

“So,” she asked casually, “Do you guys live here with Lissa?”

“I do,” Sunie said, taking a sucker from a bowl on the counter. “Brian’s my boyfriend. He kinda lives with me at the moment.” She offered Jeanette a sucker, which she declined.

“Do you go to UC?” Jeanette asked.

“Yeah,” Sunie said around the sucker. “Physics. You?”

“Pepperdine,” Jeanette said, embarrassed as usual by the assumptions people generally made about her based on her school. “Pre-law.”

“Cool.” Sunie glanced at Jeanette’s clothes. “You go to high school with Lissa?”

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"Uh huh." Jeanette looked around. "How many roommates do you guys have?"

"Five of us, total. There are four bedrooms. Lissa's got hers. Her roommate is gone for Spring Break. Me and Brian share one, but he doesn't count. Kat, who's out on a fishing trip or something (she's a marine biologist), has one, and our other roommate, Ian, has his own, too. He's physics, too."

"Is that how you know him?" Jeanette asked idly.

Sunie smiled crookedly. "Nope."

Any follow-up Jeanette might have asked was trumped by a shout from the stairs, as Lissa bounced down them and ran over to her. "You made it!"

Lissa grabbed Jeanette and gave her a near-throttling hug.

"Wow, you look great," Lissa said.

Jeanette smiled, noting that, as usual, Lissa looked better than she did. Blonde hair, perfect. Perfect body. A twinge of familiar envy briefly passed through her, but she discarded it quickly.

"You too."

"What are we drinking?" Lissa said to Sunie.

"I was going to make some margaritas," Sunie said, looking querulously at Jeanette, who nodded enthusiastically.

Ice, a blender, and a few hundred watts later, they were all sipping some decent strawberry margaritas. The chitchat wandered from college (almost over) to grad school. Brian and Lissa had no plans, Jeanette had her LSAT coming up, and Lissa had already been accepted to some school Jeanette had never heard of. Jeanette nursed her margaritas a bit, though she got pleasantly buzzed. Lissa and Sunie were a little ripped and Brian loosened up quite a bit and proved pretty funny.

A little after 1 a.m., Lissa yawned.

"Well, I'm going to hit it," she said. "Jinny, let me get you set up in Kat's room."

"Set her up in Ian's room," Sunie said, laughing, "She'd get a kick out of it."

"Ha ha," Lissa said dryly. She grabbed Jeanette's bag off of the counter and headed upstairs.

"What's wrong with Ian's room?" Jeanette asked, not wanting to miss the joke.

"Oh, nothing. It's just... Ian's a kind of strange guy, you know?"

Lissa opened one of the three doors at the top of the hall, revealing a small but nice and clean bedroom. She put Jeanette's bag next to the bed.

"Well," she said, "He's ... you know, not scary or anything, just one of those kind of Goth-types. Room's all decorated in black and stuff. Not creepy, just a little off."

"Oh. All the Goth guys I know are gay."

"Well, he's not gay, that's for sure," Lissa said with a wicked smile. They both laughed.

"Are you guys...?" Jeanette said vaguely.

"Not exactly," Lissa said. "Anyway, this room is the only one without a bathroom, but I don't know when Ian's coming back."

"No, it's fine. I just want to sleep now, anyways."

"See you in the morning, then," Lissa said, closing the door.

Jeanette sat down on the bed, kicked off her boots, and laid back. She sat up and pulled her overnight bag out of her larger one. Peeking out into the hall, she remembered Lissa saying the other two bedrooms had bathrooms. She knocked lightly on the one across from hers and got no response, but she could hear running water. Peeking in, she saw a girl's bedroom and a closed door to what must be the bathroom.

Jeanette looked briefly at the third door, presumably Ian's, and thought briefly about using his bathroom before deciding to use the one downstairs, next to Sunie's bedroom. She started downstairs but stopped about halfway down at the sight of Brian and Sunie. Jeanette stared for a moment.

Sunie was straddling Brian on the couch, moving up and down slowly. Her hands were behind her back and Jeanette could see Brian holding her wrists there with one hand. His other hand held the black collar she wore, pulling it tight

against her throat and forcing her to almost lean backward. Sunie's face was flushed, her eyes closed, but she was clearly enjoying herself. Jeanette watched transfixed as Sunie moaned and struggled a bit, but obviously was none too eager to escape.

Slowly, Jeanette backed up the stairs. She sat down at the top of them and listened to the faint sounds from below. Her hand wandered briefly toward her crotch before she stopped it and she felt a flare of embarrassment at her own excitement. As quietly as possible, she went back into Kim's room and shut the door.

Damn, she thought, he was fucking her like ...

She couldn't even complete the thought. Jeanette didn't consider herself a prude. She wasn't a virgin or anything so quaint, but she'd only been with Matt, her ex-boyfriend. He was good-looking, funny, and all that, and he had been pretty ... standard, she supposed. A good time, but not particularly exciting. "I've had too much to drink," she laughed at herself.

But she still needed a bathroom. She opened the bedroom door and crept into the hall. She could still hear water running in Lissa's room, but nothing from downstairs. She felt briefly tempted to walk downstairs, interruptions or no.

Or maybe, she thought, I'd like to interrupt them. Maybe they'd decide I needed

to be taught a lesson ...

She shook her head to clear it, and seriously wondered at where her mind was wandering.

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Jeanette walked to Ian's door and knocked on it softly. As expected, there was no answer. She opened it gingerly and peeked in. Quickly, she ducked into the room and closed the door behind her. She felt for and found a light switch, and the room was bathed in cool light from a floor lamp in the corner. On the far side of the desk, an open door presumably led to the bathroom, while a closet door sat closed on the opposite wall, next to a window with drawn blinds. Jeanette was a bit let down by the plainness of the room, having expected something more faux-sinister. She made for the bathroom and closed the door.

Changing into her pajamas, washing her face, and brushing her teeth took a few moments, then Jeanette sat down to use the toilet.

She found her mind wandering again. The image of Brian holding Sunie, controlling her, occupied her thoughts. She squirmed a little, and was tempted to masturbate then and there, but the thought of doing it on some strange guy's toilet seat was a bit much. She finished up and washed, still bothered by the weird feelings that had come over her.

After making sure the bathroom looked pretty much as it had when she came in, Jeanette flicked off the lights and walked out into Ian's room, closing the door behind her. She thought she might take a quick peek in Ian's closet, still looking for something to justify Lissa's weird description of the guy, but she cursed and bit her lip when she accidentally kicked something hard lying next to the bed.

Sitting down on the bed and nursing her toe, Jeanette glared angrily at the culprit, a fist-sized, metallic thing like a small bike lock. Her glare turned to puzzlement and then disbelief as she reached down to pick the object up.

It was actually two cuffs, joined by a short chain. The cuffs swung open heavily. She was staring at a pair of heavy-duty handcuffs. Shackles, more like, she thought. They were very heavy, perhaps five or ten pounds, but sleek and

somehow almost attractive in their design. "Clejusto Nr. 15" was engraved on each cuff, next to a keyhole.

"Oh my god," she whispered, suppressing a giggle. She looked down at the carpet and saw a pair of small keys and a thought gripped her. She thought of Sunie wearing these cuffs, hands behind her back, while Brian fucked her. She was embarrassed at the thought, but it wouldn't go away. Suddenly, she remembered Lissa's remark about getting together with Ian.

Lissa, in these, she thought. I wonder if he used them on her. She pictured Lissa, wrists imprisoned in the heavy cuffs, held down on the very bed she sat on while the mysterious Ian did ... whatever he wanted to her.

It was too much. Jeanette put the cuffs on the bed and her right hand went into her pajama bottoms. Even a slight touch surprised her at how wet she'd become, and she massaged herself gently. She looked down at the cuffs and thought about them on her own wrists, thought about herself in Lissa or Sunie's place, helpless. She looked again at the keys on the ground and a perverse impulse gripped her.

Picking up the handcuffs, she gingerly put her left wrist in one and closed it with a ratcheting sound. She paused for a moment, as the sound had been louder than she'd expected, but there was no sound outside the door. She put her right wrist in the other cuff and ratcheted it closed as well. The cold metal fit her wrists very closely and there was no way she could get out of the cuffs without the key.

She put her cuffed hands in her lap, again sliding her right hand into her pajama bottoms. Even a small amount of stimulation from her hand was enough to trigger a startlingly strong orgasm and Jeanette practically bounced on the bed with the sensation. Finally, she lay back across the bed, putting her cuffed hands above her head and imagining a hand holding them there. She closed her eyes and breathed heavily for a moment before reality gradually caught up with her.

Jeanette sat up, smiling and red-faced. She bent down to pick up the keys and carefully maneuvered her hands to insert the key.

It didn't fit.

Jeanette's expression turned quickly from frustration to puzzlement to alarm.

"Oh, fuck," she said quietly. "Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck." She got up and knelt down on the floor, scanning under the

bed for another set of keys. There was nothing else under the bed. Trying to stay calm, Jeanette went first to the desk, trying to open the drawers. They were locked. Then

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she tried the closet. Locked.

"Oh dammit, dammit, dammit, shit," she cursed. The cuffs were heavy on her wrists and she couldn't do much with her hands other than pull vainly on the closet doorknob.

A door opened out in the hall. Jeanette froze.

A moment later, a soft knock came at the door.

"Ian, are you back?" Lissa said softly from outside.

Jeanette hurriedly tried to get the bathroom door open. One of the cuffs struck the door with a loud clunk. She heard the door open behind her and she quickly stuck her cuffed hands under her pajama top.

"Ian? Hey-- Oh! Sorry, Jinnie," Lissa said when she saw Jeanette. She wore only a long T-shirt. "I thought you were Ian, and ... Oh, were you using the bathroom?"

"Yeah. Yes," Jeanette said too quickly, nodding for unneeded emphasis.

Lissa looked at her strangely, stepping into the room and closing the door behind her. "Are you okay?" Lissa smiled quizzically. "Do ... do you have something under your shirt?"

"No, I'm just tired ... I just, um, got some water on it and I wanted it to dry...?"

Lissa walked toward Jeanette, who couldn't back up more than a single step before bumping into the wall. Lissa lifted the bottom of Jeanette's shirt, revealing the silver cuffs. Her hand shot to her mouth.

"Oh, shit," she said, giggling. Jeanette turned even redder.

"Lissa, I am SO sorry," she said, nearing tears. "I am so ... I just thought ... I tripped, stubbed my toe on them and I saw them and the key and I was just -- God, I'm sorry," she sobbed.

Lissa hugged her, inadvertently pushing the cold cuffs up between them. She looked Jeanette in the eye, smiling.

"It's okay, it's okay."

"God, I am so embarrassed."

"I know. Believe me, I know," Lissa said with an odd smile.

"What do you mean?"

Lissa laughed a little and bounced up onto the bed. She sat on it, leaning back, with her legs dangling over the side. She gave Jeanette an arch look.

"That's how he got me," she said.

"What? No!" Jeanette giggled, her embarrassment mitigated by the idea she might not have been the only person to do something so stupid. She wiped her eye and sat down on the leather chair, facing her friend.

Lissa nodded. "A while back, we had a party. Some couple had locked themselves in my bathroom and I really had to pee, so I came in here. When I came out of the bathroom, I thought I'd sneak a quick look at Ian's closet, because I'd ...

heard a thing or two. I saw a few things that, well, I'd never seen before, anyway."

"Geez, me too," Jeanette laughed. I was going to snoop a

little bit because of what you said earlier. Accidentally kicked these." She held up her shackled hands.

"And the rest is history," giggled Lissa.

"So how'd you get them off?"

"Well, after the fake key thing, I looked around for a bit, but finally put a towel over them and went to find Ian." She paused, her expression unreadable.

"And?" Jeanette prompted. "Where was the key?"

"Ian had it," Lissa said with a puckish grin.

"Well where the hell is he?" Jeanette was becoming alarmed again.

"I don't know," Lissa said. "I know he's not out of town, but I haven't seen him since this morning."

"Oh shit, Lissa, you have got to be kidding me!"

"Calm down, calm down," her friend chided. "He'll probably be back later."

"Yeah, but what am I supposed to do, say 'Hey strange guy, I was snooping in your room and fell for your little handcuff trick, please let me go?'"

Lissa laughed. "Pretty much."

Jeanette sighed.

"C'mere," Lissa said, patting the bed next to her. "Don't sit there and pout."

Jeanette got up and sat on the bed next to her friend.

"So," Lissa said, "What motivated the self-bondage experiment?"

"Shut up!" Jeanette shoved her with her shoulder as Lissa snickered.

"No, really," Lissa said, smiling now, "what gives?"

"I don't know, really. I guess ..." Jeanette shook her head.

"I guess I've never really had somebody, you know, 'take charge.' It's ... sex just seems kind of... dull, sometimes. Then I saw--" she stopped, embarrassed.

"Saw what?" Lissa prodded.

"Well, I was looking for the bathroom and I saw Sunie ... and ... and Brian, on the couch. And they were ... I mean, they were really going at it. He was holding her wrists behind her back and had her by that dog collar thing she wears and ... I don't know. It just, like, flipped a switch in me or something."

"Wow." Lissa looked sideways at Jeanette, her head cocked at an angle. "So you were wondering, what? What it would be like if a guy took you like that?"

Jeanette shook her head slightly. "It was the sight of her, really. That kind of tense helplessness. I had images of it running through my head. Some of myself... some of her, even." She blushed in embarrassment.

Lissa laughed quietly. "What, none of me? I feel left out."

Jeanette reddened even more and Lissa's smile dropped to a sly grin.

"Oh, you are a bad one, aren't you?" she taunted. She reached over and grabbed the chain between Jeanette's cuffs.

Jeanette started in shock. Her heart was pounding, all of

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a sudden. She pulled back, a bit, but Lissa had a good grip on the chain.

Lissa twisted and stood up on the floor, almost straddling Jeanette's knees. She bent forward, pulling the chain up toward her chin.

"So what images did you have of me, Jeanette? Bound and helpless? But it's you, really, isn't it?" Her face was predatory.

Jeanette, breathing hard, found no answer. She shook her head slightly, as if denying what was happening. Lissa leaned in on her, pulling her cuffed hands upward and over her head. Jeanette was pulled backward until she was lying on the bed, Lissa only inches above her. She could feel Lissa's weight pressing their breasts together. She felt heat as Lissa's pussy pressed against hers -- heat from both of them.

"Lissa, I'm ... I'm not ..."

Lissa smiled and shushed her, "Shhh, I know, I know. It's hard. Tell me you don't want this. Tell me to stop. Tell me anything you want, and I'll keep doing what I think you want." She pulled back a bit, locking eyes with Jeanette. "But, say 'tortoise,' and that's it." She waited. Jeanette understood Lissa's meaning. If she said "tortoise," a word totally out of context, all of this would stop immediately. She opened her mouth to speak. She'd say it, and they could just laugh and go to bed. The word died in her throat as she stared into Lissa's eyes, and felt her wrists pressed to the bed in the heavy cuffs.

"Lissa, please ..."

Lissa broke into a feral grin. She sat up, straddling Lissa's hips, and pulled off her T-shirt. Lissa breathed in sharply, still shaking her head feebly. She realized, with sudden embarrassment, that she was grinding her crotch against her friend's through her pajama bottoms. Suddenly, Lissa's weight was off of her, and she found herself alone on the bed. She looked up in frustrated puzzlement.

"We should really retire to my room," Lissa said. "Just in case. We wouldn't want you getting out of those cuffs too soon, would we?" She helped Jeanette stand and steadied her, as she wobbled a bit. Then she grabbed the handcuff chain in one hand and led her captive to the hall door. She opened it a crack.

"Coast is clear," she reported, and pulled Jeanette with her into the hall and quickly into her own room. Closing the door behind them, she released her hold on the chain. Jeanette looked uncertainly at the bed and then back at Lissa.

"Oh, not yet," Lissa whispered. She knelt down in front of Jeanette and loosened the bound girl's pajama bottoms. Slowly, almost excruciatingly slowly, she pulled them over Jeanette's hips and ass and down her legs. Just as slowly, she slid back up Jeanette's body, her hands caressing every curve.

Jeanette breathed heavily. This was more than just erotic contact like they'd had in the other room. She knew she

could stop it, but she also knew she wouldn't. She shuddered as Lissa's hands slid up inside her pajama top and cupped her breasts. Lissa's face rose before hers, the height advantage was Jeanette's, but she felt small. Lissa was in control and Jeanette could see that in her eyes she knew it.

Lissa leaned forward, pulling Jeanette toward her, and kissed her. Jeanette nearly fell over, and would have, had Lissa not been holding her. She found herself sitting and then lying back on Lissa's wide bed, her hands raised above her head once more, fingertips lightly touching the brass bars of the headboard.

Lissa straddled her on the bed again, and leaned forward until her breasts nearly rested on Jeanette's face. She was fiddling with something, with Jeanette's hands. When she leaned back, Jeanette pulled and felt her hands bound to the headboard. She looked upward and saw a simple black belt wrapped around the bars and looped around the chain between her cuffs.

Lissa leaned forward then, her weight pressing fully on Jeanette's bound form. She paused for a moment, looking like nothing so much as a cobra preparing to strike, then planted a fierce kiss on Jeanette, pressing her into the bed. She slid down Jeanette's body, pulling up the front of her top to trace the route with her tongue. Lissa lingered on Jeanette's already erect nipples before sliding down her belly and finally reaching her pussy.

Her tongue rasped across Jeanette's swollen clit like a match striking, and the bound girl yanked at the cuffs holding her, gasping. Lissa was bold and sure of herself. She teased Jeanette's pussy mercilessly, working steadily with a finger inside her and her tongue batting Jeanette's clit almost randomly. She had a damnable rhythm that kept Jeanette straining, wanting, but just short of orgasm. Finally, Jeanette felt it building beyond control. She pressed her hips upward, trying reflexively to smash them against Lissa's mouth, but Lissa was ready for that. She pulled back, suddenly and expertly flipped her friend onto her stomach. As Jeanette's wave broke and the orgasm surged over her, one of Lissa's hands still stroked in and out of her pussy, while the other delivered an open-handed slap to her ass. It was like a jolt of electricity, over and above the orgasm, and Jeanette thrashed on the bed uncontrollably. She cried out, finally, and sagged to the bed, gasping for air.

Lissa turned her back over and lay next to her, kissing and comforting her. She undid the belt and Jeanette rolled into her, sobbing with the sheer shock of it all. Within a minute, Jeanette was sound asleep, clinging to Lissa's sweaty naked body. Lissa smiled and closed her eyes, anticipating an interesting weekend.

Life's Little Instruction Book (BDSM Style)

By the Ladies of BackDrop

Disclaimer: These Life's Little Instruction Book sayings

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were modified to be tongue-in-cheek. They are not meant to be taken seriously, and certainly not meant to be *BDSM verbatim*.

- ❑ Remember that a minute in bondage means sixty seconds of bliss.
- ❑ On your birthday, have your subbie send your mom a thank-you card.
- ❑ When your subbie drives away, watch to see if the tires squeal. This is a bad sign.
- ❑ Keep a backup copy of your handcuff keys.
- ❑ Never bind a 'coffee table' you can't put your feet on.
- ❑ Say something *BDSM* positive as early as possible every day (bonus points if it's subtle enough to say in the *Vanilla* world, to give you that "these people have no idea what I *really* mean" high..
- ❑ Believe in your Dom/me but don't solely depend on them.
- ❑ No matter how "Top" you are, remember that nothing is ever lost by courtesy.
- ❑ Enjoy the satisfaction that comes from doing bound and gagged subbies well.

- ❑ Never allow anyone to intimidate you (this one goes for Doms and subs).
- ❑ Watch your subbie like a hawk when bound.
- ❑ Don't forget that Tops are ultimately judged by what we give, not by what we get.
- ❑ Never complain about the music in someone else's dungeon when you're in shackles.
- ❑ When it comes to your toy bag, it's better to be cheated in price than in quality.
- ❑ Learn the 'rules' of any sex game you children play.
- ❑ Never hesitate to show your subbie that you are right.
- ❑ Don't flog for recognition, but make your flogging worthy of recognition.
- ❑ Share your knowledge and experience, but don't pull "I've been in the scene longer than you" rank. Just because you've been around longer doesn't make you the Mecca of *BDSM*.
- ❑ Work on a subbie whose expectations of you are high.
- ❑ Remember that a kind word when someone's helpless goes a long way.
- ❑ Don't compare your subbie/Dom/me to others in the scene in front of them.
- ❑ Be enthusiastic in your expressions of gratitude and appreciation (especially if you want to be allowed to cum).
- ❑ Forgive quickly, and punish quicker.
- ❑ When you give someone a vibrator as a gift, make sure it's loaded with batteries.
- ❑ Kiss your subbie good night, even if they are

gagged.

- ❑ Only you understand you collar. Wearing it grocery shopping isn't really a statement.
- ❑ Compliment the Dom/me when you observe a well- behaved sub.
- ❑ When traveling, sleep with your wallet, car keys, room key, eyeglasses and subbie nearby.
- ❑ When a subbie lets you down, don't give up on them. Flog and try again.
- ❑ Treat your Doms money as you would your own.
- ❑ What your Dom/me has you do, do wholeheartedly.
- ❑ Find a sub you love and give it everything you've got.
- ❑ Keep good leather.
- ❑ Respect the elders.
- ❑ Hold yourself to the same high standards that you require of subbies.
- ❑ Let your word be your bond, and add rope as needed.

Ha Ha Ha's

Three pregnant women: a redhead, a brunette and a blonde were all sitting in the doctor's office one day.

"I'm glad this one will be a boy." announced the redhead.

"But," asked the blonde, "how can you know that?"

"Well," explained the redhead, I conceived during the male dominant position."

"Yes," agreed the brunette, "and my baby will be a girl because I conceived during the female dominant position."

With that the blonde burst into tears.

"What's wrong?" asked the other two ladies.

To which the blonde wailed, "I'm gonna have puppies!"

* * * *

Hear about the prostitute who was into bondage?

She was strapped for cash.

* * * *

A husband and wife and their two sons are watching TV. She looks at her husband and winks at him. He gets the message and says, "Excuse us for a few minutes boys, were going to our room for a little while."

Pretty soon one of the boys becomes curious, goes upstairs and see the door to his parents bedroom is ajar. He peeks in for a few minutes, trots downstairs, gets his little brother and takes him up to peek into the bedroom. "Before you look in there", he says, "keep in mind this is the same woman who paddled our butts for sucking out thumbs."

* * * *

Sue and Sally meet at their 30th class reunion, and they haven't seen each other since graduation. They begin to talk and bring each other up to date. The conversation

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covers their husbands, their children, homes, etc., and finally gets around to their sex lives.

Sue says "It's OK. We get it on every week or so but it's no big adventure, how's yours?" Sally replies "It's just great, ever since we got into S&M."

Sue is aghast. "Really Sally, I never would have guessed that you would go for that."

"Oh, sure," says Sally, "He snores while I masturbate."

SUBSCRIPTION INFORMATION

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(Please use this address for all correspondence related to Party Lines Newsletter or The BackDrop Club)

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Featured Staff member for July 2003

I just moved to the Bay area from New York, where I worked as a professional Domina for several years. There are very few things I DON'T enjoy as a top, but among my favorites are humiliation, forced feminization, foot worship and physical domination, up to and including a full-out wrestling session. I am a quiet Mistress, but can be very intense for the lucky slave that I feel can handle it.

I am 5'8", with a 36C-26-38 figure. I have short black hair, dark eyes, and my shoe size is 8 1/2. If you're wondering what it might be like to scene with me, picture yourself pinned to the wall by your throat while I whisper sweet nothings in your ear. I work here because it's the only way I can keep up with my insatiable need to play, so come to see me if you are looking for a new reason to live.

I do switch, but I am more of a masochist than a submissive. In other words, I can take a heavy scene, and I will obey instructions out of respect for my top, but humiliation will not be tolerated. As long as these boundaries are respected, my behavior in such sessions is somewhat old guard in the sense that I do not cry out or fight, and do nothing unless I am told to do it. I tend to prefer corporal sessions to sensual ones as a sub.